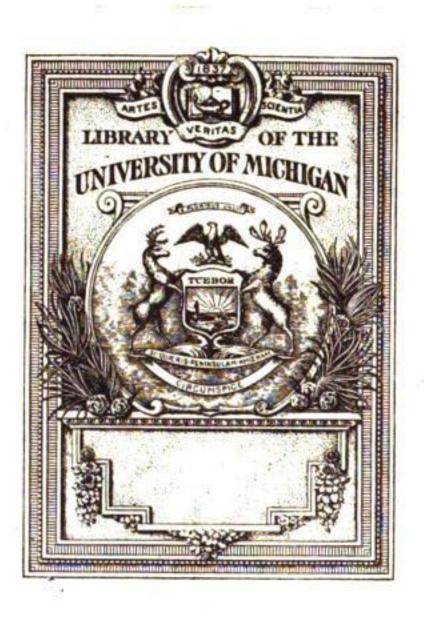
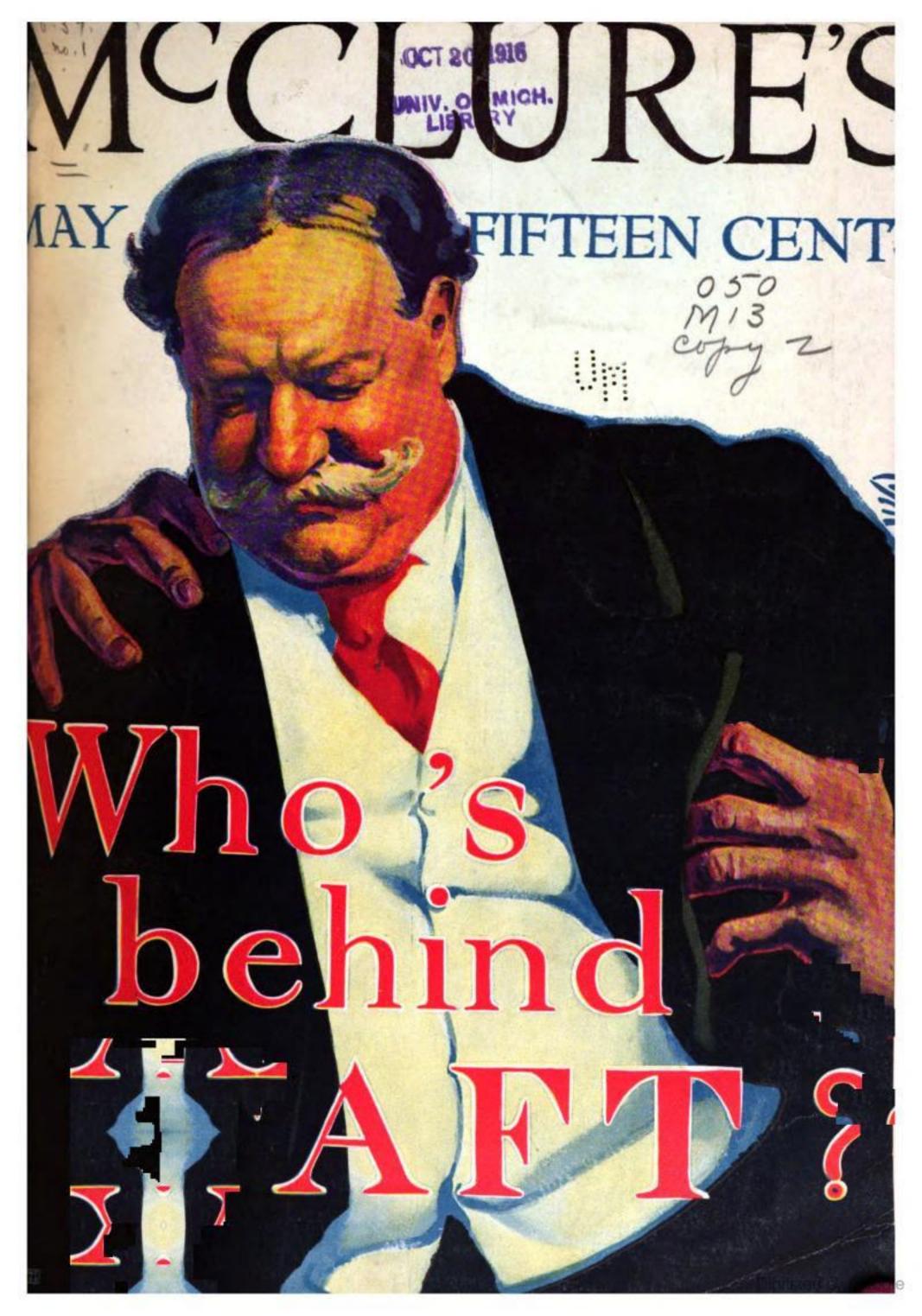


McClure's Magazine ...





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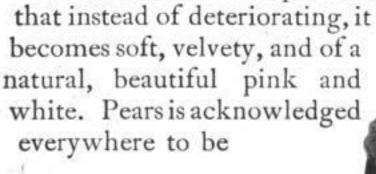


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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIX

MAY, 1912

No. 1

THE FORCES BEHIND TAFT



From all present indications, an actual voting majority of President Taft's own party does not want bim renominated.

Taft will almost certainly be renominated. He may be reëlected.

The following article aims to explain this apparent impossibility, and to show the master manipulators who are framing Taft's campaign, and his appeal to the support of the gigantic forces of conservatism which have in the past created our Presidents.

I imagination; he was elected solely for that reason. And Roosevelt, to the American public, represented the great popular cause the Individual against the Corporation, the Progressive against the Conservative.

In 1912 Taft will undoubtedly be renomi- against him.

IN 1908 Taft was Roosevelt in the popular nated; he may be reëlected. If he is, it will be because he represents exactly the opposite forces in the community to those he was thought to represent in 1908. Four years ago the general public was behind him. To-day the Corporation is behind him and the general public The United States is now the one great country in the civilized world where the sentiment of the majority is unable to express itself directly on the main issue of modern politics. There is only one, as everybody knows; newspapers, legislation, private conversation, all fasten upon it to the exclusion of everything else. It is the fight of the Individual against the Corporation. Everywhere in Europe men can vote directly on this issue by party division. In the United States, party division is based upon the Slavery issue and the Civil War—both issues obsolete for fifty years. The split on the main issue is inside the two parties—the Republican, the party of the North, and the Democratic, the party of the South in the Civil War.

Now, the Corporation influence in the United States never lost control of the Presidency until the election of Roosevelt. And Roosevelt, as most people know, was made President purely by accident.

In 1900 the Republican party was controlled, in the interest of the Corporation, by Senator Mark Hanna. In that year state politicians, desiring to get Roosevelt out of their way, forced Hanna to nominate Roosevelt as Vice-President. Hanna was almost frantic with apprehension.

"Do you know what you're doing?" he said in his conferences before the Philadelphia Republican Convention. "Do you realize that there is only one life between that man and the Presidency?"

Hanna's worst fear became fact. McKinley was killed, and finally, by the untoward catastrophe of murder, through a risk which should never have been taken, the Corporation influences lost the Presidency.

In 1908 Roosevelt, retiring, presented Taft to the country as his successor. As President, Roosevelt had sat in his Cabinet between two remarkable minds — Elihu Root and William H. Taft. He had dragged all his problems before them. They had taken them and pulled them to pieces and looked at them. They seemed to Roosevelt the most remarkable political minds he knew, and

he wanted one of them to succeed him. Root — the acuter mind — was impossible. He had for years, as a lawyer, been one of the most valuable instruments of the Corporation in America. Taft was finally nominated, and the country elected him, in the belief that he was Roosevelt. They had no other way, under our present party division, of estimating him on the main matter of political importance. They knew nothing about him, really. Neither did Roosevelt. All he had observed was the action of a big sedentary mind, working along day by day on the intellectual problems brought to it — an operation as dispassionate and accurate as the ticking of an excellent clock.

Staging a National Illusion

In the meanwhile no pains had been spared to develop this public estimate of Taft. The idea had, to begin with, the great publicity which followed everything connected with the Roosevelt administration. Taft was brilliantly staged by his work in the Philippines, by his trip around the world. And

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THE FORMER "GENERAL MANAGER OF THE UNITED
STATES"

in addition, as the time for the choice of President approached, all kinds of special machinery for publicity were put in operation. Photographers followed the candidate everywhere; all kinds of descriptive literature upon his characteristics and work were put forth; and a corps of highly trained press agents made it their business to paint upon the popular imagination a portrait of Taft as it was desired the public should see him.

The illusion was thoroughly presented. All parties accepted it, and the leading politicians, who worked within the Republican party in the interest of the Corporation, violently opposed Mr. Taft in 1908. There had been no accident which had lost Congress to this control. Hanna was now In his place Senator Aldrich — a former Rhode Island merchant who had become a multimillionaire, while in Congress, by the purchase and sale of corporations and their securities — was the operating head of the Senate and the party in Congress. Among his chief assistants were Senator Crane, a multimillionaire paper manufacturer of Massachusetts, and Senator Penrose, the representative of the great corporations of Pennsylvania. These men pushed Philander C. Knox, a Pittsburgh attorney for steel corporations, as a candidate.

The House was controlled in the interests of the Corporation by "Joe" Cannon, an Illinois lawyer. He was also pushed as a possible candidate for President by the Corporation interests. His manager was William B. McKinley, a multimillionaire operator of electric railroads in Illinois.

All this and much more was done by both of the real parties in the conflict of 1908, under the impression that Mr. Taft was Roosevelt. Every one blundered both the managers for the Corporation and the advocates of the rights of the Individual. For, as a matter of fact, Mr. Taft was something extremely different.

"The Little Brother of the Rich"

Mr. Taft was born and bred in the borderland between the North and the South, where the Anti-Slavery and Civil War party issue was bitterest. He has spent most of his life as a government official under the old Republican party.

Not unnaturally, he is one of the rapidly disappearing class of men who really believe in their heart that the party alignments of the Civil War represent actual current political issues. It is doubtful if, up to 1908, he himself had an exact knowledge of his position on the main question which is dividing the political opinion of Europe and America.

An inventory of Mr. Taft on this point would have shown his closest social and family connections to be naturally with the party of the Corporation. One brother was a highly successful corporation lawyer in New York; another had become a multimillionaire, with tremendous corporate investments, by marriage. In the savageness of current political speech the relationship has been crystallized in Washington by the characterization of Mr. Taft as "the little brother of the rich."

The new President, by association and theory, had a keen



STATES"

4

sense of loyalty to private and corporate property. He had no clear feeling of the real division in modern politics, and he was not an executive. All his life he had sat still and had his problems brought to him to examine. Roosevelt's motto had always been, "Strike the first blow." Taft always worked on the principle of a kind of reversed Golden Rule: "Never do anything to anybody until he first does something to you."

Taft was not Roosevelt. Before the campaigning for him

Taft was not Roosevelt. Before the campaigning for him was done Roosevelt had learned this. The traditions and relations of Taft's life began to show in his acts and opinions. Before election Roosevelt was far from pleased with Taft; before inauguration, he was in many

ways offended.

Immediately after the election the public began to understand Taft. He appeared at once with a "Cabinet of corporation lawyers." John Hays Hammond, the multimillionaire mining operator and politician, who had backed his campaign, now appeared as his most intimate friend and playmate. Cannon, as organization head, was

> his one point of contact with the House. Aldrich, the silent head of the Senate, daily went in and out of the White House. More and more, he

was the adviser of the policies of the President; more than ever before, he fulfilled his popular title of "general manager of the United States." The President, true to his habit of life, had waited, and everything had been done for him. Within six months Senator Dolliver, the "insurgent" from Iowa, had given the definition of the new President which was later adapted to the whimsical characterization: "A large body, entirely surrounded by men who know exactly what they want."

The Corporation's Master Manipulators

In the meanwhile, the affairs of the country were being conducted by experts in the administration of public affairs for the interests of the Corporation. For twenty-five years and more they had been intrenching themselves in control of Congress—silent, able men, masters of manipulation. They sensed the situation at once, and, with their experience and quicker minds, they thoroughly committed the new President in matters of legislation before he realized what was going on or what he was doing.

The first matter of consequence in the administration was a thing of great importance to the Corporation—
the revision of the tariff. It was revised thoroughly
in Corporation interests, under the direction of
Cannon and Aldrich. The new President placed
his strong approval upon it, and he especially praised

Aldrich as its author.

His defense of Secretary of the Interior Ballinger, one of the men who stoutly represented the viewpoint of the Corporation in his Cabinet, was equally



"AN AMIABLE, EXPURGATED EDITION OF CANNON"

ringing and still more determined. This was sharply attacked. But there was nothing strained or unnatural about it. Taft was merely following loyally the traditions of his political life. He was true to himself and his history.

"Is It a Total Loss?"

Then came 1910. The anti-Corporation majority of the country turned away from the machinery of the Republican party and exploded into a victory for the Democrats. It was directed against Cannonism and Aldrichism — the incarnations of the policies of the Corporation. For the first time in twenty years, there was an apparent majority against the Corporation, and in favor of the Individual, in both Houses of Congress.

The wreck of the Taft administration was one of the quickest in the history of the United States. Every member of it was asking, in a

dazed and somewhat hysterical way:

"Is it a total loss? Isn't there any salvage?" There would probably have been very little if it had not been for Senator Crane of Massachusetts.

Much unnecessary mystery is made of the associations of public men in general, and of Mr. Taft in particular. The fact is that, immediately after his disaster, entirely natural associations of Mr. Taft's life picked him up and directed his affairs. It was very simple. Senator Crane, after he had entered Congress, married Miss Boardman of Washington. The Boardman family, as every one in Washington knows, are the closest friends of the Taft family in Washington. So Senator Crane, not only by the leading party position which he had now assumed, but by intimate family relations, was brought into close touch with the administration of President Taft.

A New "General Manager of the United States"

Senator Crane is a quiet, diffident-acting man, apparently shaped by nature as a permanent accessory of the background. In reality he is the shrewdest Yankee west of the Atlantic, and the most canny and far-sighted plan-maker in Washington. He was the best Governor - just before his arrival in the Senate - that Massachusetts had had in a quarter of a century. He is a rich man, with a kindly disposition and a ceaseless, unresting purpose to get in quiet personal touch with men and their affairs; and in Massachusetts he has become a general financial godfather to the State and its people to a degree which would be almost incredible to an outlander. But his specialty as an executive was in always finding out beforehand what was about to happen and heading it off. And he is first of all, by life training, not a legislator, but an executive. He went from business reluctantly into politics, and, when he arrived, he



THE GREAT NATIONAL ILLUSION

retained the viewpoint of a successful man of affairs whose concern is to make events move.

In those days when bankruptcy fell upon the Taft administration, Aldrich disappeared from the Senate, Cannon fell swearing and disheveled to the floor of the House, and desolation and heroic anger filled the hearts of the men who had ruled the Congress of the United States in the interests of the Corporation. But Senator Crane quietly and patiently went in and out of the darkened White House, in touch every day of his life with its master—suggesting, urging, pleading

for action, which was slow to come. In the whole history of the White House, there has been no more interesting or unusual combination than this: the huge, robust, placid figure of the President, by training and temperament always waiting for the event before acting; and the frail, lean, shrewd-eyed Yankee adviser, planning day and night to forestall events.

Naturally, day by day the influence of the constant gentle pressure increased. More and more, both consciously and unconsciously, the Chief Executive — who is really at heart a judge, and no executive at all — has come under the direction of Crane — the legislator who is not a legislator at all, but a wonderful executive. The man of foresight has planned policies or curbed the general activities of the White House. Aldrich, "general manager of the United States," was gone. His mantle fell on Senator Crane, his lineal successor. And Crane, from his dual position in the Senate and the White House, had become the actual ruler of the country to a far greater extent than Aldrich ever was.

But Senator Crane, of course, is the Corporation incarnate, exactly as Cannon and Aldrich were. He himself is an immensely wealthy man, with the inevitable viewpoint of the great corporate propertyholder. First of all, he is a manufacturer of paper. But he is, as well, one of the greatest investors of that chief territory of investors, New England, and the representative and largest individual stockholder of New England's greatest single investment — the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. And, in this capacity and in others, he is in perfectly natural touch with the center of the direction of Corporation interests in America — with Wall Street, and with J. P. Morgan & Company, the bankers of the telephone company. And when Cannonism and Aldrichism were defeated, in 1910, the control of the Senate in the interest of the Corporation fell, by virtue of service and ability, with simple directness from Aldrich to Crane.

The Days of Taft's Resentment

Now, it was logical and almost essential, even after the defeat of 1910, that the Corporation interests should take up Mr. Taft as the next candidate for the Presidency. Neither the corporations nor the public realized it at that time, however. And, indeed, the building up of the Presi-



"THE SECRET AGENT
OF THE TAFT
FAMILY"

dent and his administration from its low point of 1910 was no easy matter. Mr. Taft, an honest man, full of bitter loyalty to the old Republican party, for which he had worked all his life, and confident of the best intentions in the world, was angry and astonished at his treatment by this puzzling new outbreak of sentiment in the country. His whole life had been filled with unbroken advancement and approbation until that time. Here was something he had never experienced. In the easy irreverence of Washington toward its political powers, the explanation went around:

"Taft is the prize baby of Cincinnati, who was never spanked until he was fifty-two. He doesn't

know what to make of it."

At first, in his resentment, he was difficult to control. Quite openly he expressed the belief that he need not expect a second term, and that he intended to do what he thought was right, regardless of politics. For several months this greatly complicated the matter of controlling the Republican party and the country for Mr. Crane and his associates. Every day it greatly increased the actual majority of voters in the Republican party against Mr. Taft.

The Republican Senators and Congressmen from the Middle West had attacked Mr. Taft's approval of Mr. Aldrich's tariff bill; he strained every nerve to pass the Canadian reciprocity bill giving the farmers of that great section a reduction in the prices of their products. His Department of Justice, having finished the suits of the Roosevelt administration to dissolve the Standard Oil and American Tobacco companies, started after the United States Steel Company. which the previous administration had not brought before the court. The whole country was angry and resentful and fearful of what the Taft adminstration would do next. gradually, as Mr. Taft's resentment died, he was headed for another nomination.

H

The first asset in the hands of a President looking for renomination is, of course, the power of patronage in his office. There is nothing sly about Mr. Taft; when he wants anything in politics, he reaches for it with the simple directness of a young boy. In his life as a government official under the Republican party, he absorbed more than its policies. Just as naturally, he absorbed its old traditional methods of politics. Roosevelt had initiated the new style of political campaign direct appeal to public sentiment. reverted instinctively to the old methods of the '80's and '90's, and, when he was started for renomination, he directed his campaign along the old lines of the manipulation of patronage. He naturally considered the public as



FIVE STATES TO DELIVER



JOHN D. ARCHBOLD

OF THE STANDARD OIL

COMPANY AND HIS

TWO ATTORNEYS

split up into special votes and special interests.

First of all, in the old method of campaign for renomination by a Republican President, as everybody knows, comes the gathering up of the delegates to its national convention from the Dem-

ocratic territory of the South. This section never votes for the Republican party, but its delegates appear in its national conventions on the same basis as if it did, and they are nearly always office-holders, who have been appointed by the President or his administration. So the whole South, as far as the Republican nominating convention is concerned, is one great "pocket" borough controlled from Washington. Altogether it gives about half the delegates needed for the majority, which nominates a President.

Taft's Secret Agent and the South

The campaign to secure delegates from the South was conducted from the White House. It was in charge of the President's private secre- White House, as he consulted with them from tary, Charles D. Hilles, a young man who was time to time. given the position as a reward for being the secret political agent of the Taft family in the campaign of 1908. Throughout that fall he made intermittent excursions through the United States, checking up the politicians and reporting whether they were acting in good faith. He had, undoubtedly, talents as a politician. And in this way he obtained valuable experience.

The office-holders of the South were frankly directed, through Mr. Hilles or agents subordinate to him, to cast their votes as delegates for Mr. Taft. Where there was any doubt about it, offices were withheld, and even withdrawn after being sent in

to the Senate, and retained as prizes for those delivering the delegates in the convention. The work was a little rough, but not essentially different from former practices. In this way the usual solid block of Southern delegates was assured for the renomination of the President.

The patronage machinery, used so naïvely in the South, extends, of course, over the entire country. As the campaign developed it was used frankly everywhere, and everywhere the connection of Mr. Taft and his management was made with the "Old Guard," the men who run old-fashioned Republican politics in the oldfashioned way for the Corporation. Barnes and Woodruff, the heads of the reactionary New York machine, beaten by Roosevelt in 1900, were entertained personally by Mr. Taft at the

The Mormon Alliance

Another important and certain influence secured absolutely and at once for Mr. Taft was the Mormon Church. This institution is half a religion and half a corporation. For a number of years it has been gradually associated with the management of the Republican party in the



JAMES B. DUKE

HIS TWO ATTORNEYS

had become a chief lieutenant OF THE AMERICAN TOof Senator Aldrich, and was BACCO COMPANY AND second in command to him in passing the tariff bill which

led to the defeat of the party in 1910.

Mr. Taft has been personally gracious and friendly with the Mormon Church. He preached a sermon in its Tabernacle in 1909, and spoke there again in 1911, braving the general protests of strictly Christian churches in doing so. Mr. Smoot, as Aldrich's lieutenant in the Senate, had come into close touch with the White House. In these and other ways the relations of Mr. Taft and the Mormon Church have grown close and mutually helpful; and this institution can be confidently counted for him in the convention and election. It moves politically in a solid body. One State is absolutely controlled by it, and in four or five others it has influence which will assure a great share of their delegates to Mr. Taft.

Until the first of this year there was still doubt among the Corporation forces about the manner in which they should act in the coming election. Wall Street is nothing if not practical. It had about made up its mind that it must nominate and elect its next President through the machinery of the Democratic party. Taft's pushing of the Roosevelt administration suits to dissolve Trusts was resented; there was still doubt and fear as to what the President would do next; and the administration had been so

there seemed no chance for Taft's reëlection, in any case. Even Senator Aldrich was saying privately that he thought a Democratic victory likely.

The temper of the public and the party was felt out for various

Corporation candidates among the Democrats. The response was so hostile that there was great doubt whether this could be done, and all at once signs appeared that the Corporation was again with Taft and would once more utilize the machinery of the Republican party.

Morgan, Aldrich, Crane, and Vaila Meeting

One of the very earliest signs was a meeting of Senator Crane, ex-Senator Aldrich, J. Pierpont Morgan, and Theodore N. Vail, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in Vermont late in November. The meeting and its purpose were naturally kept secret. Its discussion might have been assumed to be entirely the business of the telephone company, with which Messrs. Crane, Morgan, and Vail are identified, if it had not been for the presence of Mr. Aldrich. It was announced in the press, as was no doubt the case, that the matter of the Presidency was considered.

Another important indication, not long after, was a private expression of opinion by Mr. James J. Hill, the president of the Great Northern Railway, who has for many years directed, through his railway systems, banks, and news-

papers, the Corporation influences of the their knees, dissolved them and stripped them Northwest, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific of their power. Once more a national illusion coast.

His first preference was for Harmon, a leading Corporation candidate for the Democratic nomination.

"Harmon could not be nominated and elected

in a thousand years," said a friend.

"Very well," said Mr. Hill; "Taft is good enough for me." A few weeks after that Mr. Hill was in Washington, and made a long call upon Mr. Taft.

was staged — the President in the rôle of the successful champion of the Individual. Wall Street was worried. But there was still another chapter in the anti-Trust cases.

Directly or indirectly under the supervision

of the courts and of Attorney-General Wickersham, these great interests set out devising new schemes of organization under which they could operate. For weeks conferences over the Tobacco Company dragged on.

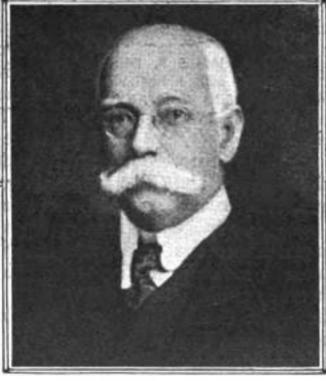


HENRY GALBRAITH WARD

The Standard Oil Inter-'ests' Good Fortune

There had come to be, in fact, a very different attitude on the part of the Wall Street group, in which Mr. Hill makes so important a figure, during a very few weeks. It has been brought about for a very tangible reason — the net result of the Taft prosecution of the Trusts.

Roosevelt had started most of these. Taft, through his Attorney-General, George W. Wickersham, had carried them along. The most spectacular of the decisions had been the dissolution of the Standard Oil and American Tobacco companies. With the issuance of the decrees of dissolution, Taft's friends began actively to make political capital for him — to bid for popular approval on the ground that he had brought two of the greatest of all Trusts to



ALFRED CONKLING COXE WALTER CHADWICK NOYES THE FOUR JUDGES OF THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT WHO APPROVED THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY RE-ORGANIZATION PLAN



EMILE HENRY LACOMBE

At length the Standard Oil and American Tobacco companies began doing business under forms of organization which put them beyond attack under the present law.

The great cry of business has been for stability — for established rules under which the game could be played without dread of interference. Mr. Taft's administration had helped to establish a code of rules for

at least two great financial powers. In a few months the properties of the Standard Oil had gained \$200,000,000 in value, reaching the highest point in its history. Tobacco stocks gained half as much. Wall Street was relieved. The interest of a powerful portion of the financial community obviously lay in keeping matters in statu quo. There was an entirely natural revulsion of feeling on the part of the Corporations toward Mr. Taft and his administration. The Wall Street Journal of March 18 conveyed it incidentally in the following little paragraph:

The head of a large brokerage house that has made a killing in Standard Oil stocks, wires the

following to the firm's Western office:

"Wall Street has had its Keenes, Goulds, and Lawsons, but if a life-size portrait of Wickersham doesn't appear in the home of every Standard Oil stockholder it certainly will show a great lack of appreciation."

The Reappearance of Cannon

The most striking public indication of the change was the reappearance of Mr. Cannon, who had been one of the issues that had caused defeat in 1910. In January the campaign for Mr. Taft was all at once placed in the hands of William B. McKinley, who managed Mr. Cannon's campaign for the Republican nomination against Mr. Taft four years ago. Mr. McKinley is, of course, Mr. Cannon.

Personally, Mr. McKinley is an agreeable
multimillionaire, who
controls a network of
interurban trolley lines
that cover almost the
entire State of Illinois.
He has a benevolent
mania for entertaining,
and in the press gallery
he is known as the
kindest man to newspaper correspondents
who has yet reached

Washington. Politically he is merely an amiable, expurgated edition of, Cannon. Since his election he has been continuously Cannon's protégé. Cannon, as Speaker, advanced him to prominence in the House; and it was Cannon who pushed him into the treasurership and then the chairmanship of the Republican Congressional campaign committee.

As head of both this committee and the Taft campaign committee, Mr. McKinley In brings an extraordinary power into the service of Mr. Taft. Being the dispenser of aid to Republican Congressmen in all doubtful BOTH THE STANDARD OIL

districts, he can insist on the awakening of a friendly and active interest in the Taft candidacy in

interest in the Taft candidacy in the many congressional districts throughout the United States, which might otherwise be in doubt. Aldrich and the Great Banks

So Mr. Cannon is quite publicly an influence for Mr. Taft's renomination. Mr. Aldrich's

advocacy is not so public. He is giving his time most largely to the work of his commission for a new banking bill which he took up on retiring from the Senate. Personally, he expresses himself as strongly in favor of Mr.

Taft's reëlection, and undoubt-

banking interests of the country, with whom he is constantly in touch in connection with his banking bill. There is now little doubt that the great banking interests of Wall Street are strongly

in favor of Mr. Taft for President. In Chicago, David R. Forgan, one of the acknowledged leaders of the great banking interests of the city, is one of the active heads of the Taft committee in that most important section of the Middle West. And the chief banking interests of this country have a concern in national politics at the present time larger than in many years. The banks of the whole

of the Aldrich currency and banking bill; a great fund has been accumulated to promote its cause; and their bureaus are sending literature broadcast to newspapers and influential men. With this machinery Aldrich is continuously and watchfully in touch.

In addition to this, Mr. Aldrich is quite frequently in conference with Mr. Taft, and has been writing to him when out of Washington, using long-hand instead of the now usual type-written letter.

Ostensibly, no doubt, their communication concerns the banking legislation. But there are those, closely familiar with Washington move-

BOTH THE STANDARD OIL
AND THE AMERICAN

TOBACCO DECISIONS

ments, who are very confident that Aldrich is quietly giving Mr. Taft the benefit of his long experience and political acumen.

About Mr. Aldrich's chief lieutenants, of course, there is no doubt whatever: Smoot, as the representative of the Mormon Church; Penrose, the representative of the powerful Corporation control of Pennsylvania; and Crane, the sagacious and restless representative of the Corporation interests of New England, are all actually, openly at work for Mr. Taft. The personal control of Senator Crane at the White House

strengthens daily with the increasing complexities of the political campaign.

The usual business of the government in Washington, in the meanwhile, waits entirely upon the progress of the campaign. It is Presidential year, of course, when the nation must stand still; but the functions of the national government have never been so thoroughly frozen up as at this time. There is various talk of huge schemes of investigation of the influences of the Corporation on the life of the country. There are small chances of net results. But the tariff, the currency question, the inauguration of some methods of operation in the senile and archaic government departments—all these things and many others seem to move nowhere this year. It would lose too many votes if anything were doneso the managers of Mr. Taft believe.

But, from end to end of the country, the forces

of the party of the Corporation are active, lining very strictly orthodox quarters because of his up for Mr. Taft. For years this has been the Unitarianism and the possible ultra-liberalism it actual party that has been in charge of the affairs of the nation. And only once in twenty years has it been defeated in its firm intention to nominate the Presidential candidate for the Republican party. Allied now with the power of the whole patronage in the hands of the President, it can scarcely fail this year to renominate Mr. Taft. There has been little doubt of this in the minds of practical politicians for some months.

How Can Taft be Elected?

But nomination is not election. If the majority of the Republican party is against Mr. Taft, certainly the majority against him in the nation would make his election inconceivable. What is it, then, that makes the politicians of the Corporation backing Mr. Taft believe it possible to elect him?

There has been, as a matter of fact, more or less unrest among the professional politicians of the country because of this apprehension that

> he can not be elected. The last thing that a party politician desires is to nominate a President who will be defeated. And from time to time the State politicians in the South, in Pennsylvania, and in New York have shown by their conduct their doubt over Taft's candidacy; and newspaper stories have indicated the possibility of their revolt. But still the political managers of the Corporation have held them, and have kept their confidence in Taft's election. They have founded this confidence upon two special grounds, which are well recognized by men who have "inside knowledge" of national politics.

The first of these is their belief that they can bring into the campaign as a great factor the appeal of Mr. Taft to the religious bodies of the country.

In the beginning, it will be remembered, there was more or less opposition to Mr. Taft from some of the

might involve. But, as Mr. Taft's administration developed, his appeal to religious sentiment has proved to be one of his best holds upon the country. His backers realize this, and are counting greatly on it.

The activity of the President in the cause of arbitration treaties very naturally and properly appealed to the religious sentiment of the country. The political backers of the President are hoping and endeavoring to use this to its full



REV. DR. JOHN WESLEY HILL, WHO GAVE

UP THE PASTORATE OF THE METRO-POLITAN TEMPLE IN NEW YORK TO CAMPAIGN FOR TAFT

extent in the campaign for him, especially with Protestant churches. But the active work which has added to Mr. Taft's popularity with religious bodies goes much further than this.

Mr. Taft's "Religious Campaigning"

One of Mr. Taft's most familiar activities during his Presidency has been what is included cynically at Washington under the term "religious campaigning." He has adopted with much success the lay sermon in denomina-

tional pulpits, a recent and very effective practice in national political campaigns. He has been very attentive to the Young Men's Christian Association; he has appealed strongly to the great Jewish body, which now constitutes nearly a quarter of the electorate of New York City; and more than all he has solicited the friendship of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is an open secret that Mr. Taft, as the agent of the United States to the Vatican to negotiate for the purchase of the Friar lands in the Philippines, effected a service which was much appreciated by all Roman Catholics. He not only secured a fair and liberal settlement for the lands, but he became the first representative at the Vatican from a country whose history contained much that was hostile to it. And the friendship which this created among American Catholics was seen by political observers in Mr. Taft's vote for the Presidency in 1908.



HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL GIBBONS, WHOM PRESIDENT TAFT NUM-BERS AMONG HIS PER-SONAL FRIENDS

He was the first President of the United States to celebrate the Puritan feast-day of Thanksgiving in a Catholic church. In his first year as President he established this innovation, which he has followed ever since; and the Pan-American Thanksgiving service in St. Patrick's Church has become one of the features of the Presidential year during his administration. Another similar innovation, introduced by him

Washington the Sunday before last Memorial Day on the grounds of the Washington Monument behind the White House. This was the first occasion of the kind to be held in the government grounds, and to be attended by the commander-in-chief of the army and navy.

There are many other ways in which President Faft has sought to appeal to Catholic sentiment. The Church has always been deeply concerned in its Indian mission schools. In February, President Taft revoked an order of Indian Commissioner Valentine forbidding the wearing of

> religious garb by Catholic teachers in the government Indian schools, and reopened the question which the Commissioner had decided.

> In his appointments Mr. Taft has shown much liberality toward Catholics. His choice as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of a man of Catholic faith was especially appreciated, the more so because of the general feeling among Catholics that, although they constitute nearly a fifth of the population of the United States, there have been in most administrations almost no appointments of men of Catholic faith to offices under the national government.

> Mr. Taft, beginning at the time when he was Governor-General of the Philippines, has established personal friendships with a large number of the high prelates of the Catholic Church in America. Mr. Taft's relations with these prelates has during his administration become very

After his election Mr. Taft became a pioneer close. Cardinal Gibbons, the head of the in other relations with the Catholic Church. Catholic Church in this country, is very frequently his guest at the White House, and other leaders of the Catholic clergy are equally friendly with him. And, in observing the golden jubilee of Cardinal Gibbons at Baltimore last year, the Catholic Church in America could well feel that no such demonstration of high friendship had ever been shown at a religious occasion in this country. On one side of the venerable prince of the Church was seated the President; on the as President, was the military mass held in other side the Vice-President of the United

States; and the only living ex-President was seated close by.

Now, it is the belief of the politicians of the Corporation behind Mr. Taft that the various religious friendships which Mr. Taft has cultivated in the United States can all be brought into this campaign and made a tremendous force which will go far to reëlect him President. The Catholic Church is the largest single religious body in the country. There are some three million voters who are Catholics; and they are situated very largely in the great doubtful States which make and unmake Presidents. Quite naturally, the attention of the politicians is turned to this great body.

It is inconceivable that the Catholic voters of the country will allow themselves to be used in this way. In the first place, whatever the personal friendship of their prelates may be for Mr. Taft, the rules of the Church sharply forbid the influencing of voters.

In the second place, the Catholic population least of all desire the revival of the spirit of religious intolerance which was directed against them in the '90's. After all, they constitute a minority of the total population; and it would be far from their interest again to create a division on religious lines in the United States.

The Hunt in the Democratic Party

But that this vote is counted upon by the managers of Mr. Taft as one great force toward his reëlection is a well-established fact to all close political observers. The second force upon which they place their reliance is the present active work of Wall Street in the Democratic party. They believe that Wall Street will certainly hunt down and destroy any anti-Corporation candidate in the Democratic party before he can be nominated.

This hunt has been public knowledge for several months. The party of the Corporation is focussing all its powers now upon the destruction of Woodrow Wilson. One after another, the items of publicity intended to destroy him have been sent out, across the country, on a schedule calculated like a railroad time-table. The story of his application for a Carnegie pension, his old letter criticizing Bryan, his falling out with his former supporter, Colonel George Harvey, and the quotations carefully raked out of his voluminous writings to excite race prejudice, have all been exploited as only the most skilfully managed political press bureau could exploit such material. And in the meantime, one after another, the Corporation candidates for States and sections have been brought out to split the delegates to the Democratic convention and make his nomination impossible. There has been no movement so apparent in recent politics as the Corporation's hunt for Wilson.

The managers back of Taft believe that Wall Street will make Wilson's nomination impossible. And in removing this one man they feel that they would remove the one possible man in the Democratic party upon whom the majority of the American people, the great underlying party of Individual rights, can concentrate their vote. If they have no such candidate, Taft, in the opinion of his management, will most certainly be reëlected.

This, in brief and simple outline, is the story of the men and forces that are counted upon to nominate and reëlect Taft.

Will they be able to do it? Can the people of the United States be manipulated to such an extent? The answer to this question will make the next few months the most interesting in recent political history.

"In the Wireless House," a thrilling story of a trans-Atlantic voyage, by Arthur Train, begins in the June McClure's.

In the same issue, a new story from Detective William J. Burns, entitled "Finessing."

THE GREY STREETS OF LONDON

BY

KATHARINE TYNAN

THE grey streets of London are greyer than the stone—
The grey streets of London, where I must walk my lone;
The stony city pavements are hard to tread, alas!
My heart and feet are aching for the Irish grass.

For down the winding boreen the grass is like silk,
The wind is sweet as honey, the hedges white as milk.
Grey dust and greyer houses are here, and skies like brass.
The lark is singing, soaring o'er the Irish grass.

The grey streets of London stretch out a thousand mile — O dreary walls and windows, and never a song or smile! Heavy with money-getting, the sad grey people pass. There's gold in drifts and shallows in the Irish grass.

God built the pleasant mountains and blessed the fertile plain; But in this sad grey London, God knows, I go in pain. O brown as any amber, and clear as any glass, The streams my heart hears calling from the Irish grass.

The grey streets of London, they say, are paved with gold; I'd rather have the cowslips that two small hands could hold. I'd give the yellow money the foolish folk amass For the dew that's grey as silver on the Irish grass.

I think that I'll be going before I die of grief;
The wind from over the mountains will give my heart relief.
The cuckoo's calling sweetly — calling in dreams, alas!
"Come home, come home, acushla, to the Irish grass."



PRINCES AND PLUMBERS PHILIP CURTISS

Illustrations by Charlotte Harding

T was as far back as the autumn of 1904 gary, and when I received orders at our Budathat I first made the acquaintance of the Crown Prince of Sachstein-Kresse; but I was little less than astounded when, six years later, I met him on Twenty-third Street.

the Prince, for it was in his winter castle at Augenplatz that I put in as good a job of hotwater heating as I have ever done in my life. Sachstein-Kresse, as every one knows, is a little Slav kingdom below the borders of Hun-

Pest agency for a complete hot-water plant, I was not at all anxious to tackle the job. You know what those old medieval shacks are like nothing but cold stone walls like a cellar, I had had, however, good reason to remember little bits of windows, and pictures that haven't been repainted for two hundred years.

> I want it entered to my credit, however, that I went at the thing without a grumble, and by Thanksgiving the castle looked like another place. For, not content with putting in the



heaters, we closed up the moat and laid good modern sewers; tore out a lot of dirty old fountains that were spurting in the courtyard and put in up-to-date hydrants; and, finally, when we found that every room had a fireplace big enough for a man to stand in, we bricked them up and arranged the heaters in front of them so that you would never have known that the fireplaces were there. There was some inspiration to a job of that kind, and I am frank to say that I was proud of it. The Prince must have been so too, for after I got back to America he sent me a beautiful decoration of the Order of St. Christopher and St. George. I have it in my house now, together with a loving-cup that was presented to me by the Master Plumbers' Association of Northern New York and a jeweled watch-fob that was given me by the Spanish War Veterans when I took my degrees in the Knights of Pythias.

But, as the years went on, other honors befell me which made the Order of St. Christopher sink into oblivion, chief among them being my election to the secretaryship

of the Plumbers', Plasterers', and Pipe-Threaders' Alliance No. 4, which I held from 1906 to 1910, and in which, I may say with due modesty, I gained some little credit, having increased the number of subsidiary lodges from 463 to 726, and having twice held the office of Past Grand Potentate of the Outer Guard.

It was, in fact, on the occasion of the annual convention of the P. P. P. A. that I found myself in New York, and more especially in Twenty-third Street, when a quiet little man caught me by the arm and drew me behind one of those four-sided glass show-cases which seem to grow in the doorways of Twenty-third Street more thickly than anywhere else in the world. And there, 'mid the neckties, the collars, and the gents' furnishings of the haberdasher's windows, I found myself face to face with the Crown Prince of Sachstein-Kresse.

"For heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "your Highness!"

"Sh-h, not so loud," he cautioned, putting his hand on my arm. "I think we are followed." "But why," I exclaimed, "and how ——"

"All in good time," he replied, with a quiet smile. "First let us get to some place where we can sit down."

So, peering up and down the street and seeing nobody, he slipped his arm through mine and led the way to a little Hungarian restaurant of the better class.

Once seated and orders given, he smiled again and remarked:

"You are, no doubt, somewhat astonished at seeing me in America."

"Astonished, your Highness!" I began. But again he put a warning hand on my sleeve.

"Please do not call me 'your Highness,'" he urged. "You can not tell who may hear us. I am now to be known as plain Mr. Grumpenfield."

"That's certainly plain enough," I replied, with a grin. "But tell me all about it."

The Prince leaned back in lazy abstraction, as if he had not heard my request, and pursued his own train of thought.

"Even now I am followed," he mused in quiet, even tones. "When occasion offers for doing it without notice, just glance carelessly at the second table from the far end of the room, and you will see two men watching us. The short man with the smooth face is an ex-agent of the Hungarian secret police, and the tall man with the black mustache is Lieutenant Von Arlitz of the Ninth Sachstein Hussars."

In a moment I glanced at the table, and saw the two men as the Prince had described them.

Christopher sink into oblivion, chief among "I am not sure," continued the Prince, them being my election to the secretaryship in the same dreamy tones, "how far their

instructions carry them — whether they are placed here merely for observation, or whether they have plans on my life. I think it would be amusing to see. Come."

And at once, without having touched the glasses placed before

And at once, without having touched the glasses placed before us, he paid his check and walked into the street. We had but to look behind us to see that the two men had followed our example and also us.

"Now," said the Prince, as he swung his cane in listless fashion, "we can put the matter to the test. If I am to be killed, we may as well know it at once."

And, without another word, he led the way up a quiet side street and then into one still quieter. There, under pretense of lighting a cigar, he waited; and, sure enough, the two men, increasing their pace, caught up with us, and the tall man grumbled, in Kresse:

"We wish to do no violence to your friend. Will your Highness ask him to leave you? Otherwise it will be necessary to take you both."

The Prince turned to me with the same languid nonchalance and repeated what had been said.

"It is best for you to go, my friend," he added. "You can not be of any assistance. It has been endless, this pursuit, and

I have led them on to put a finish to it. I am tired — tired; and I only want to end it. Here they have me."

But I was not so sure of that, and asked hurriedly:

"Do they understand English?"

"Not a word," he replied. "They landed three days ago. I had news of it from my secret agents. But I can not escape them."

"Now tell me frankly," I said hastily, "what crime have you committed?"

"None," he replied, in some agitation. "It is merely the curse of the house of Sachstein. They have followed me to the ends of the earth and now they have caught me. There is nothing you can do. It is the royal road of which you Americans do not understand."

"Perhaps not," I replied; "but there is yet a single hope. Seest you cop?" At which, I took the Prince by the arm and started on our way. As we did so, both men sprang at us, and the officer, crossing the street on the run, nabbed them both and rang his box for the wagon.

The next evening, at dinner, the Prince in admiration, and I in amusement, read the head-lines:

ANOTHER BLACK HAND FIZZLE

"ARMY OFFICER" NOW LAN-GUISHES IN THE TOMBS

Two Polacks, who gave their names as Antonio Marco and Henry Kremowicz, were



"'PLEASE DO NOT CALL ME "YOUR HIGHNESS."
EVEN NOW I AM FOLLOWED'"

arraigned before Judge Muldoon in the Jefferson Market police-court this morning, charged with an attempt to blackmail a wealthy countryman named Sergius Grumpenfield. Grumpenfield, who is stopping at the Hotel St. Romulus, was taking a walk last evening with an acquaintance, Patrick F. Daly, the well-known sanitary engineer of Springfield, Mass., when the two men sprang out of a blind alley and attacked them. Luckily, Patrolman Michael Quinn of the Ninety-first Precinct happened to be in the vicinity, and ran them in before their threats were accomplished.

In the police-court this morning, after Mr. Daly and the officer had given their testimony, Kremowicz gave the usual song and dance about being an officer in the Sachstein cavalry. "Very well," remarked Judge Muldoon; "you can now get a commission in the Sing Sing light artillery. Bound over for special sessions."

"What a wonderful country!" remarked the Prince, as we finished.

"But now," I remarked, as we laid down the paper, "I wish that your Highness would tell me the rest of this story."

For I had been at the convention all day since court, and this was my first opportunity to ask the question.

The Prince leaned back and lit a cigarette. "To begin with," he said, looking cautiously around him, "do you know what the Salic law is?"

"Do I?" I replied. "Didn't I put a vacuum cleaning plant in the palace of Don Carlos of Bourbon in the spring of 1901, and did I hear one single word except the Salic law?"

The Prince smiled.

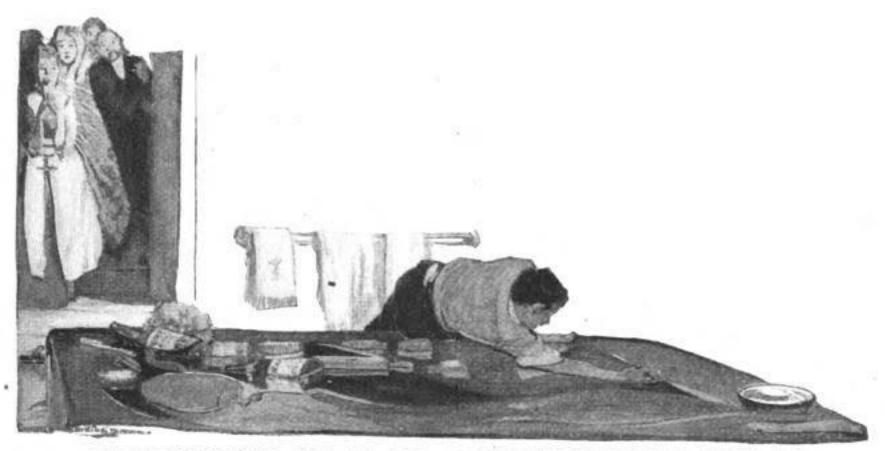
"There are many royal houses," he remarked, "which would be much better for a vacuum cleaner.

"Now, as you remember from your own visit to Sachstein," he continued, "the present King is my uncle, Sergius First, and at that time, as the Salic law had been in force in Sachstein for three centuries, and as my uncle had only a daughter, I, as the male heir, was successor to the throne. Two years ago, however, the Republican party, which had been making great headway in the country, induced the Duma to abolish the Salic law, allowing the succession to fall on my cousin Sonia, then a girl of only seventeen years.

"There were many reasons for doing this, one of them being that, with a woman on the throne, the Republicans had greater hopes for the success of a revolution. A still greater reason, however, lay in the fact that a good half of the peasantry, who are loyal to the monarchy on general principles, were distinct followers of my own. Thus, by denying my right to the succession, the Republicans argued, with a good deal of truth, that they could split the Royalist party completely in two, and that my followers, rather than allow the crowning



"BOTH MEN SPRANG AT US, AND THE OFFICER, CROSS-ING THE STREET ON THE RUN, NABBED THEM"



"HURRIEDLY THROWING OPEN THE DOOR, I FOUND THE VERY WORST THAT I HAD EXPECTED. THE BATH-TUB HAD OVERFLOWED"

of Sonia, would throw in their lot with the republic.

"One fact, however, remained to upset their plans completely, one of which they had never dreamed — which was, in brief, that I had fallen madly in love with my little cousin. All this, by the way, had happened while I was still Crown Prince, with undisputed right to the throne. She was a pretty little thing — my cousin Sonia — and in our youth, at the summer palace in Blitzstein, we had grown up like brother and sister — and like little savages, for that matter.

"Before the Salic law was abolished I had already decided that Sonia should share my throne — for it was then I who held it; so, when the change came, she simply was to share it with me. With this marriage before the eyes of the people, the revolution would not have been a ripple on the waters.

"But, as you can see," continued the Prince,
"the secret must be kept until the death of the
King, who was then in his seventy-third year.
Our affiancement must not be announced until
Sonia should be ready to succeed—or the
Republicans would take violent steps to
prevent it.

"In some way, the secret of our attachment leaked out and spread like wild-fire among the revolutionists. You can imagine the consternation that they felt, and the corresponding elation among the royalists, until, one day last March, while the Crown Princess was riding, attended only by a groom, she suddenly disappeared,—kidnapped by the Republicans,—and from that day to this not one word has been heard of her."

I opened my mouth to speak, but the Crown Prince waved me to silence.

"Now of course we know," he continued, "that she must still be alive, for, if she had been done away with, I would simply succeed to the throne, as I would have in the first place. It merely means that the Republicans are holding her in hiding, to produce on the day of the death of the King. Then, when her succession is announced, dissatisfaction will be spread both among the Republicans, who do not wish to see a woman on the throne, and among my followers, who will be more chagrined than ever at my second failure to regain the crown; so in ten days Sachstein will be a republic."

Again I tried to speak, but again the Prince waved me to silence.

"That explains," he said, "the reason of my presence here. For, from the very moment that I heard of the abduction, and the reasons for it, I was certain that the Princess had been taken to America. The Republicans would hope that in this country, as a sister republic, they would find ready aid for their plans."

I thought of Judge Muldoon and Officer Quinn, and smiled, while the Prince continued:

"In the unsettled state of the country and a growing dissatisfaction in the army, which is illustrated by the presence of Lieutenant Von Arlitz last evening, I could not lay my hands on a single man whom I could trust to make my search for me, so that finally, with the sanction of my uncle, I came myself, traveling as simple Mr. Grumpenfield. It was announced that I was to spend three months in Hungary; but, taking the Oriental express, I came to Paris and then to this country. Every step of the way I

have been followed by this ex-agent of police and by Von Arlitz, until your stroke of genius relieved me of their presence. For you see that they would have no compunctions at all about killing me."

During all the time that the Prince had been speaking there had grown in my mind an incident which had occurred some weeks before, and to which I will presently introduce the reader; but, before launching my bolt, I wished to make sure of my facts, and I quietly began to speak.

"Would your Highness be willing," I said, "to answer two questions?"

"With the greatest of pleasure," he replied.

"Well, then, at the time of the disappearance of the Crown Princess, did Lord Kritzenvitch, the chamberlain, also disappear?"

The Prince looked startled.

"He did," he answered. "But how in the world did you know it?"

It was now my turn to wave for silence.

"First let me ask the other question," I continued. "Is the Crown Princess Sonia a blonde young woman, about five feet six in height, with an inordinate fondness for French Vichy?"

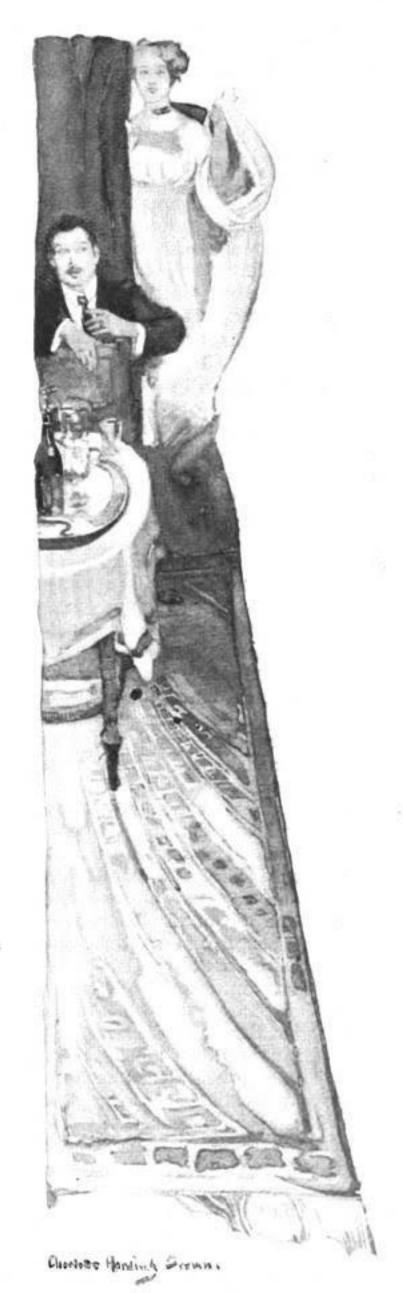
The Prince gasped at my question, so taken back that he could merely nod, without audible reply.

"Then," I continued, "I can tell you exactly where to find her. If you will give me a card, I will write the address,"

And now, as the reader will doubtless be as bewildered as the Crown Prince as to how I, Patrick F. Daly, quondam master plumber of Springfield, Mass., came to be aware of the solution of the problem which was troubling the secret police of four nations, and to be able to write the exact address of the missing Crown Princess Sonia, heir to the throne of Sachstein-Kresse, regent of the Order of St. Christopher and St. George, grandniece to the King of Bulgaria, first lady of the Convent of Angelekivus, and head of the Kressian faith, it will be necessary to relate at length the incident to which I have already referred.

Some five years after my sojourn in Sachstein-Kresse, and three years after I was made secretary of the Plumbers', Plasterers', and Pipe-Threaders' Alliance Local No. 4, I began to wonder whether life was offering me all that it might, and, having decided that it wasn't, I began settling the business into other hands and retired to a little place about five miles out of Springfield, one of the most up-to-date little towns I know.

Every man has his dreams, and I had been planning and dreaming about such a retreat all



"'THE PRINCE SERGIUS IS WAITING FOR YOU'"

my life; so, when I was finally able to realize my vision, it was a perfect beauty — hot and cold water throughout, open plumbing from top to bottom, a vacuum cleaner, and a garage with a cement floor that drained at both ends. In June of 1904 I settled there, and I had not been in the house two months when there occurred an incident that brought the Crown Prince and the kingdom of Sachstein-Kresse very vividly to my memory.

There was, it seems, just on the borders of my land, one of those great old gone-to-seed houses which can be found in almost any New England town and which generally go by the name of Somebody's Folly. You can easily recall the type, for most of them are exactly alike, and all are relics of that mid-Victorian period when it used to be the height of luxury to have urns and weeping willows and dinky little summer houses in the grounds, and usually a fountain, consisting of a small boy and girl holding an umbrella from the top of which the water spurted down over them. As a practical plumber, any kind of a fountain is an abomination to me,— they are so absolutely useless,— but this iron boy and girl kind especially.

This particular house had not been lived in for goodness knows how many years, and had rapidly fallen into the state of most of its kind — on the street a moss-covered stone wall, just high enough to keep out the view and not high enough to keep out anything else; within it, about thirty acres of unpruned apple orchard and overgrown lawn, with winding drives full of weeds, and, in the center, a great square house of brick covered with plaster and then painted a sort of sickly, mud-colored gray.

Even without going any nearer to the house than the wall, I could tell at a glance what it would be like—tin bath-tubs, basement kitchen, no elevator, bilious-colored stained glass at the top of the landings, and all the plumbing boarded in so tight you couldn't get at it with a set of burglar's tools. I would have staked any amount of money that there wouldn't be an electric bell in the house, and nothing but those old wire arrangements where you turned a little German-silver handle in the wall, and a bell rattled away down in the butler's pantry, like a whole fire department.

As I have said, nobody had lived in the house for years, except a care-taker, and there were "For sale" and "To rent" signs all over the place, so that it created little less than a fever in the village when, one day, the rent signs disappeared and a couple of men were sent in with scythes to mow the grass in a superficial sort of fashion. In a week or two more about ten moving-vans came out from Springfield,

with the greatest lot of truck you ever saw in your life, and a week after that the family was in possession.

But, if the village thought it was going to have any satisfaction from the new occupants, it was mightily mistaken, for it wasn't two days before the latter gave signs that they were anything but neighborly. There must have been a dozen people in the party, mostly servants, and not one of them spoke a word of English except a dapper little agent with a French accent, who did all the outside business. Of the rest of the inhabitants we never caught a glimpse near enough to the wall to recognize them, although we somehow got the idea that the chief performers were a tall, gray-haired man and a lady of unknown age who came to town deeply veiled and at night, and who was never seen afterward, except in distant parts of the grounds, where she would walk around under the apple trees with a white shawl over her shoulders.

After a few weeks, when it was found that the new people were most intent on minding their own business and that they plainly did not intend to let us help them at it, we began to forget about them, although the house was more a place of mystery than ever.

One night, then, while I was sitting on my piazza, smoking in the moonlight, and planning a new arrangement for an artesian well, I was more than astonished when a maid-servant in black came rushing across the lawn, and, seeing me, called, in English so broken that it was absolutely beyond repair:

"Come, sir; come quick, we need help!" and turned to run back across the lawn toward the house of mystery.

Naturally, I jumped to my feet, knocked the ashes out of my pipe, and followed her, catching up before she reached the wall. There was a sagging old gate between the two places, usually locked; but she had the key to it, so we yanked it almost off the hinges, and started through the long, weedy grass, still uncut in that part of the grounds, the woman breaking into a run. We had not gone ten steps, however, when a huge dog ran out at us and began to bark; but the woman spoke to him in some foreign tongue that I recognized as Hungarian or something very like it, and the big fellow sneaked away into our tracks. In a minute more we were crunching the gravel of the driveway, and, as we went up the great front steps, the door was opened wide and I came face to face with an old friend of mine - the chamberlain of Sachstein-Kresse.

Long as it was since I had seen him, I recognized him in an instant; but he evidently failed to pay me the same compliment, for he merely gave me a glance, and spoke hurriedly to the maid who had brought me. But, now that I knew what language they were talking, I paid particular attention, and, from my three months' experience in Sachstein-Kresse, I was able to pick out occasional phrases, such as "Not yet," "She is still there," and frequent references to "her Highness"-with which I had had occasion to become especially familiar. But of what was the trouble I could not get the slightest inkling, while the chamberlain, haughty as ever, and dressed in stately evening clothes, did not think me of sufficient importance to explain, for he merely made an imperious gesture for me to follow him, and started quickly up the stairs. At the top another maid, in great excitement, awaited us, turning to lead the way hurriedly down the hall, where she pushed open the door of a huge bedroom which gave me the curious impression of being full of people.

In a minute, however, I saw that there were only three besides those who had entered with me — a man in livery, a lady with white hair, and, seated in a big chair at the end of the room, the most beautiful young woman I have ever seen in my life. She was very young and very fair, in contrast to the swarthy faces around her, and, at the moment of the excitement, had evidently been preparing to retire; for she was dressed in a sort of flowing robe, and her hair fell in masses over her shoulders. In the midst of the excitement, moreover, she was the only person who showed perfect calm, for she sat almost languidly, apparently bored at what was going on, while the other women were running around, wringing their hands and chattering in the greatest agitation.

As we entered she gave us a glance of only casual interest, and since, as I have already explained, I knew a little about regal temperament, it took me about ten seconds to make up my mind that she was "her Highness," whoever else she might be.

"Has it stopped?" were the first words which the chamberlain uttered,— words which I understood perfectly,— at which the lady with white hair shook her head almost hysterically. The chamberlain bit his lips as if in doubt how to explain the matter to me, and, in the silence, from an adjoining room I caught a sound very familiar to my ear — the sound of running water.

In an instant I divined the whole mystery, and, hurriedly throwing open the door, found the very worst that I had expected. The bathtub, with taps running full head, had overflowed, and there was already six inches of water on the floor!

As one would expect in a house of that kind, the bath-room was reached by three descending steps,— for no reason under the sun except to make it harder to get at,— so that the room itself formed a perfect tank, which, although it did not allow the water to run into the bedroom, held a regular Mississippi basin to soak into the ceilings below. Even as I worked I expected to hear them fall.

Once I knew what the trouble was, I did my best to remedy it, and the complications which that plumbing showed furnish really the most interesting part of the story.

To begin with, the taps had been so loosely packed that, when I took off my cuffs and plunged my hand into the tub to shut them off, they simply turned round and round without stopping the flow. Luckily, the heating system was so bad that the jet from the hot-water faucet was only mildly tepid — luckily indeed, for I was standing in water up to my knees.

When I found this out, I turned and asked hurriedly for a monkey-wrench, at which the chamberlain and all the others looked blank, gazed at one another, began to jabber, and then ran in all directions. In the midst of it, the Princess arose languidly, and haughtily handed me a rusty old affair which had been lying in the middle of the bedroom floor all the while. With that it was quick work to rip off the boards at the side — for, as I had supposed, the outside was boarded up tighter than a drum and stop the flow from the shut-off beneath. I then went into the tub up to my shoulders, and pulled out the plug, which apparently nobody had thought of before, at which the water in the tub ran off in a way that water in bath-tubs has. So, after all, the problem was comparatively simple, and, as there could be nothing further of interest, I nodded good night to the Princess and went home, leaving the servants to bail out the room.

On my way home, however, I chuckled to think of the time they must be having; for a greater mess than that bath-room I have never seen in my life — and, as a practical plumber of fifteen years' experience, I can tell you that I have seen some messes. As I have said, the water on the floor was fully six inches deep; chairs, dresser, and set basin were covered with damp and dirty towels which had been used to stop the flood, while soap, nail-brushes, sponges, tooth powder, and douches were floating around in the water, having the time of their lives. And, most important of all, there must have been two dozen bottles of French Vichy stacked up around the walls, while half a dozen empties were bobbing gaily on the flood. From this you can see how I was able to identify the Crown Princess when Prince Sergius told me on one thing — that I would offer no suggesthat she had changed her address. tions, but allow the Prince to work it out as he

It was not to be expected, however, that the Princess could be recaptured without a great deal of trouble, as the Prince explained to me on the train that night; for there is an express which draws out of the Grand Central at 11 P. M., carrying a sleeper which is dropped off at Springfield, and such was the Prince's impa-

tience that we took it that very night. The only trouble with that train is that the porter makes up all the berths before the passengers come in, and we were obliged to lay our plans in the vestibule.

"Now why," I asked him, in the first place, "when you discovered that the chamberlain had disappeared at the same time as the Princess, didn't you simply have the mail-bags watched, and find out where his family was writing him?"

"Ah, you don't understand," replied the Prince. "Kritzenvitch is not by birth a Kressian, but a Rumanian. As you doubtless know, the present reign-

ing family of Rumania is German, and had we done that it would have stirred up the whole Moroccan question between England, France, Germany, and Spain. Do you understand?"

I didn't understand, but I said no more, and the conductor came through for our tickets.

In the morning my motor was waiting for us at Springfield, and we had a quick drive to my country place, although with every mile the Prince grew more eager with excitement. By mutual consent, however, we agreed to do nothing until after we had had a good chance to look over the ground and lay our plans more fully. As to the latter, I was silently resolved on one thing — that I would offer no suggestions, but allow the Prince to work it out as he saw best, although, after our New York experience, he was more than willing to leave everything in my hands.

"No, your Highness," I replied, after he had urged me to this effect; "this adventure is all yours and the stake is yours. You will feel much happier if you plan and execute it yourself."



"THREE MINUTES LATER THE TWO BRANCHES OF THE ROYALIST

To this, in fact, he was rather eager to agree, and, after sitting figuring for half an hour, he announced that he was ready to explain his campaign.

"From what I know of Kritzenvitch," he began slowly, "he is a very heavy sleeper, yet he never retires until one or half past in the morning. From your description of the other members of the household, I am satisfied that the white-haired lady is the Viscountess of Bergen, a former lady in waiting, and wife of an army officer who was exiled for complicity in the Morkowicz affair. The servants I know in a general way, and I think that among them

all one can be found who can be bribed to help me. My plan, then, is simply to steal into the grounds between two and three to-morrow morning, poison the dogs, gain entrance to the house, hold the servants at bay if necessary, and then make my escape by a rope ladder, which I will have for the occasion. In the meantime you must have your motor at the south gate, with engine

"As to that," I replied, "I can offer a suggestion, if your Highness will accept it."

"Most gladly," he replied.

"Well, then, in every old house of that kind, about two feet from the ground, you will find, somewhere, an opening, covered by wire netting, about two feet broad and a foot and a That is the entrance to what is half high. known as the cold-air box, which is a long



PARTY OF SACHSTEIN-KRESSE WERE IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS"

muffled, ready to take us to the Canadian frontier.

on which he had been figuring - "I have a plan for the dogs, in overhauling revolvers, and in of the grounds, with a cross marked at the point other preliminaries. After dinner we sat until where you will have the motor."

I thought the plan well worthy of the Prince, and readily agreed to do my part, which, as I understood, had no shooting.

"There is one thing," continued the Prince, "that I can not solve, and that is how to gain entrance to the house - for it is safe to say that every door and window is barred."

shaft or tunnel built for the purpose of feeding fresh air to those old-fashioned furnaces. You can easily pull the netting off with your hands, and then, after you have poisoned the dogs, crawl through it. I have done it hundreds of times. For, usually, when the furnace is not in use, about two feet of the inside end of the box is disconnected in order not to senda draught through the house. In fact, as those people have not been here in cold weather, I'd be willing to bet that it has never been connected up, so it will be perfectly simple to crawl through the box and then drop to the floor of the cellar."

The Prince thanked me profusely, and, the rest of the afternoon, was consumed in putting "Here"—and he showed me the envelop four ounces of strychnine into a pound of meat one o'clock, smoking nervously and trying to make conversation, until at last, as the hands of the clock crawled around to the hour, the Prince stood up, put his gun in his pocket, shook hands, and slid out into the darkness.

> As soon as he had gone, I cranked up the motor and slipped around to the south gate, which was perfectly easily found by asking the policeman on the beat. There I doused my

lamps and sat in silence, smoking cigar after cigar and hearing not one single sound from the house or the grounds.

The chimes in the village church struck quarter past one, half past, three quarters, and then the bell boomed two o'clock. Still not a sound from the Prince, while the clock struck for the fifth and sixth time. At last I heard cautious footsteps, and a minute later the Prince's voice. I jumped from the car; but he was alone, and only settled into the front seat with a dejected air.

"Drive back to the house," he said, "and I will tell you about it."

The electric light of my own dining-room, when we entered it for a bottle of Madeira, disclosed, for the first time, the fact that the Prince was in a most woeful condition — clothes torn, hands bleeding, and face as black as a stoker's. He slouched into an arm-chair, gulped down a glass of wine, lit a cigar, and then began his story in disconsolate fashion.

"Everything went splendidly," he said, "exactly as we had planned it. When I got over the wall, the dogs came up to me in a most friendly fashion and began to lick my hands, so that I hated to give the meat to the poor creatures. But I wasn't willing to take any chances, so I laid it out for them, and they tore it to pieces, gave a couple of chokes, and just died. At that I went on to the house, found the cold-air box exactly as you had described it, pulled off the netting, and went in.

"Ach, but it was dusty in there!" shuddered the Prince, as he gulped another glass of wine as if in remedy. "Simply one mass of cobwebs, so that I imagined, every minute, that the spiders were crawling down my neck; but I pushed on through, came to the end, and dropped to the floor.

"The minute I landed, I could hear steps on the floor above me, and knew that I would have to wait. At first I sat down in the spot where I had happened; but then I heard some one come to the cellar door, so I slid into the coalbin and lay down on top of the coal. Just as I did so a man-servant came down with a candle, passing so near that I could hear him breathe; but he was holding his hand around the light to keep it from blowing, and, luckily, that cast me into the shadow. It almost stopped the beating of my heart until he had passed into the front cellar, returned, and gone up the stairs again.

"So there I lay in the coal until the steps had been still, above me, for fully an hour, when I crept out, found the stairs, and worked up, in my stocking feet, to the main floor of the house. There was not a sound, and the carpets were so soft that I need not have removed my shoes; but I expected every moment to hear a stair creak and some one come to look up the trouble.

"On the second floor, it was easy to find the door of the room where Sonia slept, by the description which you had given me, and I softly turned the handle — to find it locked."

The Prince turned to me with a funny grimace.

"And that, my friend, was all there was to it.

If the door was locked, it was locked. I couldn't
pound on it like a bell-boy, so I simply had to
come out again through a lower door, and here
behold me."

The Prince was so pathetically miserable that I did not feel it in my heart to laugh at him, but in the end he started it himself, and I joined him heartily.

"And what do you intend to do now?" I queried at last.

"Try again," he replied. "The only thing to do is to find some way of climbing up to the window." And, as he said this, he drew out of his coat the rope ladder which he had carried, wound around him, all the time.

"But I wish," he added, "that you would be persuaded to try for me."

"Do you honestly wish that?" I asked. "Are you willing that I should get all the glory of it?"

"Absolutely," he answered. "It is Sonia and the salvation of Sachstein that I care about."

"Very well," I replied; "I will do it tomorrow or next day. Don't worry a bit."

Accordingly, the next afternoon I had my hammock swung between two trees on the side of the house toward my neighbors, and lay down there, with a box of cigars and a magazine, to wait developments.

Shortly after three o'clock I saw the Crown Princess come out of the house, as she did almost every afternoon when it didn't rain, and walk slowly into the grounds. I watched her carefully from my hammock until she came to a point well away from the house and fairly near the wall, when I got up, straightened my tie, lit a fresh cigar, and, walking to the wall, vaulted over it in a broken place.

The Princess saw me coming, and watched my approach in amused fashion. It was evident that she remembered the night of the flood. Without hesitating, I took off my hat and approached her.

"Madame," I said in English, "would you do me the favor of walking over with me as far as the wall?"

"Why, certainly," she replied, with a slight lifting of the eyebrows, and together we approached the broken place.

Here we stopped, and I turned to her again.

"Your Highness," I said, "the Prince Sergius of Sachstein-Kresse is waiting for you in that house"; and, as an evidence of good faith, I handed her his card, with mine.

Not another word was necessary. She flew over that wall as lightly as a bird, with me after her, and three minutes later the two branches of the Royalist party of Sachstein-Kresse were in each other's arms.

We sat in the library over another bottle of Madeira, and again I asked the Prince what his next step would be.

"I leave it in your hands, my good friend," he said. "Your plans are conceived with an ingenuity that entirely surpasses my own."

"Well," I replied, nothing loath, as I bit off the end of a cigar, "there are exactly three courses that you may pursue. The first is to

telegraph the ambassador of Austria-Hungary in Washington to take the matter up with the King of England, and have Parliament ask the Emperor of China what to do about it. The second, which would be the real story-book way, would be to walk back to the big house, tell the chamberlain what you have done, and then open all the avenues for him to get her Highness back into his clutches in order to rescue her all over again. The third way is to telephone the town clerk, who lives three houses above here, that there is ten dollars in it for him if he gets down here with his blanks and seal in just five minutes, while, at the same time, I will send for the parish priest in the motor, and have you married before supper. Of the three, the last course is the one which I think I should pursue."

And they did.



THE DEBT

PERCEVAL GIBBON

Illustrations by Sigismond de Ivanowsky

IT was his habit, of an evening, to play the flute; and he was playing it faithfully, with the score propped up against three books on his table, when the noises from the street reached him and interrupted his music. With the silver-dotted flute in his hand, he moved to the window and put aside the curtains to look out.

The flute is the instrument of mild men; and Robert Lucas had mildness for a chief quality. At the age of thirty-five, in the high noon of his manhood, he showed to the world a friendly, unenterprising face, neatly bearded, and generally a little vacant. The accident that gave him a Russian mother was his main qualification for the post he now held—that of represent-

ative of a firm of leather manufacturers in the Russian town of Tambov. He spoke Russian, and he knew leather, and he could ignore the smells of a tan-yard; these facts entitled him to a livelihood.

To right and left, as he looked forth, the cobbled street was dark; but opposite, in the silversmith's shop, there were lights, and below a small crowd had gathered. He watched wonderingly. He knew the silversmith well enough to nod as he passed his door — a young laborious man, with a rapt, uncertain face and a tumbled mane of black hair. There were also a little grave wife, and a fat grave baby; and these, when they were visible, received separate and distinctive nods, and always returned them. The hide-sellers and tanners were, for the most part, crude and sportive persons with whom he could have nothing in common; they lived, apparently, on drink and uproar; and he had come to regard the silversmith and his family as vague friends. He pressed his face closer to the glass of the double casement to see more certainly.

The little shop seemed to be full of lights and people, and outside its door there was a press of folk. The murmur of voices was audible, though he could distinguish nothing that was said. But now and again there was laughter. It was the laughter that held him gazing and apprehensive: it had a harsher note than mirth. It seemed to him, too, that some of the men in the doorway were in uniform; he could see them only in outline, mere black silhouettes against the interior lights; but there was about them the ominous cut of the official, that Russian bird of ill omen. And then, while yet he doubted, there sounded the very key-note of disaster. From somewhere within the silversmith's shop a woman screamed, sudden and startling.

"Now, now!" said Robert Lucas, at his window, grasping his flute nervously. And, as though in answer to his remonstrance, there was again that guttural, animal laughter. He frowned.

"I must see into this," he told himself very seriously.

He turned from the window. His pleasant room, with the shaded lamp on the table and the music leaning beside it, seemed to advise him to proceed with caution. He and his life were not devised for situations in which women screamed on that tense note of anguish and terror; he had never done a violent thing in all his days. There was no clear purpose in his mind as he pulled open his door to go out — merely an ill ease that forced him to go nearer to the cause of those screams. He had descended the stairs and was fumbling at the latch of the street door before he realized that he was still holding the flute.

"Oh, bother!" he exclaimed in extreme exasperation, when the instrument proved too long for his pocket, and he went out carrying it like some remarkable and ornate baton.

The small crowd before the silversmith's shop numbered perhaps a hundred people, and even before his eyes were acclimatized to the darkness he smelt sheepskin coats and tan-bark. He touched one big man on the arm and asked a question. The lights in the shop lit up the fellow's hairy face and loose grin as he turned to answer.

"Eh?" said the man. "Why, it's a Jew that the police are clearing out. Did you hear the Jewess squeal?"

"Yes, I heard," said Lucas, and moved away. He was cut off from the door of the shop by the backs of the crowd, and passed along the street to get round them. Inside the lighted house, the baby had begun to cry; but there was no more screaming. He had a sense that, unless he hurried, he might be too late for what was in preparation. The crowd seemed to be waiting for some culminating scene with more than screams in it. A touch of nervous excitement came to fortify him, and he thrust in between two huge slaughterers whose clothes reeked of the killing-sheds.

"Make way," he said breathlessly, as they turned on him.

One of them swore and would have shoved him back, and others looked round at the sound of strife. Lucas put up an uncertain hand to guard the blow. It was the hand that held the flute, whose silver keys flashed in the light from the shop.

"Ha!" grunted the slaughterer, arrested by that sight. He looked at Lucas doubtfully, his neat clothes, his general aspect of a superior. "Who are you?" he demanded.

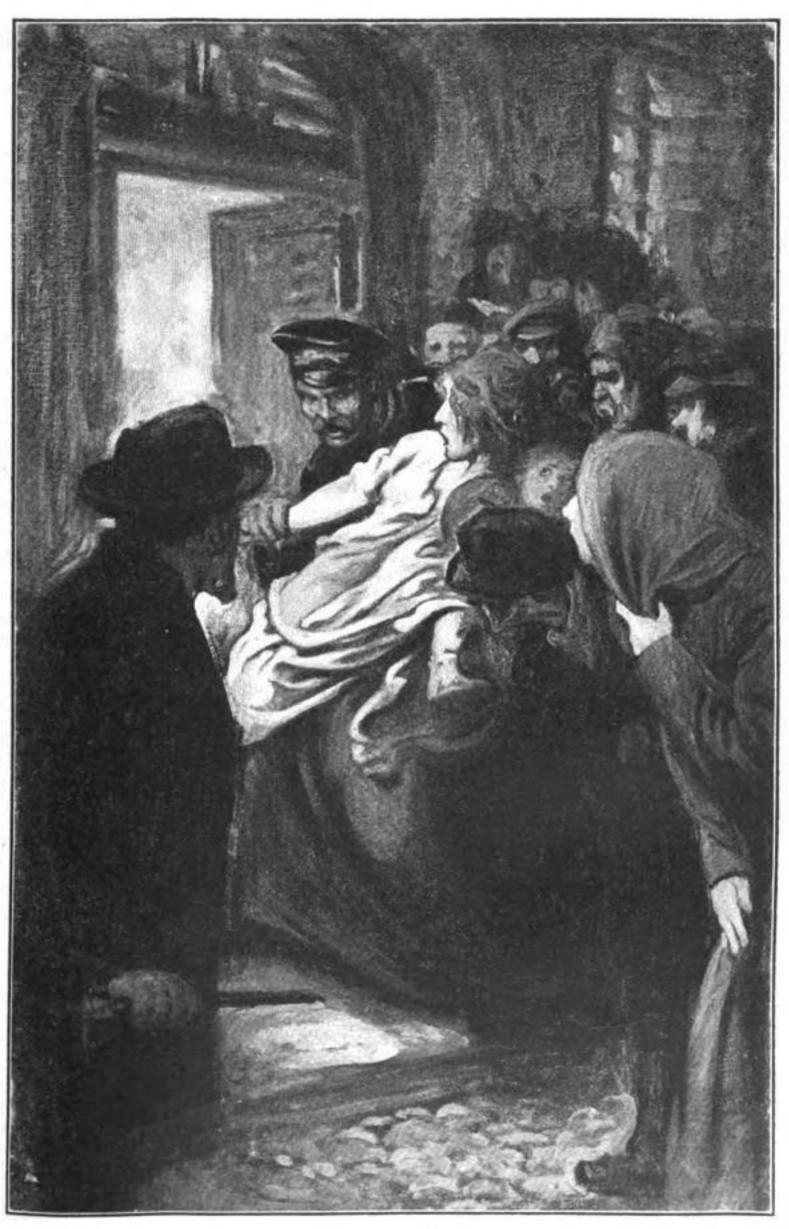
"Make way," repeated Lucas.

It seemed to confirm the slaughterer in his suspicion that this was a personage to be deferred to.

"Hi, there!" he bellowed helpfully. "Give room for his Excellency. Let his Excellency come through! Don't you see what he's got in his hand? Make way, will you!"

He bent his huge, unclean shoulder to the business of clearing a path, and drove through like a snow-plow. Lucas followed along the lane that he made, and came to the pavement close by the shop.

It was fortunate that events marched sharply from that point, and forced him to act without thinking. He had some vague notion of finding the officer in charge of the police, and speaking to him. But, before he could move to do so, there was a fresh activity of the people within



"FROM THE OPEN DOORWAY TWO FIGURES REELED FORTH. ONE WAS IN UNIFORM, THE OTHER WAS A WOMAN. FOR A COUPLE OF SECONDS THEY WRENCHED AND FOUGHT BEFORE THE CROWD ON THE LIGHTED DOOR-STEP."

the bright windows; he saw something that had the look of a struggle. Voices babbled and the crowd pressed closer; and suddenly, from the open doorway, two figures reeled forth, clutching and thrusting. One was in uniform, the other was a woman. For a couple of seconds they wrenched and fought, staged before the crowd on the lighted door-step; and then the woman broke away and ran blindly toward the spot where Lucas stood. She had, he saw suddenly, a child in her arms, that cried unceasingly.

The uniformed man who had tried to hold her came plunging after her; his face was creased in clownish and cruel smiles. Lucas saw the thing stupidly. His mind prompted him to nothing; he stood where he was, empty of resource. He was directly in the flying woman's path, and she rushed at him as to a refuge. He was the sole thing in that narrow arena of dread which she did not recognize as a figure of oppression; and she floundered to her knees at his feet, and held forth the terrified child to him in an agony of appeal. Her tormented and fearful face was upturned to him; he knew her for the Jewess, the wife of the silversmith.

"Father!" she breathed, in the pitiful idiom of that land of orphans.

"Ye-es," said Robert Lucas vaguely, and put a hand on her head.

Never before, in all the orderly level of his life, had a human being chosen him for champion and savior. He was aware of something within him that surged, some spate of force and potency in his blood. He stood upright, with a start, to confront the policeman who was on the woman's heels. The man was grinning still, fatuously and consciously, like a buffoon who knows he will be applauded. Lucas fronted his smiling security with a still fury that wiped the mirth from his face and left him gaping.

"Get back!" said Lucas. He spoke in a low tone, and the crowd jostled nearer to hear.

The policeman stared at him, amazed and uncomprehending.

"Sir," he stammered, "Excellency — this Jewess — she ——"

He stopped. Lucas was pointing at him with the flute across the bowed head of the woman, who crouched over her child at his feet.

"You shall report the matter to the Governor," said Lucas, in the same tone of icy anger. "And I will report it to the Minister."

He touched the woman. "Get up," he said. "Come with me."

He had to repeat it before she understood. She was numb with terror. She rose with difficulty to her feet, clasping the child, whose wail was now weak with exhaustion. The peering crowd made a ring of brute faces about them, full of menace and mystery; but the new power in him moved them to right and left at his gesture, and they gave him passage, with the woman behind him, across the road. The stupefied policeman watched them go, and then ran off to place the matter in the hands of his superior.

Lucas was at his door when the officer whom the policeman had fetched touched him on the elbow. He was a young man; if he had been older, Lucas' difficulties might have been increased. He peered in the darkness, and was visible as a narrow, black-mustached face with heavy eyebrows and a brutal mouth. The one thing that deterred him from brisk action was the fact that Lucas was a foreigner, whose rights and liabilities were, therefore, uncertain.

"This woman," he said, "is arrested."

Lucas was unlocking the door. He turned with his hand on the key, and the woman touched his arm. Perhaps that touch aided him to use big words. As a resident in Tambov, he knew the officer by sight, and had always been a little daunted by his manner of power. In Russia, one comes easily to fear the police. But now he was free of fear.

"You be careful," he said. "I saw what was being done."

With his left hand he pushed the door, and it swung open. He motioned the woman to enter, and nodded as he saw her cross the threshold.

The officer vented a click of impatience.

"I tell you —" he began, and moved forward a step. Lucas extended an arm, and the hand that held the flute, across his chest.

"Back!" he said. "You mustn't enter this house — you know that! You can go to the Governor, if you like, and I will go over his head. But you shall not touch that woman."

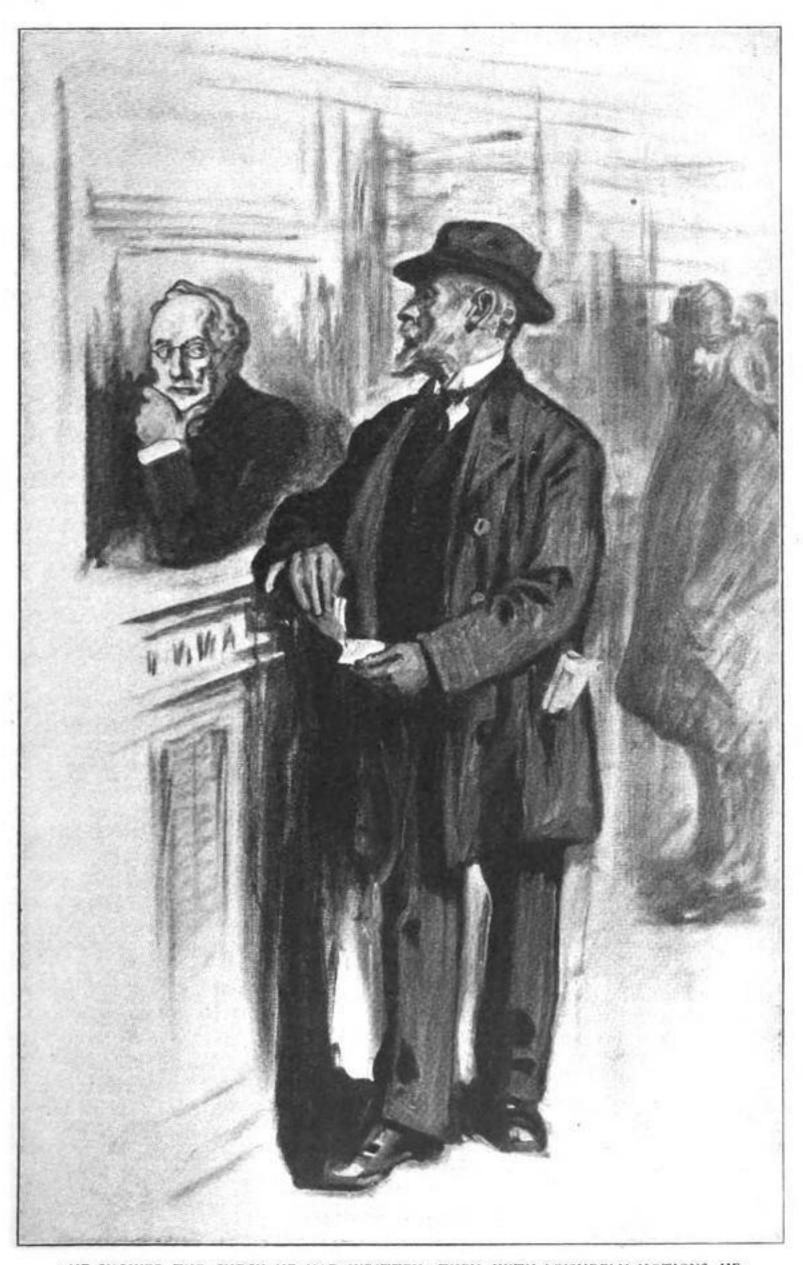
"She is arrested," said the officer obstinately, still studying his antagonist. "If you wish to aid her, you must go to the Bureau; but you can not take her away like this."

"Eh?" Lucas swung round him; the time was fertile in inspirations. "Can't I?" he demanded threateningly. "But I bave taken her, man. If you seize her now, you must arrest me too, and then — we shall see!"

"I must do my duty," persisted the other.

"Do it, then," said Lucas, standing square across the door. "Do it, and see if you can explain afterward how you did it. I am not a poor woman who can be outraged in safety; my arrest will have to be explained to St. Petersburg, and you will have to pay for it. I saw how she was being handled, and how your duty was being done. I tell you, you're in danger. Be careful!"

"So?" replied the officer slowly. He turned to the folk who were the absorbed audience of



"HE SHOWED THE CHECK HE HAD WRITTEN; THEN, WITH LEISURELY MOTIONS, HE TORE IT ACROSS AND AGAIN ACROSS"

this conference. "Move away there," he commanded harshly. "This is none of your business. Off with you!"

They shifted back reluctantly, and he waited till he could speak unheard by them. Then he turned to Lucas again, with a touch of the confidential in his manner.

"What do you want her for?" he asked.

"Want her for!" repeated Lucas, not immediately comprehending. Then, as the man's meaning reached him, he trembled. "I don't want her," he cried. "I don't want her! You want her, not I; and you sha'n't have her. Do you understand? You sha'n't have her!"

"Sha'n't 1?" retorted the officer, but there was indecision in his voice.

"No!" said Lucas.

There was a pause. Neither of them was sure of himself. The officer found himself in face of a situation which he could not gauge; and it would never do for a provincial police official to attract notice in remote St. Petersburg. For all he knew, this flimsy little man, who had snatched his Jewess from him, might be able to set in motion those mills which grind erring servants of the state into disgrace and ruin. He certainly had a large and authoritative way with him.

"Will you come to the Bureau, then, and speak with the Chief?" he suggested. "You see, your action causes a difficulty."

"No, I won't," said Lucas flatly.

He also was in doubt; it seemed to him that he stood in a considerable peril, and he was aware that his mood of high temper was failing It needed an effort to maintain an assured and uncompromising front. Behind him, on the unlighted stairs, the woman breathed heavily. He summoned what he had of stub-The affair so far had bornness to uphold him. gone valiantly; he meant that it should continue on the same plane.

He saw the officer hesitate frowningly, and quaked. In a moment the man might make up his mind and seize him. There was an urgent necessity for some action that should quell him. Like all weak men, he saw a resource in violence, and, as the officer opened his lips to speak again, he interrupted.

what I had to say: that is enough. Now him as particularly moving. go!"

He pointed frantically with his flute, and the officer, at the sudden lifting of his arm, made a surprised movement, which Lucas misunderstood.

With a cry that was half terror and half ecstasy, he smote, and the flute beat the officer's cap down over his eyes.

"Yei Bohn!" ejaculated the officer, falling back.

Lucas did not wait for him to thrust the cap away and recover himself. He had done his utmost, and the next step must rest with Providence. It was but two steps to the doorway. The officer was not quick enough to see his panic-stricken retirement. He recovered his sight only to see the slam of the door, which seemed to close in his face with a contemptuous and defiant emphasis. It was like a final fist shaken at him to drive home a warning. He shook his head despondently.

On the other side of the door, Lucas, fighting with his loud breath, heard his slow footsteps on the cobbles as he departed. He waited, hardly daring to relax his mind to hope, till he heard the party of them drawing off. He was weak with unaccustomed emotions.

What struck him as marvelous was that the woman, whose face he had last seen as a writhen mask of fear, should appear in the light of his room with her calm restored, with nothing but some disorder of her hair and dress to betoken her troubles. Even the child in her arms, worn out with weeping, perhaps, had fallen asleep. He stared at the pair of them vacantly. His lamp, his music, all the apparatus of his gentle and decorous existence, were as he had left them; their familiar and prosaic quality made his adventure appear by contrast monstrous.

The Jewess was watching him. In her dark, serious way, she had a certain beauty which explained the officer's concern at her escape from his hands. Her grave eyes waited for him to look at her.

"What is it?" he said at last.

"If I might put the child down," she suggested timidly.

Lucas pointed to the double doors of his bed-"My bed is in there," he answered.

She lowered her head as though in obedience to a command he had given, and carried the child out. Lucas watched her go, and then crossed the room to a cupboard which contained, among other things, a bottle of brandy.

While he was drinking she returned, pausing in the door to look back at the child. He noticed that she left the door partly open, to hear "No more!" he shouted. "You have heard it if it should wake, and somehow this struck

> She came across the room to him, with her steadfast eyes on his face, and, without speaking, fell on her knees before him and put the edge of his coat to her lips.

> Lucas stood while she did it; he hardly dared to move and interrupt that reverent and symbolic act of gratitude. But once again, as when on the pavement she had held the child to him

in frantic appeal, the simple soul within him flamed into splendor, and he was in touch with great passions and mighty emotions. It is the mood of martyrs and heroes. He looked down to her dark eyes, bright with swimming tears, and helped her to her feet.

"You shall be safe here," he told her. "No-

body shall touch you here."

She believed it utterly. He was a champion sent straight from God; she had seen him conquering and irresistible. To fear now would be a blasphemy.

"I am quite safe," she agreed. "I am not afraid. To-morrow some of my people will come for me."

He nodded. "There is some food in the cupboard there," he told her. "Milk, too, if the child wants it. And nobody can come up the stairs without meeting me; and if they try, God help them!"

She half smiled at the idea. "They would never dare," she agreed confidently.

He would have been glad of his overcoat, but that was in his bedroom, and he dreaded the delicacy of going there while she was present. So, in the event, he bade her a brief good night, and found himself on the dark and chilly stairs without so much as a pillow or a blanket to make sleep possible. For lack of anything else in the shape of a weapon, he had brought his silverkeyed flute with him; if he were invaded in the small hours, it might serve him again; it seemed to have a virtue for quelling police officials.

About three o'clock in the morning he awoke from an uneasy doze, chilled to the marrow, and was prompted to try if the flute would still make music. It would not. It is too much to ask of any instrument that has been used as an instrument of war. It had saved a Jewess and her child, magnified its owner into a man of action, and was thenceforth silent for ever.

"I must have hit that officer pretty hard," was the reflection of Robert Lucas.

The episode closed shortly before noon next day, when two elderly men of affairs came to fetch his guests away. They entered the room while he was entertaining the baby with a whistled selection from his repertoire of flute music, and he broke off short as they regarded alertly as they entered.

They bowed to Lucas with a manner of servility in which there was an ironic suggestion, while their eyes examined him shrewdly. They were bearded, aquiline persons, soft spoken, and withal formidable. He had a notion that they found him amusing, but suppressed their amusement.

elder of them, when formal greetings had been exchanged, "for the safety of this girl and her child?"

"I don't want any thanks," protested Lucas. He could not tell them how the thanks he had already received transcended any words they could speak.

"It was a villainous thing," he went on. "I'm glad I could help. Er — is the silversmith all right?"

"Money was paid," answered the grayhaired Jew; "he is safe, therefore. But he spent the night in chains, while his wife was here with you."

He spoke with a pregnant gravity. The Jewess started up and addressed him in a tongue Lucas could not understand. He saw that she pointed to him, and to the bedroom, and to the stairs, and that she spoke with heat. The old Jew heard her intently.

"So?" he said in his deep voice. "Then we have more to thank you for than we thought. You gave up your rooms, it seems?"

"It is nothing," said Lucas. "You see, a lady — well, I could hardly ——"

"Yes, I see," agreed the old Jew. "I have to do with a noble spirit. And you do not want any thanks? So? But we Jews, we have more things to give than thanks, and better things."

"I don't want anything," Lucas answered "I'm glad everything's all right."

"You are very good," said the old man, "very good and generous. But some day, perhaps, you will have a need — and then you will find that our people do not forget."

The Jewess had nothing to take with her but her child. She bowed her head and murmured something as she passed out, and the baby laughed at him.

"Our people do not forget," repeated the old Jew, as he bowed himself forth.

"Well!" said Lucas, half aloud, when he was once more alone in his room, "that's finished, anyhow."

It was the knell of his greater self, of the man he had contrived to be for a few hours. He sat in his chair, dimly realizing it, with vague and wordless regrets. Then upon the table he saw the flute, and rose to put it in the cupboard. him from the doorway. The Jewess looked up It would never be useful again, but he did not want to throw it away.

The old dramas, which somehow came so close to reality with so little art, - or because of so little art, - had a way of straddling time like life itself. "Twenty years elapse between Acts II and III," the play-bills said unblushingly, and the fact is that what most men sow at "Then it is you we have to thank," said the twenty they reap at forty — the twenty years

do elapse between the acts. The curtain that goes down on Robert Lucas in his room in Tamboy rises on Robert H. Lucas in New York, with the passage of time marked on him as clearly as on a clock. With gray in his beard and patches on his boots, and quarters in a boarding-house in Long Island City, he is still concerned with leather, but no longer prosperous. His work involves much calling on dealers and manufacturers, and their manner of receiving him has done nothing to harden his manner of diffidence and incompetence. His linen strives to be inconspicuous; his clothes do not inspire respect; the total effect of him is that of a man who has been at great pains to plant himself in a wrong environment. Tambov now is no more than a memory; it is less than an experience, for it has left the man unchanged. It is a thing he has seen, not a thing he has lived.

The accident that gave his name and the address of his boarding-house a place in the papers has no part in this story; he was an unimportant witness in the trial of a man whom he had seen in the street, cutting blood-spots out of his clothing. He had bought a paper which mentioned him, to read on the ferry as he returned home, and had been mildly thrilled to find that an artist had sketched him and immortalized him in its columns. And next morning came the letter.

"Guelder and Zorn" was the name engraved across the head of it, in a slender Italian script. It conveyed nothing to him. The body of the communication was typewritten, and stated that if Mr. Robert H. Lucas would present himself at the above address, the firm would be glad to serve him. Nothing more.

"Mean to say you haven't heard of Guelder and Zorn?" demanded the young man whose place at breakfast in the boarding-house was opposite to him, when he asked a question. "Say — d'you know what money is? Hard, round, flat stuff — money? You do know that, eh? Well, Guelder and Zorn is the same thing."

Somebody laughed; Lucas looked round rather helplessly.

"They say," he explained, referring to the length.
letter, "that they'll be glad to serve me."

He le

"Then you might lend me a couple of million," suggested the young man opposite, with entire disbelief. "Them Jews would never miss it."

Lucas had the sense to drop the matter there. He put the letter in his pocket and went on with his breakfast, and listened with incredulous interest to the talk that went on about the wealth, the greatness, the magnificence and power of the financial house which professed itself anxious to

be of use to him. He was sorry to have to leave the table before it came to an end.

It is characteristic of him that the letter aroused no wild hopes, nor even an acute curiosity. He came, in the course of the morning, to the offices of Messrs. Guelder and Zorn in much the same frame of mind he brought to his business efforts. They were near, but not in, Wall Street — a fact of some symbolic quality which he, of course, could not appreciate. He stood on the edge of the sidewalk for some moments, looking up at their solid, responsible block of building, which anchored their fortunes to earth, till some one jostled him into the gutter. Then he recollected himself, and prepared to enter the money-mill.

A hall porter like a comic-supplement German heard his enquiry, scrutinized him with a withering glare, and jerked a thumb toward a door. He found himself in such an office as may have seen the first Rothschild make his first profits — a room austere as a chapel, rigidly confined to the needs of business. A screen, pierced by pigeonholes, cut it in half. Experience has proved that no sum of money is too large to pass through a pigeonhole.

"Vell?"

A whiskered, spectacled face, framed in the central pigeonhole, with eyes magnified by the spectacles, regarded him sharply.

"Oh!" He recalled himself to his concerns with a jerk, and fumbled in his pockets. "I had a letter," he explained.

"Vere is der letter?"

He found it after an exciting search, and passed it over. The whiskered face developed a hand to receive it.

"I don't know what it's about," explained Lucas. "Perhaps your people have made a mistake in the name, or something."

"Our beoble," said the face in the pigeonhole, with malignant emphasis, "do nod make mistagues!"

There was an interval while the letter was read, and Lucas stood and fidgeted, with a sense that he was intrusive and petty and undesired.

"Yes," said the owner of the spectacles, at ength. "You vait! I vill enguire!"

He left his pigeonhole unshuttered, and to Lucas, while he waited, it seemed that several men came to it and glanced at him forbiddingly. None spoke; they just looked as though in righteous indignation at his presence, with seventy-five cents in his pocket, in that high temple of finance. Then the whiskered and spectacled face fitted itself again into the aperture.

"So you are Mr. Robert H. Lucas, are you?" it enquired. "Den vere vas you in de year 1886?"

"Let me see!—1886—yes! I was in Russia form. then - in Tambov."

"Yes." The other's regard was keen. "An' now tell me aboud de man dat lived ooposite to you in Tambov?"

"Do you mean the silversmith?" said Lucas. The other nodded. "Oh, him! He was a Jew; they expelled him."

"And his vife?"

"His wife? They expelled her, too," he answered. "I never heard of her again."

"Vot vas de last you heard of her?"

"Oh, that!"

Lucas was staring at him vacantly. It did not occur to him that by not answering promptly he might give ground for doubt and suspicion. The question had reilluminated in his mind perhaps for the first time since the event that it touched — that night of twenty years before. He flavored again the heady and effervescent vintage of strong action, of crowded happenings and poignant emotions.

"Vell?" demanded the other.

"There was a police officer," began Lucas obediently: "his name was Semianoff --" And in bald, halting words he told the story. He told it absently, languidly, for no words within his reach could convey the thing as it dwelt in his memory, the warmth and color of it, its uplifting and transfiguring quality.

The man behind the pigeonhole heard him intently.

"Yes," he said again, as Lucas finished. "You are de man. Ve do not reguire further broof, Mr. Lugas!"

He produced a slip of paper and a pen, which he laid on the ledge before his pigeonhole.

"I am instrugted to say dat if you vill fill in and sign dis check, ve vill cash it."

"Eh?" Lucas was slow to understand.

"Ve vill cash it," repeated the other. "You fill it in - and sign it - and I vill cash it now."

"But" — Lucas took the pen from him in mere obedience to his gesture — "but — what for?"

"My instrugtions are to cash it — no more!" Lucas stared at the tight-lipped elderly face, like the face of a wise and distrustful gnome,

"Where was 1?" repeated Lucas vaguely. and held the pen uncertainly above the check

"How much am I to write?" he asked.

"I haf no instrugtions about de amount," was the reply.

"But," cried Lucas, "I might write fifty thousand dollars."

"My instrugtions are to cash de check ven you haf written it."

"Oh!" said Lucas.

He stared incredulously at the face for some moments, and then wrote a check for the sum he had named — fifty thousand dollars. He was about to add his signature, when something occurred to him.

"Is it because I went across the road to that little woman in Tambov?" he asked suddenly.

The whiskered face answered composedly: "No. It is because you went out of your rooms and slept on de stairs."

"Because—" he seemed puzzled. "But that is a thing — why, any gentleman would do it."

"Dose are my instrugtions," said the man behind the pigeonhole.

"I see." Lucas stood upright, the uncompleted check in his fingers. All surprise and excitement had vanished from his regard; he seemed taller and stronger than he had been a minute before. He had yet many calls to make, and, in the nature of things, many rebuffs to receive, before he went home to supper; and the money in his pocket totaled seventy-five cents. He needed new boots, new clothes, leisure, consideration, and a sight of his native land; in short, he needed fifty thousand dollars.

"You will cash this because I didn't insult a helpless woman?" he asked in level tones.

The whiskered cashier replied: "Yes. Because you went out of your rooms ven she vas in dem."

He laughed gently. "That is not the way to deal with a gentleman," he said. "I will make your firm a present of fifty thousand dollars."

He showed the check he had written, with the figures clear and large. And then, with leisurely motions, he tore it across and again across.

"Much obliged," said Robert H. Lucas, and made for the door.



"THEY HAUNTED THE PATHS OF GIRLS PRETTY, YOUNG, AND ADRIFT"

MABEL AND THE FLABBY PHILANTHROPIST

BY

MARIAN BRUNTLETT POWELL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

R. JENKINS, the end of his lean nose unduly red with excitement, shoved the second Mrs. Jenkins before him into the neat kitchen that was now hers. Mabel, who was his first wife's young niece,—not his,—stood at the stove, slicing the supper potatoes and onions into a frying-pan. Her work and her song,

"I'll be Christ's true soldier, I'll diet my post,"

stopped short when she saw them, her eyes, pansy-bronze under her light hair, wide with

anger and disapproval.

"Now, Mabel, looky here!" the authoritative tone of Mr. Jenkins quaked comically, "this here lady's the second Missiz Jenkins, and it won't do you no good to holler. You can't dodge the cold fact."

He was the one to dodge, however — not a cold fact, but a well-aimed cold potato. It was easier than dodging rice and old shoes, but it also lacked the pleasant exhilaration attendant thereupon.

Nor did Mabel wait to hear the town titter. She packed her clothes, drew from the bank the forty dollars egg-money left her by her capable aunt, and boarded the train for Chicago.

"I'll land a job in some big store. Beginnin' at the lowest round of the ladder of success, I'll rise swiftly by my honest merit, my commendable industry, and my indoochible ability," thought Mabel modestly; "and I'll return to my native town, that gave me the ha-ha in my youth, to honk insultingly up and down Main Street in my automobile!"

This is the only place in the entire story that Mabel's automobile figures.

One morning a week after her arrival in Chicago, she sat in an alcove back of the elevators on the ninth floor of a big department-store, waiting for a chance to put her foot on the lowest round of the ladder before mentioned. It had slipped off, so far. Through the window of a tiny office she could see the worried wretch who hired girls around the giggling age for less than they could live on, although often more than they were worth, and showed a profit on them. The arrogant man-god Business, whom he served, demanded many such little priestesses to poke his fires.

"Our girls work for pin-money only," he had informed investigators so often he had come to believe it himself. "They all have homes."

The fact that this store hired only girls with homes was communicated to Mabel by a girl who sat next to her on the bench. The girl had a gay, foolish hat and an uncertain, foolish mouth. Mabel had sought her advice. The girl gave it with perfervid willingness, first asking Mabel what address she "put up."

"Oh, kiddo, cut it out!" she exclaimed, as she puckered brow and mouth rebukingly. "You can never git that punk boardin'-house address across! I'll put you wise to something better. Guess it'll be a sooburb. Residence districts is good, but sooburbs is all to the velvet, especially North Shore sooburbs. Why, kiddo, it's the simple truth that some of them sooburbs won't have flats in 'em — nothin' but houses with lawns in front. The addresses come jest as cheap as your kind, and they has such a dastongay sound. And, girlie, you'd do well to live with your auntie. Mothers and grandmothers is better still, but it's the simple truth, they're also easier to get tangled up on. And

own, ain't it? and naturally light?—oughtn't 'a be caught dead at a dog fight without at least an auntie, unless they got humps on 'em. That's the simple truth, dearie."

She meant unless the girl had humps, not the auntie. Humps on auntie would not matter one way or the other.

"And listen here, kiddo," the girl whispered, when it was Mabel's turn to go into the office. "If you're asked, it's the simple truth that you'd do well to have auntie married to a able-bodied uncle with a job."

Thus informed, Mabel sat before her inquisitor. She was so pretty he wished she had not to work nine hours a day for her pin-money.

"Your address?" he inquired.

"It's 4954 Elmwood Avenue, Ravenswood," she lied glibly. Apparently it sounded "dastongay" to him.

"You live with relatives?" he inquired hopefully.

"With my auntie."

The childish expression lent an engaging sense of conviction to her reply. After a few questions which brought out the able-bodied uncle well employed, Mabel was hired to sell neckwear in the basement at six dollars a week.

Now, no one who has not tried it knows what a bully time a girl can have in Chicago on six dollars a week, if she has a good imagination and doesn't try to fry onions over the gasjet. Mabel, being clever with her needle and able to turn her wash-bowl into a laundry-tub, was able to set the dollar a new limit of elasticity. Especially was this true after she read an article in a magazine she picked up on an "L" train. Mabel read everything she could find, and believed everything she read, until she forgot it — which, fortunately, was not long. The article stated and defended most vigorously the thesis that most of the health troubles of the Americans are due to overeating. Mabel was gladly convinced; and, feeling superior to the rest of her gluttonous world, she for a week treated herself to three cents' worth of tapioca pudding at noon and called it luncheon.

"Savin' for shoes?" finally inquired Bertha, a girl from the ribbon counter, offering her some of her own pork and beans.

Mabel winced. The unreserve of girls like Bertha, who carelessly gave voice to the decent evasions of poverty, hurt her.

"No, indeed," she retorted; "I'm dietin', kiddo. I don't want none of your pork and beans — thanks just the same. Don't you know that the American nation's overe't itself something fierce? I got that from a nawful brainy man. He didn't eat anything but a handful

a girl with light hair like yours — it's all your of raisins for twelve days once, and afterwards he was so brainy he wrote two books off without hardly stopping to think."

> "My Gawd, he must 'a' been brainy!" interrupted a brown-eyed skeptic. "But listen here, kiddo; take it from me, it don't always work that way. I lived three days on a frankfurter sandwich oncet, and I never wrote so much as a dime novel after it, nor no one noticed I was brainy enough to want to hire me to sell safety-pins."

> Mabel's square little chin was elevated to the angle that usually means money, but sometimes knowledge.

> "If you'd eat less and chaw it harder, you'd be better complected," was her final lofty pronouncement.

> Little money for food meant enough for neat shoes and hats. Mabel was sufficiently well dressed to fit into the theory of Mrs. W. V. Fitzgerald.

> Mrs. Fitzgerald was a personage. All that stood between her and five million dollars was a well-tamed husband. She heard at one of her clubs an address by a social worker upon the temptations and failures of shop-girls. said it touched her big, warm heart.

> "Oh, how I envy you the opportunity to work with these poor girls!" she breathed to the worker. "How I would love to help!"

> The worker intimated that there was much to be done and offered to put her in the way of some of it.

> "I wish I could," Mrs. Fitzgerald sorrowed, overwhelmed by her own sympathy. "I am so fond of young people. I always have them about me. But I couldn't come into actual contact with these dear girls. I am too finegrained and sympathetic. It takes women like you to do that. God fits us all for our particular sphere; don't you think so?"

> The worker, viewing Mrs. Fitzgerald's rotundity, wondered if she wasn't finding her sphere a tight fit. But she was accustomed to grope for what she could use in people instead of growing sarcastic over what she could not, so she suggested that money was often handy in helping girls out of temporary straits or back to decency. Mrs. Fitzgerald glowed, and extracted two one-dollar bills from her bag.

> "Thank you so much," murmured the worker, "Every little helps. We are going to collect a fund for needy girls, and publish a list of those who contribute and the amount."

> "Oh!" Mrs. Fitzgerald's soft, formless sympathy became impinged with something real and definite. "Well, now, that's different." If the light were to be placed upon a hilltop instead of under a bushel, she would turn on more juice.

She drew out her check-book and wrote the before the girls - could hardly be starved, worker a check for two hundred dollars!

"And remember," she said at parting, "if Mrs. Van Evera or Mrs. Doney gives more, let me know before the list is published. Do you understand? Before the list is published! They are no more interested in these poor, dear girls than I am."

Mrs. Fitzgerald, therefore, became, in the estimation of a number of women who never had known shop-girls, a patroness of their cause and an authority upon them, and she evolved from her ignorance a theory, which was that all poorly paid shop-girls who had not homes and

dragged, drugged, driven, or enticed into it. And the procurers were diligent. They haunted the path of girls pretty, young, and adrift. Mabel almost daily repulsed these creatures and thought nothing of it. She was in no danger, except from actual physical violence. She knew too well how that life ended. When she was in high school she had seen girls not yet in long skirts slink shamefacedly from their desks, and she fiercely despised them and their miserable secret. Main Street was a gay thoroughfare, she had early observed, but it had the river on one side and hell on the other.



"IT WAS EASIER THAN DODGING RICE AND OLD SHOES, BUT IT LACKED THE PLEASANT EXHILARATION ATTENDANT THEREUPON"

did not wear leaky shoes added to their incomes State Street, Chicago, did not impress her as able methods."

Now, Mabel's shoes were very neat. But they were not bought with what she and her like Mabel, became more and more interested associates called "easy money." An obdurate in shop-girls. She avidly enjoyed accounts of instinct made "easy money" impossible for most of the girls. It caused the procurers for a certain trade to swear at the hardness of their jobs; for while men - good men, respected husbands, fathers, church-members even were willing to pay well to keep this trade flourishing, and while the tremendous power of the stern man-god Business was thrown on its side, the girls - the procurers put an adjective heeded the admonition to beware. In fact,

by what she and her associates called "question- very different. It had the lake on one side - the other boundary was precisely the same.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, hearing nothing of girls their sorrows and weaknesses. Finally her big, warm heart could contain itself no longer. She instructed her secretary to prepare a "Warning to Working-Girls." It warned them to beware especially of opulent-looking females who made advances and of well-dressed men who spoke to them on the street.

Mabel avidly enjoyed the "Warning." She



""MY DEAR YOUNG GIRL," SHE SAID, "WITH THAT PRETTY FACE I DON'T WONDER." MABEL IN YOUR PARTY THIS TIME.



SHOVED THE CHANGE INTO HER HAND. 'HIKE, YOU MEAN OLD SHE-TIGER! YOU'RE MISTAKEN I'M NOT YOUR SORT!'"

out her tongue at a nice little married man on the "L" platform when he told her her bag was open. She made girls who for years had blithely gone home at all hours afraid to be out after dark. Certain things that she had taken merely as part of life's every-dayness became suddenly of first importance. Mabel forgot everything else in her absorption in the "Warning."

Likewise Mrs. Fitzgerald. She pondered the "Warning" until she came to a noble resolve. She resolved to find a homeless shop-girl with neat shoes on her feet and reform her. It would be a unique experience to tell about. She chose the basement of the store where Mabel worked as the place to stalk her quarry. Even she did not believe the home fiction of the manage-Self-sacrificingly early one morning, she had her maid lace her into the straight front that took good care of a full figure, array her in an unostentatious three-hundred-dollar suit, and look to the fastenings of the big diamond solitaires that emphasized the fine simplicity of her large, fat ears.

Mabel happened to be in an aisle when Mrs. Fitzgerald set foot in the basement. Her pansybronze eyes shone when she saw her. patted the "Warning" in her shirt-waist.

"Here she is!" she thought, so glad she smiled.

For Mabel was sure that the benevolent lady was an "opulent-looking female," and Mabel intended to have a fine time heeding the "Warning."

Mrs. Fitzgerald observed the neatness of Mabel's shoes as they tripped behind the counter, and she observed the mischievous gleam in Mabel's eyes. She patted the "Warning" in her bag.

"Here she is!" she thought, so glad she

You know what the benevolent lady thought Mabel was.

They met over a rack of collars, each one a piece of glittering glory at only twenty-nine cents. The girls at the counter, flagged by Mabel, stopped work to watch. That is, all except one girl. She was not interested in jewel-eared "Madames." She had met one, one night, when the Doctor had said her sister must take her lungs to Colorado or die. The lungs got well, but something sacred died for them.

Mrs. Fitzgerald bought one of the collars, smiling within herself at her craft. While she waited for her package and her change, she adroitly questioned Mabel. Mabel answered, adroitly leading her on. Each was tense with she thought, "and mine is the subscription satisfaction and joy at the sin marks of the

she was so vigorously on guard that she ran other. Finally Mrs. Fitzgerald leaned on the counter and spoke to Mabel, her voice fulltoned with philanthropy.

> "My dear young girl," she said, "with that pretty face I don't wonder that you have been tempted. But take heart! I shall help you. Everything shall be done very quietly."

> Unconsciously, Mrs. Fitzgerald had spoken according to the "Warning." The "opulentlooking females" always lured, according to that document, with the promise of strict Mabel shoved Mrs. Fitzgerald's secrecy. package and change into her hand.

> "Hike, you mean old she-tiger! You're mistaken in your party this time. I'd let you know I'm a decent girl, and not your sort!"

> The full face of Mrs. Fitzgerald, warm and red with sympathy, underwent an odd congealment that left it warm and red only in spots. Even the spots faded at the remarks that fol-

> Said one girl: "It'll take more'n powder to hide the evil on that old phiz!"

> Said another, in a tone as virtuous as any Mrs. Fitzgerald ever had heard at a club meeting: "Don't it make you sick, girls, to see the di'monds in her big, fat ears, and think what they repersents!"

> Mrs. Fitzgerald was beginning to reel. She grasped the rack of neckwear for support. But the worst was to come. A bright-eyed little girl in the wrappers' box, with curls on the ends of her long braids, leaned over the edge of it, like a canary tilting from its swing, to inquire: "My Gawd, kiddos, ain't it fierce the way us ladies gits it dished to us by these red-light dames?"

> Red-light dame! Down came the rack of neckwear, pouring its glittering glory over Mrs. Fitzgerald and the floor. Then, amid the clatter, something was waved in her face — a paper. It was the "Warning"—her "Warning"! The girl with experience interposed:

> "Girls, be careful! Might be you was mistaken. This lady could be a philanthropper."

> "The word ain't philanthropper, Esther it's philanthropest," returned Mabel smartly, "and this old woman's nothing of the sort!"

> Old woman! That was worse than red-light dame! When she for years had deluded herself — with a muffled little imp far back in her consciousness forever hinting that she was deluding herself - that she had cheated her face out of the years that were its due. This was no place for her. Why, she had come to patronize these girls! Mrs. Fitzgerald fled.

> "God fits us all for our particular sphere," list."

Then a curious thing happened. It was a morning of surprises. A little choked, unused bit of sincerity and humility, somewhere within all that which was Mrs. Fitzgerald, disentangled itself painfully from the rest of her and held itself up as a mirror for her to look into. She started at what she saw. So absorbed was she in its ugliness that she forgot to leave the elevator until it stopped at the fourth floor. There faintly perfumed piles of embroidery and delicate white things were before her. Mrs. Fitzgerald seemed suddenly to become two people, neither one bearing the slightest resemblance to the individual who was herself. She was the Girlshe-used-to-be and the Woman-she-might-havebeen. It was Mrs. Fitzgerald's big moment. She never would be quite the same flabby philanthropist again. The young-girl-self of her felt just how those little maids in the basement longed for this dainty whiteness to deck their young prettiness. The girl-self knew that they had with them always the consciousness of their own youthful looks, and that, because of the possible him who tugged forever in the back part of their minds, they would make the most of those looks. And the man-god Business, whose fires they poked, set a scornful heel in their faces, and, denying them the things they craved, demanded that they give them out to others. The might-have-been-self of Mrs. Fitzgerald wondered at the shop-girls — not at those who go astray, but at the doughty little virgins who, with the lure all about them, are secure — secure on six dollars a week!

A vision is usually disturbing. Mrs. Fitzgerald's brought her bursting clear through her
sphere. It took a week. At the end of that
time she conceived the original idea of giving
a shop-girls' tea. She would come into actual
contact with the dear girls in her own home.
This was a significant advance for Mrs. Fitzgerald, even if it would not mean much to the
girls. Again she sought the basement where
she had met Mabel, this time with papers in
her bag to prove to the girls that she was a
personage.

But no Mabel was there; only the other caused her heart to si "You can't mix in duce herself. Some new and wonderful piece of news agitated them. She had not ended when they began: caused her heart to si "You can't mix in gerald, that is certain the subscription list." Poor Mrs. Fitzge

"Why, ain't you heard about Mabel, lady? Ain't you heard about Mabel? It's been in all the noospapers!"

The girl in the wrapper's box tilted down to inquire in a painful ecstasy: "Honest to Gawd, lady, ain't you seen Mabel's pickshure in the papers? It didn't begin to do her jestice, lady."

"No, no. What has happened to the dear

girl — what?" Mrs. Fitzgerald's pure mind conjured up all sorts of horrible ends for Mabel.

"A quattor of a million!" "Half a million!"

"An uncle — he died!" "No, no, lady; a quattor of a million!" the glad chorus shrieked.

Then Mrs. Fitzgerald felt her importance suddenly eliminated. She could not get another question answered. All that stood between her and five or six million well-invested dollars might be a thoroughly tamed husband, but it counted her nothing in this group. Mabel was coming down the aisle!

Beautifully groomed and girlishly dressed, she had lost neither her good sense nor her good taste,— straight to her old counter she tripped, stopping the girls' glad greeting with an imperious wave of her hand.

"Girls, listen! I read an article by a nawful brainy man, and what's more, kiddos, I met the man! I did, and talked with him. He says I'm full of ideas. Now, listen here, girls. I've found out some things since I been rich. Business is a regular pinch-fist with us women, and it ain't — isn't, you mustn't say ain't any more, kiddos — it isn't possible for a girl to live right in Chicago on six dollars a week. You know how we lie about our addresses to land a job. That's wrong, girls. It outrages our best instincts — I found that out since I been rich, too. Now we're going to build a store-girls' hotel, and no guy that sits in the office will look cross-eyed at the address, either. And we're going to pay - pay, do you hear? - girls like Esther, who never get ugly and hateful - we're going to pay 'em to look after five or six of the little greenhorns and keep 'em in the straight and narrow. And oh, kiddos, there's to be sewingmachines and laundry-tubs about the place that any of you can use, and parlors to entertain your steadies in!" Her quick tongue had to stop for want of breath. It was Mrs. Fitzgerald's chance.

"Let me help!" she said eagerly.

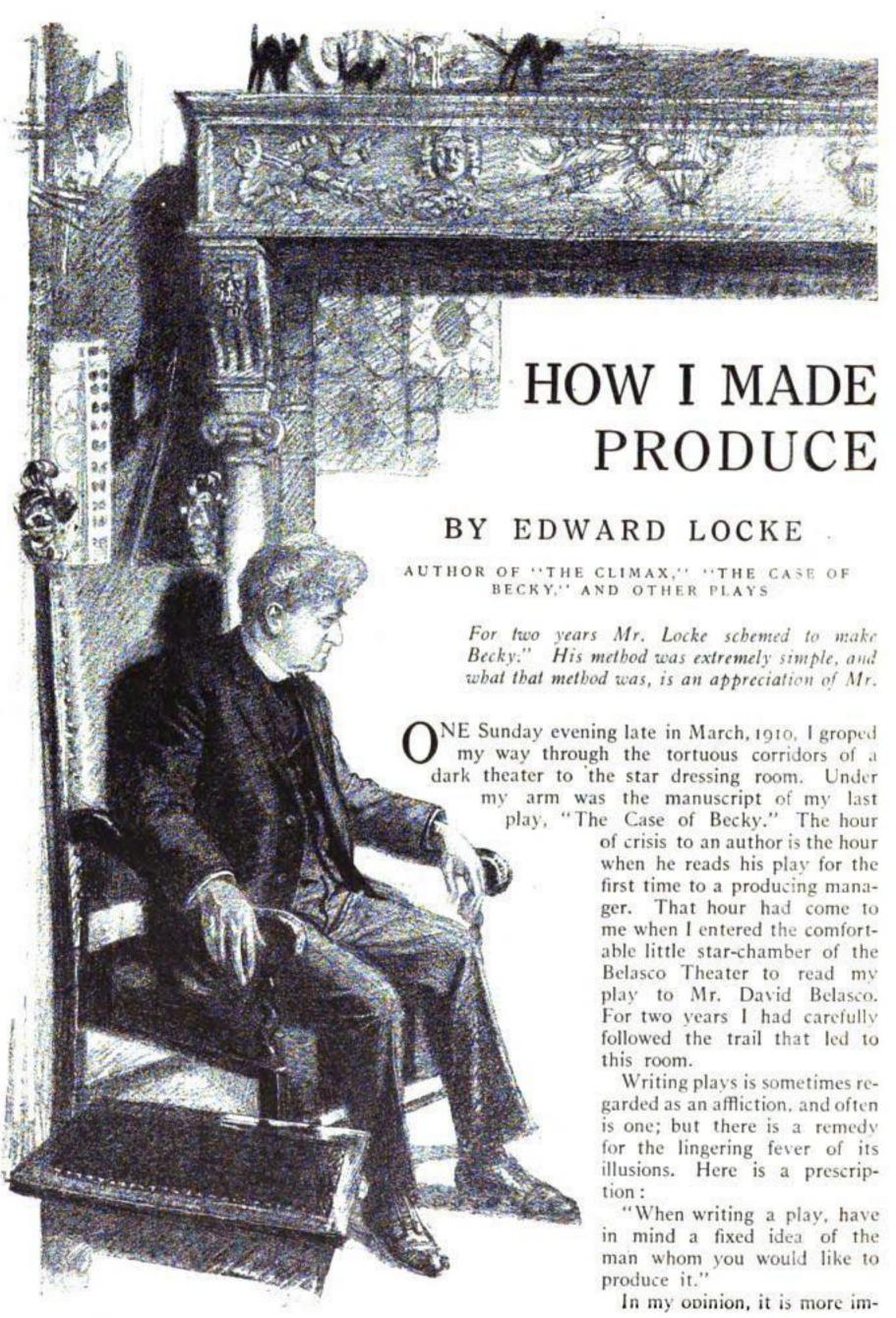
Mabel looked at her. "Why, it's my old girl!" she exclaimed.

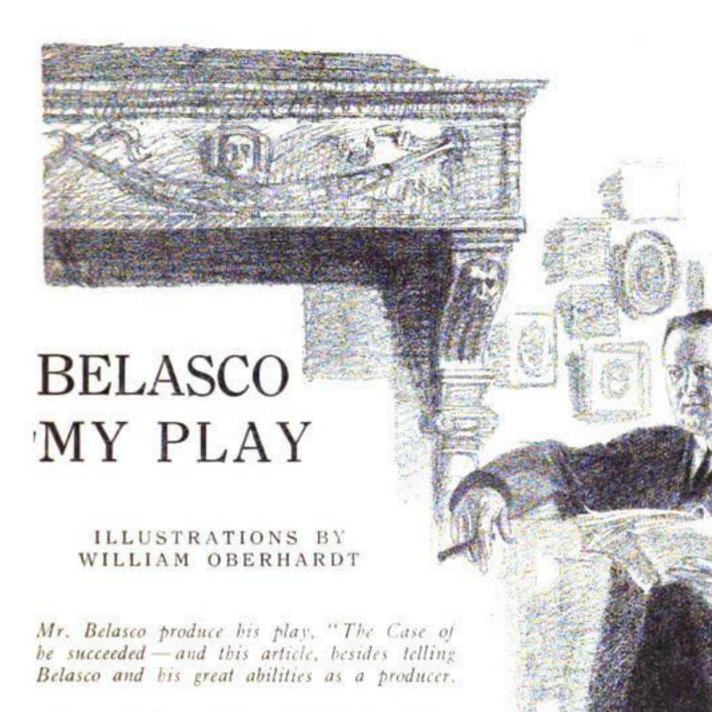
Mrs. Fitzgerald was identified properly. She waited in suspense to hear Mabel's verdict. It caused her heart to sink.

"You can't mix in with the girls, Mrs. Fitzgerald, that is certain; but you can be useful on the subscription list."

Poor Mrs. Fitzgerald! Shoved back into the sphere from which she had just burst! She looked at Esther and she spoke humbly.

"Maybe I'm only fit for the subscription list now," she said, "and maybe I'm getting on in years. But"—her hand sought Esther's as if for encouragement—" I broke into society by sheer force and awkwardness, and I think I can do it here."





portant to write your play with a view to the ideas of a producing manager than to write a play for an actor or an actress. If the play itself has good parts, you can usually get actors to fit them; but it is imperative that you meet the requirements of your producer.

His preferences are not at all difficult to discover. He has a fixed idea, too, of the dramatic article he can best exploit. His theatrical intelligence, like a magnetic needle, attracts a certain kind of entertainment.

Every Manager Gambles on His Own Type of Play

One manager believes in comedy of a farcical nature; another is vulnerable only to the play that dwells upon the eternal triangle of social problems; another stakes his all on melodrama; and another grips only the play that is out of the ordinary in theme — a play that lifts the thin veil that hides the imaginary from the real, the natural from the supernatural. This is a matter of common knowledge among theatrical people.



AN ACTUAL BELASCO REHEARSAL, DRAWN FROM LIFE, AT THE FIRST REHEARSAL OF A BELASCO ACTORS, AUTHOR AND MANAGER GATHER AROUND A LONG TABLE IN THE REHEARSAL HALL AND READS HIS PLAY ALOUD. AFTER LUNCHEON, WHICH IS SERVED IN THE THEATER, THE PLAYERS AROUND THE TABLE, AND EACH ONE READS HIS PART ALOUD

My experience is a case in point. I wrote my last play with a view to securing a Belasco production.

From the first inception of the theme, it was stamped with the Belasco idea of plays. It was made to feed his dramatic intelligence. I made it a play that I hoped he would like, and entirely ignored any thought of an actress who would be equal to the dual rôle of Becky.

That is how it happened that I found myself face to face with the producer I wanted.

Mr. Belasco's greeting was temperamentally cordial.

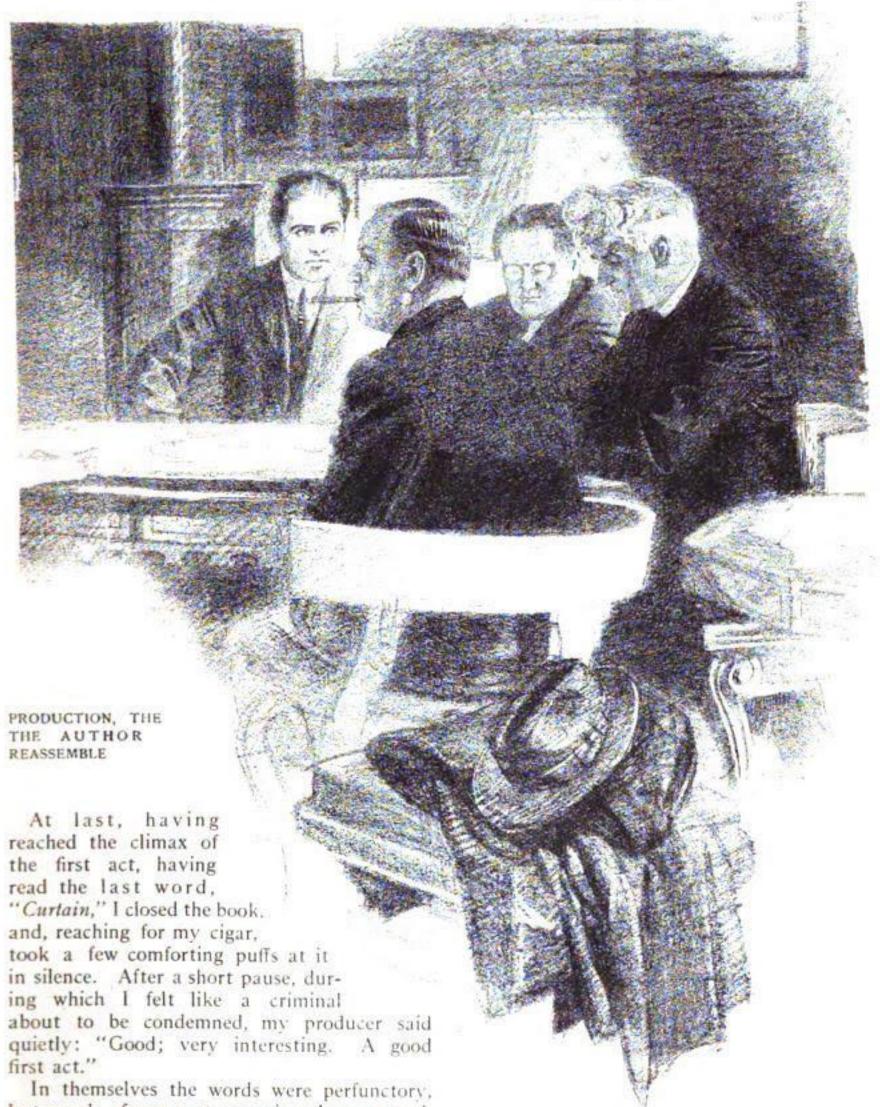
"If you will be more comfortable, Mr. Locke, take off your coat," he said.

He sat first where he could see my face, but where I could not see his. Later I manipulated my chair so that I could watch his face. The theme of the play was mental suggestion. That fact may account for my wish to sit where I could see his face, to be sure that I read my play intelligently.

Reading the First Act of My Play

Consider what this reading meant to me: the success or failure of two years' work. I had some knowledge of the methods of a producing manager at an author's first reading of his play. As a usual thing the manager declines to let an author see that his play has made any impression upon him at all. For obvious business reasons he appears to be the manager of a deaf-and-dumb I remember once reading a play to a New York producer under conditions that were irritating beyond words. The gentleman flourished a rather solid-looking paper-knife in his hand, which he was continually sharpening on the edge of the table or stabbing at imaginary persons in the air - probably dramatic authors. I had to ask him to sheathe his weapon, which he did reluctantly.

Therefore, when my producer betrayed human intelligence by chuckling expressively at a comedy bit, I was greatly encouraged.



but words of any sort are miraculous on such an occasion. More often a grunt is the only sound that entitles the author of a play to hope

that his reading has even been heard.

For a few minutes the subject of plays was dropped entirely, and we chatted about nothing at all — the weather, perhaps, or free transfers, or the war in China.

"Are you ready for the second act?" I asked, in an irrelevant burst of anxiety.

"Fire away," he said simply, and I did.

My Idea Begins to Interest Belasco

I knew that the second act would interest him, because it had been designed to fit his dramatic idea like a glove. There may be two, or perhaps three, other producing managers who could have grasped the psychology of this act, but it will always be a question in my mind whether any other but Belasco would have conceived its stage subtlety. In

the second act I had attempted to show the actuality of a psychic murder. Though new to the theater, perhaps, the thing was not new to scientific knowledge. But no matter how sure one may be of a manuscript, the test of a play is its stage adaptability. Confident enough of my scientific facts, I realized the importance of Belasco's stage intuition of them, and I watched his face as I went on. I was surprised to observe that, unlike any other manager I had ever read a play to, he was not resisting me, but was helping me. He was helping Dr. Emerson, one of the characters in the play, in his hypnotic struggle to destroy the evil personality of Becky, and was suffering all the mental strain of her little lost soul in its struggle for life against him. To me the remarkable part of the reading of this act was that my producing manager was not merely in sympathy with the play, but, as I could see from his face, was feeling its dramatic realism. This was a tribute I had not expected. When I finished the second act, there was a strange silence in the little room.

"The Play He Had Been Seeking for Years"

The minutes seemed interminably long as I waited. My producing manager was trying on the play, fitting it to his intellectual and dramatic form.

"Remarkable," he said, and then paused. I waited for the rest.

"But tell me: is this founded on scientific fact, or is it imaginary on your part? Can this operation actually be performed?"

As the play had been suggested by actual scientific experiment, I gave him my authorities. I told him about Dr. Morton Prince of Boston, and how the physician had successfully disassociated one of two personalities, in a single identity, in the "Miss Beauchamps" case.

But his strongest impression was of the dramatic values of the play, for he said at once:

"Well, there's one thing, Locke: whether it is scientific or not, it is certainly gripping drama. Let's have the last act; that is, if you've rested long enough."

After such encouragement I could have read the third act if I had been suffering from tonsillitis and toothache. Like an actor who has heard a round of applause, I went at the last act with a new verve and freshness. Reading an emotional play is no easy task, and the best a poor author can usually do is to hold out for two acts. At the conclusion of the third act, some discussion of it followed. Finally Mr.

Belasco said that for years he had been looking for a play dealing with the theme of dual personality. Several had been submitted to him, he said, but this was the first available stage version of the idea.

Casually we talked about the cast, and Mr. Belasco expressed his opinion that it was a good play for Miss Frances Starr. I did not agree with him, because the play had not been written as a starring vehicle. Mr. Belasco agreed with me that it need not be presented as a star play in the accepted sense, but he regarded the dual Dorothy-Becky rôle as quite good enough for a star.

"How early can I see you to-morrow morning to talk business?" he asked me.

Miss Frances Starr is Chosen for the Title Rôle

So a contract was made the next morning, which was about the end of March or the beginning of April, 1910, for a production of the play not later than the following December, which would be the theatrical season of 1910–1911.

When the date set for the production was perilously near, and no preparation had been made, Mr. Belasco sent for me. He told me that for months he had been trying to find an actress who could play the part to his satisfaction and mine, and that he had failed to do so. If I insisted upon a production under the contract, he said he would take the best of the available actresses he had in mind, and produce it with her, but that if I could wait until the following season, when Miss Starr would be at liberty, he would cast her for the leading feminine rôle. He was sure that the play would be better for it, and told me how anxious Miss Starr was to play the part.

I agreed — the play to be produced not later than December, 1911. I had accomplished the most difficult part of an author's labor: I had commercialized my product by adapting it to the requirements of a producer. How difficult this is, only those who have tried it, and failed, can realize.

My relations with my producer, from this time on, were particularly instructive. Before sailing for Europe in the spring, I had many interviews with Mr. Belasco about the play, and together we "looked over" a number of actors suitable for the characters. The conversations that we had while we were prospecting for our stage types helped to crystallize the nature of the drama we were to produce. Each actor was discussed from the standpoint of his physical fitness to look a certain part, his mental capacity

to conceive it, and even as to the individuality in the tones of his voice. Mr. Belasco's skill in visualizing a scene, in seeing and hearing the characters of a play he is about to produce, his sheer imaginative force, are very remarkable. He knew exactly what each character looked like, how he should speak, what he should wear. When I sailed abroad in the spring of 1911, the cast had practically been decided upon.

Belasco a Great Theatrical Surgeon

In August I received a cable from Mr. Belasco saying that rehearsals would begin about September 17th, and asking me to come to New York two weeks before that time.

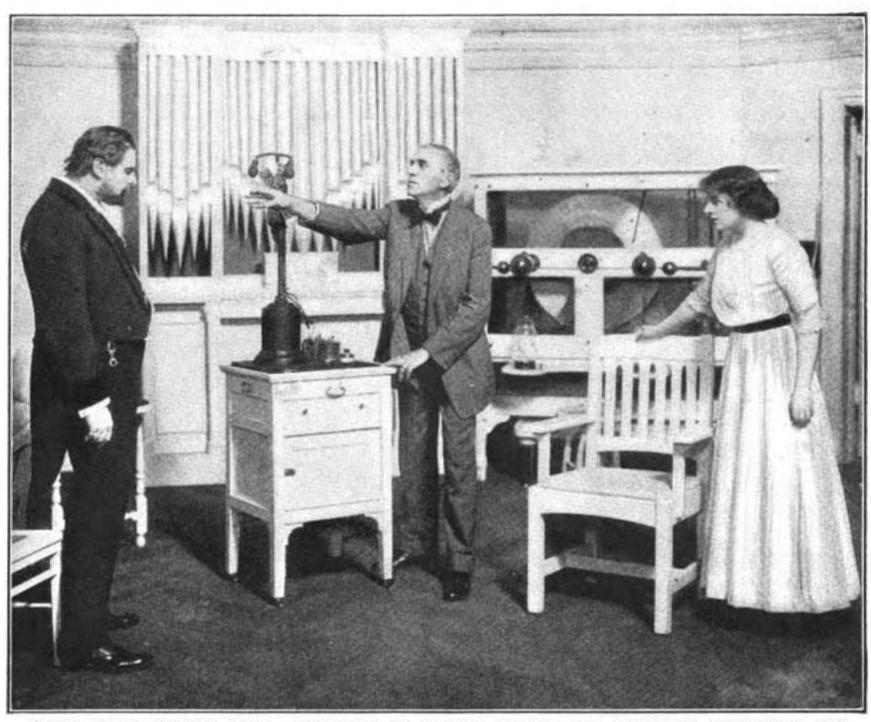
It was during these two weeks that I began to understand why Belasco productions are successful. I was admitted to the methods of his laboratory, the dissecting-room where plays are operated upon for their intrinsic ills. He takes a manuscript, puts it bit by bit on the operating-table, and examines its theatrical humanity. were asked offhand to say what justifies the success of the Belasco productions, I should say, Mr. Belasco's skill in theatrical surgery. He dissects a manuscript word for word, speech for speech, until its anatomy is in perfect theatrical proportion.

There are surgeons who operate, but do not heal. Belasco is a dramatic healer.

The Line that It Took a Day to Write

From ten in the morning frequently till three the next

morning, we went through the play with microscopic care. Often we spent hours on a few lines, on a single speech. For instance, at a critical stage of the development of the story I had written these lines: Dr. Emerson. How did she die? Balsamo. Her kid, and a careless doctor. "Mr. Locke," said Mr. Belasco, "no doubt those are just the words a man of Balsamo's crude, rough nature would have used, but — well, it is not a nice thing for women to hear. It would be a shock, possibly, to some of them. Now, let's see if we can't tell them this fact in the story in some other way." For the whole day we worked on those lines, writing, rewriting, turning the thought over in all phases of expression. Eventually we agreed upon this transcription those lines: Dr. Emerson. How did she die? BALSAMO. Just faded away, after the baby was born. What Mr. Belasco accomplished in this change of words revealed his penetrating understanding of human psychology, and it established in my mind his sense of responsibility to his audiences. Belasco's Method of Making Over a Play The whole play was subjected to the same process; hours were spent over a word, days over a speech. To me this was particularly surprising, because I write rapidly. I first submit the framework of my MISS FRANCES STARR AS "BECKY" IN play to a close analytical THE TITLE RÔLE OF MR. LOCKE'S PLAY



SCENE IN MR. LOCKE'S PLAY, "THE CASE OF BECKY," WHERE "DR. EMERSON" HYPNOTIZES THE CHARLATAN "BALSAMO" AND PUTS AN END TO HIS POWER OVER "DOROTHY," THE GIRL WITH THE DUAL PERSONALITY

study; afterward the lines come quickly. it would be, seemingly right where it belonged, Belasco's wonderful concentration amazed me. The beauty of his work was that, in the most minute analysis of the manuscript, he never allowed a drop of the life-blood in the original identity of the play to spill over. He never allowed a thought in the original manuscript to escape.

Sometimes he tired me out.

"Governor, this scene I figured we should have to cut out at rehearsal. I think it would be just as well if it were left out of the play altogether," I would say.

There would be a characteristic pull of the Belasco forelock, a little consideration of the script as much as possible before rehearsals." scene from several points, and I would get something like this:

"Um! I rather like it. We'll put that aside, but we won't forget it."

would say:

"How would it be to use that scene here?" It might be in the next act; nicely pruned, with some slight alteration in the wording, there

and just where I should have written it.

These manuscript rehearsals lasted for two weeks, during which time I met my family at breakfast only. Luncheon and dinner were served in the theater, so that we could remain in the atmosphere of the play. It was exhausting, absorbing — difficult work.

One day I asked Mr. Belasco this question: "Do you always put as much work as this on a manuscript before rehearsal?"

"Oh, yes; more than this," he said. "I find less work to do on this manuscript than any I have had. I believe in stage-managing a manu-

Belasco's Bulldog Tenacity

Once we came to a scene that he would not Then, the first thing I knew, later on he let go of. We locked horns over it. For a long time we worked over it without any result. I thought once he had given it up, that he would leave it as it was. It involved an explanation of why Balsamo, the evil spirit of the play, dared to go to Dr. Emerson's house. The speech I had written to explain this would have taken the actor about a minute to recite.

I found that, once Mr. Belasco gets his mind on a thing, he is very much like a bulldog with a good hold. He never lets go of it. We were always back at this scene again. Finally, after hours of analysis and argument over it, one day we parted after an early-morning lunch at a near-by restaurant. This late-lunch habit is a regular thing with Belasco. We often adjourned at two or three in the morning. His order was invariably a piece of pie and a cup of coffee—sometimes two pieces of pie. He relishes it like a hungry boy, with the digestion of a sixteen-year-old.

After a short sleep I came back to the theater with a solution of the speech. He in the meantime had thought out two solutions. After comparisons and arguments, he finally used mine.

The lines decided upon were these:

The First Rehearsal

The first rehearsal of a Be-

lasco production is an assem-

I took a chance in coming here, but I never let a chance keep me from getting what I want.

Days of study and thought, late hours and sleepless nights, had been spent to get them to our mutual satisfaction. But it was the best expression of the thought conveyed. This we had worked out by innumerable comparisons.

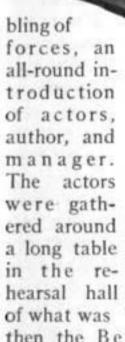
audience. After luncheon, which was always served in the theater during rehearsals, the players reassembled around the table and read their parts aloud.

Wherever there was the slightest hesitancy in the delivery of a line, or when a speech seemed in any way involved, we stopped the reading and rearranged the speech, or substituted some other that fitted the player, often letting the player express the thought in his own way, in order that everything might work smoothly.

Since the aim of all modern drama is naturalness, this molding of the lines to suit the players' personality must have a tremendous effect on the audience. No effect of naturalness on the stage is more important than the way the lines are spoken. Any change in the natural identity of speech blurs and weakens the strength of individuality. It is one of the features of personality.

Creating the "Business" of the Play

After a week of this modeling of speeches and lines, in which the players become thoroughly familiar not only with their own lines but also with the lines of their fellow players, and acquire a thorough knowledge of the play and their part in it, the rehearsals of the business of the play are commenced. The first rough rehearsal is conducted in the rehearsal room, with the scenery and the properties suggested.



then the Belasco Theater, and I read the play to them. A splendid lot of players they were, too, not only as players, but as an



When the general idea has been worked out, the player and the author are introduced to another unusual phase of Belasco rehearsals. They are conducted with full scenic equipment, with all the properties that are used in the performance. This is a very unusual thing in stage management; often players see the scenery and their properties for the first time at the dress rehearsals, and sometimes not even then.

The Furniture Rehearsed as Carefully as the Players

The furniture used in the first act of my play was as carefully rehearsed as the players. The selection of it was made from six different complete sets of furniture, any one of which would have been suitable. What time we could spare from the actual rehearsals we spent in rehearsing the furniture. We argued over each chair, until one of the six sets was engaged by Mr. Belasco for the run of the piece.

We spent hours discussing a certain desk. We rehearsed half a dozen. Finally Mr. Belasco remembered a desk he had seen in a doctor's office in Syracuse or Rochester, which had been in use for twenty or thirty years; and that desk was engaged, while the others were dismissed. Then a bookcase became the center of dramatic interest. It must not only be filled with books, of course, but, according to the Belasco idea, they had to be the actual books that should be there. The result was that a complete library of psychotherapeutic works, such as might be found in the house of a scientist familiar with mental suggestion, was secured. Every book I myself had consulted in writing my play was there: books on mental suggestion, hypnotism, histories of mental trouble, over a hundred valuable works on the subjects. Naturally enough, the players availed themselves of the opportunity to read up on the scientific data of the play, which seemed to help its atmospheric interest.

The final rehearsals lasted three weeks. Everything was familiar to the actor before he began the actual rehearsals. This enabled him to work out his artistic conception with wonderful freedom.

How Belasco's Methods Have Changed

Self-effacement is not characteristic of the conventional stage manager, but Mr. Belasco all but obliterates himself at rehearsals. He leaves the acting to the actor, once the rehearsals begin. He never once attempted to show the players how they should play a scene or even read a speech. Some years before, I had been

present at a Belasco rehearsal, when he not only suggested but acted out the scenes. His methods have changed. He has found, perhaps, in working out a play along the new naturalistic requirements of the stage, that it is better to have an ordinary original conception of a part than an extraordinary artificial rendering. Then, too, he gives more care to the selection of his players. He has discovered that actors, in order to become stars, must have not only personality but brains of their own.

For a time it was predicted that his extraordinary attention to detail would be his undoing. He no longer over-elaborates.

"That sort of thing has had its day, Locke," he said to me once; "we must be simple and direct."

I had always heard a great deal about the Belasco stage trickery. All I observed in his production of my own play contradicted this completely. Simplicity of treatment was the key-note of his endeavor with my play, whatever he may have done with other plays.

Even his attitude toward the star system has undergone a change. To-day, more than any other producer I know, Mr. Belasco insists that the play must be the dominant attraction. The Belasco star must succeed in the play, not the play because of a star. Mr. Warfield's present play is a good example. Surrounded by good actors, with good parts, he can dominate only by his performance.

All this was emphasized in my mind as I watched him rehearsing my play. If the player found himself in an awkward place at rehearsal, Mr. Belasco patiently waited until he had worked it out for himself. The scene would be tried over and over again. Sometimes the actor failed. But in his very failure he would sometimes suggest to the director a way of straightening it out. Every thought and action at rehearsals is utilized somewhere, somehow, in this evolution of the play.

Belasco Never Scolds a Player at Rehearsal

A Belasco rehearsal is a sort of family affair. He is always alert to get a laugh, to humor one, to tell some little incident from his wide experience illustrating some point he wishes to drive home. I never heard him scold a player at rehearsal. (Stage managers please take notice.) He delivers his "kick" to the whole company, and the actor at fault understands.

For instance, one of the players was very nervous. Although an actor of twenty years' experience, at every rehearsal he would splutter over his part and forget lines. Yet never, by word or action, did Mr. Belasco show that he noticed this. He knew his man, and his judgment was more than good, for the actor in question made his small part stand out splendidly.

The last week of the rehearsal is devoted to the study of lights. The process of selection by elimination is repeated with the electrical force. I saw Mr. Belasco apply all his concentration of purpose, his intuitive perception of psychic meaning, to the management of the lights in the different acts. He would test the lighting of a scene a dozen different ways, until he decided on the most effective.

"Well, Locke, we've tried every way, and the original is the best; but by trying those other ways we are positive which is the right way," he would say.

I suggested half a dozen men famous in psychotherapeutics.

A day or so later Dr. Allen of Philadelphia came, and sat through an entire rehearsal of the play.

"Mr. Locke, your psychology is absolutely correct," he said. "In that death scene of Becky, if I had been performing the operation my procedure would have been identical with that of your Dr. Emerson, and I should have used those very same words."

My "Lark's Mirror" was an original invention worked out from "Charcot's Mirror" of the same name, as was the "Somnolist," their scientific object being to give the suggestion of sleep.

These effects also, Dr. Allen assured Mr. Belasco, would accomplish their scientific purpose just as well in actual practice as in their stage effect. Mr. Belasco

> gards Dr. Allen as an accomplished dramatic

critic.

One dress rehearsal of the play was held in the Belasco Theater, and another in Washington, D. C., before the first production there. Even then the work was not over.

Mr. Belasco and I stayed with the play on tour two weeks more, adding a touch here and there.

The play is now in the hands of the public, and I have no hesitation in saying that its success is due to a lucky selection of theme by the author and to Mr. Belasco's splendid stage management.



What Belasco did for my play, as a producer, was to emphasize the theme, to illuminate its thoughts with his consummate knowledge of stage art, to crystallize it into a vivid simplicity of theatrical effect. When the preparations for the play were almost completed, he

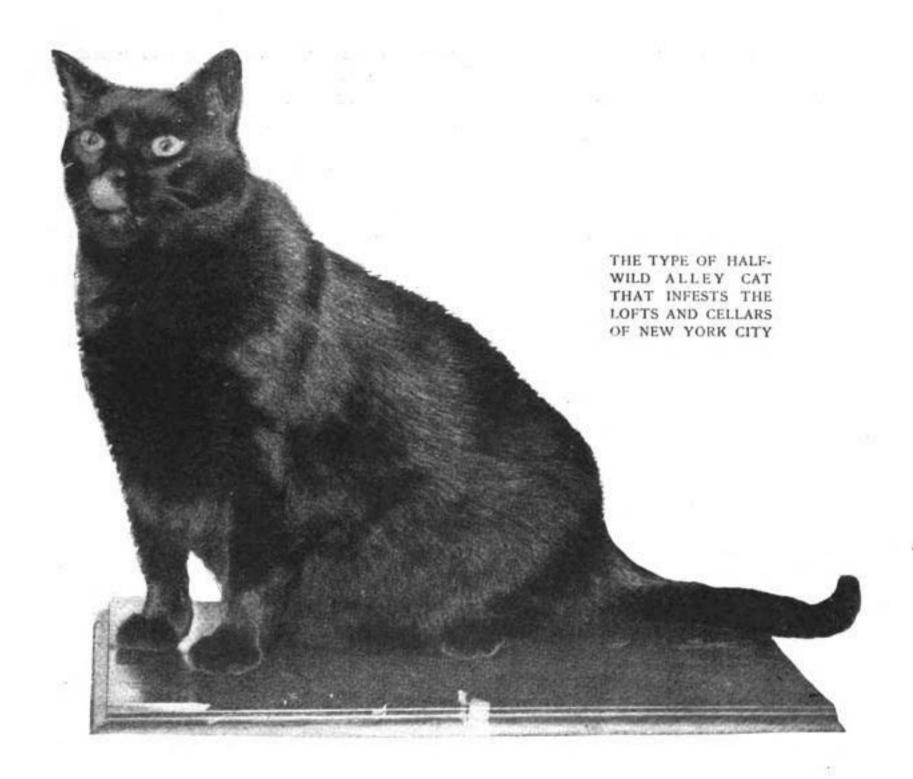
"Are you sure all these things can be done, Locke? Have you verified everything? We don't want to be caught at the last minute."

During the last week of rehearsal he approached me again:

"Locke, do you mind if I get an authority to come to one of the rehearsals, to make sure that you are right in some of these things you do in the play?" he asked.

"Not at all; I should be delighted. Only be sure that you get a scientist, not a hypnotic charlatan," I said.





A CITY OF 4,000,000 CATS

BY

EDWIN TENNEY BREWSTER

HERE are probably a million cats in Greater New York — a hundred thousand of them homeless. There are another million in London; and in general, in any ordinary city, the number of cats, wild and tame together, is not far from the number of voters.

This is, of course, not true for all seasons of the year. These numbers at least double themselves during spring and summer, when the kittens are arriving. Then, during the winter, they sink below half the average, after the offspring of family pets have found their way to the water-pail, and the homeless and submerged tenth has become a still more miserable hun-

HERE are probably a million cats dredth, barely living through the year. Neverin Greater New York — a hundred theless, taking American cities as they come, thousand of them homeless. There a cat to a voter is a fair working estimate.

A Cat to Every Voter

Now, a million cats, such as there are in New York or London, are equal in actual bulk of living tissue to at least ten thousand human beings. It would be many times this, were it not that the proportion of kittens in a feline community is much greater than the proportion of babies in a human one. A million cats, moreover, with no fear of the Reverend Malthus before their eyes, means every year several

millions of kittens. And since this earth is only some twenty-four thousand miles round, and already just as full of cats as it will hold, some two, three, or four millions of cats and kittens, in New York or London, have got to die each year of something. It does not fit in with the decencies of civilization that so much living and dying should go on casually, in lofts and cellars and drains and coal-pockets and vacant houses. Neither does it accord with a decent humanity that so many sentient and dependent creatures should be left so completely at the mercy of circumstances.

The Cat an Outlaw in the Modern City

For the position of the domestic cat in a modern city is a highly anomalous one. Time was when the horse was only half domesticated. One used a horse as suited him, and then turned it out to shift for itself. That time has gone by. Now every horse is owned and utilized by somebody; and every city horse, at least, is absolutely dependent on mankind for every sip of water and every mouthful of food. Time was, too, when, even in the largest cities, most of the household waste went literally "to the dogs," out the most convenient window, and a considerable dog population maintained itself in fair comfort.

To-day, on the other hand, there are no more than two or three American cities where the municipal housekeeping is sufficiently bad to give an ownerless canine much chance of his life. In theory, at least, every dog has a responsible and licensed owner. In the best managed communities there are no strays. But the cat is still fera natura. It is not yet property in the eye of the law, and it is the only petted creature which endures city conditions without human aid.

Complete domestication, entire dependence on man, a definite status before the law, and reasonable protection from ill usage all began with the horse. Then they extended to the dog. To-day they are just on the point of including the cat.

The Cat an Abler, Braver, More Resourceful Creature than the Dog

That the cat should "arrive" so much later than the dog is probably due largely to its own peculiarities. It is a very different creature from the dog—abler, less slavish, more resourceful, far braver, and with no more nerves than a Chinaman. Where the dog has only streets and open courts for refuge, the cat ranges over the city roofs, in and out of cellars, lofts, and every open space. The ability to climb alone multiplies by at least ten its available habitats. Where the dog depends on smell and gets its food by day, the cat, whose sense of smell is hardly better than our own, depends on its eyes. Its highly dilatable pupils enable it to go about freely at night, when its worst enemies are tucked away in bed, while its astonishing sense of direction makes it one of the cleverest of all beasts in finding its way home. Whatever may be true of the open country, eyes and "direction sense" are a better equipment than any nose for dealing with a city maze. In addition, the cat has the advantage of a pretty skilful — and predatory — pair of hands, where the dog has only jaws; while its primitive hunting instincts, sharper than the dog's because of its shorter domestication, lead the cat to catch for food the various small creatures which the dog will not touch. Humanity has been slow to care for the cat largely because it is so singularly well able to care for itself.

How the Cat Solves the Thirst Problem

Moreover, like the squirrel and some other small animals, the cat is built to go for some time without water. Where a horse or a dog would be driven crazy with thirst, a cat or a squirrel simply thickens its blood, runs its bodily machinery on what water it has, and waits, apparently without any special discomfort, until it happens upon a new supply.

It is an interesting question where the domestic cat got this peculiarity which so singularly fits it for life in city streets, where even a human being must ofttimes go thirsty, lacking a nickel. Squirrels during the winter in our northern woods must, naturally, go weeks without water. They are too small to travel far to large open lakes and rivers, or to reach the blow-holes of the smaller streams in the deep snow. In their case, the adaptation is obvious: creatures too small to travel after water have had to be fitted to get on without it. One wonders whether the cat, which originally "came up out of Egypt," was not there adapted to a hot and waterless country by the same device as the squirrel to a cold and waterless one. Or did our Felis domestica lose the way to raise a thirst through a cross with F. catus, the huge extinct wildcat of northern Europe, which also had to face long winters of ice-locked ponds?

The Best Fighter of Its Weight in the Animal Kingdom

However this may be, the cat, in various ways, is so peculiarly adapted to homeless city

CHILDREN TO GO OUT AND CATCH

STRAY CATS AND BRING THEM

TO THE RESCUE STATIONS

life that it alone, of all petted creatures, can be dropped anywhere in a hostile world, and light on its feet. Proverbially among the toughest of all living things, it is the best fighter of its weight in the whole animal kingdom. George Mivart, who certainly ought to know, always maintained that the cat, rather than man, is at the summit of the animal kingdom — the best fitted of the animate creation to make its way in the world. Young kittens are the only creatures whose relative brainweight exceeds our own; while it is at least a debatable question whether in sheer mental ability the cat does not fairly outrank dog, elephant, and monkey, and stand next to ourselves. One thing with another, then, F. domestica is able to do what no other creature can any longer do—be at the same time, in a city, both wild and tame.

The Sentimental Public Which "Can Not Bear to Have the Little Things Killed"

Because it can, it has to. There is no possible place as household pets for the twentieth part of the millions upon millions of kittens born every spring. Humanity

urges that, if one is to keep cats at all, and allow them to run at large and obey the Rooseveltian injunction, one should hurry their too numerous progeny to the waterbucket. Unfortunately, the p blic is sentimental. It "can't bear to have the little things killed." So it drops them into ashbarrels, where they die — in the course of time and not altogether comfortably. It tosses them into cesspools, and haply the next rain sends water enough to drown them. Specially careful housewives, before consigning kittens to the waste-heap, have been known to make them into neat bundles, in paper boxes, tied with string. This kindly device protects the helpless creatures from stray dogs, and allows them to smother or starve to death in quiet. A short and easy method, much favored in tenement districts, -- when the kitten, resenting a gouged eye, scratches the baby,— is simply to open the window and toss the kitten out. A four-story drop on to brick pavement or area spikes is commonly a sufficient hint to an intelligent kitten not to return. Current practice also favors giving kittens to the neighbors' boys to 10.

drown. This they do joyfully, after several attempts — unless they think it more fun to kill the little animals some other way.

The Barbarous Method of the Fine Lady Who Goes South for the Winter

> But the most barbarous method of disposing of kittens for whom there is no place in the world is that of the fine lady who goes South for the winter, or back to the city from her summer home, and simply leaves her pets behind to shift for themselves. For these dainty creatures. brought up in luxury, shifting for themselves means an occasional mouse or bird or a scrap of stolen food, one or two meals a week, just barely enough to keep the breath of life in them, so that they are weeks in dying. A few especially unfortunate individuals, left behind in a

BOSTON TRAINS SQUADS OF SCHOOLdeserted summer colony, will live through half the

winter, and finally succumb only after their poor shelters have been snowed under and sustenance has utterly failed. Luckily for the kittens, the poor, who are themselves most numerous and possess most of the cats, more rarely than the well-to-do perpetrate this sort of barbarity. They kick kittens to death rather commonly, or put them in a barrel with a dog. them alive into bakers' ovens and stoves, throw them into lime, or crunch their heads under their boot-heels. But the poor, who themselves know hunger and cold, commonly spare their superfluous pets the last extremity of torture desertion to shift for themselves.

"Losing" an Animal a Penitentiary Offense

Doubtless it is a sad sight, for any lover of cats, to see jolly little kittens go to the chloroform-box: they do, one must admit, make more or less fuss over being drowned. Therefore, argued not long ago a writer in a periodical devoted especially to the sex which has most to do with cats, let us, instead of these cruel

measures, take the kittens which
we do not want, tie dainty
ribbons around their necks,
carry them off into the
country, and lose them.
Some kind person will be
sure to find the winsome little creatures and
give

them a happy home!

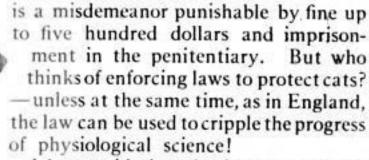
The hard-hearted reader
who will count off the number of people whom he actually knows to be looking for
another cat will readily imagine the result of

this sentimental advice. For weeks after that article appeared, the agents of the various humane societies and of the animal rescue leagues were bringing in half-grown kittens. They were mangled by traps, torn by dogs, tortured by boys, they were starved, frozen, crippled, blind with mange, dying and dead: but each had the remnant of a "dainty ribbon" around its

Incidentally one may remark that, in virtually every State in the Union, deliberately to lose an animal hoping that some-

body else will take care of it, or to abandon one trusting that it will somehow or other manage to get on,

neck!



I have said that the brutal man who tortures a kitten to death is really less cruel than the gentle lady who simply leaves hers to shift for itself. The sense of pain has its seat especially in the skin, and our human skins are appreciably more alive to all sensations, pain among the rest, than are the fur-clad integuments of the lower animals. Pain, too, is partly a matter of skin area; the

general, can it suffer; so that the kitten, thrown alive

more surface

any creature

has, the

more, in

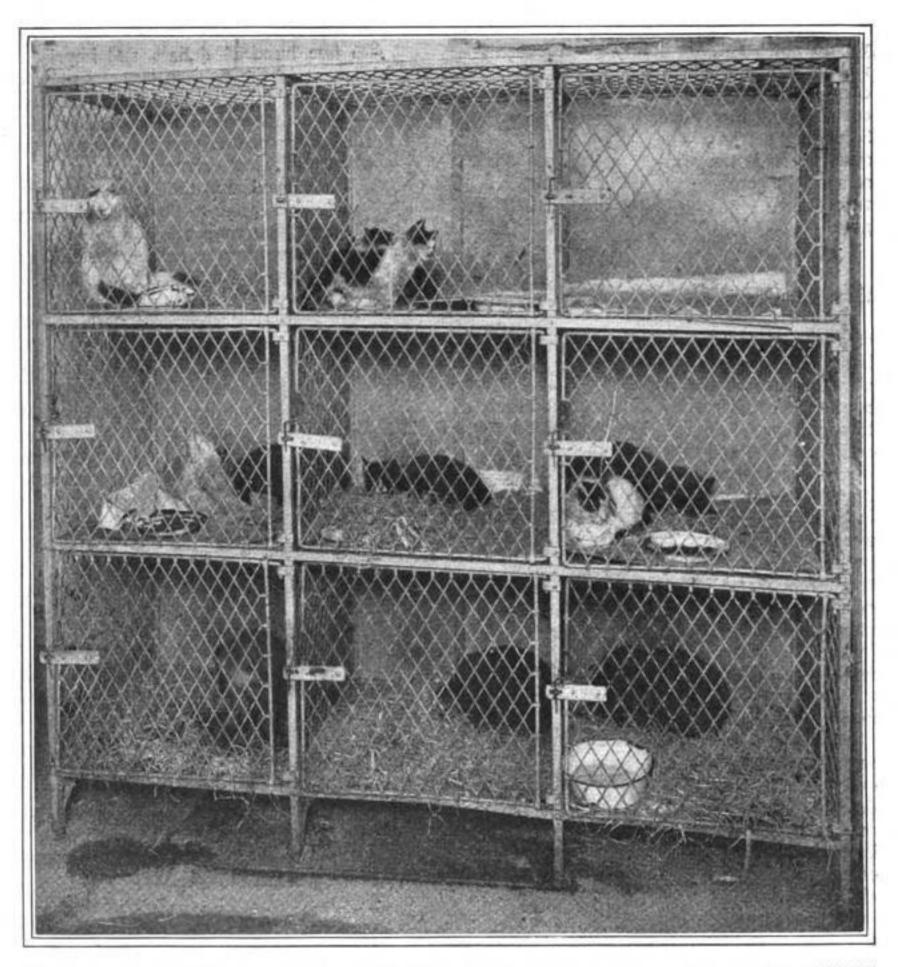
into the furnace, is probably distinctly less uncomfortable than, let us say, the ten-

ement-dweller caught in a fire.

Hunger the Greatest Pain an Animal Can Suffer

On the other hand, the great driving forces in the animal world, such as hunger and cold, operate there with a thoroughness with which they never can operate among civilized human beings. These primitive impulses move us, but so also do ideals of duty, of service, of religion, of which the brute knows nothing. Compared with his other pains and pleasures and motives, slow starvation is a more serious matter for him than for us.

The "vivisector," therefore, who deftly carves a kitten into pieces, causes it absolutely less pain than a like treatment would cause a man; the unimaginative lady who abandons her cat to slow-working hunger causes it, relatively, far more. Considering that the ladies



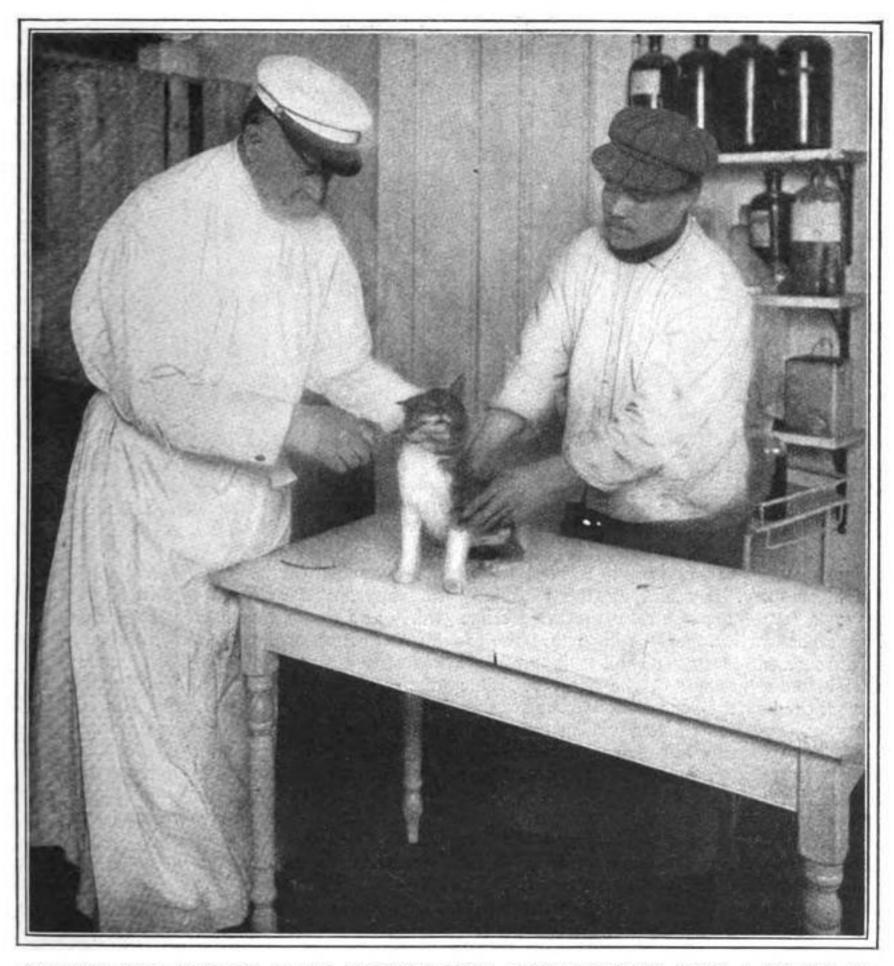
CAGES IN THE BIDE-A-WEE HOME FOR FRIENDLESS ANIMALS, NEW YORK. NEW YORK HAS BETWEEN TWO AND THREE MILLION SUPERFLUOUS CATS A YEAR. EVERY NIGHT THREE AUTOMOBILE WAGONS AND THEIR CREWS SCOUR THE CITY, PICKING UP HALF-WILD CATS AS THEY COME OUT TO FEED FROM THE GARBAGE-CANS. THESE CATS ARE ALL ASPHYXIATED

physiologists, as a practical factor in animal suffering, are simply negligible. What they do occasionally sounds dreadful enough. reality, it is nothing compared with what the rest of us kindly persons are doing all the time.

The Life Story of a City Cat

A typical life story is the following. A kitten lives, until it is half grown, the pet and amuse-

who desert their cats outnumber the "vivi- ment of a well-to-do and kindly family. Then, sectors" a hundred or a thousand to one, the it getting too much under foot, the housemother gives it to two children to drown, of whom the older is eight. The children's idea of drowning is to toss the animal into a wateringtrough, and, as often as it swims and scrambles frantically out, to toss it back again. By and by, the kitten not being quite dead, a poor woman going by interferes and takes the victim home in her shawl. Once more the cat becomes a cherished pet - until the old woman dies. Then the relatives close the house — with the



OPERATING ON A SICK CAT AT THE BIDE-A-WEE HOME. THIS ASSOCIATION MAKES A BUSINESS OF FINDING HOMES FOR OWNERLESS ANIMALS. ABOUT SEVEN THOUSAND ANIMALS A YEAR ARE BROUGHT INTO IT, AND OF THESE NEARLY EIGHTY PER CENT ARE SAVED AND PUT INTO GOOD KEEPING

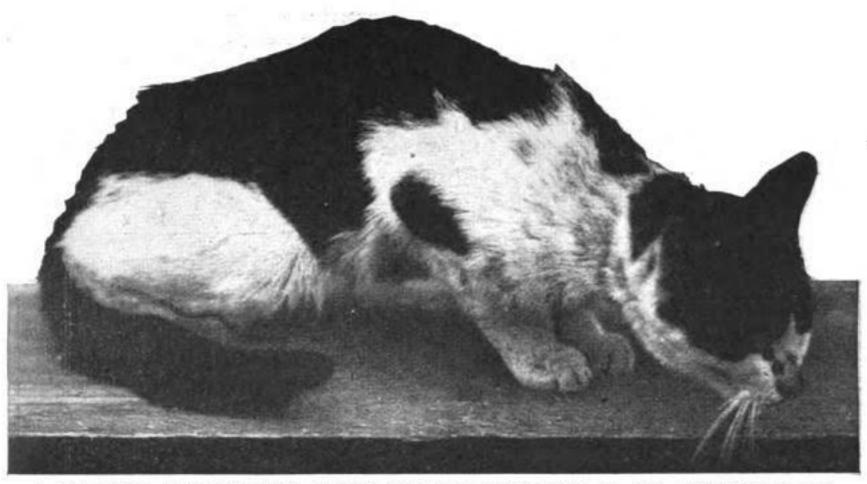
trying to get out. The neighbors think it is a shame and somebody really ought to do something about it. In the course of time the house is rented and the cat turned out. Having nowhere else to go, and naturally not realizing the changed situation, the animal comes mewing around the door, trying to get in again. So the new tenant shoots the cat, which gets away wounded.

After that - who knows? One of the boys' gangs, discussed in an earlier issue of this mag-

cat still in it. The cat mews at the windows, azine,* reports as a routine amusement, "tying cats' tails together and hanging them up"; while another crowd of boys, in default of a proper football, played their game through with two living cats wound together with a clothes-line!

> Or perhaps the wounded cat recovers, and some kind lady puts out scraps of food for it to eat. Thereupon, in the course of a few months the neighborhood becomes overrun with half-wild, half-starved kittens, always hungry,

^{*} See McClure's Magazine for October, 1911.



A NEW YORK ALLEY CAT JUST BEFORE IT WAS CHLOROFORMED BY THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

always living in fear, a misery to themselves and the community. By and by the kind lady moves away — to perpetrate the same crime in another locality. Let us hope that the recording angel charges up all this profitless misery to the account of the one responsible person, the householder who fails to make sure that the superfluous kittens which come into his family do not leave it again.

New York's Wild Hordes of Alley Cats

This, alas, is precisely what the householder does not do. The result is a horde of miserable "alley cats," who manage to keep the breath of life in their bodies long after they had much better have died. Worse than this, they breed in the open, and form self-perpetuating colonies whose numbers are continually augmented on the one side by their own numerous off-spring, and on the other by abandoned family pets.

They do have a hard time of it, these homeless city felines. Whatever their food supply, they straightway breed up to it, so that when providence sends more to eat, shortly there are more mouths to eat it. The naturally dainty creatures live on frozen garbage in the winter, and starve; they eat putrid refuse in the summer, and are poisoned. Apparently they catch almost no birds; and when they hunt rats, it often happens that the rodent, seized a little too far back on the neck, manages to twist round its head and deliver one last bite. Then comes an infected wound and blood-poisoning. The wretched creatures, weakened by wounds and improper food, herd together, twenty or thirty at a time in a single dark cellar or frigid loft. Sooner or later, some member of the company comes down with mange, pneumonia, diphtheria, or tuberculosis. Shortly the whole group succumbs, either directly from the disease, or because, blinded by the mange or crippled by the other maladies, they can no longer obtain food or keep out of the way of their enemies. The cat does, indeed, as no other tame creature can, keep alive in the city; but so much the more miserable, for that very reason, is its ninefold dying.

The Cat as a Carrier of Disease Epidemics

Moreover, these wild and wretched creatures, victims of all sorts of disease, pass on their infections to cherished household pets. The cat is a wide-ranging animal, which knows no social distinctions. The best cared for of prize-winners, the best beloved of dumb friends, may at any moment pick up any disease from some miserable beast which ought never to have been allowed to live at all.

Worse than this, there doesn't seem to be much doubt that certain diseases, caught by household pets from infected alley cats, are in the end transmitted to the children of the family. Of course, it is easy to make wild statements on this subject — to say, for example, that, because we do not see any other reason for a hundred deaths from infantile paralysis, therefore the infection must come through cat-fleas.



A YELLOW PERSIAN CAT EXHIBITED AT ONE OF THE PRIZE CAT SHOWS IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

The case, however, is clear for various fungous skin diseases allied to ringworm, and for hydrophobia. The cat undoubtedly suffers from a disease at least closely related to human pneumonia, while the transmission of diphtheria from cats to children is beyond dispute.

But, after all, how little anybody knows concerning the relation of human to animal disease. A few years ago we did not even suspect any connection between animals and malaria, yellow fever, sleeping-sickness, bubonic plague. This much at least is sure: whatever human maladies are transmitted from cats, the feline population of a large city — part of it in intimate relations to mankind, and part of it a prey to every possible ill — offers an ideal condition for spreading an epidemic. Even where we can not absolutely prove any relation between sick child and deserted cat, we may well err on the side of mercy to both.

For various reasons, therefore, the problem of the city cat tends every year to become more rats and mice, which are the natural food of a homeless cat, tend continuously to become less As our municipal housekeeping improves, the supply of edible refuse fails. Meantime, the human population of the cities becomes denser, and the kind ladies who turn their cats adrift continue in the

cattle in transportation, will be extended to include also cats.

How New York Protects Itself from 4,000,000 Cats

Already this is done pretty efficiently in New York City. Obviously there is no use, at present, in trying to check "immigration at the cradle," as we do with cattle and horses, and to some extent with dogs, so that, in general, an animal does not get itself born at all until there is a place in the world for it to fill. Attempts to make cats "property" have so far done more harm than good. The only workable method is to kill off the superfluous cat population, mercifully, and so give the rest a chance.

In New York City, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in accord with a wise and spreading custom, takes entire charge of crippled and ill-treated horses, unlicensed and stray dogs, homeless cats, and the and more pressing. As brick and cement re- like, and, in general, acts as mediator between place wood in our building construction, the mankind of the city and the brute creation. The scale of its operations may be guessed from the fact that its annual work-horse parade exhibits 1,600 draught animals, it inspects yearly 400,000 other horses, and puts out of the way 50,000 ownerless dogs out of the 150,000 licensed and unlicensed in the city.

There are always three cats in the city to error of their ways. Obviously it can not be each dog; at some seasons of the year there are long before the protection from misery which probably ten. Enough of these are lost, strayed, is already afforded to horses and dogs, and to or purposely turned adrift to keep busy in

picking them up the crews of three automobiles. These machines are like delivery-wagons, equipped with tiers of small cagelike baskets, each large enough to hold comfortably one full-grown cat or a family of young kittens.

The usual method is to send out the automobiles at night, between ten in the evening and daylight, and simply to pick up the stray cats by hand. They come out of their refuges, times a year; but tales of huge, fierce cats, who hunt the garbage collectors from their feedingplaces and chase policemen up telephone-poles, are mere metropolitan journalism. Two hundred animals a night is a good catch.

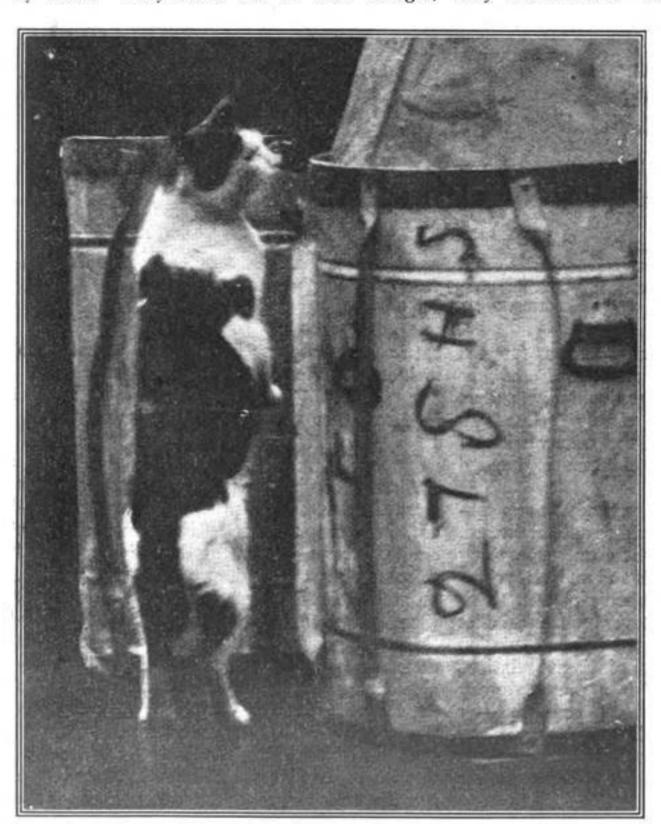
In addition to this, the Society will send for and take away any undesired animal of which it may be notified. Thus any tender-hearted lady who thinks it "unlucky to kill a cat" and

so turns her pet out to perish, or who refuses asylum to a strayed, sick, or injured animal lest "it might, you know, die right here," has only to drop a postcard to the Society and the matter is off her mind. Fifty to seventyfive calls a day are thus made on notice. In addition, numerous persons, especially children, hail the Society's men as they go by, and deliver to them animals which they have picked up or no longer want.

One thing with another, therefore, the Society in New York handled last year upward of three hundred thousand cats, eighty per cent of them young kittens, which in the natural course of things would have died anyway within a few months, and most of which would have died miserably. number has doubled in four years, and still continues to mount. How great it will become when all the cats in New York who are

to die each year die painlessly, is quite beyond anybody's guess. Probably it will be at least twice the present.

Three hundred thousand cats a year, then, in Greater New York, go quietly to the gas-tank and drop asleep. Philadelphia, which also takes its cat problem seriously, disposes of fifty thousand more, and still gets only a portion of what it ought. Boston, which, after all, is only a small city, accounts for twenty-five thousand.



THE CAT CAN GO FOR LONG PERIODS WITHOUT WATER, A PECULIARITY WHICH ESPECIALLY FITS IT FOR LIFE IN LARGE CITIES. IT IS A BETTER HUNTER THAN THE DOG AND IS FAR MORE SELF-RELIANT AND RESOURCEFUL

under cover of the darkness, to feed from the garbage-cans; and every cat that can not escape the catchers is *ipso facto* too weak or ill to find life worth living. Conversely, if the cat gets away, presumably it is still capable of taking care of itself a while longer.

The catchers are, naturally, kindly men, who develop a really extraordinary tact in handling, with their bare hands, these half-wild creatures. It is reckoned that each man will be bitten fifty

Boston School Children Rescue a Thousand that a single boy in one of these bands, in Cats a Year

Methods in Boston are slightly different from those in New York. For one thing, the work is in the hands of the Animal Rescue League, which is quite independent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; while, for another, there is less reliance on paid agents

and more on volunteer effort and the education of public opinion.

Two men, in Boston, with an automobile runabout, devote their entire time to cats. They call, on notice, and remove animals, as in New York; but, instead of sending out men at night to take the cats at their feeding-places, they set, when necessary, roomy and perfectly humane boxtraps, into which a hungry animal walks - and does not appear again. These traps are arranged so that they serve also as chloroform-boxes, in which any suffering creature can immediately be put out of its pain.

The chief reliance in Boston, however, has been on training public interest until any lost, sick, injured, old, or otherwise unnecessary cat is pretty sure to be brought to one of the League's receiving stations, or else given shelter until the runabout can be summoned.

one of the worst districts of the city, in one year has rescued and brought in one hundred and seventy-one cats and kittens.

They tried the same system in New York, but could not make it work. For one thing, the New Yorker could not be made to understand that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was not trying to nego-



THE CAT IS THE ONLY DOMESTIC ANIMAL THAT IS ALLOWED TO RUN WILD IN LARGE CITIES. NEW YORK HAS MILLIONS OF THESE OUTLAW CATS

These receiving stations are in charge of tiate a commercial proposition. So he stole one room in their tenements to the cats. Some of these handle about a thousand animals a year, many of them brought in by school of boys and girls for this work, so well organized way of return.

kindly people in various parts of the city, es- his cats, brought them in, a dozen or twenty pecially in the more crowded districts. The in one bag, and demanded payment. In genkeepers, nearly all women, are paid from four eral, what may be called the Boston system to seven dollars a week, and commonly give up seems better adapted to small than to large cities. Boston, as another difference, kills with chloroform instead of with gas, using three hundred dollars' worth a year, and children. For some of the agents have squads getting six or eight tons of bone-ash by

Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, then, are doing nearly their full duty by their cats. So, too, are many of the smaller cities along the Atlantic coast. In Portland, Maine, for example, they dispose of eight cats to one dog — the highest ratio, probably, anywhere in the country. Next, though at some interval, come the cities of the Pacific States. Yet even San Francisco. with a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals nearly forty years old, and fifty thousand children enrolled in its Band of Mercy, accounts for fewer than five thousand cats a year.

The Middle West bothers itself even less. One city of the first class — which I will not name, for it is no worse than its neighbors and probably rather better - proudly reports having conferred euthanasia, last year, on one hundred and seven dogs and seventy-two cats! When it comes to the humane treatment of helpless creatures, enforced by public opinion, elegislation, and the police, the West is by no means so progressive as certain other fields.

As usual, "they manage these things better abroad." In Berlin, for instance, the police, who do everything in Germany, keep three hundred traps set for cats, and visit them all daily. Any cat in Berlin, then, who can not make a living, simply walks into a baited trap—and there is so much more space and food left for the rest. As a result, there are no sick, hungry, miserable alley cats in Berlin — an ideal to which, among American cities, even Boston has not quite attained.

In London, on the other hand and characteristically, all this sort of thing is done by private organizations, and, on the whole, rather inefficiently. The London Institution for Lost and Stray Cats, founded in 1896, even now handles fewer than twenty thousand animals

How They Manage the Cat Problem Abroad a year. The Feline Defense League, started in 1907 and of which M. Pierre Loti is one of the vice-presidents, works on a still smaller scale. Members of the League actually go out with covered baskets, and bring back unwanted cats, one at a time, by hand!

> One of these London enterprises follows a method which obtains also in the United States at animal refuges, Bide-a-Wee Homes, and the like. The rescued cats are not killed, but are kept alive in comfortable shelters, thirty, forty, fifty in a place. Here they lead a somewhat colorless existence until some new arrival introduces the mange or other infectious disease. After that, the charity proceeds once more with a new lot.

> In fine, then, within the next twelve months there will be born, in these United States, between fifty and one hundred millions of kittens for whom there is absolutely no place. In addition, some millions more of grown cats will be no longer wanted as pets. Some of these will be killed promptly and mercifully by their owners or by the municipal authorities. The rest will die also — but their dying will be long drawn out. Meanwhile, sundry thousands of sick and hard-worked human beings will be robbed of sleep by "the song without a tune"; and sundry other thousands of cherished pets, together with some hundreds of children, will take various infectious diseases. Altogether there will be involved an amount of utterly profitless distress, such as has no place in any rational world.

> It all comes about because we, the public, do not see to it that our own cats are either decently cared for or else decently killed. We are superstitious persons, who fear "ill luck"; or we are weak-headed sentimentalists, who, rather than behold the least discomfort, will perpetrate any amount of misery which we are too stupid to imagine.



STOOD TO WATCH HIM AS HE SWUNG ALONG"

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

JEFFERY FARNOL

Illustrations

Herman Pfeifer

What happened in the first instalment.—Barnabas Barty, whose father is the ex-champion pugilist of England and the landlord of an inn called the Coursing Hound, has been left a fortune of £700,000 by a scapegrace uncle. He immediately makes up bis mind to go to London and become a gentleman. This is contrary to the wishes of his father, who, with the help of Natty Bell, another pugilist, has trained Barnabas for the ring and who hopes to make another champion of his son. They agree to fight it out, and Barnabas, as dutifully as he can, knocks his father down. This settles the question. Barnabas sets out for London, and falls in with a peddler of books, from whom he purchases a "priceless wollum" which is guaranteed to give all the necessary directions for becoming a gentleman. Soon afterward be comes to a wood, and in the wood, lying unconscious, he finds a young girl who has been thrown from her horse. He is standing gazing at her when a gentleman in the dress of the court wanders in upon the scene and insolently orders Barnabas to take himself off and leave the lady to his care. Barnabas refuses. They fight, and Barnabas knocks his antagonist senseless. He then picks up the girl and carries her off through the woods.

Of the Bewitchment of Black Eyclashes, and of a Fateful Lace-Edged Handkerchief

T ET it be understood that Barnabas was not ✓ looking at her, as she lay all warm and vielding in his embrace; on the contrary, he walked with his gaze fixed pertinaciously upon the leafy path he followed. Nevertheless he "SCREENED BY A CONVENIENT BRAMBLE-BUSH, SHE was possessed, more than once, of a sudden

feeling that her eyes had opened and were watching him; therefore, needs must he steal a downward glance at her beauty, only to behold the shadowy lashes curling upon her cheek, as was but natural, of course. And now he began to discover that these were indeed no ordinary lashes (though, to be sure, his experience in such had been passing small); yet the longer he gazed upon them, the more certain he became that these were altogether, and in all respects, the most demurely tantalizing lashes in the world. Then again, there was her mouth warmly red, full-lipped, and sensitive like the delicate nostrils above — a mouth all sweet curves; a mouth, he thought, that might grow firm and proud, or wonderfully tender, as the case might be; a mouth of scarlet bewitchment; a mouth that, for some happy mortal, might be . . . Here our Barnabas came near blundering into a tree, and thenceforth he kept his gaze upon the path.

So, strong-armed and sure of foot, he bore her through the magic twilight of the wood until he reached the brook. And, coming to where the bending willows made a leafy bower, he laid her there; then, kneeling beside the brook, he drew off his neckerchief to moisten it in the clear, cool water. And lo! - in this same minute the curling lashes were lifted suddenly, and beneath their shadow two eyes looked out, deep and soft and darkly blue, the eyes of a maid — now frank and ingenuous, now shyly troubled, but brimful of witchery ever and always. And pray what could there be in all the fair world more proper for a maid's eyes to rest upon than young Alcides, bare of throat, and with the sun on his curls, as he knelt to moisten the neckerchief in the brook?

Therefore, as she lay, she gazed upon him in her turn, even as he had first looked upon her; pleased to find his face so young and handsome, to note the breadth of his shoulders, the graceful carriage of his limbs, his air of virile strength and latent power.

True, he had been almost reverent so far: but then, the place was so very lonely! And yet —

Barnabas turned and came striding up the bank. And how was he to know anything of all of this, as he stood above her with his dripping neckerchief in his hand, looking down at her lying so very still, and pitying her mightily because her lashes showed so dark against the pallor of her cheek? How was he to know how her heart leapt in her white bosom as he sank upon his knees beside her? Therefore he leaned above her closer, and raised the dripping neckerchief. But, in that moment, she (not minding to be wet) sighed, her white lids fluttered, and sitting up she stared at him as though—

for all the world as though she had never beheld him until that very moment.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded, drawing away from the streaming neckerchief. "Who are you? Why am I here? What has happened?"

Barnabas hesitated — first because he was overwhelmed by her sudden torrent of questions, and secondly because he rarely spoke without thinking. Therefore, finding him silent, she questioned him again:

"Where am 1?"

"In Annesley Wood, Madame."

"Ah, yes, I remember; my horse ran

"So I brought you here to the brook."

"Why?"

"You were hurt; I found you bleeding and senseless . . ."

"Bleeding!" And out came a dainty lace handkerchief on the instant.

"There," said Barnabas, "above your eyebrow"; and he indicated a very small trickle of blood.

"And you - found me, sir?"

"Beneath the Riven Oak in the glade -over yonder ----"

"It's a great way from here, sir!"

"But you are not heavy!" Barnabas explained, rather clumsily perhaps; for she fell silent at this, and stooped her head the better to dab tenderly at the cut above her eyebrow; also the colour deepened in her cheeks.

"Madame," said Barnabas, "that is the

wrong eyebrow!"

"Then why don't you tell me where I'm hurt?" she demanded.

For answer, after a moment's hesitation Barnabas reached out, and, taking her hand, handkerchief and all, laid it very gently upon the cut; but, to be sure, it was a very poor thing as cuts go.

"There," said he again — "though, indeed,

it is very trifling."

"Indeed, sir, it pains atrociously!" she retorted, and, to bear out her words, showed him her handkerchief, upon whose snow was a tiny vivid stain.

"Then perhaps," ventured Barnabas — "perhaps I'd better bathe it with this!" And he held up his dripping neckerchief.

"Nay, sir, I thank you," she answered; "keep it for your own wounds — there is a cut upon your cheek."

"A cut!" repeated Barnabas — bethinking him of the gentleman's signet-ring.

"Yes, a cut, sir," she repeated, and stole a glance at him under her long lashes. "Pray did your horse run away also?"

Barnabas was silent again, this time because he knew not how to answer; therefore he began rubbing at his injured cheek — while she watched him, and after a while spoke.

"Sir," said she, "that is the wrong cheek."

"Then it can't be very serious," said Barnabas, smiling.

"Does it pain you, sir?"

"Thank you, no."

"Yet it bleeds! You say it was not - your horse, sir?" she enquired, wonderfully innocent of eye.

"No, it was not my horse!"

"Why, then, how did it happen?"

"Happen, Madame? Why, I fancy I must have - scratched myself," returned Barnabas, beginning to wring out his neckerchief.

"Pray!" she enquired suddenly, "do you often scratch yourself — until you bleed?

'Tis surely a most distressing habit."

Now, glancing up suddenly, Barnabas saw her eyes were wonderfully bright despite her solemn mouth, and suspicion grew upon him. she know? Had she seen? he wondered.

"Nevertheless, sir," she continued, "my thanks are due to you ----"

"For what?" he enquired quickly.

"Why, for — for ——"

"For bringing you here?" he suggested, beginning to wring out his neckerchief again.

"Yes; believe me, I am more than grateful for — for ——"

"For what, Madame?" he enquired again, looking at her now.

"For — your kindness, sir."

"Pray how have I been kind? You refused my neckerchief." Surely he was rather an unpleasant person, after all, she thought, with his persistent eyes and his awkwardly direct mode of questioning; and she detested answering questions.

"Sir," said she, with her dimpled chin a little higher than usual, "it's a great pity you troubled yourself about me, or spoilt your

neckerchief with the water." "I thought you were hurt, you see ----"

"Oh, sir, I grieve to disappoint you," she retorted, and rose; and indeed she gained her feet with admirable grace and dignity, despite her recent fall and the hampering folds of her habit; and now Barnabas saw that she was taller than he had thought.

"Disappoint me!" he repeated, rising also. "The words are unjust."

For a moment she stood, her head thrown back, her eyes averted disdainfully; and it fuge - but to-day there was money in his purse. was now that Barnabas got acquainted with the dimple in her chin, and he was yet observ-

her haughtiness was gone again, and that her eyes were looking up at him, half laughing, half shy, and of course wholly bewitching.

"Yes, I know they are," she admitted. "But oh! won't you please believe that a woman can't fall off her horse without being hurt, though it won't bleed much." Now, as she spoke, a church clock began to strike the hour, soft and mellow with distance.

"Nine!" she exclaimed, with an air of tragedy. "Then I shall be late for breakfast, and I'm ravenous — and — gracious heavens!"

"What now, Madame?"

"My hair — it's all come down. Look at it!"

"I've been doing so ever since I — met you," Barnabas confessed.

"Oh, have you! Then why didn't you tell me of it? And I've lost nearly all my hairpins — and — oh, dear! what will they think?"

"That it is the most beautiful hair in the world, of course," said Barnabas. She was already busy twisting it into a shining rope, but here she paused to look up at him from under this bright nimbus and with two hair-pins in her mouth.

"Oh!" said she again, very thoughtfully, and then, "Do you think so?" she enquired, speaking over and round the hair-pins, as it were.

"Yes," said Barnabas, steady-eyed; and immediately down came the curling lashes again, while with dexterous white fingers she began to transform the rope into a coronet.

"I'm afraid it won't hold up," she said, giving her head a tentative shake,—"though, fortunately, I haven't far to go."

"How far?" asked Barnabas.

"To Annesley House, sir!"

"Yes," said Barnabas, "that is very near; the glade yonder leads into the park."

"Do you know Annesley, then, sir?"

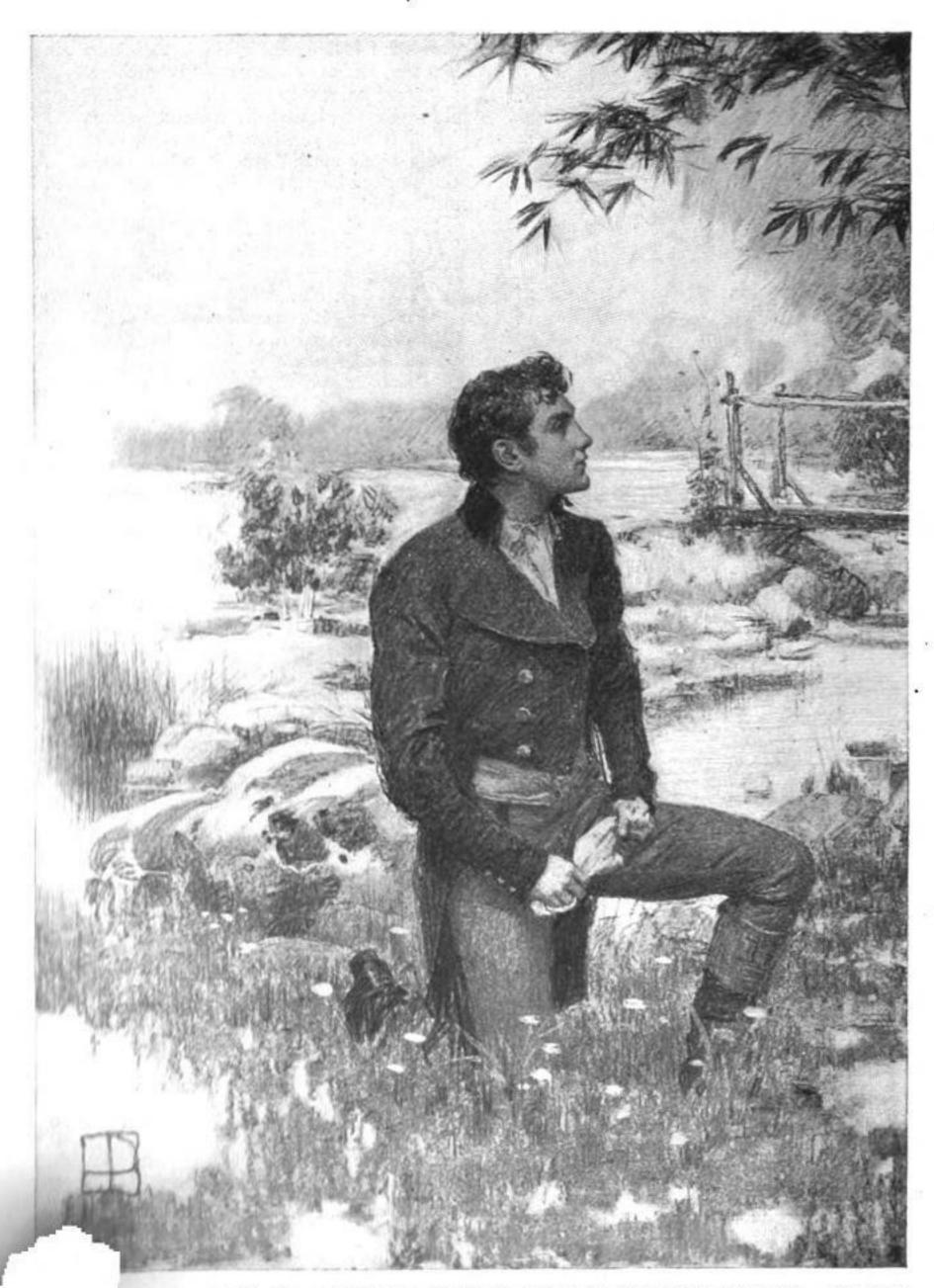
Barnabas hesitated, and, having gone over the question in his mind, shook his head.

"I know of it," he answered.

"Do you know Sir George Annesley?"

Again Barnabas hesitated. As a matter of fact he knew as much of Sir George as he knew of the Great House," as it was called thereabouts; that is to say, he had seen him once or twice in the distance. But it would never do to admit as much to her who looked up at him with eyes of witchery as she waited for him to speak. Therefore Barnabas shook his head and answered airily enough:

"We are not exactly acquainted, Madame." Yesterday he would have scorned the subter-London waited him with expectant arms; the very air was fraught with a magic whereby ing it, very exactly, when he became aware that the impossible might become concrete fact —



" OH, SIR, I GRIEVE TO DISAPPOINT YOU," SHE RETORTED, AND ROSE. AND NOW HE REPEATED. 'THE



BARNABAS SAW THAT SHE WAS TALLER THAN HE HAD THOUGHT. 'DISAPPOINT ME!' WORDS ARE UNJUST!'

wherein dreams might become visualized. Was not she herself, as she stood before him, lithe and vigorous in all the perfection of her warm young womanhood — was she not the very embodiment of those dreams that had haunted him, sleeping and waking? Verily. Therefore, with this magic in the air, might he not meet Sir George Annesley at the next cross-roads or by-lane, and strike up an enduring friend-ship on the spot? Truly; for anything was possible to-day. Meanwhile my lady had gathered up the folds of her riding-habit and, yet in the act of turning into the leafy path, spoke:

"Are you going far, sir?"

"To London."

"Have you many friends there?"

"None - as yet, Madame."

After this they walked on in silence, she with her eyes on the lookout for obstacles, he lost to all but the beauty of the young body before him — the proud carriage of the head, the sway of the hips, the firm poise of the small and slender foot. All this he saw and admired, yet (be it remarked) his face bore nothing of the look that had distorted the features of the gentleman in the bottle-green coat, though, to be sure, our Barnabas was but an Amateur at best — even as honest John had said. So at last they reached the fateful glade beyond which, though small with distance, was a noble house, set upon a gentle hill that rose above the swaying green of the trees. Here my lady paused; she looked up the glade and down the glade, and finally at Barnabas. And her eyes were the eyes of a maid, shy, mischievous, demure, challenging.

"Sir," said she shyly, demurely,—but with eyes still challenging,— "sir, I have to thank you—I do thank you—more than these poor lips can tell. If there is anything I could do—to—to prove my gratitude, you—have but to—name it."

"Do?" stammered Barnabas. "Do? Indeed — I — no." The challenging eyes were hidden now, but her lips curved wonderfully tempting and full of allurement. Barnabas clenched his fists hard.

"I see, sir, your cheek has — stopped bleeding; 'tis almost well. I think — there are others — whose hurts will not heal — quite so soon — and — between you and me, sir — I'm glad — glad! Good-bye; and may you find as many friends in London as you deserve." So saving, she turned and went on down the glade.

And in a little Barnabas sighed, and, turning, also strode on Londonwards.

Now, when she had gone but a very short way, my lady must needs glance back over her

shoulder. Then, screened, to be sure, by a convenient bramble-bush, she stood to watch him as he swung along, strong, graceful, but with never a look behind.

Who was he? she wondered. What was he? From his clothes he might be anything between a gamekeeper and a farmer. (Alas, poor Barnabas!) To be sure, his voice was low and modulated and his words well chosen — almost too well chosen. Who was he — what was he? And he was going to London, where he had no friends. And he had never told his name, nor — what was a great deal worse — asked for hers! Here my lady frowned, for such indifference was wholly new in her experience.

But on went long-legged Barnabas, all unconscious, striding through sunlight and shadow with step blithe and free, and still (oh, Barnabas!) with never a look behind. Therefore my lady's frown grew more portentous, and she stamped her foot at his unconscious back. Then, all at once, the frown vanished in a sudden smile, and she instinctively shrank closer into cover; for Barnabas had stopped.

"Oh, indeed, sir!" she mocked, secure behind her leafy screen, nodding her head. "So you've actually thought better of it, have you?"

Here Barnabas turned.

"Really, sir, you will even trouble to come all the way back, will you—just to learn her name—or perhaps to—? Indeed, what condescension! But, dear sir—you're too late. Ah, yes, indeed you are!—for—'he who will not when he may—when he will he shall have nay.' I grieve to say you are too late—quite too late. Good morning, Master Shill-I Shall-I." And with the words she turned, then hastily drew a certain lacy handkerchief from her bosom, and set it (very cleverly) among the thorns of a bramble, and so sped away among the leaves.

CHAPTER VII

In Which May be Found Divers Rules and Maxims for the Art of Bowing

"Now, by the Lord!" said Barnabas, stopping all at once, "forgetful fool that I am—I never bowed to her!" Therefore, being minded to repair so grave an omission, he now turned sharp about and came striding back again; and thus it befell that he presently espied the lace handkerchief fluttering from the bramble, and, having extricated the delicate lace from the naturally reluctant thorns with a vast degree of care and trouble, he began to look about for the late owner. But, search how he might, his efforts proved unavailing—Annerley Wood was empty save for himself.

Having satisfied himself of which fact, Barnabas sighed again, thrust the handkerchief into his pocket, and once more set off upon his way.

But now, as he went, he must needs remember his awkward stiffness when she had thanked him. He grew hot all over at the mere recollection and, moreover, he had forgotten even to bow! But there, again, was he quite sure that he could bow as a gentleman should? There were doubtless certain rules and maxims for the bow, as there were for mathematics various motions to be observed in the making of it, of which Barnabas confessed to himself his utter ignorance. What, then, was a bow? Hereupon, bethinking him of the book in his pocket, he drew it out and, turning to a certain page, began to study the "Stiff-legged Gentleman" with a new and enthralled interest. Now, over against this gentleman, that is to say, on the opposite page, he read these words:

THE ART OF BOWING

To know how, and when, and to whom to bow is in itself an art. The Bow is, indeed, an all-important accomplishment; it is the "Open Sesame" of the "Polite World." To bow gracefully, therefore, may be regarded as the most important part of a gentlemanly deportment.

"Hum!" said Barnabas, beginning to frown at this; and yet, according to the title-page these were the words of a "Person of Quality."

To bow gracefully [the Person of Quality chattered on] the Feet should be primarily disposed as in the first position of Dancing.

Barnabas sighed, frowning still.

The Left Hand should now be lifted airily and laid upon the Bosom, the Fingers being kept elegantly spread. The Head is now stooped forward, the Body following easily from the Hips, the Right Hand, at the same moment, being waved gracefully in the Air. It is, moreover, very necessary that the Expression of the Features should assume as engaging an air as possible. The depth of the Bow is to be regulated by the rank of the Person saluted.

And so forth and so on for two pages more. Barnabas sighed and shook his head hopelessly.

"Ah!" said he. "Under these circumstances it is perhaps just as well that I forgot to try it would seem I should have bungled it quite shamefully. Who would have thought a thing so simple could become a thing so very complicated?" Saying which, Barnabas shut the book and thrust it back into his pocket, and thus became aware of a certain very small handful of dainty lace and cambric, and took it out, and, looking at it, beheld again the diminutive his blue eyes. "What's in the wind - I say, stain, while there stole to his nostrils a perfume faint and very sweet.

"I wonder," said he to himself, "I wonder who she was. I might have asked her name, but — fool that I am — I even forgot that. As it is, I shall never know, I suppose."

Here Barnabas sighed again, and sighing hid the handkerchief in his breast.

"And yet," he pursued, "had she told me her name, I should have been compelled to announce mine, and --- Barnabas Barty -- hum! Somehow, there is no suggestion about it of broad acres or knightly ancestors. No; Barty will never do."

Here Barnabas became very thoughtful. But all at once he stopped and clapped hand to thigh:

"My mother's name, of course — Beverley. Yes, it is an excellent name, and, since it was hers, I have more right to it than any other. So Beverley it shall be — Barnabas Beverley. Good!"

Here Barnabas turned and very gravely lifted his hat to his shadow.

"Mr. Beverley," said he, "I salute you. Your very humble obedient servant, Mr. Beverley. Sir, God keep you!" And, putting on his hat again, he fell into his swinging stride.

"So," said he, "that point being settled, it remains to master the intricacies of the bow." Saying which, he once more had recourse to the "priceless wollum," and walked on through the glory of the morning, with his eyes upon the voluble instructions of the "Person of Quality." Now, as he went, chancing to look up suddenly, he beheld, to one side of the road, a gate-post. A very ancient gate-post it was — a decrepit gate-post, worn, and heavy with years, for it leaned far out from the perpendicular. And, with his gaze upon this, Barnabas halted suddenly, clapped the book to his bosom, and, raising his hat with an elegant flourish, bowed to that gnarled and withered piece of timber as though it had been an archduke at the very least, or the loveliest lady in the land.

"Ha - by Thor and Odin! - what's all this?" cried a voice behind him. "I say, what the devil's all this?"

Turning sharp about, Barnabas beheld a man in a brass-buttoned blue coat something the worse for wear — a shortish, broad-shouldered man, who stood with his booted legs wide apart and stared at him, from a handsome bronzed face, with a pair of round blue eyes. He held a broad-brimmed hat in his one hand for the other, Barnabas noticed, was gone from the elbow.

"Egad!" said he, staring at Barnabas with what the devil, sir - eh, sir?"

Forthwith Barnabas beamed upon him and

swept him another bow, almost as low as that to burst, and cram your feet into bepolished he had bestowed upon the gate-post.

"Sir," said he, hat gracefully flourished in the air, "your very humble obedient servant to command."

"A humble obedient fiddlestick, sir!" retorted the newcomer. "Pooh, sir! Are ye mad, sir? — to go bowing and scraping to a gate-post as though it were an admiral of the fleet or Nelson himself! Are ye mad, or only drunk, sir? I say, what d'ye mean?" Here Barnabas put on his hat and opened the book.

"Plainly, sir," he answered, "being overcome with a sudden desire to bow to something or other, I bowed to that gate-post for want of a worthier object. This book here (which I am given to understand is wholly infallible) says that to bow is the most important item of a gentlemanly equipment in the World of Fashion."

"In the World of Fashion, sir, there are no gentlemen left," his hearer broke in.

"How, sir?"

·"I say no, sir — not one — I say, damme, sir --- "

"But, sir ---!"

"I say there are no gentlemen in the Fashionable World — they are all blackguardly bucks, cursed Corinthians, and mincing macaronies nowadays, sir. Fashionable World — bah, sir!"

"But, sir, is not the Prince himself ——?"

"The Prince, sir!" Here the one-armed gentleman clapped on his hat and snorted. "The Prince is a — prince, sir; he's also an authority on sauce and shoebuckles. Let us talk of something more interesting — yourself, for instance."

Barnabas bowed. "Sir," said he, "my name

is Barnabas — Barnabas Beverley."

"Hum!" said the other thoughtfully. "I remember a Beverley — a lieutenant under Hardy in the Agamemnon - though, to be sure, he spelt his name with an l-e-y."

"So do I, sir," said Barnabas. "Secondly, I am on my way to London ----"

"London! Egad! here's another of 'em! London, of course. Well?"

"Where I hope to cut some figure in the — er — World of Fashion ——"

"Fashion - Gog and Magog! Why not try drowning? 'Twould be simpler and better for you in the long run. London! Fashion! In that hat, that coat, those --- "

"Sir," said Barnabas, flushing, "I have already ---"

"Fashion, eh? Why, then you must cramp that chest into an abortion, all collar, tail, and buttons, and much too tight to breathe in; you must struggle into breeches tight enough

torments."

"But, sir," Barnabas ventured again, "surely the Prince himself is accountable for the prevailing fashion; and, as you must know, he is said to be the First Gentleman in Europe, and ——"

"Fiddle-de-dee and the devil, sir! Who says he is? A set of crawling sycophants, sir — a gang of young reprobates and bullies. First Gentleman in — I say pish, sir! I say bah! Don't I tell you that gentlemen went out o' fashion when bucks came in? I say there isn't a gentleman left in England — except, perhaps, one or two. This is the age of your swaggering, prize-fighting Corinthians: London swarms with 'em, Brighton's rank with 'em — yes, they pervade even — these solitudes, damme! I saw one of 'em only half an hour ago — limping out of a wood yonder. Ah! A polished, smiling rascal — a dangerous rogue! one of your sleepy libertines — one of your lucky gamblers one of your conscienceless young reprobates, equally ready to win your money, ruin your sister, or shoot you dead, as the case may be and all in the approved way of gallantry, sir. And, being all this, and consequently high in royal favour, he is become a very lion in the World of Fashion. Would you succeed, therefore, young sir, you must model yourself upon him as nearly as may be."

"And he was limping, you say?" enquired

Barnabas thoughtfully.

"And serve him right, sir. Egad! I say, damme, he should limp in irons to Botany Bay, and stay there, if I had my way."

"Did you happen to notice the colour of his

coat?" enquired Barnabas again.

"Aye — 'twas green, sir. But what of it? Have you seen him ——?"

"I think I have, sir," said Barnabas — "if 'twas a green coat he wore. Pray, sir, what might his name be?"

"His name, sir, is Carnaby — Sir Mortimer

Carnaby."

"Sir Mortimer Carnaby!" said Barnabas, nodding his head.

"And, sir," pursued his informant, regarding Barnabas from beneath his frowning eyebrows, since it is your ambition to cut a figure in the World of Fashion, your best course is to cultivate him, frequent his society as much as possible, act upon his counsel, and in six months, or less, I don't doubt you'll be as polished a young blackguard as any of 'em. Good morning, sir."

Here the one-armed gentleman nodded, and turned to enter the field.

"Sir," said Barnabas, "one moment!"

"Well?" enquired the other, pausing.

"Since you have been so obliging as to describe a buck, will you tell me who, and what, in your estimation, is a gentleman?"

"A gentleman? Egad, sir! must I tell you that? No; I say I won't; the Bo'sun shall." Hereupon the speaker faced suddenly about

and raised his voice. "Aft, there!" he bellowed. "Pass the word for the Bo'sun. I say, where's Bo'sun Jerry?"

Immediately upon these words there came another roar, surprisingly hoarse, deep, and near at hand.

"Aye, aye, sir! Here I be, Cap'n," the voice bellowed back. "Here I be, sir, my helm hard a-starboard, studdin' sails set and all a-drawing alow and aloft, but making bad weather on it on account o' these furrers and this here jurymast o' mine; but I'll fetch up alongside in a couple o' tacks."

Now, glancing in the direction of the voice, Barnabas perceived a head that bobbed up and down on the opposite side of the hedge. A red face it was, a jovial, good-humoured face lit up with quick, bright eyes that twinkled from under a prodigious pair of eyebrows; a square, honest face, whose broad good nature beamed out from a mighty bush of curling whisker and pigtail and was surmounted by



a shining glazed hat. Being come opposite to them, the Bo'sun paused to mop his red face with a neckerchief of vivid hue, which done, he touched the brim of the glazed hat, and, though separated from them by no more than the hedge and ditch, immediately let out another roar, for all the world as though he had been hailing the main-top of a ninety-four in a gale of wind.

"Here I be, Cap'n!" he bellowed. "Obleeged to haul my wind, d'ye see, on account o' this here spar o' mine running foul o' the furrers." Having said the which, he advanced again with a heave to port and a lurch to starboard, very like a ship in a heavy sea. This peculiarity of gait was explained as he hove into full view, for then Barnabas saw that his right leg was gone from the knee and had been replaced by a wooden one.

"Bo'sun," said the Captain, indicating Barnabas with a flap of his empty sleeve, "Bo'sun, favour me, I say oblige me, by explaining to this young gentleman your opinion of a gentleman. I say, tell him whom you think the First Gentleman in Europe?"

The Bo'sun stared from Barnabas to the Captain and back again.

"Begging your honour's pardon," said he, touching the brim of the glazed hat, "but surely nobody don't need to be told that 'ere?"

"It would seem so, Jerry."

"Why, then, Cap'n — since you ax me, I should tell you, bold an' free like, as the First Gentlemen in Europe — ah, or anywheres else — was Lord Nelson an' your honour." As he spoke, the Bo'sun stood up very straight, despite his wooden leg, and when he touched his hat again his very pigtail seemed straighter and stiffer than ever.

"Young sir," said the Captain, regarding Barnabas from the corners of his eyes, "what d'ye say to that?"

"Why," returned Barnabas, "now I come to think of it, I believe the Bo'sun is right."

"Sir," nodded the Captain, "the Bo'sun generally is. My Bo'sun, sir, is as remarkable as that leg of his, which he has contrived so that it will screw on or off — in sections, sir; I mean the wooden one."

"But," said Barnabas, beginning to stroke his chin in the argumentative way that was all his father's — "but, sir, I was meaning gentlemen yet living; and Lord Nelson, unfortunately, is dead."

"Bo'sun," said the Captain, "what d'ye say to that?"

"Why, Cap'n,— axing the young gen'l'man's with as many unnecessary letter pardon,— I beg leave to remark, or, as you I say good morning, young sir."

might say, ob-serve, as men like 'im don't die; they just gets promoted — so to speak."

"Very true, Jerry," nodded the Captain again; "they do but go to a higher service—very true. And now, Bo'sun, the bread!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the Bo'sun, and, taking a neat parcel which the Captain had produced from a pocket of the blue coat, he dropped it forthwith into the crown of the glazed hat.

"Bo'sun, the meat! The young fool will be hungry by now, poor lad!"

"Aye, aye, Cap'n!" And, the meat having disappeared into the same receptacle, the Bo'sun resumed his hat.

Then, turning to Barnabas, the Captain held out his hand.

"Sir," said he, "I wish you good-bye, and a prosperous voyage; and may you find yourself too much of a man ever to fall so low as Fashion! I say, dammit! The bread and meat, sir, are for a young fool who thinks, like yourself, that the World of Fashion is the world. By heaven, sir—I say, by Gog and Magog! if I had a son with fashionable aspirations I'd have him triced up to the triangles and whipped with the cat—I say, with the cat-o'-nine-tails, sir; that is—no, I wouldn't; besides, I—never had a son—and—good-bye!"

"Stay," said Barnabas, "pray tell me to whom I am indebted for so much good instruction——"

"My name, sir, is Chumley — plain Chumley, spelt with a u and an m, sir; none of your olmondels for me, sir. And I beg you to know that I have no crest or monogram or coat of arms; there's neither or, azure, nor argent about me; I'm neither rampant, nor passant, nor even regardant. And I want none of your sables, ermines, bars, escallops, embattled fiddle-de-dees, or dancetté tarradiddles, sir. I'm Chumley — Captain John Chumley — plain and without any fashionable varnish. Consequently, though I have commanded many good ships, sloops, frigates, and even one line-o'-battle — "

"The Bully-sawyer, Seventy-four, Trafalgar!" added the Bo'sun.

"— Seeing I am only John Chumley,— with a u and an m,— I retire a captain still. Now, had I clapped in an olmondel and the rest of the fashionable gewgaws, I should now doubtless be a rear-admiral at the very least; for the polite world, the World of Fashion, is rampant, sir—not to mention passant and regardant. So, if you would achieve a reputation among persons of quality nowadays, bow, sir; bow everywhere, day in and day out; keep a supple back, young sir, and spell your name with as many unnecessary letters as you can. I say good morning, young sir."

As he ended, the Captain took off his hat with his remaining arm, put it on again, and then reached out suddenly and clapped Barna-

bas upon the shoulder.

"Here's wishing you a straight course, lad," said he, with a smile every whit as young and winning as that which curved the lips of Barnabas — "a fair course and a good, clean wind to blow all those fashionable fooleries clean out of your head. Good-bye." So he nodded, turned sharp about, and went upon his way.

Hereupon the Bo'sun shook his head, took off the glazed hat, stared into it, and, putting it on again, turned and stumped along beside Barnabas.

CHAPTER VIII

Concerning the Captain's Arm, the Bo'sun's Leg, and the "Belisarius," Seventy-four

"The Bully-sawyer, Trafalgar!" murmured the Bo'sun, as they went on together. "You've 'eared of the Bully-sawyer, Seventy-four, o' course, young sir?"

"I'm afraid not," said Barnabas, rather

apologetically.

"Not 'eared o' the Bully-sawyer, Seventyfour! Why, Lord, young sir, axing your pardon,
but — not 'eared o' the — why, she were in
the van that day — one o' the first to engage
the mounseers, about a cable's length to wind'ard o' the Victory. One o' the first to come up
wi' the enemy, she were, an' now you tell me
as you ain't 'eared o' the — Lord, sir!" And
the Bo'sun sighed and shook his head till it was
a marvel how the glazed hat kept its position.

"Won't you tell me of her, Bo'sun?"

"Tell you about the old Bully-sawyer, Seventy-four? Aye, surely, sir, surely. Ah, 'twas a grand day for us, a grand day for our Nelson, and a grand day for England — that twenty-first o' October. The wind were light, that day, as we bore down on their line in two columns, d'ye see, sir. We was in Nelson's column, the weather line, 'bout a cable's length a-starn o' the Victory, as I say. On we went, creeping nearer and nearer,— the Victory, the old Bully-sawyer, and the Temeraire, — every now and then the mounseers trying a shot at us to find the range, d'ye see. Right ahead of us lay the Santissima Trinidado - a great four-decker, young sir; a-starn of her was the Beaucentaur, and a-starn of her again was the Redoubtable, wi' eight or nine others. On we went, wi' the Admiral's favourite signal flying: 'Engage the enemy more closely.' Ah, young sir, there weren't no stand-offishness about our Nelson, God bless him!

"As we bore closer, the shot began to come aboard of us; but the old Bully-sawyer never took no notice, not so much as a gun. Lord! I can see her now as she bore down on their line, every sail drawing aloft, the white decks below, the gleam of her guns, wi' their crews stripped to the waist — every eye on the enemy, every man at his post. Very different she looked an hour arterwards!

"Well, sir, all at once the great Santissima Trinidado let fly at us with her whole four tiers o' broadside, rakin' us fore an' aft — and that begun it. Down comes our foretopmast in a litter of falling spars and top-hamper, and the decks were all at once splashed, here and there, wi' ugly blotches. But, Lord! the old Bullysawyer never paid no heed, and still the men stood to their guns, and his honour the Captain strolled up an' down, chatting to the flagofficer. But now the enemy's ships opened on us one arter another; the Beaucentaur, the San Nicholas, and the Redoubtable swept and battered us wi' their murderous broadsides; the air seemed full o' smoke an' flame, an' the old Bully-sawyer in the midst of it. But still we could see the Victory through the drifting smoke ahead of us, wi' the flying signal, 'Engage the enemy more closely.'

"Every minute their fire grew hotter and their aim truer. Down came our mizzentopgallant-mast and hung over our quarter; away went our bowsprit. But we held on till we struck their line 'twixt the Santissima Trinidado and the Beaucentaur; and, as we crossed the Spanisher's wake, so closely that our yard-arms grazed her gilded starn, up flashed his honour's sword. 'Now, lads!' cried he, hailing the guns — and then — why, then, afore I'd took my whistle from my lips, the old Bully-sawyer, as had been so patient, so very patient, let fly with every starboard gun as it bore, slap into the great Spanisher's towering starn, and a moment arter her larboard guns roared and flamed as her broadside crashed into the Beaucentaur. And 'bout five minutes arterwards we fell aboard o' the Fougeux; an' there we lay, young sir, and fought it out, yard-arm to yard-arm an' muzzle to muzzle, so close that the flames o' the guns blackened an' scorched us, an' we was obleeged to heave buckets o' water arter every discharge, to put out the fire.

"Lord! but the poor old Bully-sawyer were in a tight corner then — what wi' the Fougeux to port and the Beaucentaur to starboard, and the great Spanisher hammering us a-starn, d'ye see. But there was our lads — what was left of 'em — reeking wi' sweat, black wi' powder, and splashed wi' blood, fighting the guns; and there was his honour the Cap'n, leaning against



"'PRAY,' ENQUIRED BARNABAS, 'MAY I ASK WHAT BRINGS YOU TO THIS PLACE?' 'THREE THINGS, SIR-MATRIMONY, A HORSE RACE, AND A FATHER'"

the quarter-rail wi' his sword in one 'and an' his snuff-box in t'other — he had two 'ands then, young sir; an' there was me hauling on the tackle o' one o' the quarter guns — it happenin' to be short-handed, d'ye see — when, all at once, I felt a kind o' shock, and there I was on the flat o' my back, and wi' the wreckage o' that there quarter gun on this here leg o' mine, pinning me to the deck.

"As I lay there I 'eared our lads a-cheering above the roar an' din, an', the smoke lifting a bit, I seen the Spanisher had struck. But I likewise seen as the poor old Bully-sawyer were done for. She lay a wreck, black wi' smoke, blistered wi' fire, her decks foul wi' blood, her fore- and main-masts beat overboard, an' only the mizzen standing. All this I see at a glance — an' something more; for the mizzen-topgallant had been shot clean through at the cap and hung dangling, and now, what wi' the quiver o' the guns an' the roll o' the vessel, down she come sliding an' sliding nearer an' nearer, till the splintered end brought up against the wreck o' my gun. But presently I seen it begin to slide again, nearer to me, very slow, d'ye see, inch by inch — an' there's me pinned on the flat o' my back, watching it come.

"'Another foot,' I says, 'an' there's an end o' Jerry Tucker. Another ten inches — another eight — another six.' Lord, young sir, I heaved an' I strained at that crushed leg o' mine! But there I was, fast as ever, while down came the t'gallant, inch by inch. Then all at once I kinder let go o' myself — I gave a shout, sir. An' then — why, then — there's his honour the Cap'n leanin' over me.

"'Is that you, Jerry?' says he,— for I was black wi' powder, d'ye see, sir,— 'is that you, Jerry?' says he.

"'Aye, aye, sir,' says I; 'it be me, sure-ly, till this here spar slips down an' does for me.'

"'It sha'n't do that,' says he, very square in the jaw.

"'It must,' says I.

"'No,' says he.

"'Nothing to stop it, sir,' says I.

"'Yes, there is,' says he.

"'What's that?' says I.

"'This!' says he, 'twixt his shut teeth, young childhood? Oh, bruise and blister me!" sir. "Why, sir," answered the Bo'sun,

"An' then, under that murdering, hellish piece o' timber the Cap'n sets his hand an' arm — his naked hand an' arm, sir!

"'In heaven's name,' says I, 'let it come, sir!'

"'And lose my bo'sun? Not me!' says he.

"'Then, sir, I seen his face go white an' whiter; I heard the bones of his hand an' arm crack — like so many sticks, sir; and down he

falls atop o' me in a dead faint, sir. But the t'gallant were stopped, and the life were kept in this here carkiss o' mine.

"So that's how the poor old Bully-sawyer, Seventy-four, were done for; that's how his honour lost his arm an' me my leg, sir. And there be the stocks, an' there be our young gentleman inside of 'em, as cool an' smiling an' comfortable as you please!"

CHAPTER IX

Which Concerns Itself Among Other Matters with the Virtues of a Pair of Stocks and the Perversity of Fathers

Before them was a church, a small church grey with age, and, like age, lonely. It stood well back from the road which wound away down the hill to the scattered cottages below.

About this church was a small burial-ground, upon whose green mounds and leaning headstones the great square tower cast a protecting shadow that was like a silent benediction. A low stone wall was set about the graveyard, and in the wall was a gate with a weatherbeaten porch, and beside the gate were the stocks, and in the stocks, with his hands in his pockets and his back against the wall, sat a young gentleman.

Now, observing the elegance of his clothes and the modish languor of his lounging figure, Barnabas at once recognized him as a young gentleman par excellence, and immediately the memory of his own country-made habiliments and clumsy boots arose and smote him. The young gentleman seemed no whit cast down by his awkward and most undignified situation; indeed, as they drew nearer, Barnabas could hear him whistling softly to himself. At the sound of their approach, however, the solitary prisoner glanced up and observed them from under the brim of the buckled hat, with a pair of the merriest blue eyes in the world.

"Aha, Jerry!" he cried, "whom do you bring to triumph over me in my abasement? For shame, Jerry! Is this the act of a loving and affectionate Bo'sun, the Bo'sun of my innocent childhood? Oh, bruise and blister me!"

"Why, sir," answered the Bo'sun, beaming through his whiskers, "this be only a young gentleman like yourself, as be bound for London, Master Horatio, sir!"

The face beneath the devil-may-care rake of the buckled hat was pale and handsome, and, despite its studied air of gentlemanly weariness, the eyes were singularly quick and young, and wholly ingenuous.

Now, as they gazed at each other, eye to eye,

the merry blue and the steadfast grey, suddenly, unaffectedly, as though drawn by instinct, their hands reached out and met in a warm, firm clasp; and in that instant the one forgot his country clothes and blunt-toed boots, and the other his modish languor, for the spirit of Youth stood between them, and smile answered to smile.

"And so you are bound for London, sir. Pray, are you in a hurry to get there?"

"Not particularly," Barnabas replied.

"Then there you have the advantage of me, for I am, sir. But here I sit, a martyr for conscience' sake. Nay, sir; if you are in no great hurry and have a mind to travel in company with a martyr, just so soon as I am free of these bilboes, we'll take the road together; what d'ye say?"

"With pleasure," answered Barnabas.

"Why, then, sir, pray sit down; I blush to offer you the stocks, but the grass is devilish dewy and damp, and there's not a chair to be had. But pray sit somewhere until the Bo'sun, like the jolly old dog he is, produces the key and lets me out. Bo'sun, you'll perceive the gentleman is waiting, and, for that matter, so am I. The key, Jerry, the key."

"Asking your pardons, gentlemen both," began the Bo'sun, taking himself by the starboard whisker, "but orders is orders, and I was to tell you, Master Horatio, sir, as there was firstly a round of beef, cold, for breakfus!"

"Beef!" exclaimed the prisoner, striking

himself on the crown of the hat.

"Next a smoked tongue," continued the Bo'sun.

"Tongue!" sighed the prisoner, turning to Barnabas. "You hear that, sir? My unnatural father and uncle batten upon rounds of beef and smoked tongue, while I sit here, my legs at a most uncomfortable angle and my inner man as empty as a drum!"

"A brace o' cold fowl," went on the Bo'sun

inexorably, "a b'iled 'am ----"

"Enough, Jerry, enough! - lest I forget filial piety and affection and rail upon 'em for heartless gluttons."

his whisker, and abstracted of eye, "and I was to say as you was free to come out o' they stocks ---"

"Aha, Jerry! Even the most Roman of fathers can relent, then. Out with the key, Jerry! Egad! I can positively taste that beef from here. Unlock me, Jerry, that I may haste to pay my respects to Roman parent, uncle, and beef — last but not least, Jerry ——"

"Always supposing," added the Bo'sun, giving a final twist to his whisker, "that you've

'ad time to think better on it, d'ye see, and change your mind, Master Horatio, my lord."

Barnabas pricked up his ears. A lord! And in the stocks! Preposterous! And yet, surely these were the boots and clothes and hat of a lord.

"Change my mind, Jerry!" exclaimed his lordship. "Impossible — you know, I never change my mind. What! yield up my freedom for a mess of beef and tongue, or even a brace of cold fowl ---"

"Not to mention a cold b'iled 'am, Master Horatio, sir?"

"No, Jerry; not for all the Roman parents, rounds of beef, tyrannical uncles, and cold hams in England. Tempt me no more, Jerry. Bo'sun, avaunt and leave me to melancholy and emptiness."

"Why then," said the Bo'sun, removing the glazed hat and extracting therefrom the Captain's neat packages, "I were to give you this meat, Master Horatio — beef and bread, my lord."

"From the Captain, I'll be sworn — eh, erry?"

"Aye, aye, my lord — from his honour the Cap'n.'

"Now, God bless him for a tender-hearted old martinet, eh, Bo'sun?"

"Which I begs to say - amen, Master Horatio, sir!"

"To be sure, there's nothing Roman about my uncle!" Saying which, his lordship tore open the packages, and, using his fingers as forks, began to devour the edibles with huge appetite.

"There was a tongue you mentioned, I think,

Jerry?" he enquired suddenly.

"Aye, sir; likewise a cold b'iled 'am."

His lordship sighed plaintively.

"And yet," said he, sandwiching a slice of beef between two pieces of bread with great care and nicety, "who would be so meanspirited as to sell that freedom which is the glorious prerogative of man — and which, I beg you to notice, is a not unpleasing phrase who, I demand, would surrender this for a base smoked tongue?"

"Not forgettin' a fine cold b'iled 'am, Master "And," pursued the Bo'sun, still busy with Horatio, my lord! And now, wi' your permission, I'll stand away for the village - leaving you to talk wi' this 'ere young gentleman and take them vittles aboard, till I bring up alongside again. Cap'n's orders, Master Horatio." And the Bo'sun touched the glazed hat, 'went about,' and, squaring his yards, bore away for the village.

> "Sir," said his lordship, glancing whimsically at Barnabas over his fast-disappearing hunch of bread and meat, "you have never been called upon to sit in the stocks, perhaps?"

"Never as yet," answered Barnabas, smiling.

"Why, then, sir, let me inform you, the stocks have their virtues. I'll not deny a chair is more comfortable, and certainly more dignified but give me the stocks for thought; there's nothing like 'em for profound meditation."

"And pray," enquired Barnabas, "may I ask what brings you sitting in this place of

thought?"

"Three things, sir, namely — Matrimony, a Horse Race, and a Father: three very serious matters, sir — and the last the gravest of all. For you must know I am — shall I say blessed? — yes, certainly, blessed in a father who is essentially Roman — being a man of his word, sir. Now, a man of his word — more especially a father — may prove a very mixed blessing. Speaking of fathers generally, sir, you may have noticed that they are the most unreasonable class of beings, and delight to arrogate to themselves an authority which is, to say the least, trying?"

"Indeed," smiled Barnabas, "the best of

fathers are, after all, only human."

"Aha!" cried his lordship, "there spake experience! And yet, sir, these human fathers one and all believe in what I may term the Divine Right of Fathers to thwart and bother and annoy sons old enough to be—ah!—to——"

"To know their own minds!" said Barnabas.

"Precisely!" nodded his lordship. "Consequently, my Roman father and I fell out — unfortunately, 'twas before breakfast." Here his lordship snatched a hasty bite of bread and meat with great appetite and gusto, while Barnabas sat, dreamy of eye, staring away across the valley.

"Pray," said he suddenly, yet with his gaze still far away, "do you chance to be acquainted

with a Sir Mortimer Carnaby?"

"Acquainted!" cried his lordship, speaking with his mouth full. "Oh, gad, sir! Every one who is any one is acquainted with Sir Mortimer Carnaby!"

"Ah!" said Barnabas meaningly. "Then you probably know him?"

"He honours me with his friendship, sir!"

"Hum!" said Barnabas.

Here his lordship glanced up quickly and with a slight contraction of the brow.

"Sir," he retorted, with a very creditable attempt at dignity, despite the stocks and his hunch of bread and meat, "sir, permit me to add that I am proud of his friendship."

"And pray," enquired Barnabas, turning his eye suddenly to his companion's face, "do you — like him?"

"Like him, sir?"

"Or trust him?" persisted Barnabas, steadfast-eyed.

"Trust him, sir?" his lordship repeated, his gaze beginning to wander — "trust him?" Here, chancing to espy what yet remained of the bread and meat, he immediately took another bite, and when he spoke it was in a somewhat muffled tone in consequence. "Trust him? Egad, sir, the boot's on the other foot — for, 'twixt you and me, I owe him a cool thousand as it is!"

"He is a great figure in the Fashionable World, I understand," said Barnabas.

"He is the most admired buck in London, sir," nodded his lordship — "the most dashing, the most sought after — a boon companion of royalty itself, sir — the Corinthian of Corinthians."

"Do you mean," said Barnabas, "that he is a personal friend — of the Prince?"

"One of the favoured few," nodded his lordship, "and talking of him brings us back to my honoured Roman."

"How so?" enquired Barnabas, his gaze on the distance once more.

"Because, sir, with that unreasonableness peculiar to fathers, he has taken a violent antipathy to my friend Carnaby, though, so far as I know, he has never met him. This morning, sir, my father summoned me into the library.

"'Horatio,' says he, in his most Roman manner,— he never calls me Horatio unless about to treat me to the Divine Right of Fathers,— 'Horatio,' says he, 'you're old enough to marry.'

"'Indeed, I greatly fear so, sir,' says I.

"'Then,' says he, solemn as an owl, 'why not settle down here and marry?'

"Here he named a certain lovely person whom, 'twixt you and me, sir, I have long ago determined to marry, but in my own time, be it understood!

"'Sir,' said I, 'believe me, I would ride over and settle the matter with her this very evening, only that I am to race Moonraker' (a horse of mine, you'll understand, sir) 'in the great steeplechase on the tenth, and if I should happen to break my neck it might disappoint the lady in question, or even break her heart.'

"'Horatio,' says my Roman,— more Roman than ever,—'I strongly disapprove of your sporting propensities— and more especially the circle of acquaintances you have formed in London.'

"'That,' says I, preserving a polite serenity, 'I deeply regret; but the match is made, and a man must needs form some circle of acquaintances when he lives in London.'

"'Then,' says my honoured Roman, with that lack of reasonableness peculiar to fathers, 'don't live in London; and as for the horse

match, give it up.'

"'Quite impossible, sir!' says I, calmly determined. 'The match has been made and recorded duly at Brooks's and White's and Almack's; and if you were as familiar with the Sporting Set as I, you would understand that ---'

"'Pish, boy,' says my Roman ('tis a trick fathers have at such times of casting one's youth in one's teeth; you may probably have noticed this for yourself, sir). 'Pish, boy!' says 'I know, I know; I've lived in London!'

"'True, sir,' says I, 'but things have changed

since your day.'

"Well, sir," pursued his lordship, "the long and short of it is, my honoured Roman, having worked himself into the State of Divine Right necessary to the occasion, vows that, unless I give up the race and spend less time and money in London, he will clap me into the stocks. 'Then, sir,' says I, smiling and unruffled, 'pray have been. Why, let me tell you, sir, at home clap me in as soon as you will!' And he, being, as I told you, a man of his word — well, here I am."

"Now, in regard to Sir Mortimer Carnaby," persisted Barnabas, "your father, it would seem, neither likes nor trusts him."

"My father, sir — is — a father; consequently perverse. Sir Mortimer Carnaby is my friend; therefore, though he has never met Sir Mortimer Carnaby, he takes a mortal antipathy to Sir Mortimer Carnaby, Q. E. D., and all the rest of it."

"On the other hand," resumed Barnabas the steadfast-eyed, "you admire, respect, and honour your friend Sir Mortimer Carnaby?"

"Admire him? Gad, sir! who doesn't? There isn't such another all-round sportsman in London — no, nor England. Only last week he drove cross country in his curricle — over hedges and ditches, fences and all, and never turned a hair; beat the 'Fighting Tanner' at Islington in four rounds and won over ten thousand pounds in a single night's play from Egalité d'Orléans himself. Oh, egad, sir! Carnaby's the most wonderful fellow in the world!"

"Though a very indifferent boxer!" added Barnabas.

"Indiff —!" His lordship let fall the last fragments of his bread and meat and stared at Barnabas in wide-eyed amazement. "Did you say - indifferent?"

"I did," nodded Barnabas; "he is much too passionate ever to make a good boxer."

"Why,- deuce take me! - I tell you, there isn't a pugilist in England cares to stand up to him, with the muffles or bare knuckles!"

"Probably because there are no pugilists left in England worth the name," said Barnabas.

"Gad, sir! We are all pugilists nowadays; the manly art is all the fashion, and, I think, a very excellent fashion. And permit me to tell you I know what I'm talking about. I've myself boxed with all the best 'milling coves' in London, and am esteemed no novice at the sport. Indeed, love of the 'fancy' was born in me, for my father, sir, was a great patron of the 'game,' and witnessed the great battle between 'Glorious John Barty' and Nathaniel Bell ——"

"At Dartford!" added Barnabas.

"And when Bell was knocked down at the end of the fight ---"

"After the ninety-seventh round!" nodded Barnabas.

"-- My father, sir, was the first to jump into the ring and clasp the champion's fist and proud he is to tell of it!"

"Proud!" said Barnabas, staring.

"Proud, sir — yes, why not? So should I in the hall, between the ensign my uncle's ship bore through Trafalgar and the small sword my grandfather carried at Blenheim, we have the belt John Barty wore that day."

"His belt!" exclaimed Barnabas.

John Barty's belt?"

"So you see I should know what I'm talking about. Therefore, when you condemn such a justly celebrated man of his hands as my friend Carnaby, I naturally demand to know who you are to pronounce judgment."

"I am one," answered Barnabas, "who has been taught the science by that very Nathaniel Bell and 'Glorious John' you mention."

"Hey — what? — what?" cried his lord-

ship.

"I have boxed with them regularly every day," Barnabas continued, "and I have learnt that strength of arm, quickness of foot, and a true eye are all unavailing unless they be governed by a calm, unruffled temper; for passion clouds the judgment, and in fighting, as in all else, it is judgment that tells in the long run."

"Now, by heaven!" exclaimed his lordship, jerking his imprisoned legs pettishly, "if I didn't happen to be sitting trussed up here, and we had a couple of pairs of muffles, why, we might have had a friendly 'go' just to take each other's measure. As it is ---"

But at that moment they heard a hoarse bellow, and, looking round, beheld the Bo'sun, who, redder of face than ever, and pitching and rolling in his course, bore rapidly down on them, and, "hauling his wind," took off the glazed hat.

"Ha, Jerry!" exclaimed his lordship, "what

now? If you happen to have anything else eatable in that hat of yours, out with it, for

I'm devilish sharp set still."

"Why, I have got summat, Master Horatio, but it aren't bread, nor yet beef, nor yet again b'iled 'am, my lord; it can't be eat, nor it can't be drank - and here it be!" And with the words the Bo'sun produced a ponderous iron key.

"Why, my dear old Jerry, my lovely Bo'sun -

"Captured by his honour, Master Horatio, carried off by the Cap'n under your own father's very own nose, sir - or, as you might say, cut out under the enemy's guns, my lord!" With which explanation, the old sailor unfastened the padlock, raised the upper leg-board, and set the prisoner free.

"Ah! but it's good to have the use of one's legs again!" exclaimed his lordship, stretching the members in question. "So it was Uncle John, was it, Jerry? How very like Uncle John - eh, Jerry?"

"Never was nobody born into this here vale o' sorrer like the Cap'n — no, nor never will be

said the Bo'sun, with a - nohow!" solemn nod.

"God bless him - eh, Jerry?" "Amen to that, my lord."

"You'll let him know I said God bless him, Jerry?"

"I will, my lord. Aye, aye, God bless him it is, Master Horatio!"

"Now, as to my Roman — my father, Jerry — tell him — er

"Be you still set on squaring away for London, then, sir?"

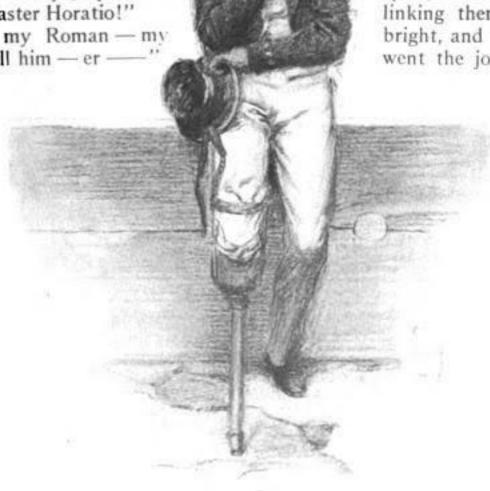
"As a rock, Jerry, as a rock!"

"Then 'tis good-bye you're wishing me."

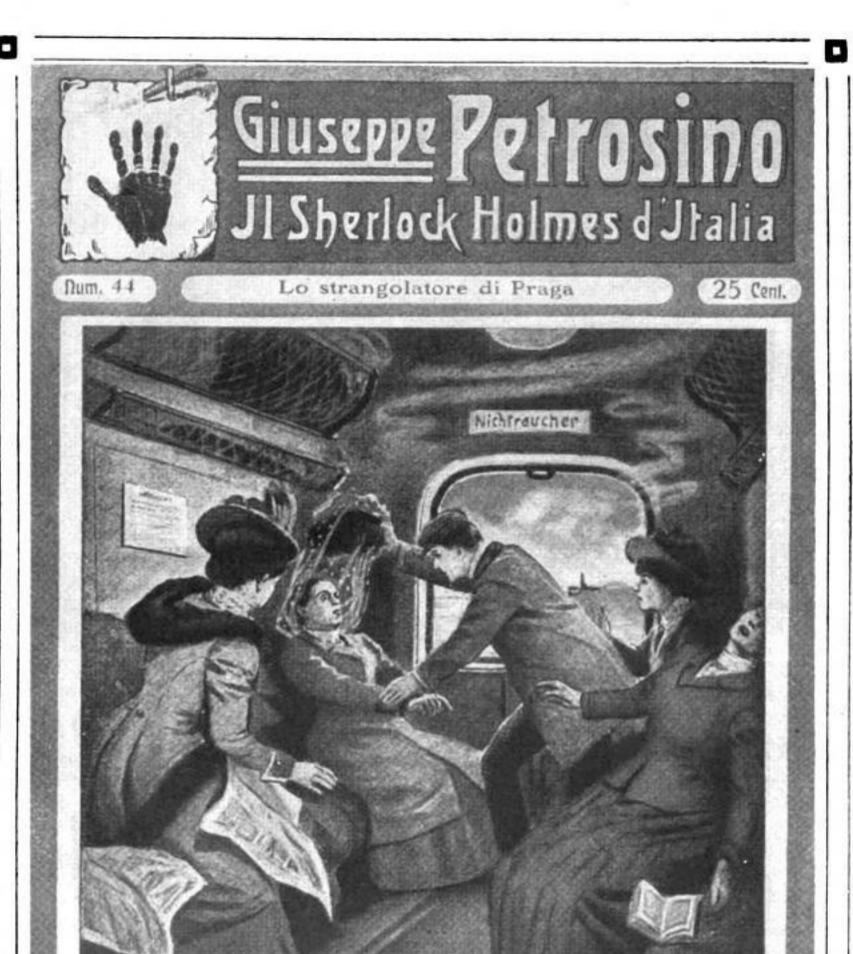
"Yes, good-bye, Jerry. Remember, God bless Uncle John — and — er — tell my father that - ah, what the deuce shall you tell him? It should be something a little affecting, wholly dutiful, and, above all, gently dignified. Hum! Ah, yes; tell him that, whether I win or lose the race on the tenth, whether I break my unworthy neck or no, I shall never forget that I am the Earl of Bainborough's son. And as for you, Jerry - why, I shall always think of you as the jolly old sea-dog who used to stoop down to let me get at his whiskers - they were a trifle blacker in those days. Gad! how I did pull 'em, Jerry! Even in those days I admired your whiskers, didn't I? I swear there isn't such another pair in England. Good-bye, Jerry!" Saying which, his lordship turned swiftly upon his heel and walked on a pace or two, while Barnabas paused to wring the old seaman's brown hand; then they went on down the hill together.

And the Bo'sun, sitting upon the empty stocks with his wooden pin sticking straight out before him, sighed as he watched them striding Londonwards-the lord's son, tall, slender,

elegant, a gentleman to the fingertips, and the commoner's son, shaped like a young god, despite his homespun; and between them, as it were linking them together, fresh, and bright, and young as the morning. went the joyous Spirit of Youth.



TO BE CONTINUED



THE COVER OF ONE OF A SERIES OF ITALIAN NOVELS SOLD IN NAPLES. EACH ONE OF THESE NOVELS BEARS THE SAME TITLE—"GIUSEPPE PETROSINO, THE SHERLOCK HOLMES OF ITALY"—AND RECOUNTS THE EXCITING TRIUMPHS OF THIS GREAT DETECTIVE. PETROSINO WAS MURDERED IN PALERMO, MARCH 13, 1909, WHILE WORKING IN THE SERVICE OF THIS COUNTRY. WHILE HE LIVED, HE WAS THE GREATEST PROTECTION AMERICA HAD AGAINST THE ITALIAN CRIMINAL. HE KNEW FIVE THOUSAND ITALIAN CRIMINALS BY SIGHT

IMPORTED CRIME

The Story of the

ILLUSTRATED WITH

PHOTOGRAPHS

Camorra in America

BY ARTHUR TRAIN

work.

For a full century the menace of the Mafia and the Camorra has bung like a blight over southern Italy. Originating as patriotic clubs, these secret societies have slowly degenerated until now they are the most powerful and highly organized bands of depraved criminals in Europe. Throttling the Italian government on the one side, with the other hand they are industriously occupied in collecting bloody tribute from the

people.

The Camorra and the Masia have laid their predatory hands upon this country. Their agents have come here with the tremendous instux of

THERE are a million and a half Italians in the United States, of whom nearly six hundred thousand reside in New York City — more than in Rome itself. Naples alone of all the cities of Italy has so large an Italian population; while Boston has one hundred thousand, Philadelphia one thousand. San Franhundred cisco seventy thousand, New Orleans seventy thousand, Chicago sixty thousand, Denver twenty-five thousand, Pittsburgh twenty-five thousand. Baltimore twenty thousand, and there are extensive colonies, often numbering as

come stor asso

SALVATORE ARRIGO, A DE-POSED LEADER OF THE CAMORRISTS

Mr. Arthur Train, as former Assistant District Attorney of New York City, has had an exceptional chance to get expert knowledge of the New York operations of the Italian

immigration from Italy, and are busy with their criminal

desperado.

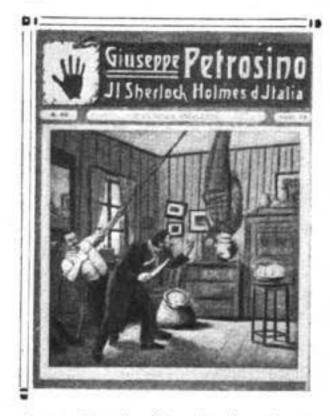
Over a year ago Mc-CLURE'S MAGAZINE selected Mr. Train as the man best fitted to study the Camorra in its native soil, and commissioned bim to spend six months in Italy in close observation of the many-sided Camorra. Mr. Train tells here the

story of this sinister criminal

association.

contain elements of both strength and weakness. The North Italians are molto simpatici to the American character, and many of their national traits are singularly like our own, for they are honest, thrifty, industrious, law-abiding, and good-natured. The Italians from the extreme south of the peninsula have fewer of these qualities, and are apt to be ignorant, lazy, destitute, and superstitious. A considerable percentage, especially of those from the cities, are criminal. Even for a long time after landing in America,

many as ten thousand, in several other cities. the Calabrians and Sicilians often exhibit So vast a foreign-born population is bound to a lack of enlightenment more character-



century.

At home they have lived in a tumbledown stone hut about fifteen feet square, half open to the sky (its only saving quality); in one corner

the entire family sleeping in a promiscuous pile on a bed of leaves; in another a domestic zoo consisting of half a dozen hens, a cock, a goat, and a donkey. They neither read, think, nor exchange ideas. The sight of a uniform means to them either a tax-gatherer, a compulsory enlistment in the army, or an arrest, and at its appearance the man will run and the wife and children turn into stone. They are stubborn and distrustful. They are the same as they were a thousand or more years gone by.

Sicilian Method of Chastising One's Wife

When the writer was acting as an assistant prosecutor in New York County, a young Italian, barely twenty years of age, was brought to the bar charged with assault with intent to kill. The complainant was a withered Sicilian woman who claimed to be his wife. Both spoke an almost unintelligible dialect. The case on its face was simple enough. An officer testified that on a Sunday morning in Mulberry Bend Park, at a distance of about fifty feet from where he was standing, he saw the defendant, who had been walking peaceably with the complaining witness, suddenly draw a long and deadly-looking knife and proceed to slash her about the head and arms. It had taken the officer but a moment or two to seize the defendant from behind and disarm him. but in the meantime he had inflicted some eleven wounds upon her body. No explanation had been offered for this terrible assault, and the complainant had appeared involuntarily before the Grand Jury, and even now had to be kept in the House of Detention as a hostile witness. The woman, who appeared to be about fifty years old,

istic of the was sworn, and on being questioned stated middle ages that she had been married to the defendant in than of the Sicily three years before. She declined to admit twentieth 'that he had attacked or harmed her in any way, constantly mumbling: "He is my husband. Do not punish him!"

The defendant, however, seemed eager to get on the stand and to tell his story; nor did the introduction of the knife in evidence or the exhibition of the woman's wounds embarrass him in the slightest degree. His manner was that of a man who had only to explain to be entirely exonerated from blame. He nodded at the jury and the judge, and scowled at the complainant, who was speedily conducted to a place where no harm could possibly come to her. When at last he was sworn, he could hardly restrain himself into coherency.

"O Judges! Permit Me to Kill Her or Decree that She be Hung!"

"Yes - that woman forced me to marry her!" he testified in substance. "But in the eves of God I am not her husband, for she bewitched me! Else would I have married an old crone who could not have borne me children? When her spells weakened I left her and came



MICHELE SCIMECA, WHO WAS KIDNAPPED IN NEW YORK ON JUNE 21, 1910. THE CHILD'S FATHER PAID \$1,700 TO HIS KIDNAPPERS, AND THE DAY AFTER THE BOY WAS FOUND WANDER-ING AIMLESSLY IN THE STREETS

to America. Here I met the woman I love,— and super- #1 Rosina,— and as I had been bewitched into the other marriage, we lived together as man and wife for two years. Then one day a friend told me that the old woman had followed me over the sea and was going to throw her spells upon me again. But I did not inform Rosina of these things. The next evening she told me that an old crone had been to the house and asked for me. For days my first wife lurked in the neighborhood, beseeching me to come back to her. But I told her that in the eyes of God she was not my wife. Then, in revenge, she cast the evil eye upon the child — sul bambino and for six weeks it ailed and then died. Again the witch asked me to go with her, and again I refused. This time she cast her evil eye upon my wife — and Rosina grew pale and sick and took to her bed. There was only one thing to do, you understand. I resolved to slay her, just as you — giudici — would have done. I bought a carving-knife and sharpened it, and asked her to walk with me to the park, and I would have killed her had not the police prevented me. Wherefore, O giudici! I pray you to recall her and permit me to kill her, or decree that she be hung!"

This case illustrates the depths of ignorance



THE SAME CHILD, MICHELE SCIMECA, AFTER HIS RE-TURN, THREE MONTHS FROM THE TIME HE WAS STOLEN. HIS KIDNAPPER WAS CAUGHT, CONVICTED, AND SENTENCED TO NOT LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR NOR MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS IN SING SING

stition that are occasionally to be found among Italian peasant immigrants. Another case may demonstrate the medieval treachery of which the Sicilian Mafiuso is capable.



and how little his manners or ideals have progressed in the last five hundred years or so.

A photographer and his wife, both from Palermo, came to New York and rented a comfortable home with which was connected a "studio." In course of time a young man a Mafiuso from Palermo — was engaged as an assistant, and promptly fell in love with the photographer's wife. She was tired of her hus-

band, and together they plotted the latter's murder. After various plans had been considered and rejected, they determined on poison, and the assistant procured enough cyanide of mercury to kill a hundred photographers, and turned it over to his mistress to administer to the victim in his Masala. But at the last moment her hand lost its courage, and she weakly sewed the poison up for future use inside the ticking of the feather bolster on the marital bed.

A Christmas Assassination Party

This was not at all to the liking of her lover, who thereupon took matters into his own hands, by hiring another Mafiuso to remove the photographer by a knife-thrust through the heart. In order that the assassin might have a favorable opportunity to effect his object, the assistant, who posed as a devoted friend of the photographer, invited the couple to a Christmas festival at his own apartment. Here they all spent an animated and friendly evening together, drinking toasts and singing Christmas carols, and toward midnight the party broke up with mutual protestations of regard. If the writer remembers accurately, the evidence was that the two men embraced and kissed each other. After a series of farewells the



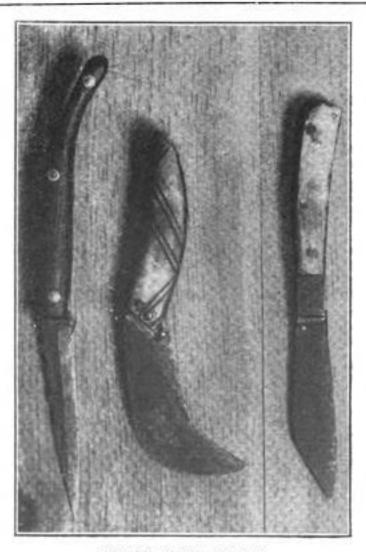
Women in house for the section for the land

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MICELLI PALLIOZZI, THE KIDNAPPER OF LITTLE MICHELE SCIMECA. FROM A ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTOGRAPH LENT TO McCLURE'S MAGAZINE BY THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT. TWO SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD SCHOOL-GIRLS SAW THE KIDNAPPER WITH THE CHILD IN HIS ARMS, AND GAVE THE POLICE THE CLUE THAT LED TO HIS CAPTURE

photographer started home. It was a clear moonlight night with the streets covered with a glistening fall of snow. The wife, singing a song, walked arm in arm with her husband until they came to a corner where a jutting wall cast a deep shadow across the sidewalk. At this point she stepped a little ahead of him, and at the same moment the hired assassin slipped up behind the victim and drove his knife into his back. The wife shricked; the husband staggered and fell; and the "bravo" fled.

The police arrived, and so did an ambulance, which removed the hysterical wife and the transfixed victim to a hospital. Luckily the ambulance surgeon did not remove the knife, and his



BLACK HAND DIRKS
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POLICE. ALL HAD RAZOR EDGES AND
BORE EVIDENCE OF HAVING BEEN
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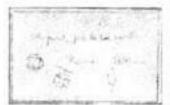
failure to do so saved the life of the photographer, who in consequence lost practically no blood and whose cortex was skilfully hooked up by a dexterous surgeon. In a month he was out. In another the police had caught the would-be murderer, and he was soon convicted and sentenced to State prison, under a contract with the assistant to be paid two hundred and fifty dollars for each year he had to serve. Evidently the lover and his mistress concluded that the photographer bore a charmed life, for they made no further homicidal attempts.

The Photographer's Assistant Indicted for Attempted Murder

So much for the story as an illustration of the



ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIE RAPPA, THE WOMAN WHO HELD EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIUSEPPE LONGO IN HER HOME FOR A MONTH, WHILE HIS KIDNAPPERS WERE TRYING TO GET A RANSOM FOR HIM. SHE USED TO TIE THE BOY TO THE BED EVERY MORNING BEFORE GOING TO WORK



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medieval character of some of our Sicilian immigrants. For the satisfaction of the reader's taste for the romantic and picturesque it should be added, however, that the matter did not end here. The convict, having served several years, found that the photographer's assistant was not keeping his part of the contract, as a result of which the assassin's wife and children were suffering for lack of food and clothing. He made repeated but fruitless attempts to compel the party of the first part to pay up, and finally, in despair, wrote to the District Attorney of New York County that he could, if he would, a tale unfold that would harrow up almost anybody's soul. Mr. Jerome, therefore, on the gamble of

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MARIE RAPPA'S RECORD

FACSIMILE OF THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTOGRAPH SHOWN ABOVE, SHOWING HOW CRIMINALS ARE CATALOGUED. AN ADULT CRIMINAL CAN ALWAYS BE IDENTIFIED BY THE BERTILLON SYSTEM

getting something worth while, sent Detective Russo to Auburn to interview the prisoner. That is how the whole story came to be known. The case was put in the writer's hands, and an indictment for the very unusual crime of attempted murder (there are only one or two such cases on record in New York State) was speedily found against the photographer's assistant. At the trial the lover saw his mistress compelled to turn State's evidence against him to save herself. She testified to the Christmas carols and the cyanide of mercury.

"Did you ever remove this terrible poison from the bolster?" demanded the defendant's counsel in a sneering tone.

"No," answered the woman.



you ever changed the bolster?" he persisted.

"No." "Then it's there yet?"

"1 - 1" think so." -falteringly.

"I demand that this incredible

yarn be investigated!" cried the lawyer. "1 ask that the court send for the bolster and cut it open here in the presence of the jury."

The writer had no choice but to accede to this request, and the bolster was hunted down and brought into court. With some anxiety both sides watched while the lining was slit with a

"Have penknife. A few feathers fluttered to the floor as the fingers of the witness felt inside and came in contact with the poison. The assistant was convicted of attempted murder on the convict's testimony, and sentenced to Sing Sing for twenty-five years. That was the end of the second lesson.

The Italian Worse Off in New York City than in Naples

The conditions under which a large number of Italians live in this country are favorable not only to the continuance of ignorance, but to the development of disease and crime. Naples is bad enough, no doubt. The people there are poverty-stricken and homeless. But in New York City they are worse than homeless. It is better far to sleep under the stars than in a stuffy room with ten or twelve other persons. Let the reader climb the stairs of some of the tenements in Elizabeth Street, or go through some of those in Union Street, Brooklyn, and he will get first-hand evidence. This is generally true of the lower class of Italians through-



A GROUP OF PRISONERS AWAITING TRIAL ON CHARGES OF BLACK HAND ACTIVITY: TAKEN IN A NEW YORK POLICE COURT

out the United States, whether in the city or the country. They live under worse conditions than at home. You may go through the railroad camps and see twenty men sleeping together in a one-room hut of laths, tar-paper, and clay. The writer knows of one Italian laborer in Massachusetts who slept in a floorless mud hovel about six feet square, with one hole to go in and out by and another in the roof for ventilation—in order to save \$1.75 a month. All honor to him! Garibaldi was of just such stuff, only he suffered in a better cause. In Naples the young folks are out all day in the sun. Here they are indoors all the year round. For the consequences of this change see Dr. Peccorini's article in the Forum for January, 1911, on the tuberculosis that soon develops among Italians who abroad were accustomed to live in the country but here are forced to exist in tenements.

The Sicilian Code of Honor

Now, for historic reasons, these South Italians hate and distrust all governmental control and despise any appeal to the ordinary tribunals of justice to assert a right or to remedy a wrong. It has been justly said by a celebrated Italian writer that, in effect, there is some instinct for civil war in the heart of every Italian. The insufferable tyranny of the Bourbon dynasty made every outlaw dear to the hearts of the

oppressed people of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Even if he robbed them. they felt that he was the lesser of two evils, and sheltered him from the authorities. Out of this feeling grew the "Omertà." which paralyzes the arm of iustice both in Naples and in Sicily. The late Marion Crawford thus summed up the Sicilian code of honor:

According to this code, a man who appeals to the law against his fellow man is notonly a fool but a coward, and he who can not take care of himself without the protection of the police is both. . . . It is reckoned as cowardly to betray an offender to justice, even though the offense be against one's self, as it would be not to avenge an

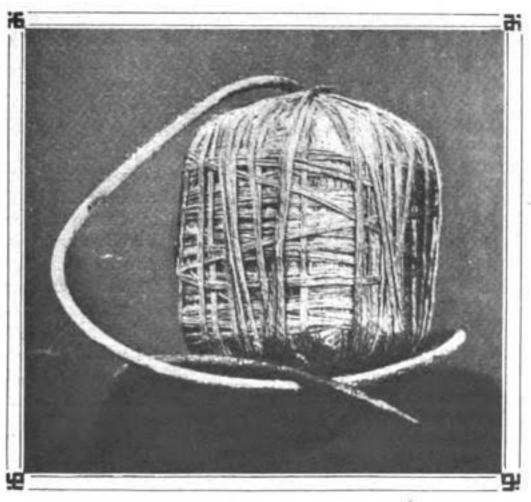


injury by violence. It is regarded as dastardly and contemptible in a wounded man to betray the name of his assailant, because if he recovers he must naturally expect to take vengeance himself. A rhymed Sicilian proverb sums up this principle, the supposed speaker being one who has been stabbed. "If I live, I will kill thee," it says; "if I die, I forgive thee!"

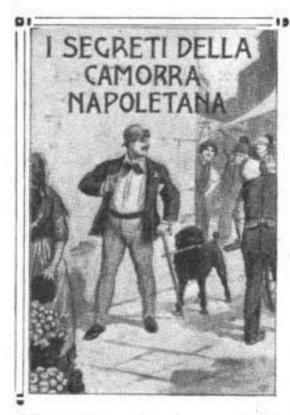
Sicilians Will Die in Prison Rather than Give Information to the Police

Any one who has had anything to do with the administration of criminal-justice in a city with a large Italian population must have found himself constantly hampered by precisely this

> same Omertà. The South Italian feels obliged to conceal the name of the assassin and very likely his person. though he himself be but an accidental witness of the crime; and, while the writer knows of no instance in New York City where an innocent man has gone to prison himself rather than betray, a criminal, Signor Cutera, formerly chief of police in Palermo, states that there have been many cases in Sicily where



THE BOMB LEFT IN THE HALLWAY OF No. 356 EAST THIR-TEENTH STREET, NEW YORK, BY THE "MILK-BOY." DETEC-TIVE CORRAO PUT OUT THE FUSE WITH HIS FOOT AND ARRESTED THE BOY, EIGHTY-ONE PERSONS WERE IN THE BUILDING AT THE TIME



terms of penal servitude and even have died in prison rather than give information

The Kidnapping of the Scimeca Child

As illustrating the backwardness of our Italian fellow

citizens in coming forward when the criminality last three cases of kidnapping in New York City may be mentioned.

About a year and a half ago the little boy of Dr. Scimeca, of 2 Prince Street, New York, was taken from his home. From outside sources the police heard that the child had been stolen, but, although he was constantly receiving letters and telephonic communications from the kidnappers, Dr. Scimeca would not give them any information. It is known on pretty good authority that the sum of \$10,000 was at first demanded as a ransom, and was lowered by degrees to \$5,000, \$2,500, and finally to \$1,700. Dr. Scimeca at last made terms with the kidnappers, and was told to go one evening to City Park, where he is said to have handed \$1,700 to a stranger. The child was found wandering aimlessly in the streets next day, after a detention of nearly three months.

Vincenzo Sabello Hands Over \$2,500 to the Kidnappers of His Son

The second case was that of Vincenzo Sabello, a grocer of 386 Broome Street, who lost his little boy on August 26, 1911. After thirty days he reported the matter to the police, but shortly after tried to throw them off the track by saying that he had been mistaken, that the boy had not been kidnapped, and that he wished no assistance. Finally he ordered the detectives out of his place. About a month later the child was recovered, but not, according to reliable information, until Mr. Sabello had handed over \$2,500.

Pending the recovery of the Sabello boy, a third child was stolen from the top floor of a house at 119 Elizabeth Street. The father,

men have suf- Leonardo Quartiano, reported the disappearfered long ance, and in answer to questions stated that he had received no letters or telephone messages.

> "Why should 1?" he inquired, with uplifted hands and the most guileless demeanor. "I am poor! I am a humble fishmonger."

In point of fact, Quartiano at the time had to the police. a pocketful of blackmail letters, and after four weeks paid a good ransom and got back his boy.

It is impossible to estimate correctly the number of Italian criminals in America or their influence upon our police statistics; but in several classes of crime the Italians furnish from fifteen to fifty per cent of those convicted. In murder, assault with intent to kill, blackmail, and extortion they head the list, as well as in certain other offenses unnecessary to describe of one of their countrymen is at stake, the more fully but prevalent in Naples and the South.

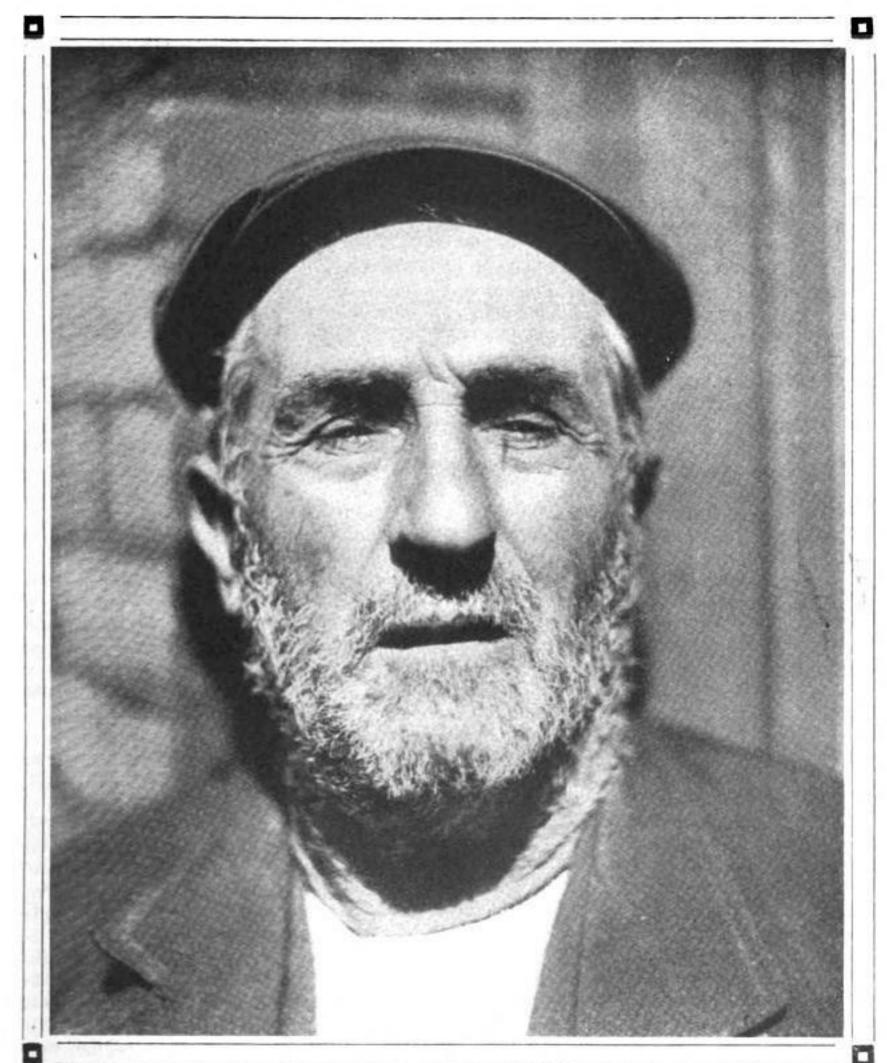
Petrosino Knew Five Thousand Italian Ex-Convicts by Sight

Joseph Petrosino, the able and fearless officer of the New York police who was murdered in Palermo while in the service of the country of his adoption, was, while he lived, our greatest guaranty of protection against the Italian criminal. But Petrosino is gone. The fear of him no longer will deter Italian ex-convicts from seeking asylum in the United States. He once told the writer that there were five thousand Italian ex-convicts in New York City alone, of whom he knew a large proportion by sight and name. Signor Ferrero, the noted historian, is reported to have stated, on his recent visit to America, that there were thirty thousand Italian criminals in New York City. Whatever their actual number, there are quite enough, at all events.

By far the greater portion of these criminals, whether ex-convicts or novices, are the products or by-products of the influence of the two great secret societies of southern Italy. These societies, and the unorganized criminal propensity and atmosphere which they generate, are known as the "Mala Vita."

The Mafia and the Camorra

The Mafia, a purely Sicilian product, exerts a much more obvious influence in America than the Camorra, since the Mafia is powerful all over Sicily, while the Camorra is practically confined to the city of Naples and its environs. The Sicilians in America vastly outnumber the Neapolitans. Thus in New York City for every





SALVATORE ARRIGO

THE DEPOSED LEADER OF THE SOCIETY OF THE BLACK HAND IN AMERICA, WHO WAS CAPTURED BY POST OFFICE INSPECTORS AND UNITED STATES MARSHALS NEAR GOSHEN. OHIO

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one Camorrista you will find seven or eight But they are all essentially of a piece, and the artificial distinction between them in Italy disappears entirely in America.

Historically the Mafia burst from a soil fertilized by the blood of martyred patriots, and represented the revolt of the people against all forms of the tyrannous government of the Bourbons; but the fact remains that, whatever its origin, the Mafia to-day is a criminal organization, having, like the Camorra, for its ultimate object blackmail and extortion. Its lower ranks are recruited from the scum of Palermo, who, combining extraordinary physical courage with the lowest type of viciousness, generally live by the same means that supports the East Side "cadet" in New York City, and who end either in prison or on the dissectingtable, or gradually develop into real Mafiusi and perhaps gain some influence.

It is, in addition, an ultra-successful criminal political machine, which, under cover of a pseudo-principle, deals in petty crime, wholesale blackmail, political jobbery, and the sale of elections, and may fairly be compared to the lowest types of politico-criminal clubs or societies in New York City. In Palermo it is made up of "gangs" of toughs and criminals,

Sherlock Holmes d'Italia

not unlike the Camorrist gangs of Naples, but without their organization, and is kept together by personal allegiance to some leader. Such a leader is almost always under the patronage of a "boss" in New York or a padrone in Italy, who uses his influence to protect the members of the gang when in legal difficulties and find them jobs when out of work and in need of funds. Thus the "boss" can rely on the gang's assistance in elections, in return for favors at other times. Such gangs may act in harmony or be in open hostility or conflict with one another, but all are united as against the police, and exhibit much the same sort of Omertà in Chatham Square as in Palermo. The difference between the Mafia and Camorra and the "gangs" of New York City lies in the fact that the latter are so much less numerous and powerful, and bribery and corruption so much less prevalent, that they can exert no practical influence in politics outside the Board of Aldermen, whereas the Italian societies of the Mala Vita exert an influence everywhere — in the Chamber of Deputies, the Cabinet, and even closer to the King. In fact, political corruption has been and still is of a character in Italy luckily unknown in America — not in the amounts of money paid over (which are large

> enough), but in the calm and matter-of-fact attitude adopted toward the subject in Parliament and elsewhere.

The Italian Criminal in America Confines His Attentions to His Fellow Countrymen

The overwhelming majority of Italian criminals in this country come from Sicily, Calabria, Naples, and its environs. They have lived, most of their lives, upon the ignorance, fear, and superstitions of their fellow countrymen. They know that so long as they confine their criminal operations to Italians of the lower class they need have little terror of the law, since, if need be, their victims will harbor them from the police and perjure themselves in their defense. For the ignorant Italian brings to this country with him the same attitude toward government and the same distrust of the law that characterized him and his fellow townsmen at home, the same Omertà that makes it so difficult to convict any Italian of



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JOSEPH PETROSINO, THE GREATEST ITALIAN DETECTIVE THIS COUNTRY EVER HAD; DETECTIVE CORRAO, WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE KIDNAPPERS SHOWN ON PAGES 86 AND 87, AND OF THE BOMB-THROWER, GIOVANNI RIZZI; AND INSPECTOR HUGHES, HEAD OF THE DETECTIVE BUREAU OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

a serious offense. The Italian crook is quickwitted and soon grasps the legal situation. He finds his fellow countrymen prospering, for they

he proceeds to levy tribute on them just as he did in Naples or Palermo. If they refuse his demands, stabbing or bomb-throwing shows that he has lost none of his ferocity. Where they are of the most ignorant type he threatens them with the "evil eye," the "curse of God," or even with sorceries. The number of Italians who can be thus terrorized is astonishing. Of course, the mere possibility of such things argues a state of medievalism. But mere medievalism would be comparatively unimportant did it not supply the principal element favorable to the growth of the Mala Vita, apprehended with so much dread by many of the citizens of the United States.

Now, what are the phases of the Mala Vita — the Camorra, the Black Hand, the Mafia —

which are to-day observable in the United States and which may reasonably be anticipated in the future?

In the first place, it may be safely said that of the Camorra in its historic sense — the Camorra of the ritual, highly organized with a self-perpetuating body of officers acting under a supreme head — there is no trace. Indeed, as has already been explained, this phase of the Camorra, save in the prisons, is practically over, even in Naples. But of the Mala Vita there is evidence enough.

The majority of the followers of the Mala Vita — the Black Handers — are not actually of Italian birth, but belong to the second generation. As children they avoid school, later haunt "pool" parlors and saloons, and soon become in-

> fected with a desire for "easy money" which makes them glad to follow the lead of some experienced capo maestro. To them he is a sort of demi-god, and they readily become his clients in crime, taking their wages in experience or whatever part of the proceeds he doles out to them. Usually the "boss" tells them nothing of the inner workings of his plots. They are merely instructed to deliver a



letter or to blow up a tenement. course of time the assistant becomes a sort of bully or bad man on his own hook, a criminal "swell," who does no manual labor, rarely commits a crime with his own hands, and lives by his brain. Such a one was Micelli Palliozzi, arrested for the kidnapping of the Scimeca and Sabello children mentioned above - a dandy who did nothing but swagger around the Italian quarter.

Black Hand Leaders Never Trespass on One Another's Preserves

Generally each capo maestro works for himself with his own handful of followers.

who may or may not enjoy his confidence, and each gang has its own territory, held sacred by the others. The leaders all know each other, but never trespass upon the others' preserves, and rarely attempt to blackmail or terrorize any one but Italians. They gather around them associates from their own part of Italy, or the sons of men whom they have known at home. Thus for a long time Costabili was leader of the Calabrian Camorra in New York, and held undisputed sway of the territory south of Hudson Street as far as Canal Street and from Broadway to the East

bomb in his hand, and he is now doing ally a foregone conclusion.

THE QUARTIANO CHILD, WHO WAS STOLEN FROM HIS HOME BY ITALIAN KIDNAPPERS. THE FATHER, A FISHMONGER, PAID A LARGE RANSOM AND GOT BACK HIS BOY

a three-year bit up the river. Sic transit gloria mundi! The Italian criminal and his

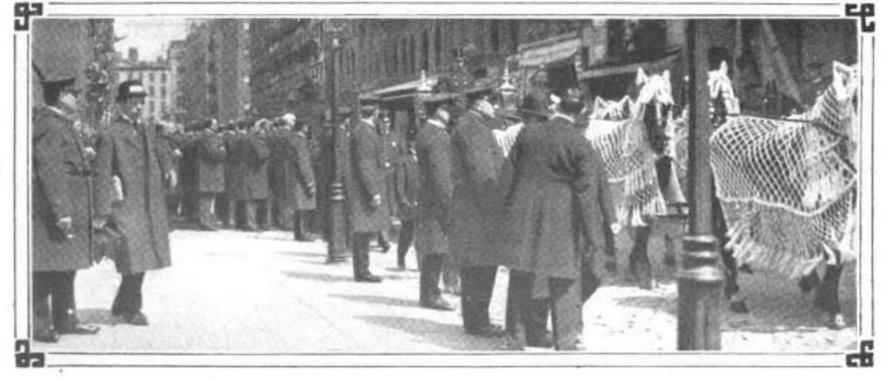
American offspring have a sincere contempt for American criminal law. They are used by experience or tradition to arbitrary police methods and prosecutions unhampered by Anglo-Saxon rules of evidence. When the Italian crook is actually brought to the bar of justice at home, that he will "go" is gener-

> There need be no complainant in Italy. government is the whole thing there. But, in America, if the criminal can "reach" the complaining witness or "call him off" he has nothing to worry about. This he knows he can easily do through the terror of the Camorra. And thus

he knows that the chances he takes are comparatively small, including that of conviction if he is ever tried by a jury of his American peers, who are loath to find a man guilty whose language and motives they are unable to understand. All this the young Camorrista is perfectly aware of and gambles on.

The "Men of Honor" - a Unique and Privileged Class

One of the unique phenomena of the Mala River. Costabili was finally caught with a Vita in America is the class of Italians who are



THE FUNERAL OF THE GREAT DETECTIVE, JOSEPH PETROSINO, WHO WAS MURDERED IN PALERMO WHILE TRACKING DOWN ITALIAN CRIMINALS FOR THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

DISCIPLINING CHILDREN

BY

MARIA MONTESSORI

This is the first article by Maria Montessori that has appeared in an American magazine. It was written within the last few months, and it is given here as Madame Montessori's latest word upon education. It is a remarkable expression of the principles that govern the new system of teaching children developed by this great educational genius.

ET us analyze the discipline obtained by our method, which is based on liberty. The accumulated experience we have had since the publication of the Italian version of "Pedagogia Scientifica" has repeatedly proved to us that in our classes of little children, numbering forty and even fifty, the discipline is much better than in ordinary schools. Whoever visits a well-kept school (such as, for instance, the one in Rome directed by my pupil Anna Maccherani) is struck by the discipline of the children. There are forty little beings, from three to seven years old, each one intent on his own work; one is going through an exercise for the senses, one an arithmetical exercise; one is handling the letters, one is drawing, one is lacing together the pieces of cloth upon one of the little frames, one is dusting. Some are seated at a table, some on a rug on the floor. There are muffled sounds of objects lightly moved about, of children tiptoeing. Once in a while comes a cry of joy only partly repressed: "Teacher! Teacher!" an eager call: "Look! see what I've done." But, as a rule, there is entire absorption in their work.

The teacher moves about slowly and silently, goes to any child who calls her, supervising operations in such a way that any one who needs her finds her at his elbow, and whoever does not need her is not reminded of her existence. Sometimes hours go by without a word. They seem "little men," as they were called by some visitors to the Casa dei Bambini, or, as others suggested, "judges in deliberation."

Absolute Obedience in the Houses of Childhood

In the midst of such intense interest in work it

never happens that quarrels arise over the possession of an object. If any one accomplishes something especially fine, his achievement is a source of admiration and joy to others: no heart suffers from another's wealth, but the triumph of one is a delight to the others. Very often he finds quick imitators. They all seem happy and satisfied to do what they can, without feeling jealous of the deeds of others. The little fellow of three works peaceably beside the boy of seven, just as he is satisfied with his own height and does not envy the older boy's stature. Everything is growing in the most profound peace.

If the teacher wishes the whole assembly to do something, for instance leave the work which interests them so much, all she need do is to speak a word in a low tone, or make a gesture, and they are all attention; they look at her with eagerness, anxious to know how to obey. Often a visitor wishes to hear how a child, now painting, can sing. The child leaves his painting to be obliging; but the instant his courteous action is completed, he returns to his interrupted work. Sometimes the smaller children finish their work before they obey.

A very surprising result of their discipline came to our notice during the examinations of the teachers who had followed my course of lectures. These examinations were practical, and accordingly groups of children were put at the disposition of the teachers being examined, who, according to the subject drawn by lot, took the children through a given exercise. While the children were waiting their turn they were allowed to do just as they pleased. They worked incessantly, and returned to their undertakings as soon as the interruption caused by the examination was over. Every once in a

This article is published by courtesy of the Frederick A. Stokes Company, who will include it in the English translation of Dr. Montessori's book. "Pedagogia Scientifica."

while one of them came to show us a drawing made during the wait. Miss George of Chicago, who was present many times when this happened, and Madame Pujol, who founded the first House of Childhood in Paris, were astonished at the patience, the perseverance, and the inexhaustible amiability of the children.

Faultless Table Manners of the Children

Any one who has watched them setting the table must have passed from one surprise to another. Little four-year-old waiters take the knives and forks and spoons and distribute them to the different places; they carry trays holding five water-glasses; and, finally, they go from table to table carrying big tureens full of hot soup. Not a mistake is made, not a glass is broken, not a drop of soup is spilled. During the whole meal unobtrusive little waiters watch the table assiduously: not a child empties his soup-plate without being offered more, or, if he is ready for the next course, without having a waiter briskly carry off his soup-plate. Not a child needs to ask for more soup or to announce that he has finished.

Remembering the usual condition of fouryear-old children, who cry, who break whatever they touch, who need to be waited on, every one is deeply moved by the sight I have just described, which evidently is caused by occult energies latent in the depths of the human soul. I have often seen the spectators of this banquet of little ones moved to tears.

Discipline of Children Can Never be Obtained by Commands

But such discipline could never be obtained by commands, by sermonizings — in short, by any of the disciplinary devices universally known. Not only were the actions of those children set in an orderly condition, but their life was deepened and enlarged. In fact, such discipline is on the same plane with school exercises extraordinary for the age of the children; and it certainly does not depend on the teacher, but on a sort of miracle occurring in the inner life of each child.

If we try to think of parallels in the life of adults, we are reminded of the phenomenon of conversion, of superhuman heightening of strength of martyrs and apostles, of the constancy of missionaries, of the obedience of monks. Nothing else in the world, except such things, is on a spiritual height equal to the discipline of the Casa dei Bambini.

To obtain such discipline it is quite useless to count on reprimands or spoken exhortations.

Such means might perhaps at the beginning have an appearance of efficacy; but very soon, the instant that real discipline appears, all of this falls miserably to the earth, an illusion confronted with reality: "Night gives way to day."

The first dawning of real discipline comes through work. At a given moment it happens that a child becomes keenly interested in a piece of work, showing it by the expression of his face, by his intense attention, by his perseverance in the same exercise. That child has set foot in the road leading to discipline. Whatever be his undertaking, an exercise for the senses, an exercise in buttoning up or lacing together, or in washing dishes, it is all one and the same.

Children Must be Disciplined by Giving Them Work They Want to Do

On our side, we can have some influence on the permanence of this phenomenon by means of repeated "lessons of silence." The perfect immobility, the attention alert to catch the sound of the names whispered from a distance, then the carefully coördinated movements executed so as not to knock against chair or table, so as barely to touch the floor with the feet all this is a most efficacious preparation for the task of setting in order the whole personality, the motor forces and the psychical.

Once the habit of work is formed, we must supervise it with scrupulous accuracy, graduating the exercises as experience has taught us. Our effort as teachers to establish discipline is to apply the principles of the method rigorously.

It is not to be obtained by words: no man learns self-discipline "through hearing another man speak." The phenomenon of discipline needs as preparation a series of complete actions, such as are presupposed in the complete application of a really educative method. Discipline is reached always by indirect means. The end is obtained, not by attacking the mistake and fighting it, but by developing activity in spontaneous work.

This work can not be arbitrarily offered, and exactly here comes in the method: it must be work which the human being instinctively desires to do, work toward which the latent tendencies of life naturally turn or toward which the individual, step by step, ascends.

Why Babies Are So Undisciplined

Such is the work that sets the personality in order and opens wide before it infinite possibilities of growth. Take, for instance, the lack of discipline of the little baby: it is fundamentally a lack of muscular discipline. The child is in perpetual disorderly movement: he throws himself down, he makes queer gestures, he cries. What underlies all this is a latent tendency to seek that coördination of movement which will be established later. The baby is a man not yet sure of the movements of his bodily muscles or of his tongue; he will become so, but for the present he is abandoned to experimentation full of mistakes and of fatiguing efforts toward a desirable end, latent in his instinct, but not clear in his consciousness. To say to the baby, "Stand still, as I do," brings no light into his darkness; commands can not aid in the process of bringing order into the complex psycho-muscular system of an individual in process of evolution. We are confused at this point by the example of the adult who, through a wicked impulse, prefers disorder, and who may (granted that he can) obey a sharp admonishment which turns his will in another direction, toward that order which he recognizes and which is within his capacity to achieve. In the case of the little child it is a question of aiding the natural evolution of voluntary action. Hence it is necessary to teach all the coordinated movements, analyzing them as much as possible and developing them bit by bit.

Children Do Not Know How to "Be Quiet" Until They Are Taught

Thus, for instance, it is necessary to teach the child the various degrees of immobility leading to silence; the movements connected with rising from a chair and sitting down, with walking, with tiptoeing, with following a line drawn on the floor, keeping an upright equilibrium; the child is taught to move objects about, to set them down more or less carefully, and, finally, the complex movements connected with dressing and undressing himself (analyzed on the lacing and buttoning frames at school) and even for each of these exercises the different parts of the movement must be analyzed. Perfect immobility and the successive perfectioning of action — these take the place of the customary command, "Be quiet! Be still!" When we in another human being. consider the lack of muscular discipline natural to his age, it is not astonishing, but very natural, that the child by means of such exercises should learn self-discipline. In short, he responds to nature because he is in action; but these actions, being directed toward an end, have no longer the appearance of disorder, but of work. This is discipline which represents an end to be attained by means of a number of conquests.

The child disciplined in this way is no longer

the child he was at first, who knows how to be good passively; he is an individual who has made himself better, who has overcome the usual limits of his age, who has made a great step forward, who has conquered his future in his present.

The Confusing Orders that Grown People Give to Children

He has, therefore, enlarged his dominion. He will not need to have some one always at hand to tell him vainly (confusing two opposing conceptions), "Be quiet! Be good!" goodness he has conquered can not be summed up by inertia: his goodness now is all made up of action. As a matter of fact, good people are those who advance toward the good — that good which is made up of their own self-development and of external acts of order and usefulness.

In our efforts with the child, external acts are the means to stimulate internal development, and they appear as its manifestation, the two elements being inextricably intertwined. Work develops the child spiritually; but the child who is better developed spiritually works better, and his improved work fascinates him; hence he continues to develop spiritually. Discipline is, therefore, not a fact, but a path — a path in following which the child grasps the abstract conception of goodness with an exactitude that is fairly scientific.

But beyond everything else he savors the supreme delights of that spiritual order which is attained indirectly through conquests directed toward their own ends. In that long preparation the child experiences and enjoys spiritual awakenings and pleasures which form his inner treasure-house, in which he is steadily piling up that sweetness and strength which will be the source of righteousness.

In short, the child has not only learned to move about and to perform useful acts: he has learned a special grace of action which makes his gestures more correct and attractive, and which beautifies his hands and all his body (because it is sure of itself); which refines the expression of his face and of his serenely brilliant eyes; and which shows that spiritual life has begun

Orderly Action Increases the Child's Nervous Energy

It is obviously true that coordinated actions, developed spontaneously little by little (that is, chosen and directed in the exercises by the child himself), must call for less effort than the disorderly actions performed by the child who is left to his own devices. True rest for muscles,

normal rhythm of respiration taken in pure air. To deprive the muscles of action is to force them away from their natural motor impulse, and hence, besides tiring them, means forcing them into a state of degeneration; just as the lungs, forced into immobility, would die instantly, and the whole organism with them.

It is, therefore, necessary to keep clearly in mind the fact that rest, for whatever naturally acts, is in some specified form of action corresponding to its nature.

To act in obedience to the hidden precepts of nature — that is rest; and in this special case, since man is meant to be an intelligent creature, the more intelligent his acts are, the more he finds repose in them. When a child acts only in a disorderly, disconnected manner, his nervous force is under a great strain; while, on the other hand, his nervous energy is positively increased and multiplied by intelligent actions.

The Baby of the Pincian Gardens

By analogy, it can be said of the intellectual development of the child that the mind of infancy, although characteristically disorderly, is also "a means searching for its end," which goes through exhausting experiments, left as it is to its own resources and too often really persecuted. Once, in our public park in Rome, the Pincian Gardens, I saw a baby of about a year and a half, a beautiful, smiling child, who was toiling to fill a little pail by shoveling gravel into it. Beside him was a smartly dressed nurse, evidently very fond of him, the sort of nurse who would consider that she gave the child the most affectionate and intelligent care. It was time to go home, and the nurse was exhorting the baby patiently to leave his work and let her put him into the baby-carriage. Seeing that her exhortations made no impression on the little fellow's firmness, she herself filled the pail with gravel, and set pail and baby into the baby-carriage, with the fixed conviction that she had given him what he wanted.

and by the expression of protest against violence and injustice which wrote itself on his little face. What an accumulation of wrongs weighed down that nascent intelligence! The little boy did not wish to have the pail full of gravel: he wished to go through the motions necessary to fill it, thus satisfying a need of his vigorous organism. The child's unconscious aim was his own self-development, not the external fact of a pail full of little stones. The vivid attractions

intended by nature for action, is in orderly of the external world were only empty appariaction; just as true rest for the lungs is the tions: the need of his life was a reality. As a matter of fact, if he had filled his pail he would probably have emptied it out again, in order to keep on filling it up until his inner self was satisfied. It was the feeling of working toward this satisfaction that, a few moments before, had made his face so rosy and smiling; spiritual joy, exercise, and sunshine were the three rays of light ministering to his splendid life.

Self-Development Is Almost the Only Pleasure of Children

That commonplace episode in the life of that child is a detail of what happens to all children, even the best and most cherished. They are not understood, because the adult judges them by his own measure: he thinks that the child's wish is to obtain some tangible object, and lovingly helps him to do this; whereas the child, as a rule, has for his unconscious desire his own self-development. Hence he despises everything already attained, and yearns for that which is still to be sought for. For instance, he prefers the action of dressing himself to the state of being dressed, even finely dressed; he prefers the act of washing himself to the satisfaction of being clean; he prefers to make a little house for himself rather than merely to own it. His own self-development is his true and almost his only pleasure. The self-development of the little baby, up to the end of his first year, consists to a large degree in taking in nutrition; but afterward it consists in aiding the orderly establishment of the psycho-physiological functions of his organism.

That beautiful baby in the Pincian Gardens is the symbol of this. He wished to coordinate his voluntary actions — to exercise his muscles by lifting, to train his eye to estimate distances, to exercise his intelligence in the reasoning connected with his undertaking, to stimulate his will power by deciding his own actions: while she who loved him, believing that his aim was to possess some little stones, made him wretched.

To have learned something is, for the child, I was struck by the loud cries of the child, only a point of departure. When he has learned something, then he begins to enjoy repeating the exercise, and he does repeat it a great number of times, with the most apparent satisfaction. He enjoys executing that act because by means of it he is developing his psychic activities.

> There results from the observation of this fact a criticism of what is done to-day in many schools - when, for instance, the pupils are questioned, and the teacher says to some one

who is eager to answer, "No, not you, because you know it," and puts her question specially to the pupils who she thinks are uncertain of the answer. Those who do not know are made to speak, those who do know to be silent. This happens because of considering the act of knowing something as final.

Why Children Like to Repeat an Act Over and Over

And yet, how many times it happens to us in ordinary life to repeat the very thing we know best, the thing we care most for, the thing to which some living force in us responds. We love to sing musical phrases that are very familiar, which we enjoy because they form a part of the fabric of our lives. We love to repeat stories of things which please us, which we know very well, even though we are quite aware that we are saying nothing new. No matter how many times we repeat the Lord's Prayer, it is always new. No two persons could be more convinced of mutual love than sweethearts, and yet they are the very ones who repeat endlessly that they love each other.

But, in order to repeat in this manner, there must first exist the idea to be repeated; there must be a mental grasp of this idea, which is indispensable to the beginning of repetition. In the repetition, not in the mere grasping of the idea, consists the exercise which develops life. When a child has attained this condition of repeating an exercise, he is on the way to self-development, and the external sign of this condition is his self-discipline.

This phenomenon does not always occur. The same exercises are not repeated by children of all ages. In fact, repetition corresponds to a need. Here steps in the experimental method of education. It is necessary to offer those exercises which correspond to the need of development felt by organisms; and if the child's age has carried him past a certain need, it is never possible to obtain in its fullness a development which missed its proper moment. Hence children grow up often fatally and irrevocably imperfectly developed.

The Patience of Children and the Impatience of Grown-up People

Another very interesting observation is that which relates to the length of time needed for the execution of actions. Children who are undertaking something for the first time are extremely slow. Their life is governed in this respect by laws especially different from ours. Little children accomplish, slowly and perse-

veringly, complicated operations agreeable to them, such as dressing, undressing, cleaning their rooms, washing themselves, setting the table, eating, etc. In all this they are extremely patient, overcoming all the difficulties presented by an organism still in process of formation. We, on the other hand, noticing that they are "tiring themselves out" or "wasting time" in accomplishing something which we would do in a moment and without the least effort, put ourselves in the child's place and do it ourselves. Always with the same erroneous idea that the end to be attained is the completion of the action, we wash and dress the child, we snatch out of his hands objects which he loves to handle, we pour the soup into his bowl, we feed him, we set the table for him. And after such services, and with that injustice always practised by those who, even with benevolent intentions, overbear others, we consider him to be incapable and inept. We often speak of him as "impatient" simply because we are not patient enough to allow his actions to follow laws of time differing from our own; we call him "tyrannical" exactly because we employ tyranny toward him. This stain, this false imputation, this calumny on childhood, has become an integral part of the theories concerning childhood, in reality so patient and gentle.

The Naughtiness of Children Only Their Defense of the Right to Live

The child, like every strong creature fighting for the right to live, rebels against whatever offends that occult impulse within him which is the voice of nature and which he ought to obey; and he shows with violent actions, with screaming and weeping, that he has been overborne and forced away from his mission in life. He shows himself to be a rebel, a revolutionist, an iconoclast against those who do not understand him, and who, fancying that they are helping him, are really pushing him backward in the highway of life. Thus even the adult who loves him rivets about his neck another calumny, confusing his defense of his molested life with a form of innate naughtiness characteristic of little children.

What would become of us if we fell into the midst of a population of jugglers, or of quick-change impersonators of the variety hall?

— if, as we continued to act in our usual way, we saw ourselves assailed by these sleight-of-hand performers, hustled into our clothes, fed so rapidly that we could scarcely swallow, if everything we tried to do was snatched from our hands and completed in a twinkling and we ourselves reduced to impotence and: 10- a

humiliating inertia? Not knowing how else to express ourselves, we would defend ourselves from these madmen with blows and yells; and they, having only the best will in the world to serve us, would call us naughty, rebellious, and incapable of doing anything.

Something of this sort occurs between children and adults.

The Mental Explosions of Children

It is exactly in the repetition of the exercises that the education of the senses consists; their aim is not that the child shall know colors, forms, and the different qualities of objects, but that he shall refine his senses in an exercise of attention, of comparison, of judgment. These exercises are true intellectual gymnastics. Such gymnastics, reasonably directed by means of various devices, aid in the formation of the intellect, just as physical exercises fortify the general health and quicken the growth of the body.

The child who trains his various senses separately, by means of external stimuli, concentrates his attention and develops piece by piece his mental activities, just as with separately prepared movements he trains his muscular activities. These mental gymnastics are not merely psycho-sensual, but they prepare the way for spontaneous association of ideas, for ratiocination developing out of definite knowledge, for a harmoniously balanced intellect. They are the powder-trains which bring about those mental explosions which delight the child so intensely when he makes discoveries in the world about him, when he, at the same time, ponders over and glories in the new things which are revealed to him in the outside world, and in the exquisite emotions of his own growing consciousness; and, finally, when there spring up in him, almost by a process of spontaneous ripening, like the internal phenomena of growth, the external products of learning - writing and reading.

The Natural Instinct of a Child to Touch and Handle Things

I happened once to see a two-year-old child, the son of a medical colleague of mine, who, fairly fleeing from his mother who had brought him to me, threw himself on the litter of things covering his father's desk, the rectangular writing-pad, the round cover of the inkwell. I was touched to see the intelligent little creature trying his best to go through the exercises which our children repeat with such endless pleasure till they have fully committed them to

memory. The father and the mother pulled the child away, reproving him, and explaining that there was no use trying to keep that child from handling his father's desk furniture; "the child is restless and naughty." How often we see children reproved because, though they are told not to, they "will take hold of everything." Now, it is precisely by means of guiding and developing this natural instinct "to take hold of everything," and to recognize the relations of geometrical figures, that we prepare our little four-year-old men for the joy and excitement they experience later over the phenomenon of spontaneous writing.

The child who throws himself on the writingpad, the cover to the ink-well, and such objects, always struggling in vain to attain his desire, always hindered and thwarted by people stronger than he, always excited and weeping over the failure of his desperate efforts, is wasting nervous force. His parents are mistaken if they think that such a child ever gets any real rest, just as they are mistaken when they call "naughty" the little man longing for the foundations of his intellectual edifice. The children in our schools are really at rest, ardently and blessedly free to take out and put back in their right places or grooves the geometric figures offered to their instinct for higher self-development; and they, rejoicing in the most complete spiritual calm, have no notion that their eyes and hands are initiating them into the mysteries of a new language.

Obedience Not a Simple Act of Will

The majority of our children become calm as they go through such exercises, because their nervous system is at rest. Then we say that such children are quiet and good: external discipline, so eagerly sought after in ordinary schools, is more than achieved.

However, as a calm man and a self-disciplined man are not one and the same, so here the fact which manifests itself externally by the calm of the children is a phenomenon really merely physical and partial compared to the real selfdiscipline which is being developed in them.

Often (and this is another misconception) we think all we need to do, to obtain a voluntary action from a child, is to order him to do it. We pretend that this phenomenon exists, and we call this pretext "the obedience of the child." We find little children specially disobedient; or, rather, their resistance, by the time they are four or five years old, has become so great that we are in despair and almost tempted to give up trying to make them obey. We force ourselves to praise "the virtue of obedience" to little

children (which, according to us, should belong specially to infancy, should be the "infantile virtue") exactly because we can make children practise it only with the greatest difficulty.

We need only reflect that this "obedience," which we treat so lightly, occurs later as a natural tendency in older children, and then as an instinct in the adult, to realize that it springs spontaneously into being, and that it is one of the strongest instincts of humanity. We find that society rests on a foundation of marvelous obedience, and that civilization goes forward on a road made by obedience. Human organizations are often founded on an abuse of obedience; associations of criminals have obedience as their key-stone.

How many times social problems center about the necessity of rousing man from a state of "obedience" which has led him to be exploited and brutalized!

Obedience, naturally, is sacrifice. We are so accustomed to an infinity of obedience in the world, to a condition of self-sacrifice, to a readiness for renunciation, that we call matrimony the blessed condition, although it is made up of obedience and self-sacrifice. The soldier, whose lot in life is to obey if it kills him, is envied by the common people, while we consider any one who tries to escape from obedience as a malefactor or a madman. Besides, how many people have had the deeply spiritual experience of an ardent desire to obey something or some person that leads them along the path of life?— more than this, a desire to sacrifice something for the sake of this obedience?

It is, therefore, entirely natural that, loving the child, we should point out to him that obedience is the law of life; and there is nothing surprising in the anxiety felt by nearly every one who is confronted with the characteristic disobedience of little children.

Children Can Not Obey Until They Have Been Taught How

But obedience can be reached only through a complex formation of the psychic personality. To obey, it is necessary not only to wish to obey, but also to know how to. Since, when a command to do a given thing is given, we presuppose a corresponding active or inhibitive power in the child, it is plain that obedience must follow the formation of the will and of the mind. To prepare in detail this formation with detached exercises is, therefore, indirectly to urge the child toward obedience. When the child completes coördinated actions directed toward a given end, when he achieves something he set out to do, when he repeats patiently his

exercises, he is training his positive will power. Similarly, in a very complicated series of exercises he is setting in activity his powers of inhibition: for instance, in the "lesson of silence," which calls for a long-continued inhibition of many actions, when the child is waiting to be called; later for a rigorous self-control, when he is called and would like to answer joyously and run to his teacher, and instead is perfectly silent, moves very carefully, taking the greatest pains not to knock against chair or table or to make a noise.

Training Children's Will Power

Other inhibitive exercises are the arithmetical ones, when the child, having drawn a number by lot, must take from the great mass of objects before him, apparently entirely at his disposition, only the number corresponding to the number in his hand, whereas (as experience has proved) he would like to take the greatest number possible. Furthermore, if he chances to draw the zero he stands patiently with empty hands. Still another training for the inhibitive will power is in "the lesson of zero," when the child, called upon to come up zero times and give zero kisses, stands quiet, conquering with a visible effort the instinct which would lead him to "obey" the call. The child, at our school dinners, who carries the big tureen full of hot soup, isolates himself from every external stimulant which might disturb him, resists his childish impulse to run and jump, does not yield to the temptation to brush away the fly on his face, and is entirely concentrated on the great responsibility of not dropping or tipping the tureen. A little boy of four and a half, every time he set the tureen down on a table so that the little guests might help themselves, gave a hop and a skip, but then took up the tureen again to carry it to another table, repressing himself to a sober walk. He never left his task before he had passed the soup to the twenty tables, and he never forgot the vigilance necessary to control his actions.

Will power, like all other activities, is invigorated and developed through methodical exercises; and all our exercises for will power are also mental and practical. The child seems to be learning exactitude and grace of action, to be refining his senses, to be learning how to read and write; but much more profoundly he is learning how to become his own master, how to be a man of prompt and resolute will.

Besides the exercises for developing will power, the other factor in obedience is the capacity to perform the act necessary to obey. One of the most interesting observations made by my pupil Anna Maccherani (at first in the school in Milan and afterward in that on the Via Guisti in Rome) relates to the connection between obedience in a child and his "knowing how." would like to respond to it, but can not — or, at least, does not always succeed in doing it, is not "quick to mind," and shows no pleasure when he does. In the third period, he obeys at once, with enthusiasm, and, as he becomes more and more perfect in the exercises, he is proud

Children Often Unable to Perform the Same Act Twice

Obedience appears in the child as a latent instinct as soon as his personality begins to take form. For instance, a child begins to try a certain exercise, and suddenly one time he goes through it perfectly. He is delighted, stares at it, and wishes to do it over again, but for some time the exercise is not a success. Then comes a time when he can do it nearly every time he tries, but makes mistakes if some one else asks him to do it. The external command does not, as yet, produce the voluntary act. When, however, the exercise always succeeds with absolute certainty, then an order from some one else brings about, on the child's part, orderly, adequate action; that is, the child is able each time to execute the command That these facts (with variations received. in individual cases) are laws of psychical development is apparent from every one's experience with children, in school or at home. One often hears a child say: "I did do such and such a thing, but now I can't!" or a teacher, disappointed by the incompetence of a pupil, will say: "Yet that child was doing it all right and now he can't!"

Finally there is the period of complete development, in which the capacity to perform some operation is permanently acquired. There are, therefore, three periods: a first, subconscious one, when, in the confused mind of the child, order produces itself by a mysterious inner impulse in the midst of disorder, producing as external result a completed act, which, however, being outside the field of consciousness, can not be reproduced at will; a second, conscious period, when there is some action on the part of the will which is present during the process of the development and establishing of the acts; and a third period when the will can direct and cause the acts, thus answering the command from some one else.

Now, obedience follows a similar sequence. In the first period of spiritual disorder, the child fails to obey, exactly as if he were physically deaf, and out of hearing of commands. In the second period, he would like to obey; he looks as though he understood the command and

would like to respond to it, but can not — or, at least, does not always succeed in doing it, is not "quick to mind," and shows no pleasure when he does. In the third period, he obeys at once, with enthusiasm, and, as he becomes more and more perfect in the exercises, he is proud because he knows how to obey. This is the period in which he runs joyously to obey, and leaves at the most gentle request whatever is interesting him, so that he may quit the solitude of his own life, and enter with the act of obedience into the spiritual existence of another.

To this order, established in a consciousness formerly chaotic, are due all the phenomena of discipline and of mental development, which open out like a new creation. From minds thus set in order, when "night is separated from day," come sudden emotions and mental feats which recall the Biblical story of the creation. The child has in his mind not only what he has laboriously acquired, but the free gifts which flow from spiritual life, the first flowers of affection, of gentleness, of spontaneous love for righteousness, which perfume the souls of such children and give promise of the "fruits of the Spirit" of St. Paul: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness."

They are virtuous because they exercise patience in repeating their exercises, long-suffering in yielding to the commands and desires of others, good in rejoicing in the well-being of others without jealousy or rivalry; they live, doing good in joyousness of heart and in peace, and they are eminently, marvelously industrious.

But they are not proud of such righteousness, because they were not conscious of acquiring it as a moral superiority.

They have set their feet in the path leading to righteousness, simply because it was the only way to attain true self-development and learning; and they enjoy with simple hearts the fruits of peace which hang along that path.

These are the first outlines of an experiment which shows a form of indirect discipline in which there is substituted for the critical and sermonizing teacher a rational organization of work and of liberty for the child. It involves a conception of life more usual in religious fields than in those of academic pedagogy, inasmuch as it has recourse to the spiritual energies of mankind; but it is founded on work and on liberty, which are the two paths to all civic progress.



STOVER AT YALE OWEN JOHNSON

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

CHAPTER XXV

HEN Stover had returned to College after the summer, he had come to his with a confident enthusihad not corresponded with her during the summer. He had not even asked for permission to write, confident though he was that her consent would now be given. He was resolved, as a penance for his first blunder, to hold himself in reserve on every occasion. Bob had written the news, always pressing him to take two weeks off for a visit to the camp; but Dink, despite the tugging at his heart, had stuck to Regan.

Now, as he came swinging impatiently toward

the glowing white columns under the elms, he realized all at once what was the moving influence in his struggle for growth and independence.

"Here is the horny-handed son of toil," he first call on Jean Story said, holding out his hand with a laugh.

She took it, turning over the firm grip asm, eager for the first look in her eyes. He with a little curiosity, and looked at him sharply. The vacation had made of the impetuous Dink Stover she had known a new personality that was strange and a little intimidating.

He did not understand at all the sudden dropping of her look, or the uneasy turning away and the constraint that came. He was hurt with a sudden sharp sting that he had never known before, and the ache of unreasoning jealousy at the bare thought of what might have happened during the summer.

words sounded formal.

He followed her into the parlor, puzzled, irritated by something he did not understand, something that lay underneath everything she said, and seemed to interpose itself as a barrier between them and the old open feeling of camaraderie.

"Mother will be so glad to see you," she said, after a little moment of awkwardness. "I'll call her."

This manoeuver completed his bewilderment, which increased when, Mrs. Story joining them, suddenly the Jean Story of old returned with the same cordiality and the same enthusiasm. She asked a hundred questions, leading him on until he was launched into an account of his summer experiences, the little bits of real life that had brought home to him the seriousness of the world that waited outside.

Stover spoke only of outward things; the thought that lay beneath, that would have come out so eagerly before the girl, did not appear in the presence of another. As he understood nothing of this sudden introduction of a third into the old confidential relationship, he decided to be more formal than the girl, and rose while still his audience's attention was held by this account.

"It's been awfully jolly to see you again," he said, with a perfect manner, to Mrs. Story.

"But you're going to stay to dinner," she said, with a little smile.

"Awfully sorry, but I've got a dozen things to do," he said, in the same careful, matter-offact tone. "Bob sent word he'd come later."

Jean Story had not urged him. He went to her with a mechanical cheeriness, saying:

"Good-by; you're looking splendid."

She did not answer, being in one of her silent moods. Mrs. Story went with him toward the door, with a few practical housekeeping questions on the ménage that had just begun. As they stood in the ante-room, Jim Hunfer entered and, greeting them, passed into the salon.

Stover, deaf to anything else, heard her greeting:

"Why, Jim, I am glad to see you!

Mrs. Story was asking him a question, but he did not hear it. He heard only the echoes of what seemed to him the joy in her laugh.

"If you need any rugs let me know," said Mrs. Story, in patient repetition.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "Yesyes, of course."

She looked at him with a little maternal pity, knowing the pang that had gone through him, and for a moment a word was on her lips to

"I'm very glad to see you," she said, but the enlighten him. But she judged it wiser to be silent, and said:

> "Come in for dinner to-morrow night, sure." This invitation fitted in at once in Stover's scheme of mis-logic. He saw in it a mark of compassion, and of compassion for what reason? Plainly Jean was interested in some one else. perhaps engaged. In ten minutes, to his own lugubrious satisfaction, he had convinced himself that it was no other than Jim Hunter. But a short, inquisitive talk with Joe Hungerford, who magnanimously appeared stupidly unconscious of the real motives, reassured him on this point. So, after the hot tempest of jeal-

> ousy, he began to feel a cold resentment at her

new attitude of defensive formality.

Gradually, as he gave no sign of unbending from his own assumption of strict politeness, she began to change, but so gradually that it was not for weeks that he perceived that the old intimate relations had returned. This little interval, however, had brought to him a new understanding. With her he had lost the old impulsiveness. He began to reason and analyze, to think of cause and effect in their relationship. As a consequence the initiative and the authority that had formerly been with her came to him. All at once he perceived, to his utter surprise, what she had felt on his return — that he was the stronger, and that the old blind, boyish adoration for the girl who was companion to the stars had steadied into the responsible and protecting love of a man.

This new supremacy brought with it several differences of opinion. When the question of the football captaincy had come up, he did not tell her of his decision, afraid of the ambition he knew was strong in her for his career.

When he saw her the next night, Bob had already brought the news and the reason. She received him with great distance, and for the first time showed a little cruelty in her complete ignoring of his presence.

"You are angry at me," he said, when he had finally succeeded in finding her alone.

"Yes, I am," she said point-blank. "Why didn't you tell me what you were planning?"

"I didn't dare," he said frankly. "You wouldn't have approved.

"Of course I wouldn't. It was ridiculous! Why shouldn't you have been captain?"

"There were reasons," he said seriously. "I should not have had a united team back of me — oh, I know it."

"Absurd," she said with some heat. "You should have gone out and made them follow you. Really, it's too absurd, renouncing everything. It's like Don Quixote riding around."

He was hurt at this, and his face showed it.

others are grabbing for," he said shortly. "But all you seem to care for is the name."

The flash that was in his eyes surprised her, and the sudden stern note in his voice, that she had never heard before, brought her to a quick realization of how she must have wounded him. Her manner changed; she became very gentle, and before he went she said hurriedly:

"Forgive me. You were right, and I was very small."

But, though he had shown his independence of her ambitions for him, and gained thereby, at heart he had a foolish longing, a senseless dream of winning out on Tap Day — just for the estimation he knew she held of that honor. And, wishing this ardently, he was influenced by it. There were questions about the senior societies that he had not put to himself honestly, as he had in the case of the sophomore. He knew they were away back in his mind, claiming to be met; but, thinking of Jean, he said to himself evasively, again and again:

"Suppose there are bad features? I've done enough to show my nerve. No one can question that!"

With the passing of the winter and the return to College in the pleasant month of April, the final, all-absorbing Tap Day loomed over them only six weeks away. It was not a particularly agreeable period. The contending ambitions - were too keen, too conflicting, for the maintenance of the old spirit of comradeship.

One afternoon in the first week in April, as Dink was returning from the gymnasium, he him. was suddenly called to from the street.

Chris Schley and Troutman, in a two-seated rig, were hallooing:

"Hello, there, Dink."

"Jump in — join us."

"Come for a ride."

The two had never been of his intimates. They belonged to a New York crowd who were spoken of for Keys. He hesitated, but, as he was free, he considered:

"What's the game?"

"We're out for a spin toward the shore. Tommy Bain and Stone were going, but had to drop out. Come along. We might get a shore supper and toddle back by moonlight."

"I've got to be back by seven," said Dink

doubtfully.

"Oh, well, come on; we'll make it just a drive."

"Fine."

He sprang into the front seat, and they started off in the young, tingling air. Troutman at the reins was decidedly unfamiliar with their

"It's something to be able to refuse what use, and, at a fervent plea from Schley, Stover Since freshman year the assumed control. three had been seldom thrown together. He remembered Troutman then as a good deal like an overgrown puppy, and Schley as a nuisance and a hanger-on. He scanned them now, pleasantly surprised at their transformation. They had come into a clean-cut type, affable, alert, and, if there was small mark of character, there was an abundance of good humor, liveliness, and sociability.

"Well, Dink, old chap," said Troutman, as he passed along quieter ways, "the fatal day approaches."

"It does."

"A lot of seniors are out buying nice brandnew derbies to wear for our benefit.'

"I'll bet they're scrapping like cats and dogs," said Schley.

Schley had begun to amuse himself from the back seat by well-simulated starts of surprise and sudden snatching off of his hat to different passers-by, exclaiming:

"Why, how do you do? I remember meeting you before."

He did it well, communicating his good spirits to the pedestrians, who took his banter goodnaturedly.

All at once his mischievous eye perceived two girls of a rather noticeable type. Instantly he was on his feet with an exaggerated sweep of his hat, exclaiming:

"Ladies, please accept my carriage, my prancing horses, my groom and my footman."

The girls, bursting into laughter, waved to

"Yes, it's a lovely day," continued Schley, in imitation of McNab. "Mother's gone to the country, aunty's visiting us now, Uncle John's coming to-morrow — he'll be sober then. Too bad, girls, you're going the other way, and such lovely weather. Won't you take a ride? What? Oh, do, now. Here, I say, Dink — whoa, there! They're coming."

"Rats!" said Troutman, glancing around.

"Sure they are. Whoa! Hold up. We'll give 'em a little ride, just for a lark. What's the diff?"

He was down, hat off, with exaggerated Chesterfield politeness going to their coming.

"Do you mind?" said Troutman to Stover. "Schley's a crazy ass."

"I wouldn't take them far," said Stover, who did not particularly care. He had no facility for bantering of this sort, but it rather amused him to listen to Schley. He saw that, while they were of the same class, one was insipid and the other rather pretty, dark with Irish blue eyes.



"THEY GOT OUT AND LAID THE GIRL ON THE GRASS. SCHLEY AND TROUTMAN WERE CRYING: 'SHE'S GOT A

"Ladies, I wish to make you acquainted with my friends," said Schley. "The ill-favored gent with the vermilion hair is the Reverend Doctor Balmfinder; the one with the padded shoulders is Binks, my trainer. Now, what is this little girl's name?"

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"Muriel," said the blonde; "Muriel Stacey."

"Of course; I might have known it. And yours, of course, is Maude, isn't it?"

"My name is Fanny Le Roy," said the brunette, with a little pride.

"Dear me, what a beautiful name," said Schley. "Now, girls, we'll take you for a little ride, but we can't take you very far, for our mamas don't know we're out, and you promise to be very good and get out when we tell you, and not ask for candy. Promise!"

Schley sat on the rear seat, chatting along to a girl on either side of him, while Troutman, facing about, added his badinage. It was not excruciatingly witty, and yet at times Stover, occupied with the driving, could not help bursting into a laugh at the sheer nonsense.

"I think the fellow that's driving is the best of the lot," said Fanny, with the usual method of attack.

"Wow!" said Troutman.

"Come on back," said Schley; "we don't count."

Stover laughed and drove on. The encounter had passed the point of interest. He found he had no relish for a chance meeting that would require explanations, but he volunteered no advice, not caring to appear prudish in the company of men of the world.

They were in the open country, the outskirts of New Haven just left behind. For some time Fanny Le Roy had been silent, pressing her hand against her side, frowning. All at once a cry was wrung from her. The carriage was stopped. All turned in alarm to where the girl, her teeth compressed, clutching at her side, was lying back against the seat, writhing in agony.

Troutman swore under his breath:

"A dickens of a mess!"

They got out and laid the girl on the grass, where her agony continued increasingly. Schley and Troutman were whispering apart. The other girl, hysterically bending over her companion, mopped her face with a useless hand-kerchief, crying:

"She's got a fit - she's got a fit!"

"I say it's appendicitis or gripes," said Troutman to Stover. His face was colorless, and he could hardly speak the words.

"Come, we've got to get her back," said Stover, realizing the gravity of the situation. "Stop crying, there; get hold of yourself. Here, Schley, lend a hand; get her back into the carriage."

"What are you going to do?" said Troutman anxiously.

"Drive her back, of course."

With some difficulty they got the suffering girl into the carriage and started back. No one spoke; the banter had given place to a few mut-



WHISPERING APART. THE OTHER GIRL MOPPED HER FACE WITH A USELESS HANDKERCHIEF, FIT - SHE'S GOT A FIT!"

tered words and the moaning, delirious sounds from the stricken girl.

"Are you going to drive into New Haven this way?" said Troutman, for the second time, under his breath.

"Sure."

"The dickens!"

They came to the city streets, and Stover drove on hastily, seeking from right to left for a doctor. All at once he drew up at the curb, flung the reins to Troutman, and rushed into a house where he had seen a sign displayed—"Dr. Burke." He was back almost immediately, with the doctor at his heels.

"I say, Dink, look here," said Schley, plucking him aside, as the doctor hurriedly examined the girl. "This is a deuce of a mess."

"You bet it is," said Stover, thinking of the sufferer.

"I say, if this gets out it'll be a nasty business."

"What do you mean?"

"If we're seen — if — hang it, we can't be seen!"

"What do you propose?" said Stover sharply. Troutman joined them.

"See here; we can leave the girl with the doctor, and pay up all the money that's necessary; but you can't go back this way, Dink."

"Why not?"

"Why, man, it'll queer us — we'll never get over it."

"It'll all be out in the papers," said Schley.

At this moment Dr. Burke joined them, quiet, businesslike, anxious.

"It looks to me like a bad attack of appendicitis. There's only one thing to do: get her to the hospital at once. I'll get my hat and join you."

"Drive to — drive to the hospital!" said Troutman, with a gasp. "Right through the whole city, right in the face of every one?"

"Don't be a fool, Dink," said Schley nervously. "We'll fix up Burke; we'll give him a hundred to take her and shut up."

Stover saw the danger and the scandal. He saw also that they were no longer men, as he had thought. The thin veneer had disappeared; they were boys, terrified, aghast at a crisis beyond their strength.

"You're right; it would queer you," he said abruptly. "Clear out."

"You're going to stay?" said Schley, and neither could face his eyes.

"Clear out!"

When Burke came running down the steps, he looked at Stover in surprise.

"Hello, where are your friends?"

"They had other engagements," said Dink grimly. "All ready."

"I've seen your face before," said Dr. Burke, climbing in.

"I'm Stover."

"Dink Stover of the eleven?"

"Yes, Dink Stover of the eleven," said Stover, his face hardening. "Where do I drive?"

"Do you want to go quietly?" said Dr. Burke, with a look of sympathetic understanding.

From behind, the girl, writhing, began to moan:

"Oh, doctor — doctor! I can't stand it — I can't stand it!"

"What's the quickest way?" said Stover.

"Chapel Street," said the doctor.

Stover turned the horses' heads into the thorbughfare, looking straight ahead, conscious of his book. the men who saw him in the full light of the day, driving through the streets of New Haven with these two girls. And suddenly, at the first turn, he came face to face with another carriage in which were Jean Story and her mother.

CHAPTER XXVI

WHEN Stover returned to his rooms it was long after supper.

"Where the deuce have you been?" said Hungerford, looking up from his books.

"Went for a drive; got home late," said Stover shortly. He filled the companionable pipe and sank into the low arm-chair, which Regan had broken for comfort. Something in his abrupt procedure caused Bob Story to look over at Regan with an inquiring raise of his. "Oh, do you think she's going to die?" eyebrows.

"Got this psychology yet?" said Hungerford.

"No."

"Going to get it?"

"No."

"The thinghood of a thing is its indefinable somewhatness," said Hungerford, with another slashing attack on the common enemy, to divert Stover's attention. "What in the name of peanuts does that stuff mean?"

Dink, refusing to be drawn into conversation, sat enveloped in smoke clouds, his eyes on the clock.

"Hello, I forgot," said Story presently. "1 say, Dink, Troutman and Schley were around here hallooing for you."

"They were."

"About an hour ago. Wanted to see you particularly. Said they'd be around again." "I see."

At this moment from below came a bellow:

"Oh, Dink Stover — hello, there!"

"That's Troutman, now," said Joe Hungerford.

Stover went to the window, flinging it up.

"Hello, who's there?"

"Troutman and Chris Schley. I say, Dink, we've got to see you. Come on down."

"Thanks, I haven't the slightest intention of seeing you now or at any other time," said Stover, who then closed the window and resumed his seat, eyeing the clock.

His three friends exchanged troubled glances, and Regan began to whistle to himself, but no questions were asked. At nine o'clock Stover rose and took his hat.

"I'm going out. I may be back late," he said, and went down the stairs.

"What the deuce!" said Hungerford, closing

"He's in some scrape," said Regan ruthfully.

"Oh, Lord! and just at this time, too," said Story.

Stover went rapidly toward the hospital. The girl had been operated on immediately, and the situation was of the utmost seriousness. He had been told to come back at nine. When he arrived he found Muriel Stacey already in the waiting-room, her eyes heavy with frightened weeping. He looked at her curiously. All suggestion of the provoking impertinence and the surface allurement was gone. Under his eyes was nothing but an ignorant boor, stupid and hysterical before the awful fact of death.

"What's the news?" he asked.

"Oh, Mr. Stover, I don't know. I can't get anything out of them," the girl said wildly.

"Of course not," he said gruffly. "See here, where's her family?"

"I don't know."

"Don't they live here?"

"They're in Ohio somewhere, I think, I don't know. Ask the doctor, won't you, Mr. Stover? He'll tell you something."

He left her, and, making inquiries, was met by a young intern, immaculate and alert, who was quite communicative to Dink Stover of the Yale eleven.

"She's had a bad case of it; appendix had already burst. You got her here just in time."

"What's the outlook?"

"Can't tell. She came out of the anesthetic all right." He went into a technical discussion of the dangers of blood-poisoning, concluding: "Still, I should say her chances are good. It depends a good deal on the resistance. However, I think your friend's family ought to be

Stover did not notice the "your friend," nor the look that the doctor gave him.

"She's here alone, as far as I can find out," he said, "poor little thing. I'll call around about midnight."

"No need," said the doctor briskly; "nothing'll develop before to-morrow."

The next morning, as Stover went to his eating-joint with Regan and Hungerford, the newsboy, who had his papers ready, gave them to him with a hesitating look. All at once Joe to go by the senior fence into chapel with Hungerford swore mightily.

every eye upon him, watching how he bore the

"Now what's wrong, Joe?" said Regan, in

surprise.

"Nothing," said Hungerford hastily; but almost immediately he stopped and said in a jerky, worried way: "Say, here's the dickens to pay, Dink. I suppose you ought to know about it. Hang the papers!"

With his finger he indicated a space on the front page of the New York newspaper he was reading. It was only a paragraph, but it rose from the page as if it had been stamped in scarlet:

STOVER'S LARK ENDS SERIOUSLY

Below followed, in suggestive detail, an account of the drive with friends "not exactly in recognized New Haven society," and the sudden seizure of Miss Fanny Le Roy, with an account of his drive back to the hospital.

"That's pretty bad," he said, frowning. "What do the others say?"

One paper had it that his presence of mind and prompt action had saved the girl's life. The third one hinted that the party had been rather gay, and ended in a short sentence:

It is said that other students were with young Stover, who prefer not to incur any unnecessary notoriety.

"It looks ugly," said Stover grimly.

"Who was with you?". said Hungerford anxiously.

"I prefer not to tell."

"Troutman and Schley, of course," said Regan suddenly, and, starting out of his usual imperturbability, he began to revile them.

"But, Dink, old man," said Hungerford, drawing his arm through his, "how the deuce did you ever get into it?"

"Well, Joe, what's the use of explanations?" said Stover gloomily. "Every one'll believe what they want to. It's a thoroughly nasty mess. It's my luck, that's all."

The walk from his eating-joint to the chapel was perhaps the most difficult thing he had ever done. Every one was reading the news, commenting on it, as he passed along, red, proud and angry. He felt the fire of amazed glances, the under classmen looking up at the big man of the junior class in disgrace, his own friends puzzled and uncomprehending.

At the fence there was an excited buzz, which dropped perceptibly as he passed. Regan was at one side, Hungerford loyally on the other. Several men in his class—he remembered them ever after—came up and patted him on the back; one or two avoided him. Then he had

to go by the senior fence into chapel with every eye upon him, watching how he bore the scandal. He knew he was red and uncomfortable, that on his face was something like a sneer. He knew that what every one was saying under his voice was that it was hard luck, that it was a rotten scandal, and that Stover's chances for Skull and Bones were knocked higher than a kite.

Then something happened that almost upset him. In the press about the chapel doors he suddenly saw Le Baron's tall figure across the scrambling mass, and, as their glances met, Le Baron gravely raised his hat. He understood; they might be enemies to the end of their days, but the hat had been raised as the tribute of a man to a man. Once in his seat, he looked about with a little scorn — Troutman and Schley were not there.

After first recitation he went directly to the hospital, stubbornly resolved to give no explanations, to affront public opinion in any way he chose. The news he received was reassuring; the girl was out of danger.

He returned to his rooms, traversing the difficult campus with erect head.

"Now, boy, see here," said Hungerford, when he had climbed the stairs, "I want this out with you. What did happen, and who ran away?"

"You've got the story in the papers, haven't you?" said Stover wearily. "The New Haven ones have got a couple of columns and my photograph."

"Is that all, Dink, you're going to tell me?"

'Yes."

"Is that all you're going to let Jean Story know?" said Hungerford boldly.

Stover winced.

"Hang you, Joe Hungerford!"

"Is it?"

"She'll have to believe what she wants to about me," said Stover slowly. "It's a test."

"No, it isn't a test — or a fair test," said Hungerford hotly. "I know everything's all right, boy, but I want to stop anything that might be said. You're hurt now, because you know you're misjudged."

"Yes, I am hurt."

"Sure; a rotten bit of luck has put you in a false position. That's the whole matter."

"Joe, I won't tell you," said Stover shortly.

"I am mad clear through and through. I'm going to shut up on the whole business. If my friends misjudge me — so much the worse for them; if some one else —" He stopped, flung his hat on the couch, and sat down at the desk. "What's the lesson?"

But at this moment Regan and Story came in, bolting the door. "Well, we've got the truth," said Story. He came over and laid his hand on Dink's shoulder.

"What do you mean?"

"Tom and I have had it out with Schley and Troutman. They've told the whole thing, the miserable little curs!" His voice shook. "You're all right, Dink; you always were. But it's a shame!"

"Oh, well, they lost their nerve," said Stover heavily.

"Why didn't you tell us last night?"

"What was the use?"

"We could have stopped its getting into the

papers, or had it right."

"Well, it all comes down to a question of luck sometimes," said Stover. "I was just as responsible as they were; it was only fooling, but there's the chance."

"Dink, I've done one thing you may not like."

"What's that?"

"I've written the whole story to your folks at home — sent it off."

"No, I don't mind; I — that was rather white of you, Bob; thank you," said Stover. He drew a long breath, went to the window, and controlled himself. "What are Troutman and Schley going to do?"

"They're all broken up," said Story.

"Don't wonder."

"I guess they won't face it out very long,"

said Regan, without pity.

Despite the giving out of the true story, the atmosphere of scandal still clung to the adventure. His friends rallied stanchly to him, but from many quarters Stover felt the attitude of criticism, and that the thing had been too public not to affect the judgment of the senior societies, already none too well disposed.

Stover was sensitively proud, and the thought of how the story had traveled with all its implications wounded him keenly. He had done nothing wrong, nothing for which he had to blush. He had simply acted as a human being, as any decent gentleman would have acted; and yet, by a malignant turn of fate, he was blackguarded to the outer world, and had given his enemies a chance in College to imply that he had two attitudes — one in public and one in secret.

The next morning came a note to him from Jean Story, the first he had ever had from her just a few lines:

My dear Friend:

You are coming in soon to see me, aren't you? I shall be very bonored.

Most cordially,

JEAN STORY.

The note brought a great lump to his throat. He understood what she wished him to under-

stand, her loyalty and her pride in his courage. He read it over and over, and placed it in his pocket-book to carry always. But he did not go at once to see her. He did not want sympathy; he shunned the very thought. Before, in his revolt, he had come against a college tradition; now he was face to face with a social prejudice, and it brought an indignant bitterness.

He called every day at the hospital — out of sheer bravado at first, furious at the public opinion that would have him go his way and ignore a human being alone and suffering.

At the end of a week he was told she wanted to see him. He found her on a cot in a row of other cots. She was not white and drawn, as he had expected, but with a certain flush of color in her face, and lazy eyes that eagerly waited his coming. When he had approached, surprised and a little troubled at her prettiness, she looked at him steadily a long moment, until he felt almost embarrassed. Then suddenly she took his hand and carried it to her lips, and her eyes overflowed with tears, as invalids' eyes do with the strength of any emotion.

The nurse motioned him away, and he went, troubled at what his boyish eyes had seen and at the touch of her lips on his hand.

"By George, she can't be very bad," he thought. "Poor little girl! She's probably never had half a chance. What will become of her?"

He knew nothing of her life — he did not want to know.

When she left the hospital at last, he continued to see her, always saying to himself that there was no harm in it, concealing from himself the pleasure it gave him to know himself adored.

She would never tell him where she lived, always giving him a rendezvous on a certain corner, from which they would take a walk for an hour or so. Guessing his desires, she began to change her method of dress, leaving aside artifices and taking to simple and sober dress, which brought a new, girlish, timid charm.

"I am doing her good," Stover said to himself. "It means something to her to meet some one who treats her with respect — like a human being — poor little girl!"

He did not realize how often he met her, leaving his troubled room-mates with a curt excuse, nor how rapidly he consumed the distance to their meeting-place. He had talked to her at first seriously, of serious things; then gradually, laughing in a boyish way, half tempted, he began to pay her compliments. At first she laughed with a little pleasure, but, as the new attitude continued, he felt her eyes on his face constantly in anxious, wistful scrutiny.

One night she did not keep her appointment. He waited, troubled, then furious. He left after an hour's lingering, irritable and aroused.

The next night, as he approached impatiently, half afraid, she was already at the lamp-post.

"I waited an hour," he said directly.

"I'm sorry; I couldn't come," she answered, troubled, but without volunteering an explanation.

"Why?" he said, with a new irritation.

"I couldn't," she said, shaking her head.

her desirable. He wondered what he might do with her. As they walked, still in silence, he put out his hand and his fingers closed over hers. She did not draw them away. He gave a deep breath and said:

"I would like --- "

"What?" she said softly, looking up as his pressure made her face him.

He put out his arms and took her in them, and they stood a long moment, their lips meeting.



"HE WENT TO JEAN WITH A MECHANICAL CHEERINESS, SAYING:
'GOOD-BY; YOU'RE LOOKING SPLENDID'"

He felt all at once a new impulse in him to wound her in some way and make her suffer a little for the disappointment he had had to undergo the night before.

"You know, I'm getting jealous," he said abruptly.

"No, no," she said, frowning.

"I am." Then suddenly he added: "That's probably why you stayed — to make me jealous."

"Never."

"Why, then?"

"I can't tell you," she said.

They walked along in silence. Her resistance in withholding the information suddenly made "Forgive me — I — " he said, confused. "You're not offended?"

"No; you couldn't do that — ever," she said quietly.

"You were so pretty to-night, I couldn't help it," he said, lying. And to himself he said he wouldn't take her in his arms again — not that night.

"Let me take you to your home," he said, when, after small conversation, they returned. "Yes."

He was surprised and delighted at this, but almost immediately, to be generous, he said:

"No, no, I won't."

"Just as you wish."

They had reached their corner.

"To-morrow."

"Yes."

"At eight."

"Yes."

He resisted a great temptation and offered his hand. She took it suddenly in both of hers and brought it to her lips, as she had done in the hospital.

"I never did that to any man," she said reverently. "Remember."

When he left her, her words came back to him and brought an unrest. It was a side of her life that he did not know, that he did not want to touch, he said to himself. The next day seemed endless. He regretted that he had not gone to where she lived, for then he could have found her in the afternoon.

A shower passed during the day, leaving the streets moist and luminous with long lances of light and star-points on the wet stones. He went breathlessly, as he had never gone before, thinking always of that vivid moment when he had taken her lips.

"It's only a little flirting," he said to himself.
"It'll do no harm. I'll be careful."

When he reached the lamp-post another figure was there — Muriel Stacey, painted and over-dressed. In her hand was a letter. He stopped short, frowning.

"Where's Fanny?"

"She sent you this letter," said the girl. "She's gone."

"Gone!"

"This morning."

He looked at the envelop; his name was written there in a childish, struggling hand.

"All right; thank you," he said, suffocating. He left hurriedly, physically uncomfortable in the presence of Muriel Stacey, her friend. At the first lamp-post he stopped, broke the envelop, and read the awkward, painfully written script:

I'm going away; it's best for you and me. I know it. I would care too much, and I'm not good enough for you. Please don't be angry with me. I'm sorry. God bless you. FANNY.

He slipped it hurriedly in his pocket and set off at a wild pace. And suddenly his conscience, his accusing conscience, rose up. Now that all was ended, he saw where he had been going. It brought him a solemn moment. Then he remembered the girl. He took the letter from his pocket and pressed it to his lips.

"Good God!" he said. "I wonder what'll become of her?"

He went into the busy streets with their flare and ceaseless motions, in the wet of the

night, watching with solemn, melancholy eyes the women who passed him with sidelong glances. All the horror and the hopelessness of a life he could not better rushed over him, and he stood a long while, looking down the great bleak ways, through the gate that it is better not to open.

Then, in a revulsion of feeling, terrified at what he divined, he left, and went, almost with an instinct for protection, hurriedly to the Story house, white under the elms. He did not go in, but he stood a little while opposite, looking in through the warm windows at the serenity and safety of the home.

When he returned to his rooms, Joe and Regan were there. He sat down directly and told them the whole story, showing them the letter.

"She went away — for my sake," he said. "I know it. Poor little girl! It's a letter I'll always keep." Solemnly, taking the letter, he resolved to put this with the one, the first from Jean Story.

"What's terrible about it," he said, talking out his soul, "is that there's so much good in them. And yet, what can you do? They're human, they respond, you can't help pitying them — wanting to be decent, to help — and you can't. It's terrible to think that there are certain doors in life you open and close, that you must turn your back on human lives sometimes, that things can't be changed."

He stopped, and he heard Regan's voice, moved as he had never heard it, say:

"That's my story; only I - married."

Suddenly, as though realizing for the first time what he had said, he burst out: "Good God, I never meant to tell! See here, you men, that's sacred — you understand."

And Dink and Joe, looking on his face, realized all at once why a certain gentler side of life was shut out to him, and why he had never gone to the Storys'.

CHAPTER XXVII

ONE result of Stover's sobering experience with Fanny Le Roy was that he met the problem of the senior society with directness and honesty. What Brockhurst had said of the injurious effect of secrecy and ceremony on the imagination had always been with him. Yet, in his desire to stand high in the eyes of Jean Story, to win the honors she prized, he had quibbled over the question. Now the glimpse he had had into the inscrutable verities of human tragedy had all at once lifted him above the importance of local standards, with but one desire — to be true to himself.

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The tests that had come to him in his college life had brought with them a maturity of view beyond that of his fellows. He saw that, while certain individuals, among them Hungerford and Regan, laughed at the bugbear of secrecy and went their way unconcerned, a great number, more impressionable, had been ruled from the beginning by fear alone.

With the aims and purposes of Skull and Bones he was in thorough sympathy — their independence of judgment, their seeking out of men who had to contend with poverty, their desire to reward ambition and industry and character; but the more he freely acknowledged their influence for democracy and simplicity at Yale, the more he revolted at the unnecessary fetish of it all.

Then a problem placed itself before him. Admitting that he had even the ghost of a chance of being tapped, ought he to go into a senior society feeling as he did about so many of its observances, resolved on their elimination? Finally, a week before Tap Day, he decided to go to Judge Story and frankly state his case, letting him know that he preferred thus to give notice of his beliefs.

When he arrived at the Story home, the Judge was upstairs in his study. Jean, alone in the parlor, looked up in surprise at Dink's expressed intention to see her father. Since her letter they had never been alone. Stover had avoided it, rather shrinking from sympathy; and, perhaps guessing his temperament, she had made no attempt to go beyond the safe boundaries of formal intercourse.

"Yes, indeed; Dad's upstairs," she said. Then she added a little anxiously: "You look very serious; is it a very serious matter?"

would oppose him.

"It's something that's been on my mind for a long time," he said evasively; and he added, with a smile: "It's what you call my quixotic fit."

"It's about Skull and Bones," she said instantly.

"Yes, it is."

"What are you going to say?"

"I'm going to tell him just where I stand just what I've come to believe about the whole happily, sitting down. business."

"And what's that?"

"That Skull and Bones, which does a great deal of good here, - I believe it, - also does a great deal of harm, all of which is unnecessary and a weakness in its system. In a word, I've come to the point where I believe secrecy is un-American, undemocratic, and stultifying. I shall always be against it."

"But aren't you exaggerating the importance of it all?" she said hastily.

"No, I'm not," he said. "I used to silence myself with that, but I see the thing working out too plainly."

"But why speak about it?"

"Because I don't think it's honest not to. Of course," he added immediately, "I have about one chance in a thousand — perhaps that's why I'm so all-fired direct about it."

"I wish you wouldn't," she said, rising and coming toward him. "It might offend them terribly; you never know."

He shook his head, though her eagerness gave him a sudden happiness.

"No; I've thought it out a long while, and I've decided. It all goes back to that sophomore society scrap. I made up my mind then that I wasn't going to compromise."

"But I want to see you go Bones," she said, all in a rush. "After all you've gone through, you must go Bones."

He did not answer this.

"Oh, it's so unnecessary!" she said. "No one but you would think of it."

"Don't be angry with me," he said, a little troubled.

"I am — it's absurd!" she said, turning away with a flash of temper.

"I'm sorry," he said, and went up the stairs.

When he returned he found a very different Jean Story. She was waiting for him, quiet and subdued, without a trace of her late irritation.

"Did you tell him?" she said gently.

"What did he say?"

"I didn't ask for an answer. I told him how He hesitated, knowing instinctively that she I felt, and that I would rather my opinions should be known. That's all."

> "Are you going?" she said, as he made a movement.

> "I didn't know -- " he said, hesitating and looking at her.

"I am not angry," she said a little wistfully. "You were quite right. I'm glad you did it. You are much bigger than I could be. I like that."

"You were the first to wake me up," he said

"Yes, but you have gone so far ahead. You do things without compromise, and that sometimes frightens me." She stopped a moment, and said, looking at him steadily: "You have kept away a long while. Now, you see, you are caught. You can't avoid being alone with me."

"I don't want to," he said abruptly.

"You are so proud, Dink," she said softly, using his nickname for the first time. "I have never seen any one so proud. Everything you the others fared better, with the exception of do, I think, comes from that. But it must make Regan, who had rumbled peacefully through you suffer terribly."

"Yes, it does."

They were in the front parlor, which was dimly lit, sitting on the window-seat, hearing from time to time the passing chug of horses' feet.

"I knew how it must have hurt you - all this publicity," she said slowly. "Why didn't you come, as I wrote you? Were you too proud?"

"Yes, I suppose so; and then, it didn't seem

fair to you, after all the talk."

"I was proud of you," she said, raising her head a little. She put out her hand again, leaving it in his for a long time, while they sat in silence. The touch that once had so disturbed him brought now only a gentle serenity. He thought of the other woman, and what might have been, with almost a hatred — the hatred of man toward whatever he wrongs.

"You are right about me," he said slowly. "Most people think I don't care what happens, that I'm sort of a thick-skinned rhinoceros. How did you know?"

"I knew."

She withdrew her hand slowly, without resistance on his part; only, when he held it no longer, he felt alone, abandoned to the blackness of the street outside.

"I've kept my promise to you, Jean," he said a little unsteadily, "but don't make it too hard."

She rose, and he followed. Together they stood in the shadows of the embrasure, only half seeing each other. But he knew that her large eyes were looking out at him with the look of the woman that he had first called forth when he had wounded the pride of the girl.

"I am glad you didn't listen to me just now," she said slowly.

"When?"

"When you went upstairs to Dad. You will never weaken, I know." She came a little toward him, and, understanding, he took her gently, wonderingly, in his arms. "It's going to be very hard for you," she said, "Tap Day, to stand there and know that you may be misjudged. I should be very proud to announce our engagement that same day."

who came to him in unflinching loyalty, whose only interest would be his interest, who would know no other life but his life, nor ask anything better than to take up the struggle that cinch. Well, let's get into the mess." should be his struggle.

Tap Day arrived at last, cloudy and misty. He had slept badly, in fits and starts; nor had looking at the clock that each had seen.

the night — but then, Regan was one whom others sought. The morning was interminable, a horror. They did not even joke about the approaching ordeal. No one was so sure of election but that the possible rejection of some chum cast its gloom over the day.

Dink ran over a moment after lunch, with Bob, for a last word with Jean. She was going, with her father and mother, to see the tapping from a window in Durfee.

"I shall see only you," she said to him, with her hands in his and her loyal eyes shining. "I shall be proud of the way you take it."

"So you think I won't be tapped?" he said slowly.

"It means so little now," she said; "that can't add a feather's weight to what you are."

They went back to their rooms, joining Hungerford and Regan, who were whiling away the time playing piquet.

"Here," said Tom, in relief, when they entered, "one of you fellows keep Joe entertained. The darn fool has suddenly made up his mind he's going to be passed over."

Regan, relinquishing his place, went back to his book.

"Why, Joe, you fluffy ass," said Story affectionately, "you're the surest of the lot. Shut up - cheer us up instead."

"Look at that mound of jelly," said Hungerford peevishly, pointing to Regan; "has he any nerves?"

"What's the use of fidgeting?" said Regan. An hour later Hungerford stretched his arms nervously, rose and consulted the clock.

"Four-fifteen; let's hike over in about twenty minutes."

"All right."

"Say, I don't mind saying that I feel as though I were going to be taken out, stuck full of holes, sawed up, drawn and quartered, and boiled alive. I feel like jumping on an express and running away."

Stover remembered Joe's keen suffering at the spectacle back in freshman year, and said gravely:

"You're sure, Joe. You'll go among the first. Come back with smelling-salts for me. Then he knew that he held in his arms one I've got to stand through the whole thing and grin like a Cheshire cat — that's de rigueur. Do you remember how bully Dana was when he missed out? Funny — I thought I had a

> The four went together over toward the junior fence, already swarming.

> "Ten minutes of five," said Hungerford,

"Yes."

Some one stopped Stover to wish him good luck. He looked down on a diminutive figure in large spectacles, trying to recall him.

"I - I wanted to wish you the best," he

said, stammering a little.

"Oh, it's Wookey," said Stover suddenly. He "Well, boy, shook hands, rather troubled. there's not much chance for me."

"Oh, I hope so."

"Thanks just the same."

"Hello, Dink, old fellow."

"Put her there."

"You know what we all want?"

He was in another group, patted on the back, his arm squeezed, listening to the welcome loyalty of those who knew him.

"Lord, if they'd only have sense enough!"

He smiled and made his way toward his three friends, exchanging salutations.

"Luck, Dink."

"Same to you, Tommy Bain."

"Here's wishing."

"Back to you, Dopey."

"You've got my vote."

"Thanks."

He joined his room-mates under the tree, looking over the heads to the windows of Durfee, where he saw Jean Story with her father and mother. Presently, seeking everywhere, she saw him. Their eyes met, he lifted his cap, she nodded slightly. From that moment he knew she would see no one else.

"Let's keep together," said Regan. "Lock arms."

The four stood close together, arms gripped, resisting the press that crushed them together, speaking no more, hearing about them the curious babble of the under classmen.

Above their heads the chapel bell broke over them with its five decisive strokes, swallowed him. up in the roar of the College:

"Yea!"

"Here he comes."

"First man for Bones."

"Reynolds!"

From where he stood, Stover could see nothing. Only the traveling roar of the crowd told of the coming senior. Then there was a stir in the crowd near him, and Reynolds, in black many heads. I don't wonder. derby, came directly for them - pushed them aside, and suddenly slapped some one behind. neath the crowd, pressing it unseen.

A roar went up again.

"Who was it?" said Story quickly.

"Hunter - Jim Hunter."

The next moment Hunter, white as a sheet, bumped at his side and passed, followed by Down the convulsive lane the crowd opened to him.

Roar followed roar, and reports came thick:

"Stòne's gone Keys."

"Three Wolf's Head men in the crowd."

"McNab gets Keys."

"Hooray!"

"Dopey's tapped!"

"Bully!"

"Wiggin's fourth man for Bones."

Still no one came their way. Then all at once a Bones man, wandering in the crowd, came up behind Bob Story, caught him by the shoulders, swung him around to make sure, and gave him the slap.

Regan, Hungerford, and Stover's voices rose above the uproar:

"Bully, Bob!"

"Good work!"

"Hooray for you!"

Almost immediately Regan received the eighth tap for Bones, and went toward his room amid the thundering cheers of a popular choice.

"Well, here we are, Dink," said Hungerford.

"You're next."

About them the curious spectators pressed, staring up into their faces for any sign of emotion, struggling to reach them, with the dramatic instinct of the crowd. Four more elections were given out by Bones - only three places remained.

"That settles me," said Stover, between his teeth. "If they wanted me I'd gone among the first. Joe's going to get last place. Bully for him! He's the best fellow in the class."

He folded his arms and smiled with the consciousness of a decision accepted. He saw Hungerford's face, and the agony of suspense to his sensitive nerves.

"Cheer up, Joe; it's last place for you."

Then another shout.

"Bones or Keys?" he asked of those around

"Bones."

"Charley Stacey."

"Thirteenth man."

"I was sure of it," he said calmly to himself. Then he glanced up at the window. Her eyes had never left him. He straightened up with a new defiance. "Lord, I'd like to have got it just for Jean. Well, I knocked against too

Suddenly Hungerford caught his hand under-

"Last man for Bones now, Dink," he said, looking into his eyes. "I hope to God it's you."

"Why, you old chump," said Stover, laughing so all heard him. "Bless your heart, I don't mind. Here's to you."

Above the broken, fitful cheers, suddenly came a last swelling roar:

"Bones!"

"Last man."

The crowd, as though divining the election, divided, opening a path toward where the two friends waited, Hungerford staring blankly, Stover, arms still folded, waiting steadily, with a smile of acceptation on his lips.

It was Le Baron. He came like a black tornado, rushing over the ground straight toward the tree. Once some one stumbled into his path, and he caught him and flung him aside. Straight to the two he came, never deviating, straight past Dink Stover, and, suddenly switching around, almost knocked him to the ground with the crash of his blow.

"Go to your room!"

It was the shout of electrifying drama, the voice of his society speaking to the College.

Some one caught Stover. He straightened up, trying to collect his wits, utterly unprepared for the shock. About him pandemonium broke loose. Still dazed, he felt Hungerford leap at him, crying in his ears:

"God bless you, old man! It's great, great they rose to it. It's the finest ever!"

He began to move mechanically toward his room, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. He started toward the library, and some one swung him around. He heard them cheering; then he saw hundreds of faces, wild-eyed, rushing past him. He stumbled, and suddenly his eyes were blurred with tears, and he knew how much he cared, after the long months of rebellion, to be no longer an outsider, but with the stamp of approval on his record.

The last thing he remembered, through his swimming vision, was Joe Hungerford, hatless and swinging his arms as though he had gone crazy, leading a cheer — and the cheer was for Bones.

That night, even before he went to the Storys', Stover went out, arm in arm with Hungerford, across the quiet campus, so removed from the fray of the afternoon.

"Joe, it breaks me all up," he said at last.
"You and I waiting there ——"

"Don't speak of it, old fellow," said Hunger-

ford. "Now let me talk. I did want to make it, but, by George, I know now it's better I didn't. I've had everything I wanted in this world; this is the first I couldn't get. It's better for me; I know it already."

"You were clean grit, Joe, cheering for Bones."

"By George, I meant it! It meant something to feel they could rise up and know a man; and you've hit pretty close to them, old boy."

"Yes, I have, but I've believed it."

"It shows the stuff that's here," said Hungerford, "when you once can get to it. Now I take off my hat to them."

Brockhurst joined them.

"Well, the smoke's rolled away," said Brockhurst, who likewise had missed out. "It's over — all over. Now we'll settle down to peace and quiet — relax."

"The best time's coming," said Hungerford.
"We'll live as we please and really enjoy life.
It's the real time; every one says so."

"Yes," said Brockhurst, rebel to the last; "but why couldn't it come before?"

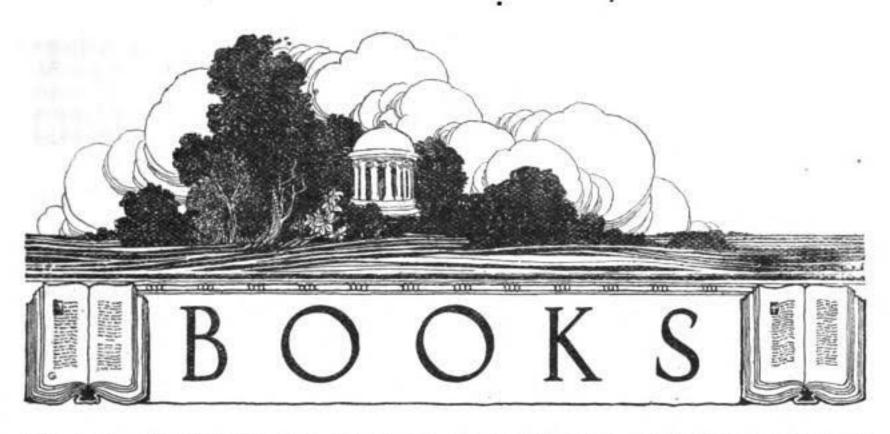
"Well, now, old croaker," said Hungerford, with a little heat, "own up the old College comes up to the scratch. We've surrendered the sophomore society system, and the seniors showed to-day that they could recognize honest criticism. That's pretty fine, I say."

"You're pretty fine, Joe," said Brockhurst, to their surprise. "Well, it's good enough as it is. It takes an awful lot to stir it, but it's the most sensitive of the American colleges, and it will respond. It wants to do the right thing. Some day it'll see it. I'm a crank, of course." He stopped, and Stover felt in his voice a little note of bitterness. "The trouble with me is just that. I'm unpractical — have strange ideas. I'm not satisfied with Yale as a magnificent factory on democratic business lines. I dream of something else, something visionary, a great institution, not of boys, clean, lovable, and honest, but of men of brains, of courage, of leadership, a great center of thought, to stir the country and bring it back to the understanding of what man creates with his imagination and dares with his will. It's visionary. It will come."

THE END

"In the Wireless House," the best story Mr. Arthur Train has written, begins in the June McClure's — out May 24th. It deals with an absorbing drama that took place on a great trans-Atlantic liner.

Mr. Owen Johnson's new serial, "The Sixty-first Second," will begin in an early issue.



T is a well-established fact that in the making of books there are inevitable off years of slender product. Scattered here and there are exceptional examples of skilled cultivation, compelling admiration by force of their isolated position rather than by real and decisive excellence. The year 1912 has, thus far, revealed very few competitors that can prevail successfully against the conquerors of 1911; that is, be it understood, speaking in terms of the "best sellers," from which apparently there is no appeal.

From another viewpoint, a glimpse of the lists this season shows a few aspirants to fame, and some sturdy ones at that. Take, for example, Emerson Hough's "John Rawn" (Bobbs-Merrill), strongly reminiscent of the pen of Frank Norris. John Rawn is the most portentous figure Mr. Hough has yet drawn, and looms large as a culture of crude egotism and its reaction. John Rawn began life believing in himself. Until he reached forty no one shared this belief except his wife. She had to; he made her. At that interesting age he stole another man's invention and swept out into the financial world like a Juggernaut, crying his slogan, "Look at me!" He put aside his old wife and took a handsomer one. Trouble followed swiftly; but, quite consistently, his serenity was only momentarily disturbed. He brushed his second family away and proceeded through shame and dishonor to his self-appointed end. "John Rawn" leaves one a bit shaken at the shadow, passing over, of what a man may be a grisly, dastardly shape of destruction.



It is a relief to turn from ugly John Rawn to Owen Johnson's refreshing record of a clean

young man in the making, "Stover at Yale" (Stokes). Mr. Johnson is so recently out of Yale himself that his narrative gives almost the intimate impression of biography. "Stover at Yale" is the romance of awakening youth and formative manhood—the rejection of hoary systems and the insistence upon individual selection. Stover is an extremely capable young man, even though his development into a. college insurgent was accompanied by many growing-pains. Life to the college youth is a serious matter, and Mr. Johnson has made a book showing that the boy does well in taking "Dink" Stover goes through a course of college politics, calf-love,—which becomes something better,— close harmony and football, and the attrition yields a well-burnished product. Little mention is made of text-books, Stover really didn't find much time for them. After all, it doesn't take a book or nine tailors to make a man.



The story of another progressive is "The Fighting Doctor" (Century), by Helen R. Martin. That the author knows the Pennsylvania Dutch was shown in her "Tillie, a Mennonite Maid"; and this little love story concerns a self-confident doctor who settled in that section and proceeded to inject new ideas into a refractory mass of medievalism. He succeeded, but, quite against his will, fell head over heels in love with a Dutch lassie who was teaching school because she needed the money. The doctor didn't suspect it and was a long time finding out; but when he did - well, he married her. It is a neat little romance, but shows not much real sympathy for the Mennonites - where sympathy is needed.

118 BOOKS

Comes Gilbert K. Chesterton, after having pleased us greatly with "The Innocence of Father Brown," with a newer conception of innocence in "Manalive" (Lane). "Manalive" rejoices in the name of Innocent Smith; "rejoices" advisedly, for he rejoices in everything, from drinking California claret to pistoling college dons. In weird garments, he wanders catlike over tiles and housetops, soliloquizing boisterously on the insanity of the sane. Too late to be convincing, he develops the method in his madness — to teach the world by delirious example that one is never too old to be young or too ugly to be attractive, and vice versa. Can it be that George Bernard Shaw has at last got under Mr. Chesterton's skin?



A "wee bit doggie" was Bobby, of Greyfriars kirkyard in Edinburgh — a little Skye terrier with hair in his eyes and loyalty in his small heart. Auld Jock, the shepherd, was his master during Bobby's first year of life. Then Auld Jock was buried in Greyfriars, and every night for the next fifteen years Bobby guarded his master's grave. Eleanor Atkinson, in "Greyfriars Bobby" (Harper's), tells the true story of this little "leal Hielander": how, time and again, he outwitted the mere stupid humans who would have shut him from his post; and how he won the friendship of the whole city-full of people, from the soldiers of the Castle to the children of the ragged tenements. He was rewarded by municipal act for his fealty with a silver collar and the freedom of the city, and after he was laid beside Auld Jock in Greyfriars a public monument was erected to his memory. It is a bonny story and points a pretty moral.



William H. Rideing once wrote an article about Oliver Wendell Holmes. Dr. Holmes read it, and said that "it was written as one gentleman should write of another." That is the atmosphere pervading every page of Mr. Rideing's "Many Celebrities and a Few Others" (Doubleday, Page). A more satisfying introduction to the great figures of a generation ago in the literary and artistic life of New York, Boston, and London would be difficult to find. Mr. Rideing presents his old friends in the same courteous and companionable way in which he and young Edgar Fawcett and Barrymore met around the table at "Oscar's" thirty-Horace Greeley, Thomas five years ago. Bailey Aldrich, Mark Twain, Wilkie Collins,

E. A. Abbey, and Charles Reade smile at us from these pages — many another, unknown perhaps, grasps our hand warmly in passing. To sit at the Reideing reminiscence table makes one feel almost as Edmund Clarence Stedman put it on such an occasion: "Haven't we had a good time of it — all among ourselves!"



It isn't necessary any longer to go to Washington to learn how your taxes are spent. Frederic J. Haskin's "The American Government" (Lippincott) has all the information. This book is a most useful and exhaustive compilation of facts concerning the operation of the national governmental machinery given in readable and interesting form. It answers every query, from "What is a President, and why?" down to the government's rules for punctuation and spelling. It is surprising and gratifying to learn how many fatherly things Uncle Sam is doing for his people every day. One feels, after reading Mr. Haskin's book, that perhaps, after all, the government does give a profitable return for its upkeep.



"The Butterfly House" (Dodd, Mead), by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, is a story of a New Jersey suburban town in which a lie is told with an unexpected recoil upon the liar, and a very pretty girl falls in love with the minister in a rose garden. The very pretty girl is the author of a popular anonymous novel, but no one suspects it. She carelessly tells a woman friend, and that unwholesome lady publicly announces it as her own. Result—complications, from which all but the liar are adroitly extricated. Mrs. Freeman is a clever exhibitor of character, but she gives one the uncomfortable impression of a show woman whose animals perform well, not for a reward, but because they are prodded.



Quite a different series of events is described in "The Mystery of Number 47" (Moffat, Yard), in which J. Storer Clouston has produced a delicate burlesque on the methods of the detective of fiction. Mrs. Irwin Molyneux left home to avoid entertaining her husband's cousin, a pink and bewhiskered bishop. A crime is scented and a complex sequence of incidents follows which involves nearly every one in London, until Mrs. Molyneux gets lonesome and returns. Mr. Clouston wrote this yarn with a grin on his face. That is the way to read it.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN OUR GOVERNMENT BY COURTS

ROOSEVELT'S PLAN OF CURBING

BY S. S. McCLURE

THE proposal viewed with greatest agitation by the ultra-conservatives in this campaign was one advanced by Theodore Roosevelt in an address before the Constitutional convention of Ohio at Columbus, and since widely discussed as the recall of decisions. Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion was this: When a law is passed by a State legislature, and signed by a Governor, and the courts decide that the Constitution of the State forbids the passage of such a law, then the people of the State shall be given a chance to vote whether or not they wish this law to stand. The plan was proposed specifically for States; inferentially it may be considered a possibility for the federal government also.

The proposal, stated in a more general way, is this: American courts are now the judges of what laws American legislatures may or may not pass under our written constitutions. The people of a State should be allowed to approve or disapprove of the decisions of their courts, when these veto the acts of their legislature.

To European observers, this is a most extraordinary campaign issue, to stir into turmoil the chief republic of the world at the opening of the twentieth century. For, in the first place, the courts of the great nations of Europe have no such powers as these to take away; and, in the second, for decades — in one case for centuries the proposal to give such powers to them would be considered highly reactionary and undemocratic.

ISSUE WHICH DEPOSED THE STUARTS

In England this matter was settled as a campaign issue now something more than two hundred years ago — in the great political campaign which set the Stuarts off the throne of England.

Smith of the University of Washington, in his "Spirit of American Government," "to the period preceding the Revolution of 1688, it seems to be clearly established that the English courts claimed and in a few instances exercised the power to annul acts of Parliament. . . . trace of the judicial negative disappeared. From that time on the right of Parliament to be constitutional judge of its own powers has not been seriously questioned."

This principle of the English parliamentary government was thoroughly understood when our convention framed our federal Constitution. But the power of the legislature to judge what acts it could pass was deliberately withdrawn from it and given to the courts. This was done for the simple and avowed purpose of controlling and making more difficult the expression of opinion of the popular majority. The change was a chief feature of the famous system of "checks and balances," the division of government into three independent parts, to prevent hasty action through the "passions" of the people.

CHECK FOR PEOPLE'S "PASSIONS"

Alexander Hamilton, as leader of the aristocratic element in the convention, was its special advocate. His first plan for the federal government proposed a supreme Executive, indirectly elected for life, with an absolute veto upon the acts of the legislature. Failing this, he turned to the proposal of a Supreme Court. The members of this body were made appointive, not elective, were given a life tenure of office and a veto upon all legislation conflicting with their interpretation of the Constitution.

"Though professing to follow the English model," says Professor Smith, in another section of his "Spirit of American Government," "the framers of the Constitution, as a matter of fact, rejected it. They not only gave the federal judges a life tenure, but made that tenure unqualified and absolute, the power which Parlia-"If we go back," says Professor J. Allen ment has to demand the removal of judges being carefully withheld from the American Congress. . . . The most important attribute of sovereignty, that of interpreting the Constitution for the purposes of law-making, which belonged to Parliament as a matter of course, was withheld from Congress and conferred on the federal judi-But with the Revolution of 1688, which estab- ciary. . . . A more powerful check upon demolished the supremacy of Parliament, the last cratic innovation it would be hard to devise."

It is first cousin to blasphemy in the United States, as every political campaign loudly testifies, to assert that our government under our Constitution is less democratic than that of any other country in the world. But it is exactly because our system of checks and balances so interferes with a simple and direct expression of the majority opinion that one country after another has taken it up, examined it, and put it aside, to adopt the direct majority rule provided for in the parliamentary system of England.

France, who, under the same impulse as ourselves, adopted our mechanical division of government into three independent branches, dropped it early in the nineteenth century for the English form; Germany took up the parliamentary system, and Spain and Italy, and the great English colonies. And in recent years new nations, thoroughly studying governmental forms for their own adoption, have almost invariably pronounced against ours and for the English. The new Federation of South Africa did this; Japan did the same; and now Argentina is discarding our governmental form and taking up the parliamentary form of England.

The fact is that the civilized nations of the world, by an almost unanimous vote, are discarding the system of "checks and balances" which constitutes the American form of government. They are establishing instead the English plan, a system designed to register simply and accurately the will of the majority of the people. And in doing this they are in many ways leaving the United States behind in the advance of democracy.

A GOVERNMENT BY COURTS

Now, it was our courts that were especially counted upon by the makers of our federal Constitution to check the direct expression of popular opinion, and which by a natural adoption of governmental machinery were made to fulfil the same purpose in our States. But, though they were proposed for this purpose, the strength they were to develop in the past century could not have been imagined when their unusual power was originally given them.

The Constitution was written in the last part of the eighteenth century; immediately after there began the most revolutionary series of veto the legislature's acts, the people shall deeconomic and social changes in the history of the world. One after another, the new laws concerning these and directing the whole course of a new civilization came up from the legislature to the courts for their decision as to whether they accorded with the terms of a document drawn before the conditions of the new social life had been dreamed of. Nominally this process

might be called interpretation; practically, it became more and more government by courts, a new, unclassified thing on the face of the earth.

The great new problems which this century brought up were economic; the new division of opinion in society was economic - drawn between the property-holding and non-propertyholding classes; and the new laws of primary importance, which came from the legislature to the courts for their interpretation, dealt principally with the chief new struggle for readjustment, in the new century, between property and individual rights.

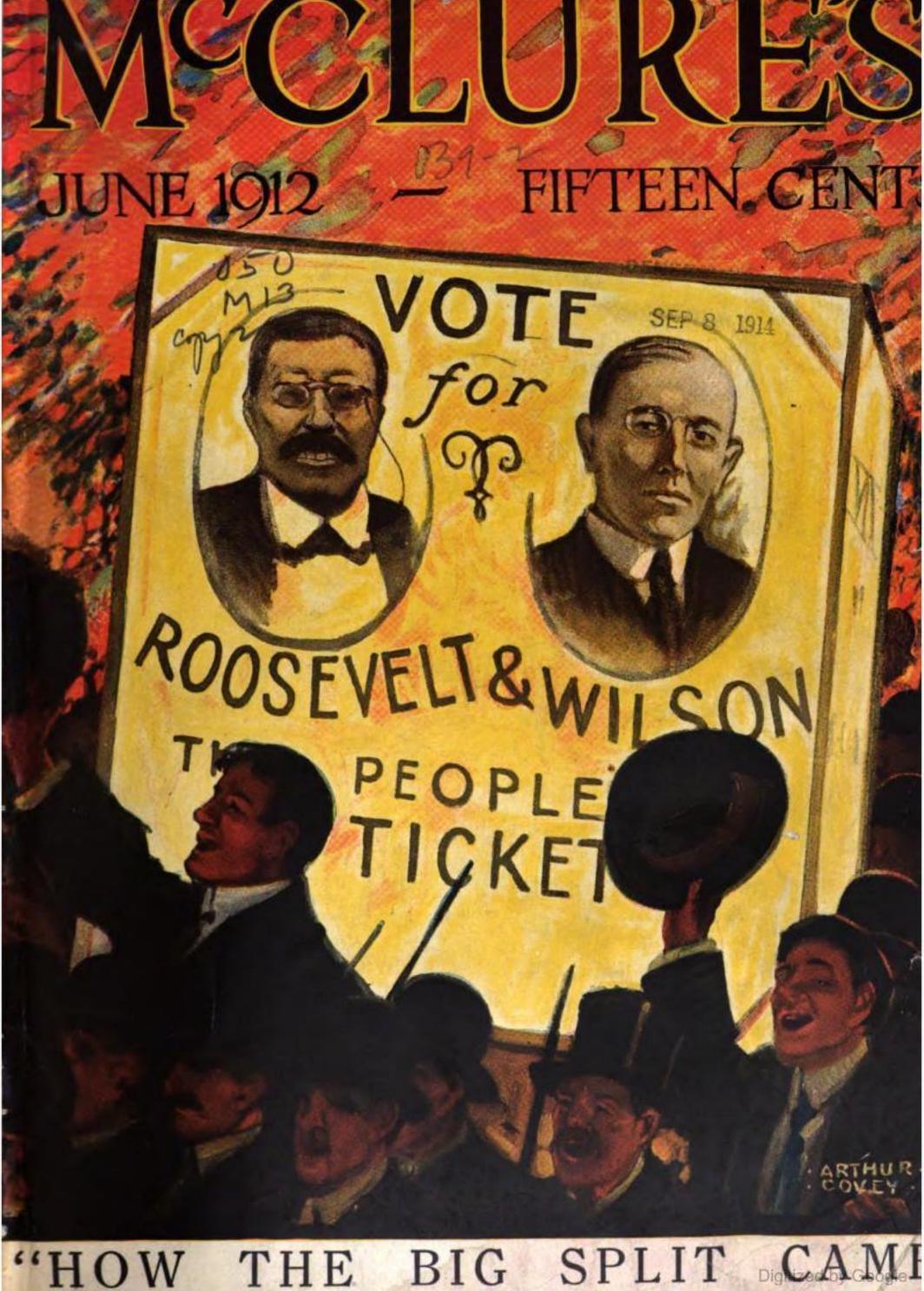
WHERE EUROPE IS MORE DEMOCRATIC

The non-property-holding class is naturally in a majority in modern society; and everywhere established privileges have been used to hold the balance of power against it. In Europe the right of voting franchise and of representation is greatly more restricted than in America. But, in spite of that, in no great modern country in the world, under the simple form of division of the parliamentary form of government, has the attitude of the new economic legislation been so conservative and ungenerous to the great majority of the population in the country's economic life as here.

Safety legislation for the protection of workmen against accident, state insurance, employers' liability for death and injury, pensions for old age, all this type of legislation advances faster in Europe than America. And it is nobody's secret where the chief check and delay in this most important of all modern legislation has come in the United States. It has come in the courts — and particularly in their interpretation of the provisions in the State and national constitutions of the rights of property against the rights of the individual.

Under these circumstances Mr. Roosevelt's proposal can hardly be considered dangerous. If he had proposed that we allow the legislature itself to be the judge of the constitutionality of its acts, and so take the entire power of interpretation of the Constitution away from our courts, he would have merely advanced into the position of the other leading countries of the world. But he merely proposes that when the courts cide which interpretation of the Constitution they believe should stand — the legislature's or the courts'.

It is difficult to see how the "passions" of the people could be more tempered by the influence of time and discussion than in this process provided rule by popular majority is to be maintained as a general principle of government.



Reported by Samuel G. Blythe



Have your boy or girl send 4c for postage and receive a little sack of Gold Medal Flour. Washburn-Crosby Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

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VINCENT ASTOR, SUDDENLY MADE ONE OF THE GREAT LANDOWNERS OF NEW YORK BY THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER, COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR, AT THE SINKING OF THE "TITANIC"

PERMANENT OWNERS OF NEW YORK

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

York are to-day, precisely as were their predecessors in the early part of the nineteenth century, the owners of New York. They invested their fortunes, not in railroads or in shipping the face of changing economic circumstances; or in manufactures, but in America's most and that steadily and surely increase from productive source of wealth—the soil of Man-

THE old Knickerbocker families of New hattan Island. They are the city's landed aristocracy; they represent essentially the only American fortunes that endure from generation to generation; that maintain their own in year to year.



Taken as a mass, these Knickerbocker names, or the names of their immediate descendants, probably represent not far from \$1,000,000,000 in New York landed property.

The Astors and their numerous collateral branches own at least \$500,000,000; the Goelets, the Gerrys and the Gallatins, all Goelet descendants, control at least \$150,000,-000; the Rhinelanders, with their branches, hold not far from \$100,000,000; the heirs of Henry Spingler and Garret Storm represent another \$50,000,000; and the present generation of the Wendels have in the neighborhood of \$40,000,000. If we join with these the other large landed estates, represented by the Beekmans, the Stuyvesants, the Enos, the Schermerhorns, and four or five others. we shall reach a total not far removed from the billion mark.

For the larger part, the New York landed families acquired their property when it was vacant farm or marsh or rock, years before the most prophetic foresaw the present metropolis. At the beginning of the nineteenth century New York extended only a short distance beyond the present City Hall. Those familiar with the island to-day, with its angular streets, its acres of ugly tenements, its elevated roads, its skyscrapers, and its miscellaneous warehouse buildings, can hardly picture it as

> trious veomanry. It had its white and well-kept farmhouses, its pastures, its sheep-ranges, its old country roads, - all obliterated now except the Bowery and Broadway, - its lakes, its ponds, and a multitude of beautiful wåtercourses running through its valleys and Revolution, was the first to purchase extensively these Knickerbocker farms. He invested in this way his entire accumulations in the fur trade. We are nearly

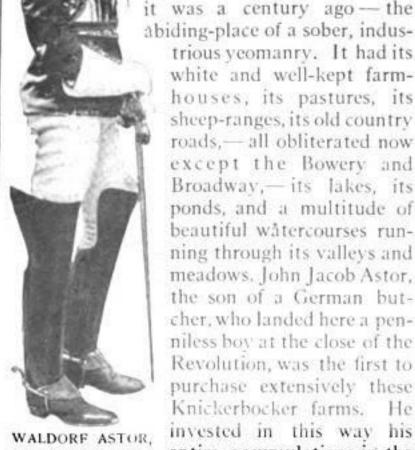


THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGH (MAY GOELET), WHO OWNS \$20,000,000 IN NEW YORK LAND

all familiar with his story: how the million dollars which he placed in vacant land grew to be \$20,000,000 at the time of his death; how it was increased in the hands of his son to \$50,000,000, in the hands of his grandsons to \$100,000,000, until now, in the fourth generation, its value is not far from half a billion.

Goelet Fortune Dates from 1686

Astor was not the only pioneer, however, who was industriously piling up this splendid inheritance for his descendants. Compared with the Knickerbocker families, indeed, the Astors are simply nouveaux riches. A hundred years before the original John Jacob Astor began beating furs in his little Chambers Street headquarters, the Goelets had already established their standing as New York landed proprietors. meadows. John Jacob Astor, Our first glimpse of them takes us back to the son of a German but- the little old New York of the closing days of cher, who landed here a pen- the eighteenth century, a period when the town, niless boy at the close of the with a population not exceeding 1,500, was still intensely and patriotically Dutch. One of its regular international uses was in providing asylum for the Huguenots driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Several of the present great landholding families of New York arrived at Manhattan Island in



SON OF WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR



MRS, ROBERT GOELET, WIFE OF ONE OF THE GREAT LANDOWNERS OF NEW YORK

these exciting days. In 1686 came one François Goelette, a brilliant, dashing young Huguenot refugee, bringing tales of persecution and hairbreadth escapes that immediately made him a hero with the intensely Protestant Knickerbocker burghers. It was the grandson of this Goelet, Peter, who laid the basis of the family fortunes. He accomplished this as a successful ironmonger in his little shop in Hanover Square at the "Sign of the Golden Key." Several years before the Revolution, the firm of Goelet & Curtenius enjoyed a wide notoriety, not only for the patriotic impulses of its heads (both played a leading part in the excitement leading have not retained up to the break with England), but for the originality and enterprise of its advertisements. One can hardly turn over the pages of the colo- what they still hold, **nial papers without** finding columns of fine type however,—the Fifth setting forth their latest importations from Bris- and Madison Avetol, England — wares that included not only cutlery, farm implements, and general hardware, but practically everything essential to the in the side streets, - has comfort and convenience of their community.

A Farm that Grew from \$10,000 to \$200,000,000 in a Century

Peter Goelet accumulated a decent compe- Robert, inherittence in trade, and early developed the family ed about half a

habit of picking up worthless parcels of real estate. The present Goelets, however, have reason to be grateful chiefly for the marriages con-

tracted by his two sons, Peter P. and Robert R. These young men married two sisters, Almy and Margaret Buchanan. At that time no one, least of all the Goelets themselves, appreciated that they were marrying, not only two of the belles of the aristocracy, but a principality. The father of the Buchanan girls, Thomas Buchanan, was a Scotch farmer, who cultivated a wide acreage in the northern Manhattan wilderness, extending between what has since become Forty-first Street and Forty-ninth. In the early nineteenth century this Buchanan

farm could easily have been purchased for \$10,000; now it has a market value exceeding \$200,000,000. On one corner of the Buchanan farm stands the terminal of the New York Central Railroad; the choicest possession of the Goelet family, the Ritz Carlton Hotel, occupies another minute sec-

tion; the Windsor Arcade, the great eleven-story building of the Day and Night Bank, Delmonico's and Sherry's restaurants, and other monuments of the modern New York repose upon the soil where Thomas Buchanan, only seventy-five ago, cultivated his corn and turnips and potatoes. Unfortunately for them, the Goelets the whole of this enormous estate; nue fronts, and certain

large slices here and there a valuation not far removed from \$20,-000,000.

Almy Goelet's two sons. Peter and



ELBRIDGE T. GERRY IS WORTH \$25,-000,000

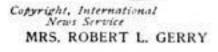
million each as their share of the profits of the hardware store and the family's landed estate. For a time they continued their father's business; soon, however,

their energies became absorbed in the far greater opportunities offered by the soil of Manhattan. These two Goelets were contemporaries of the two acquisitive Astors, John Jacob and William Backhouse; and, with the Astors, they were the great real estate operators of the time. The two brothers were singularly different in character and manner of life, having really nothing in common except their business shrewdness and their affection for each other. Robert, in his early days, was evidently something of a beau, his name flitting across the chronicles of the early nineteenth century as a participant in the general social gayeties of the town. Peter, on the other hand, was a saturnine bachelor. For many years he was the most conspicuous eccentric of New York. In early life he established his headquarters in an old-fashioned brown-

stone house at Broadway and Nineteenth Street, a locality which at that time was a part of rural obstinately lived until his death in 1879. The city grew up to his country house and begathered great department-stores, theaters,

hotels, and the district was the Great White these changes Peter Broadway. Sometimes there were gathered crowds of small

boys peering through





DEAN EUGENE A. HOFFMAN, A DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN THEOLOGIAN, WHO LEFT A FORTUNE OF \$15,000,000 IN NEW YORK REAL ESTATE

New York. Here Peter where in the New World. For Peter, in addition to his rents, his mortgages, and his vacant lands, had one great passion. was a lifelong collector of blooded poultry and rare birds. He filled his Broadway garden around him with storks, peacocks, birds of paradise, cranes, and Indian pheasants - his back yard, indeed, would have served as a modern stage-setting for "Chantecler." Peter found his chief delight which in the seventies in feeding these birds and caring for them; according to gossip, they had not only the run Way. Through all of the Broadway garden, but his house as well.

Of Peter himself his fellow New Yorkers Goelet clung to his subur- obtained only occasional glimpses. A spare, ban home. The rushing bent, gray-haired figure, shabbily and scantily shoppers used to gaze dressed, with hat drawn down and coat wonderingly through his closely buttoned up, passed silently now and grated fence into the then through the streets, usually on some garden where Peter rent-collecting tour. At night passers-by Goelet's cow quietly would now and then see his weather-beaten chewed its cud amid figure in the basement, where Peter kep? his the roar of modern office, poring over his account-book. Occasionally, if the cellar door opened suddenly, a brilliant glare of light would burst out upon the hurrying Broadway crowds, and perhaps there could be heard the clang of a hammer on an the interstices at a anvil and the weary soughing of a bellows. For sight unmatched any- Peter, in addition to his animals and his birds,



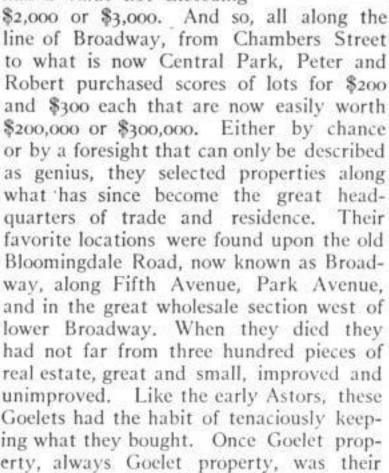
MRS. MATHILDE TOWNSEND GERRY, WIFE OF PETER G. GERRY, WHO WILL INHERIT A LARGE PART OF THE PETER GOELET FORTUNE

had one other dissipation: he was an amateur blacksmith. He had a forge in his basement, and here for hours, especially at night, he would fashion all kinds of mechanical contrivances, particularly locks. His one companion was an old servant. The many years' association of the two men, according to the prevailing explanation, had brought about a marked physical resemblance. In his talks with this servant and his few intimates Peter constantly gave expression to one pursuing fear. He was terrorized by the belief that he would spend his last days in Commodore Vanthe poorhouse. Times were bad, property values and rents were falling—calamity stared everybody, and especially the Goelets, in the face.

Peter's \$500,000 Increased to \$25,000,000 Grand Central

All the time that Peter was indulging in these gloomy forebodings, he was constantly buying more land. He started life with an inheritance of \$500,000; when he died, in 1870, he had increased this to \$25,000,000. As with the Astors, it was chiefly marsh and rock and woodland in the outlying sections that attracted Peter and his brother Robert. For several years before his death, Peter could look across from his Nineteenth Street basement to a derbilt had finally to

great department-store standing on his land. worth probably not far from \$1,000,000. When the Goelets acquired this it had a value not exceeding



Goelets to retain their hold. Once Peter had taken hold of a piece of real estate, it was almost impossible wrench him from his bull-dog grip. One of the exciting episodes of the seventies was derbilt's attempt to get a piece of Peter's land required for his new terminal. In spite of the fact that this great railroad station would enormously enhance the value of his other large holdings in the

motto. Let it rise or let

it fall — in either event,

it was the policy of the



ROBERT GOELET

obtain a special act of the legislature before he frontier plot that attracted the longing glances could acquire this property. Peter Goelet never

forgave the Commodore for this "high-handed" act.



The Goelet brothers died in 1879, within two months of each other. Together they left not far from \$50,-

They gave nothing back to the city 000,000. whose rapid growth had heaped up this great fortune. Perhaps it was for this reason that the newspaper critics treated somewhat harshly

the memory of mit," as the ec-Goelet was pop-"Whatever he city," said an New York bound up in his



Times, "was consciousness of

added gains. He passed more than half a century in pinching pennies and caressing dollars. that he might die at eighty a lonely old bachelor worth from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000, his calm affections divided between his numberless

leases, his Cochin-China cocks and Brahmaputra hens." However, Peter had strong family affections and family pride and great devotion to his brother's sons, Ogden Goelet and Robert, and to the son of his sister Hannah — Elbridge T. Gerry. To these he left practically his entire estate.

In the days when Peter Goelet carried on his retail business in tenpenny nails and carpenters' tools at the "Sign of the Golden

raries was Garret Storm. Storm, who was de- Goelet. The Hoffmans and the Gerrys still scended from a long line of Dutch ancestry, own the larger part of it. It made Eugene was a dealer in green groceries. The present generation knows little of Garret Storm, but he laid the foundation of one of New York's largest fortunes in real estate. To his foresight in purchasing a single block of land the great Hoffman accumulations of to-day owe their origin. This block was the one bounded by Fifth and Sixth avenues, Forty-second and Forty-third streets. In 1852, when Garret Storm purchased it, this was known as "corporation property" —that is, it was owned by the city. Those who are familiar with this stately estate, now covered with great office buildings, hotels, "arcades," shops, and department-stores, flanked on one side by New York's beautiful new Public Library and on the other by the New York Central's new \$100,000,000 railroad terminal, with the elevated road skirting its western border, the subway and the McAdoo tunnel its southern edge, would hardly recognize the

of Garret Storm. Then it was part of Manhattan's "bad lands"; indeed, it was so worthless that no one had even taken it up for farming. Forty-second Street, in 1852, was bordered by a high, precipitous rock on whose surface were located a ragged array of "squatters" huts. On Fifth Avenue, from Forty-second Street north, the only conspicuous improvement was a slaughter-house and a cattle-yard.

One day in 1852 the city offered this whole "Peter the Her- plot for sale at auction. Garret Storm was one centric elder of the few bidders. He got the whole thing for ularly known. \$15,000 — at the rate of about \$300 a lot. That knew of feli- was only sixty years ago; and yet, to-day, you editorial in the couldn't buy the property for \$15,000,000.

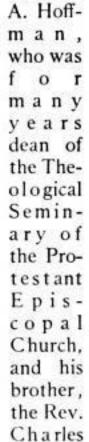
> However, even Garret weakened a little when the city handed him his deed. What could he ever do with this section of Shantyville? He went to his brother Stephen and asked him to help him out by "going halves" on it. Stephen shook his head. "You may want to put your money into that kind of truck," he replied,

> > "but I don't want any of mine in it." However, he offered to lend Garret money with which to

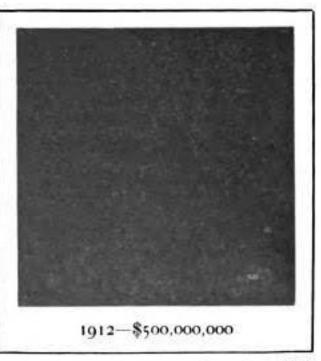
"carry" his purchase.

Stephen Storm's descendants are unknown to-day; his brother Garret's are numbered among the city's millionaires. His Fortysecond Street purchase went to his two grandsons, Eugene A. and Charles F. Hoffman, and to his granddaughter, Louisa Livingston Gerry, wife of that same Elbridge

Key," one of his most prosperous contempo- T. Gerry who inherited so largely from Peter



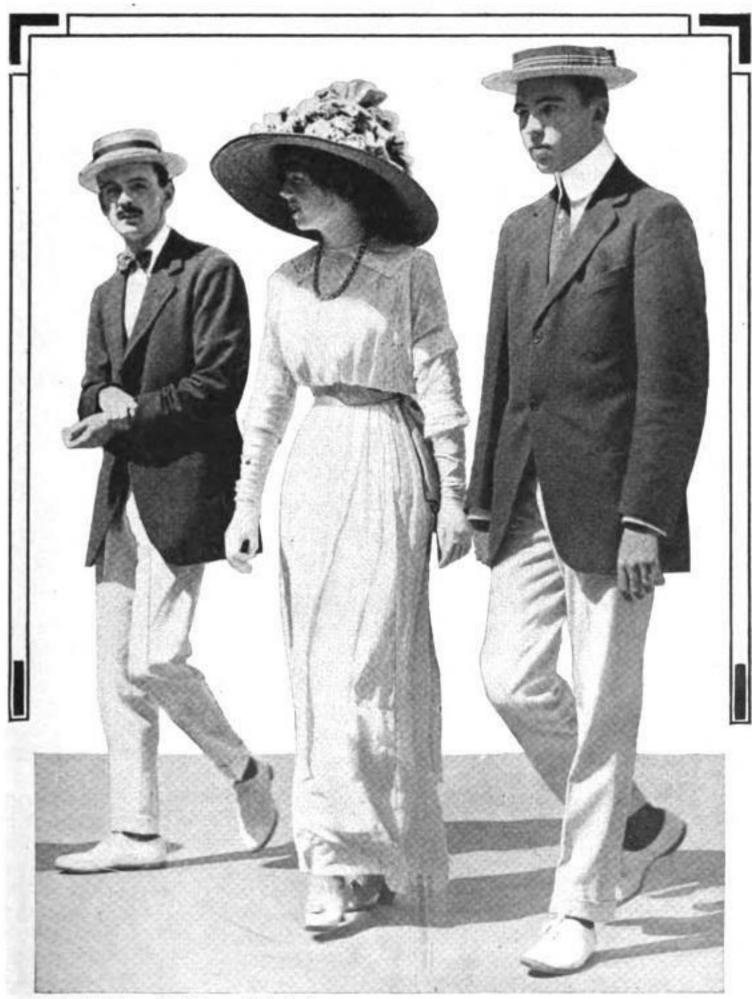
1880-\$250,000,000



THESE DIAGRAMS SHOW THE GROWTH OF THE SEVERAL ASTOR AND GOELET FORTUNES FROM 1800 TO DATE

New York, the richest clergymen in America. American millionaire. And yet a millionaire They both died a few years ago, their combined was the Dean in the full implications of the fortunes amounting to not far from \$25,000,- word. Not only was he sufficiently eminent as

F. Hoffman, pastor of All Angels' Church in seemed a rather incongruous figure for an 000. Dean Hoffman clad in his mortarboard a theologian and a scholar to win the honorary



Copyright, Underwood & Underwood, New York ROBERT WALTON GOELET, MISS WILLIARD, AND VINCENT ASTOR. TOGETHER THESE TWO YOUNG MEN OWN ABOUT \$200,000,000

and scholastic gown, moving sedately along degree of D.D. from Oxford, but he was for grounds,- which, with its ivy-clad walls and New York. He was always in the market, shadowing oaks, seems almost like a piece of mercantile section of Fifth Avenue and the Oxford landed bodily in New York, - certainly streets immediately contiguous. That he was

the well-cropped lawns of the seminary years one of the ablest real estate judges in towers, its mullioned windows, and its heavy with a singular fondness for good things in the siastical seclusion of Chelsea Square.

A"Hired Man" Who Founded a Great Landed Estate

Another founder of one of New

York's greatest landed estates is

virtually unknown to the present generation. Like most of the others, his name has a thrifty Knickerbocker sound, as has that of its present representatives — the Van Beurens. Henry Spingler, in the days of the Revolution, was not a man of great consideration. In fact, he was a "hired man" for a Manhattan farmer.

whose acres extended from what is

now Union Square

Fourteenth

Street, Fourth

Avenue, and

Broadway — west-

ward to Sixth

Avenue and be-

yond. When the

Revolution came, Henry Spingler's master turned out to be a Tory. He was so outspoken in his loyalty to George 111 that his fellow citizens, as was the custom in those days. made life in New York City unendurable to him. One day Spingler awoke and

not at all narrow-minded is evident from the found that his boss had departed. What fact that he owned the Hoffman House, whose became of him no one ever knew; he never remarkable bar, with its far-famed Doré-like returned to claim his farm, nor did his heirs mural decorations, hardly suggested the eccle- ever put in an appearance. Spingler kept at work on the place, cultivated his crops, and,

above all, had the foresight to pay his

taxes — perhaps a matter of \$20 or \$25 a year. After he had done this for

about twenty years, Spingler put in a

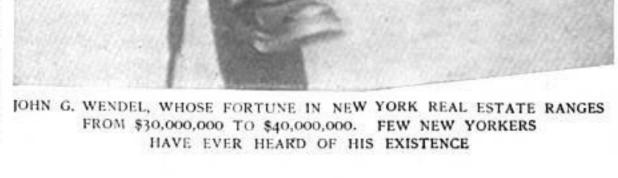
claim to the fee ownership of the farm

on the well-known principle of "adverse possession." No one from that day to this has ever disputed the Spingler title. Spingler himself furnished much entertainment to the New York of his time. Those who could remember the closing years of the eighteenth century used to relate how Spingler would load his oxwagon with the produce of his farm, drive to the city, and peddle it from door to door. Before making the evening journey home he would invest part of his profits in gin or Jamaica rum, and celebrate wildly as he lumbered unsteadily back along the Bloomingdale Road to what is now Union Square.

> Thus for practically no money outlay at all, except for a trifling annual sum in taxes, Spingler obtained for his descendants a property which is now easily worth \$25,000,000. These descendants hold it virtually intact at the present day. The Spingler farm has had such attractions, indeed, that they only consented about a year ago to move away from it themselves. Practically the whole estate descended to Spingler's granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Van Beuren. Mrs. Van Beuren was born on the farm; as a child, she used to pick daisies in the fields now covered by the retail stores

of Union Square; and, in 1852, she built the brownstone house on the north side of Fourteenth Street which for years has been one of the most inter-

> esting sights in New York. Here Mrs. Van Beuren and her spinster sister, Miss Belle, for years main-



tained a rural establishment not unlike Peter Goelet's on Broadway. On land valued at more than \$1,000,000 they kept a country garden, with cows, horses, dogs, chickens, parrots, and other live stock. The appearance of Miss Belle, her calico dress pinned up, feeding her chickens, frequently broke in upon the gaze of shoppers on this, one of the busiest thoroughfares in modern New York.

Great Holdings of the Rhinelanders

Another great landed family — probably the one which, in actual possessions, ranks next

section of Sixth Avenue. All through the nineteenth century the Rhinelanders invested their profits in vacant property - property which afterward developed into teeming business and tenement districts. The holdings of all the Rhinelanders to-day (the family has many branches) probably has a value of not far from \$100,000,000. Like many other old New York families, they cling to the old family homestead. Several representatives live to-day in the quaint and dignified houses on the north side of Washington Square - in a neighborhood which, although now filled with business buildings and apartments, was, fifty years ago, New York's



THE WENDEL FIFTH AVENUE HOUSE - A PIECE OF LAND VALUED AT \$3,000,000. THE WENDELS ARE THE ONLY NEW YORKERS WHO HAVE A BACK YARD ON FIFTH AVENUE. YEARS AGO THEY REFUSED TO SELL THIS YARD, SAYING THAT THE FAMILY DOG NEEDED IT TO EXERCISE IN

estate toward the close of the eighteenth century, when he acquired, by foreclosing a \$6,000 Spruce streets — a site where the \$2,000,000 . Avenue. Rhinelander Building now stands. His son, of John Rogers, who owned a farm which now

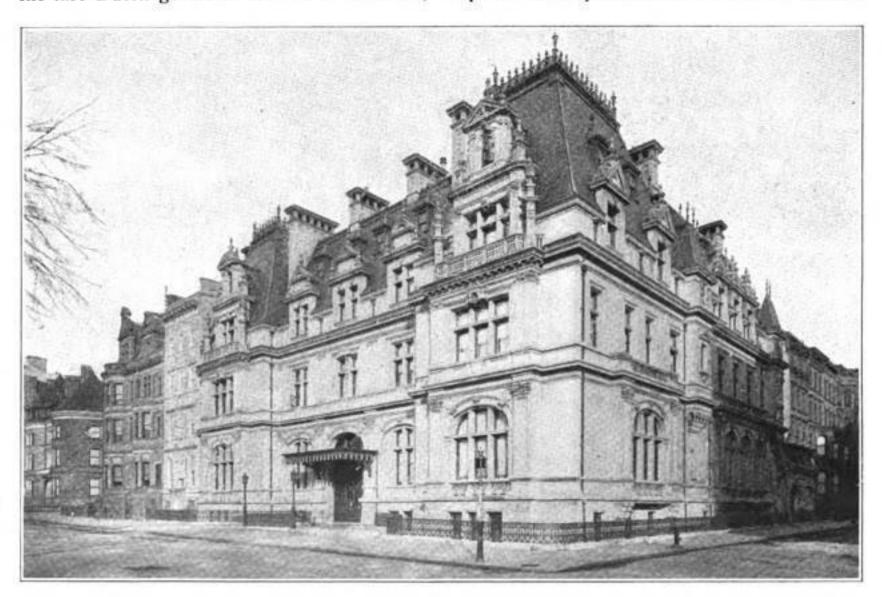
to the Astors and the Goelets — was founded as leading residential area. Here for many years far back as 1686 by Philip Jacob Rhinelander. the Rhinelander sisters, Miss Julia and Miss Like the first Goelet, the original Rhinelander Serena, grandes dames of the old New York, lent was a Huguenot refugee; and, like the Goelet an air of Knickerbocker dignity to the encroachfortune, the Rhinelander estate had its begin- ments of business. As social leaders, indeed, nings in a fortunate marriage. William C. they had little in common with the heroines of Rhinelander began to purchase New York real the modern Sunday supplement. Miss Julia died twenty years ago; but Miss Serena Rhinelander still occupies the beautiful old house at mortgage, the old sugar-house lot on Rose and the corner of Washington Square and Fifth

There are several other landowning families William C. Rhinelander, married the daughter of whom identically the same story can be told. There is John D. Wendel, for example, a brothercomprises several blocks in the shopping in-law of the first John Jacob Astor, who made

a fortune as a commission dealer in deerskins, and who invested it so thoughtfully in New York real estate that his grandson owns from \$30,-000,000 to \$40,000,000 worth to-day. There is Amos R. Eno, who, in addition to other fortunate purchases, acquired for \$25,000 the site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel in 1855 (when it was used as a circus ground), only to have his grandson sell it a year or two ago for \$5,000,000. Included in this list of the owners of New York are the Beekmans, the Roosevelts, the Lorillards, the Havemeyers, the Schermerhorns, and the Stuyvesants. Nearly all Americans have read how Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch governor of New Amsterdam,

Influence of the Erie Canal

If we seek the original creator of landed wealth in New York, we must look over the heads of Astor and the Goelets to De Witt Clinton, the man who, in 1825, pushed to completion the Erie Canal. Up to that time New York was not inevitably marked out for the American metropolis; in 1800 Philadelphia was actually a larger city, and Baltimore, with its splendid harbor and its inland river communication, confidently expected to grasp the nation's commercial leadership. But the Erie Canal changed the situation in a twinkling. It placed the city in communication with inland



THE ASTOR RESIDENCE AT FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTY-FIFTH STREET. IT WAS BUILT ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO, BY THE LATE JOHN JACOB ASTOR, AT A COST OF ABOUT \$3,000,000

after surrendering the city to the English in New York — an agricultural empire in itself, still control enormous acres of this same old farm — that one branch of it alone possesses not far from 250 tenement-houses on it, with a value of perhaps \$10,000,000? Indeed, nearly all of these landowning families are of the Dutch and Huguenot stock that laid the foundations of the present city. The Dutch struck their flag to the English nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, but they still hold tenaciously to the soil.

1664, bought his farm on the Bouwerie Road, whose wealth had previously flowed by way of three miles from the city center, and there the Susquehanna River to Baltimore - and New spent a choleric, discontented old age. How York became the seaport for the agricultural many know, however, that his descendants States bordering on the Great Lakes. Until the Erie Canal was opened, it had cost eighty-eight dollars a ton to transport wheat from Buffalo to Albany; with this new waterway the cost fell to something more than five dollars. A string of cities, several of which became large ones, sprang up along its course — all tributary to New York. A year after the canal was opened, 19,000 boats and rafts, all loaded with merchandise for New York, were counted upon the Hudson River. The Hudson, instead of the Potrans-Alleghany country; and the little leafy the builders left absolutely no space for light or

with other places for its share of trade, became America's great trans-Atlantic port.

Effect of Immigration on New York Land Values

These families have also silently

benefited from that other phenomenon which so largely explains the development of the city - immigration. The potato famine of the forties in Ireland, the mid-century revolutionary army disturbances in Germany, the economic pres-

sure in Italy and central Europe in the eighties and nineties, and the Jewish persecution in Russia in more recent years, have wonderfully

raised property values

in New York. These influences have added to the unearned increment, not only because they have added millions to the population, but because they have provided a new utilization for the land. With immigration came what may be called the "tenementization" of New York. Manhattan, which, up to about 1840, had contented itself with growing laterally, east and west and north, now suddenly began to start into the air. first the immigrants crowded into the old-fashioned Man-

hattan houses - five or six families in buildings that had hitherto sheltered one. They even filled the cellars and the garrets — all to the profit of the landlord. In the early forties the builders began the destruction of these old-fashioned dwellings, and placed upon land that had formerly been set apart for a single family a building housing sixteen, twenty, and twenty-four families.

These builders had only one ambition, and, in the lack of decent building laws, they had no difficulty in gratifying it: to wring from every available square foot of land the

tomac, now became the regular highway to the highest possible revenue. In those early days town, which had previously had to struggle air; a considerable proportion of the rooms were

> without windows or openings of any kind. Not content with building one tenement on a lot, they frequently built two, one back of the other. Satisfied at first with four-story houses, they soon changed the standard to five, then six, then seven, and in a few cases eight. As a result of this sweating process Manhattan Island developed the most atrocious slums in

the world. Its practical effect, so far as the ancient landholding families were concerned, was an unprecedented stimulation in

property values.

How the Elevator Made the Landlord Rich

Two American inventions, as unforeseen a hundred years ago as the aëroplane or the wireless telegraph,

have added untold millions to the value of the soil. The first of these is the elevator. As early as 1859 a crude steam elevator made its appearance in New York, with the opening of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It had a speed limit of about 50 feet a minute - compared to the 600 feet a minute which modern New York demands. When Henry B. Hyde, in 1868, built the Equitable Building, he astonished New York by installing in it several . of these newfangled contrivances. Awkward and slow

moving as they were, people came from all over the country to look at These sight-seers did not realize that, interesting mechanically as the elevator is, its economic influence is more remarkable still. At a stroke it doubled the value of urban property available for office buildings, hotels, commercial warehouses, and high-class apartments. Up to this time five stories was the limit for structures of this kind; with the elevator, ten stories became the maximum. The builders could not go higher, because they still constructed on old-fashioned lines. With each



DOUGLAS ROBINSON. BROTHER-IN-LAW OF EX-PRESIDENT ROOSE-VELT AND A TRUSTEE OF THE WILLIAM ASTOR ESTATE



SITE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER HOTEL FIFTY YEARS AGO. THIS FARM WAS BOUGHT BY THE ASTORS FOR \$25,000; IT IS NOW WORTH \$25,000,000

story they had to increase the thickness of the capital and the ultimate residential headwalls, with a consequent reduction in rentable space, especially on the ground floor, the most valuable of all. With the invention of the present system of steel construction, however, this difficulty disappeared.

served to carry the weight of the building. They became merely protections against the rain and the cold. A huge skeleton of steel supported the entire structure. This contrivance, combined with the rapidly moving elevator, made practicable buildings of any height. From ten stories, they shot up to sixteen, eighteen, twenty-two, twenty-four. In the last five years the two tallest buildings, one forty-one and one fifty stories high, have been erected. Still another of fifty-two is

now under construction; and architects' plans have been prepared for one of sixty-four. In other words, the elevator and the steel system have added five, ten, and fifteen Manhattan Islands to the one that nature made.

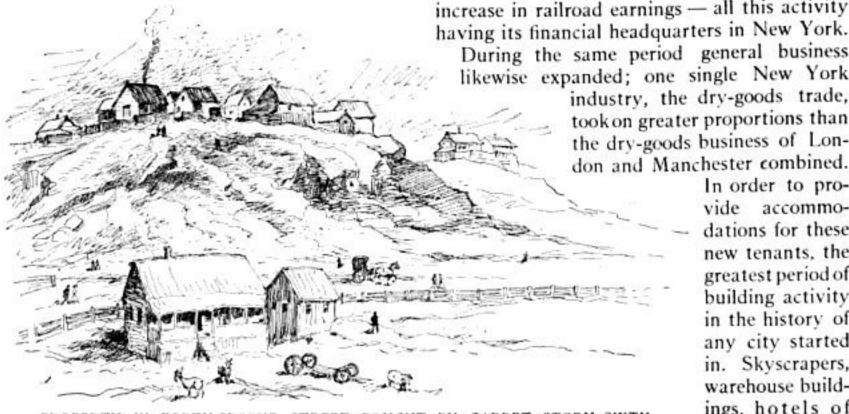
> Another thing that these primitive investors did not foresee was the rush of finance and fash-New to ion York. They did not know that Manhattan Island would become the

> > nation's financial

quarters of American millionairedom. The general movement toward New York had gained great impetus before the Spanish war; it was the unparalleled prosperity following that event, however, which fixed its com-Under the new scheme, the walls no longer mercial supremacy for all time. This was the period of the growth of trusts and combinations - which, whatever their influence upon American life, greatly enhanced the value of real property in New York. For nearly all these new combinations made their offices They brought with on Manhattan Island. them a long procession of capitalists, professional men, executive officers, and clerks; their large flotation of stocks and bonds enormously increased the business of the Stock Exchange and the New York banks. Coincidently came the railroad reorganizations and the sensational increase in railroad earnings - all this activity having its financial headquarters in New York.

> likewise expanded; one single New York industry, the dry-goods trade, took on greater proportions than the dry-goods business of London and Manchester combined.

In order to provide accommodations for these new tenants, the greatest period of building activity in the history of any city started in. Skyscrapers, warehouse buildings, hotels of hitherto un-



PROPERTY IN FORTY-SECOND STREET BOUGHT BY GARRET STORM SIXTY YEARS AGO FOR \$15,000; IT IS NOW WORTH \$15,000,000

known luxury, apartment-houses in which the annual rentals ranged from \$3,000 and \$5,000 to \$15,000 a year, and a new type of residence known as the apartment hotel, seemed to rise by scores almost over-Newly made millionaires from Pittsburgh, Chicago, and Western towns rushed for New York en masse—having as their one ambition in life, apparently, a house on Fifth Avenue.

New York, the Nation's Playground

New York became not only the nation's business, financial, and resi-

THE OLD RHINELANDER DWELLING AND SUGAR-HOUSE. SITE NOW STANDS THE \$2,000,000 RHINELANDER BUILDING

junction of Broadway and Forty-second Street - were dismantled to make room for scores of playhouses. At the present time there are nearly a thousand licensed places of entertainment in New York, not including cabaret shows and restaurant attractions. There are now thirty-six new theater projects under construction. Competent authorities have figured that \$127,000,000 is invested in various forms of public amusement in New York, and that not far from \$67,000,000 a year is spent upon them by the public.

For the last seventy-five years, wherever the city has started to grow it could make no progress without encroaching upon these Knickerbocker estates. Take the upward march of the retail trade as a single instance. Fifty years ago it left the famous downtown "emporium" on Canal Street and leaped up to Fourteenth. Here the Spingler-Van Beuren family seized its largest rewards. They owned both sides of Fourteenth Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues, reaching through to Thirteenth on the south and Sixteenth on the north, be sides the frontages on Union Square,

and no merchant obtained a footing here without first making terms with the old ladies in the Van Beuren homestead. Presently retail trade overflowed into Broadway, and here

dential center, but its playground as well. Its the Goelets controlled nearly all the strategic production of office buildings had its appropri- corners. The elevated road in the late sevenate complement in the growth of expensive res- ties built up a new shopping section in Sixth taurants, theaters, and concert-halls. Whole Avenue from Fourteenth Street to Twentyblocks of the town in particular sections — such third. Several large establishments had to as the one known as Longacre Square, at the lease their properties here from the Rhinelanders, the Astors, and the Roosevelts. When, four or five years ago, the shopping district extended to Thirty-fourth Street and northerly on Fifth Avenue, again the Astors and the Goelets became automatically its greatest beneficiaries. In the last two years the retail trade has extended to Forty-second Street, and here the Gerrys and the Hoffmans have practically the whole situation in their hands. A large new department-store is now being constructed on a few hundred feet of the rocky estate purchased sixty years ago by Garret Storm. Storm, it will be remembered, paid \$15,000 for forty-eight abandoned building lots in this section: merely for the use of a couple of these same



PETER GOELET'S HOUSE AT BROADWAY AND NINETEENTH STREET. PETER INHERITED \$500,000, AND DIED, IN 1879, WORTH \$25,000,000

Storm's grandchildren will annually receive in ing as a whole to the oldest son; the younger the neighborhood of \$300,000 a year.

The Knickerbocker Aristocracy

The most friendly critic could hardly main-

tain that these large family holdings, in the main, have benefited the city. The Knickerbocker families have played quiescent part; from the first their tendencies have been aristocratic. The original Dutch settlers of New York belonged to the tradclasses; ing their national traditions ought naturally to have inspired them with democratic sentiments; in spite of these facts, hardly had they established themselves in the New World before they attempted to found a landed aristocracy. The Pa-Dutch troons, with their spacious estates extending for

miles on both

ANITA STEWART, GRANDDAUGHTER OF WILLIAM C. RHINELANDER, ONE OF THE GREATEST OF NEW YORK'S LANDED MILLIONAIRES. SHE IS THE WIFE OF PRINCE MIGUEL DE BRAGANZA

sides of the Hudson River as far north as of the estate. They could not entertain Albany, gave a certain romantic color to early colonial history; in fact, however, they were transplanted European barons, and held their estates upon what were essentially feudal tenures. Their manors were entailed, descend-

sons, like the younger sons of Europe, had to find their future in public employment, in the church, or in lucky marriages; the daughters, like the daughters of the railroad millionaires of to-day, frequently married foreign noble-

> of these demesnes were of enormous size; the Van Rensselaer Manor, for example, extended twenty-four miles on the west bank of the Hudson and fortyeight miles into the interior. The Patroons rented these estates to a multitude of tenants or vassals. The extent to which they imitated the European baronial system is brought out curiously in the terms of these old leases. Their retainers, for example, could grind their flour only at the mill maintained by the lord of the manor. They could not trade in anything except the produce

men. Some

strangers for twenty-four hours without the permission of their lord or his representative. These tenants, of course, seldom acquired freehold land; leasing and rack-renting was the essence of the system.

The Tenant System in New York City

The Revolution destroyed primogeniture and entail, and the violent rent-wars of the early nineteenth century ended the last vestiges of patroonship. Strangely enough, how-

ever, the Knickerbocker families attempted to restore this discredited tenant system in New York City. Had not the law prohibited, Astor, Peter Goelet. and William Rhinelander would unquestionably have entailed their property; baffled in this, they did the best they could they let their land out in long leases. They almost never sold; they seldom put up buildings themselves; they waited until the city's growth had made their property available, and then leased to tenants who made their own improvements. These leases usually ran for twenty-one

years, with a

THE LATE JOHN JACOB ASTOR, AND HIS SON, VINCENT ASTOR, ON THE ASTOR YACHT. THE ASTOR FAMILY HOLD THE WORLD'S LARGEST FORTUNE IN REAL ESTATE

renewal on a new valuation. The lessees paid all taxes, all assessments, and a fixed rental, based on five or six per cent of the valuation of the land; at the expiration of the leases the improvements reverted to the landlords. Hundreds of tenements, private dwellings, and commercial and office buildings were erected on this basis. This policy was not only unprogressive and un-American, but essentially stupid. The landlords, in the long run, probably lost greatly by it. The ground-rent system works logically in a stable community, but in a growing city like New York,

where values are constantly rising, the tenants are likely to get the best of the bargain; that is, the value of the land frequently increases during the life of the lease so greatly that they can sublet with great profit to themselves.

> Blocking the City's Growth

Singularly obstinate and blinded, indeed, was this older generation. Peter Goelet's attempt to block the Grand Central terminal. in spite of the fact that he owned millions of property in the same locality, has already been described. His spirit survives today in one of the most

curious persons in New York—John G. Wendel. According to the estimates of competent authorities, John G. Wendel and his sister Josephine own real estate on Manhattan Island to the value of \$40,000,000. They live together in the stately old house at the northwest corner of Fifth

way from the Union League Club. Real estate men place a value of \$3,000,000 upon this property, but nothing can persuade the Wendels to sell or lease or improve it themselves; here they have lived nearly all their lives, and here they propose to die. They are the only New Yorkers who enjoy the luxury of a back yard in what is probably the most expensive section of New York's most ornate thoroughfare. Passers-by have sometimes wondered at the high board fence which shuts off this Fifth Avenue garden — a little strip which, in itself, is valued at not far from \$700,000. A few years ago a real estate broker who opened negotiations for this little plot met a stern refusal; he was informed that Miss Josephine Wendel's pet dog needed the yard as a place for exercise.

John G. Wendel. Old-School Millionaire

Every morning, promptly at ten, John G. Wendel, a man not far from seventy years old, clad in garments that may have been fashionable forty years ago, carrying, rain or shine, a stout umbrella, leaves his Fifth Avenue house. Sometimes he steps into a rickety, shabby carriage, but more frequently he walks down to his office at 175 Broadway. This is a little five-story building dating architecturally from times long before the Civil War, standing incongruously to-day in a titanic forest of modern skyscrapers. There is no elevator; Mr. Wendel slowly ascends several dark and treacherous stairways, finally entering a gloomy room which, according to the all but obliterated letters on the door, is "Mr. Wendel's office." One would hardly think that he was in the business headquarters of one of New York's most substantial millionaires — one of the world's greatest landlords. It is the kind of atmosphere that would have delighted Charles Lamb: like the South Sea House, it has its high desks, its high stools, upon which are perched a few grizzled clerks, its quaint prints on the walls, its long rows of mountainous ledgers. So completely has "Mr. Wendel's office" withstood the pressure of modernity that it has not even a telephone.

"No Property for Sale"

Perhaps the most striking feature is a sign that stares defiantly at all incomers: "No Property for Sale." This is Mr. Wendel's challenge to so-called "progressive" New York. Moreover, it represents a long-standing family policy. Long before John Jacob Astor began bargaining glass beads with the Indians for furs and investing his profits in New York real is all the time buying land, he is constantly

Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, across the estate, the Wendels were conspicuous as Manhattan landlords. "And they have sold no property for two hundred years," says Mr. Wendel proudly. They still own No. 83 Maiden Lane, where the grandfather of the present family head heaped up a fortune in deerskins seventyfive years ago — and it looks just about the same now as in his lifetime. Like Peter Goelet, they care nothing for railroad enterprises, however much these may improve their property. John G. Wendel has waged continuous war upon the McAdoo-Hudson River tunnels. He began by refusing to sell the McAdoo corporation a piece of Dey Street property needed for its downtown terminal. When Mr. McAdoo took this by condemnation, Mr. Wendel fought the matter all through the courts of New York State, and did not surrender until the Court of Appeals decided against him. Though the property in question was worth only about \$75,000, Mr. Wendel spent not far from \$20,000 in fighting to retain it. When the McAdoo Company extended its subway up Sixth Avenue, with a station at Thirty-eighth Street, the Wendels, as large property-holders in the district, protested. That this great enterprise would add largely to the value of their large holdings mattered nothing. They also tried to stop the building of New York's beautiful new Hall of Records, because the site included a small piece of Wendel property; and only by virtue of a special act of the legislature did the city succeed in finally getting this land.

Ten Million Dollars' Worth of Broadway Land Unused

The Wendels strikingly illustrate one of the favorite theories of Henry George — the extent to which the private ownership of land interferes with progress.' Their policy has practically destroyed certain important sections of New York. Wherever you find Wendel property you find dilapidation and decay. Wendel has set his face firmly against modern building tendencies. In his opinion, New York to-day represents a huge and hideous mistake, for which posterity will pay dearly. He abhors skyscrapers and modern hotels as heartily as he despises steam yachts and automobiles. He looks with contempt on the Astors and Goelets, brother landowners who have invested many millions in buildings of this kind. Wherever he puts up a building it is usually two or four stories high, in a few cases six — never higher. Six stories, he believes, is the proper limit for Manhattan Island. In fact, he is constitutionally bearish upon Manhattan real estate; though he depreciating its investment value. This policy has all but ruined one important section of Broadway — that extending above Thirty-sixth

dels own a whole block and a half of property just south of the Metropolitan Opera House. According to an authoritative estimate, these concentrated holdings could readily be sold for \$10,000,000. The Wendels have covered them with twostory buildings, with liverystables, lumber-yards, and other improvements of similar nature. Had it not been for these Wendel blocks, upper Broadway would be an entirely different thoroughfare, for business that would ordinarily have located here has been diverted into other channels.

mansions, both in New York and in Newport, of steam yachts, of establishments in Europe and alliances with the European aristocracy. Street to Forty-second Street. Here the Wen- Ogden and Robert Goelet became interna-

> tional sportsmen, the friends and companions of emperors and kings - particularly Emperor William and King Edward. The Rhinelanders even went to Germany and purchased Schoenberg Castle on the Rhine - a medieval structure that overlooks the vineyard village of Oberwesel, from which the first American Rhinelander came. The daughter of Ogden Goelet, Miss May, inheriting, on her father's death in 1899, \$20,000,000,- a fortune which probably makes her the richest American girl in her own right,-married the



THE WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL (OWNED BY WILLIAM WALDORF AND THE LATE JOHN JACOB ASTOR)



THE KNICKERBOCKER HOTEL (OWNED BY THE LATE JOHN JACOB ASTOR)

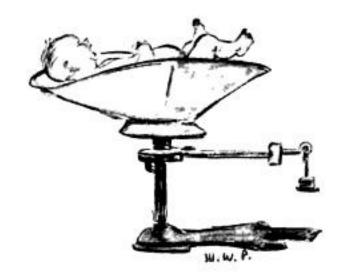
In the main, however, the other landholding families are outgrowing their eighteenth-century traditions. The death of "Peter the Hermit" marked the turning-point in the Goelet family. The younger generation gave up the Broadway farm-house and established itself on Fifth Avenue. Both Ogden and Robert married into the world of "society," and Elbridge T. Gerry, the main representative of the collateral branch, joined part of the landed estate of Garret Storm to its own.

Scottish Duke of Roxburgh in 1903. Anita Stewart, a granddaughter of William Rhinelander, married Prince Miguel of Braganza, a pretender to the Portuguese throne. The Astors likewise have become international figures, William Waldorf going so far as to forswear his American allegiance and become a British subject.

And all this time these fortunes in land are rapidly growing. Unlike the Vanderbilts, the Now arrived the period of stately Goulds, and the other railroad "magnates,"



"HE LEANED OVER AND PUT HIS LIPS TO THE ARM THAT CIRCLED THE BABY"



THE MIRACLE

BY

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IG MARY was sweeping the ward with a broom muffled in a white bag. In the breeze from the open windows, her blue calico wrapper ballooned about her and made ludicrous her frantic thrusts after the bits of fluff that formed eddies under the beds and danced in the spring air.

She finished her sweeping, and, with the joyous scraps captured in her dust-pan, stood in the doorway, critically surveying the ward. It was brilliantly clean and festive: on either side a row of beds, fresh white for the day; on the center table a vase of Easter lilies, and on the record-table near the door a potted hyacinth. The nurse herself wore a bunch of violets tucked in her apron-band. One of the patients had seen the young doctor give them to her. The Easter sun, shining across the beds, made below them, on the polished floor, black islands of shadow in a gleaming sea of light.

or standing at windows, enjoying the Sunday respite from sewing or the bandage-machine, women, grotesque and distorted of figure, in attitudes of weariness and expectancy, with patient eyes awaited their crucifixion. Behind them, in the beds, a dozen perhaps who had come up from death and held the miracle in their arms.

The miracles were small and red, and inclined to feeble and ineffectual wrigglings. Fists were thrust in the air and brought down on smiling

pale mother faces. With tight closed eyes and open mouths, each miracle squirmed and nuzzled until the mother would look with pleading eyes at the nurse. And the nurse would look severe and say:

"Good gracious, Annie Petowski, surely you don't want to feed that infant again! Do you want the child to have a dilated stomach?"

Fear of that horrible and mysterious condition, a dilated stomach, would restrain Annie Petowski or Jennie Goldstein or Maggie Mc-Namara for a time. With the wisdom of the serpent, she would give the child her finger to suck — a finger so white, so clean, so soft in the last week that she was lost in admiration of it. And the child would take hold, all its small body set rigid in lines of desperate effort. Then it would relax suddenly, and spew out the finger, and the quiet hospital air would be rent with shrieks of lost illusion. Then Annie Petowski or Jennie Goldstein or Maggie McNamara would watch And scattered here and there, rocking in chairs the nurse with open hostility and defiance, and her rustling exit from the ward would be followed by swift cessation of cries, and, close to Annie or Jennie or Maggie's heart, there would be small ecstatic gurglings - and peace.

> In her small domain the nurse was queen. From her throne at the record-table, she issued proclamations of baths and fine combs, of clean bedding and trimmed nails, of tea and toast, of regular hours for the babies. From this throne, also, she directed periodic searches of the bed-



"'WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT! EXCUSE ME A MOMENT; MY CIGARETTE'S SET FIRE TO THE SHEET. ALL RIGHT - GO AHEAD'"

side stands, unearthing scraps of old toast, decaying fruit, candy, and an occasional cigarette. From the throne, too, she sent daily a blue-wrappered and pig-tailed brigade to the kitchen, armed with knives, to attack the dinner potatoes.

But, on this Easter morning, the queen looked tired and worn. Her crown, a starched white cap, had slipped back on her head, and her blue-and-white dress was stained and spotted. Even her fresh apron and sleevelets did not quite conceal the damage. She had come in for a moment at the breakfast hour, and asked the Swede, Ellen Ollman, to serve the breakfast for her; and at half past eight she had appeared again for a moment, and had turned down one of the beds and put hot-water bottles in it.

The ward ate little breakfast. It was always nervous when a case was "on." Excursions down the corridor by one or another of the bluewrappered brigade brought back bits of news:

"The doctor is smoking a cigarette in the hall"; or, "Miss Jones, the day assistant, has gone in"; and then, with bated breath, "The doctor with the red mustache has come"— by which it was known that things were going badly, the staff man having been summoned.

Suggestions of Easter began to appear even in this isolated ward, denied to all visitors except an occasional husband, who was usually regarded with a mixture of contempt and skepticism by the other women. But now the lilies came, and after them a lame young woman who played the organ in the chapel on Sundays, and who afterward went from ward to ward, singing little songs and accompanying herself on the

mandolin she carried with her. The lame young woman seated herself in the throne-chair and sang an Easter anthem, and afterward limped around and placed a leaflet and a spray of liliesof-the-valley on each bedside stand.

She was escorted around the ward by Elizabeth Miller, known as "Liz" in Our Alley, and rechristened Elizabeth by the nurse. Elizabeth always read the tracts. She had been there four times, and knew all the nurses and nearly all the doctors. "Liz" had been known, in a shortage of nurses, to be called into the mysterious room down the hall, to assist; and on those occasions, in an all-enveloping white gown over her wrapper, with her hair under a cap, she outranked the queen herself in regalness and authority.

The lame mandolin-player stopped at the foot of the empty bed. "Shall I put one here?" she asked, fingering a tract.

Liz meditated majestically.

"Well, I guess I would," she said. "Not that it'll do any good."

"Why?"

Liz jerked her head toward the corridor.

"She's not getting on very well," she said; "and, even if she gets through, she won't read the tract. She held her fingers in her ears last Sunday while the Bible-reader was here. She's young. Says she hopes she and the kid'll both die."

The mandolin-player was not unversed in the psychology of the ward.

"Then she — isn't married?" she asked, and, because she was young, she flushed painfully.

Liz stared at her, and a faint light of amusement dawned in her eyes.

"Well, no," she admitted; "I guess that's Digitized by Google



"'SHE'S TAKING IT PRETTY HARD, AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HELP HER'"

what's worrying her. She's a fool, she is. She can put the kid in a home. That's what I do. Suppose she married the fellow that got her into trouble? Wouldn't he be always throwing it up at her?"

The mandolin-player looked at Liz, puzzled at this new philosophy of life.

"Have — have you a baby here?" she asked timidly.

"Have I!" said Liz, and, wheeling, led the way to her bed. She turned the blanket down with a practised hand, revealing a tiny red atom, so like the others that only mother love could have distinguished it.

"This is mine," she said airily. "Funny little mutt, isn't he?"

The mandolin-player gazed diffidently at the child.

"He - he's very little," she said.

"Little!" said Liz. "He holds the record here for the last six months — eleven pounds three ounces in his skin, when he arrived. The little devil!"

She put the blanket tenderly back over the "little devil's" sleeping form. The mandolinplayer cast about desperately for the right thing to say.

"Does — does he look like his father?" she asked timidly. But apparently Liz did not hear. She had moved down the ward. The mandolin-player heard only a snicker from Annie Petowski's bed, and, vaguely uncomfortable, she moved toward the door.

Liz was turning down the cover of the empty bed, and the nurse, with tired but shining eyes, was wheeling in the operating-table. The mandolin-player stepped aside to let the table pass. From the blankets she had a glimpse of a young face, bloodless and wan — of hurt, defiant blue eyes. She had never before seen life so naked, so relentless. She shrank back against the wall, a little sick. Then she gathered up her tracts and her mandolin, and limped down the hall.

The door of the mysterious room was open, and from it came a shrill, high wail, a rising and falling note of distress — the voice of a new soul in protest. She went past with averted face.

Back in the ward, Liz leaned over the table and, picking the girl up bodily, deposited her tenderly in the warm bed. Then she stood back and smiled down at her, with her hands on her hips.

"Well," she said kindly, "it's over, and here you are! But it's no picnic, is it?"

The girl on the bed turned her head away. The coarsening of her features in the last month or two had changed to an almost bloodless refinement. With her bright hair, she looked as if she had been through the furnace of pain and had come out pure gold. But her eyes were hard.

"Go away," she said petulantly.

Liz leaned down and pulled the blanket over her shoulders.

"You sleep now," she said soothingly.
"When you wake up you can have a cup of tea."

The girl threw the cover off and looked up despairingly into Liz's face.

"I don't want to sleep," she said. "My God, Liz, it's going to live, and so am I!"

H

Now the nurse had been up all night, and at noon, after she had oiled the new baby and washed out his eyes and given him a teaspoonful of warm water, she placed Liz in charge of the ward, and went to her room to put on a fresh uniform. The first thing she did, when she got there, was to go to the mirror, with the picture of her mother tucked in its frame, and survey herself. When she saw her cap and the untidiness of her hair and her white collar all spotted, she frowned.

Then she took the violets out of her belt and put them carefully in a glass of water, and, feeling rather silly, she leaned over and kissed them. After that she felt better.

She bathed her face in hot water and then in cold, which brought her color back, and she put on everything fresh, so that she rustled with each step, which is proper for trained nurses; and finally she tucked the violets back where they belonged, and put on a new cap, which is also proper for trained nurses on gala occasions.



"'HERE, OLD SPORT, GO AND BLOW YOURSELF TO A DRINK. IT'S EASTER'"

If she had not gone back to the mirror to see that the general effect was as crisp as it should be, things would have been different for Liz, and for the new mother back in the ward. But she did go back; and there, lying on the floor in front of the bureau, all folded together, was a piece of white paper, exactly as if it had been tucked in her belt with the violets.

She opened it rather shakily, and it was a leaf from the ward order-book, for at the top it said:

Annie Petowski - may sit up for one hour.

And below that:

Goldstein baby - bran baths.

And below that:

I love you. E. J.

"E. J." was the doctor.

So the nurse went back to the ward, and sat down, palpitating, in the throne-chair by the table, and spread her crisp skirts, and found where the page had been torn out of the orderbook. And as the smiles of sovereigns are hailed with delight by their courts, so the ward brightened until it seemed to gleam that Easter afternoon. And a sort of miracle happened: none of the babies had colic, and the mothers mostly slept. Also, one of the ladies of the House Committee looked in at the door and said:

"How beautiful you are here, and how peaceful! Your ward is always a sort of benediction."

The lady of the House Committee looked across and saw the new mother, with the sunshine on her yellow braids, and her face refined from the furnace of pain.

"What a sweet young mother!" she said, and rustled out, leaving an odor of peau d'Espagne.

The girl lay much as Liz had left her. Except her eyes, there was nothing in her face to show that despair had given place to wild mutiny. But Liz knew; Liz had gone through it all when "the first one" came; and so, from the end of the ward, she rocked and watched.

The odor of peau d'Espagne was still in the air, eclipsing the Easter lilies, when Liz got up and sauntered down to the girl's bed.

"Oh, yes," she said. "How are you? . . . Claribel? Yes; what about her? . . . What!" pounds."

"My Gawd! Well, what do you think of that! Excuse me a moment; my cigarette's set fire to

the sheet. All right — go ahead."

"She's taking it pretty hard, and I-Ithought you might help her. She — she — "

"Two o'clock."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Rosie. "I'll "Yes," said the nurse. "A girl - seven get the fellow on the wire and see what he's willing to do. Maybe he'll give her a dollar or two a week."

"Do you think you could bring him to see her?"

"Say, what do you think I am - a missionary?" The nurse was wise, so she kept silent. "Well, I'll tell you what I will do. If "How much do you want?" said Rosie, a I can bring him, I will. How's that yellow-haired trifle coldly. She turned in the bed and eyed she-devil you've got over there? I've got that



"'IT'S THE LIVING IMAGE OF YOU,' SAID ROSE. 'LOOKS LIKE ME!' AL OBSERVED CAUSTICALLY. 'LOOKS LIKE AN OVER-RIPE TOMATO!"

"Twenty enough?"

"I don't think it's money," said the nurse, "although she needs that too; she hasn't any clothes for the baby. But - she's awfully despondent — almost desperate. Have you any idea who the child's father is?"

Rosie considered, lighting a new cigarette with one hand and balancing the telephone with the other.

"She left me a year ago," she said. "Oh, yes; I know now. What time is it?"

the black leather bag on the stand at her elbow. fixed all right. She pulled a razor on me first - I've got witnesses. Well, if I can get Al, I'll do it. So long."

> It did not occur to the nurse to deprecate having used an evil medium toward a righteous end. She took life much as she found it. And so she tiptoed past the chapel again, where a faint odor of peau d'Espagne came stealing out into the hall, and where the children from the children's ward, in roller-chairs and on crutches, were singing with all their shrill young voices, earnest eyes uplifted.

fragrance out over the gathering, over the nurses, young and placid, over the hopeless and the hopeful, over the faces where death had passed and left its inevitable stamp, over bodies freshly risen on this Easter Sunday to new hope and new life — over the young doctor, waiting with the manuscript of "The Palms" rolled in his hand, and his heart singing a hymn of happiness.

The nurse went up to her ward, and put a screen around Claribel, and, with all her woman's art, tidied the immaculate white bed and loosened the uncompromising yellow braids, so that the soft hair fell across Claribel's bloodless forehead and softened the defiance in her blue eyes. She brought the pink hyacinth in its pot, too, and placed it on the bedside table. Then she stood off and looked at her work. It was good.

Claribel submitted weakly. She had stopped staring at the wall, and had taken to watching the open window opposite with strange intentness. Only when the nurse gave a final pat to the bedspread she spoke.

"Was it a boy — or a girl?" she asked.

"Girl," said the nurse briskly. "A little beauty, perfect in every way."

"A girl — to grow up and go through this hell!" she muttered, and her eyes wandered back to the window.

But the nurse was wise with the accumulated wisdom of a sex that has had to match strength with wiles for ages, and she was not yet ready. She went into the little room where eleven miracles lay in eleven cribs, and, although they all looked exactly alike, she selected Claribel's without hesitation, and carried it to the mysterious room down the hall — which was no longer a torture-chamber, but a resplendently white place, all glass and tile and sunlight, and where she did certain things that are not prescribed in the hospital rules.

First of all, she opened a cupboard and took out a baby dress of lace and insertion, - and everybody knows that such a dress is used only when a hospital infant is baptized,—and she clothed Claribel's baby in linen and fine raiment, and because they are very, very red when they are so new, she dusted it with a bit of talcum — to break the shock, as you may say. It was very probable that Al had never seen so new a baby, and it was useless to spoil the joy of parenthood unnecessarily. For it really was and beautiful.

The baby smelled of violet, for the christening-robe was kept in a sachet.

Finally she gave it another teaspoonful of warm water and put it back in its crib. And

The white Easter lilies on the altar sent their then she rustled starchily back to the thronechair by the record-table, and opened her Bible at the place where it said that Annie Petowski might sit up, and the Goldstein baby — bran baths, and the other thing written just below.

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The music poured up the well of the staircase; softened by distance, the shrill childish sopranos and the throaty basses of the medical staff merged into a rising and falling harmony of exquisite beauty.

Liz sat on the top step of the stairs, with her baby in her arms; and, as the song went on, Liz's eyes fell to her child and stayed there.

At three o'clock the elevator-man brought Rosie Davis along the hall — Rosie, whose costume betrayed haste, and whose figure, under a gaudy motor-coat, gave more than a suggestion of being unsupported and wrapper-clad. She carried a clinking silver chatelaine, however, and at the door she opened it and took out a quarter, extending it with a regal gesture to the elevatorman.

"Here, old sport," she said, "go and blow yourself to a drink. It's Easter."

Such munificence appalled the ward.

Rosie was not alone. Behind her, uncomfortable and sullen, was Al. The ward, turning from the episode of the quarter, fixed on him curious and hostile eyes; and Al, glancing around the ward from the doorway, felt their hostility, and plucked Rosie's arm.

"Gee, Rose, I'm not going in there," he said. But Rosie pulled him in and presented him to the nurse.

Behind the screen, Claribel, shut off from her view of the open window, had taken to staring at the ceiling again. When the singing came up the staircase from the chapel, she had moaned and put her fingers in her ears.

"Well, I found him," said Rosie cheerfully. "Had the deuce of a time locating him." And the nurse, apprising in one glance his stocky figure and heavy shoulders, his ill-at-ease arrogance, his weak and just now sullen but not badtempered face, smiled at him.

"We have a little girl here who will be glad to see you," she said, and took him to the "Just five minutes, and you must do the talking."

Al hesitated between the visible antagonism a fine child, and eventually it would be white of the ward and the mystery of the white screen. A vision of Claribel as he had seen her last, swollen with grief and despair, distorted of figure and accusing of voice, held him back. A faint titter of derision went through the room. He turned on Rosie's comfortable back a look of black hate and fury. Then the nurse gave him a gentle shove, and he was looking at Claribel — a white, Madonna-faced Claribel, lying now with closed eyes, her long lashes sweeping her cheek.

The girl did not open her eyes at his entrance. He put his hat awkwardly on the foot of the bed, and, tiptoeing around, sat on the edge of the stiff chair.

"Well, how are you, kid?" he asked, with affected ease.

She opened her eyes and stared at him. Then she made a little clutch at her throat, as if she were smothering.

"How did you — how did you know I was here?"

"Saw it in the paper, in the society column." She winced at that, and some fleeting sense of what was fitting came to his aid. "How are you?" he asked more gently. He had expected a flood of reproaches, and he was magnanimous in his relief.

"I've been pretty bad; I'm better."

"Oh, you'll be around soon, and going to dances again. The Maginnis Social Club's having a dance Saturday night in Mason's Hall."

The girl did not reply. She was wrestling with a problem that is as old as the ages, although she did not know it — why this tragedy of hers should not be his. She lay with her hands crossed quietly on her breast, and one of the loosened yellow braids was near his hand. He picked it up and ran it through his fingers.

"Hasn't hurt your looks any," he said awkwardly. "You're looking pretty good."

With a jerk of her head she pulled the braid out of his fingers.

"Don't," she said, and fell to staring at the ceiling, where she had written her problem.

"How's the - how's the kid?" - after a moment.

"I don't know — or care."

There was nothing strange to Al in this frame of mind. Neither did he know or care

"What are you goin' to do with it?"

"Kill it!"

Al considered this a moment. Things were bad enough now, without Claribel murdering at the child. But now, in its father's arms, it the child and making things worse.

"I wouldn't do that," he said soothingly. "You can put it somewhere, can't you? Maybe Rosie'll know."

"I don't want it to live."

turned on him her tormented eyes, and he quailed.

mine, too. I guess I'm it, all right."

as she was. "Yours! Didn't you throw me over when you found I was going to have it? Yours! Did you go through hell for twentyfour hours to bring it into this world? I tell you, it's mine — mine! And I'll do what I want with it. I'll kill it, and myself too!"

"You don't know what you're saying!" She had dropped back, white and exhausted.

"Don't I?" she said, and fell silent.

Al felt defrauded, ill treated. He had done the right thing: he had come to see the girl, which wasn't customary in those circles where Al lived and worked and had his being; he had acknowledged his responsibility, and even why, hang it all ---

"Say the word and I'll marry you," he said

magnanimously.

"I don't want to marry you."

He drew a breath of relief. Nothing could have been fairer than his offer, and she had refused it. He wished Rosie had been there to hear.

And just then Rosie came. She carried the baby, still faintly odorous of violets, held tight in unaccustomed arms. She looked awkward and conscious, but her amused smile at herself was half tender.

"Hello, Claribel," she said. "How are you? Just look here, Al! What do you think of this?"

Al got up sheepishly and looked at the child.

"Boy or girl?" he asked politely.

"Girl; but it's the living image of you," said Rose — for Rose and the nurse were alike in the wiles of the serpent.

"Looks like me!" Al observed caustically. "Looks like an over-ripe tomato!"

But he drew himself up a trifle. Somewhere in his young and hardened soul the germs of parental pride, astutely sowed, had taken quick root.

"Feel how heavy she is," Rose commanded. And Al held out two arms unaccustomed to such tender offices.

"Heavy! She's about as big as a peanut!"

"Mind her back," said Rose, remembering instructions.

After her first glance Claribel had not looked began to whimper. The mother stirred uneasily, and frowned.

"Take it away!" she ordered. "I told them not to bring it here."

The child cried louder. Its tiny red face, For the first time he realized her despair. She under the powder, turned purple. It beat the air with its fists. Al, still holding it in his outstretched arms, began vague motions to comfort "I'll find a place for it, kid," he said. "It's it, swinging it up and down and across. But it cried on, drawing up its tiny knees in spasms of "Yours!" She half rose on her elbow, weak distress. Claribel put her fingers in her ears.

the din.

The girl comprehended without hearing, and shook her head in sullen obstinacy.

"What do you think of that for noise?" said Al, not without pride. "She's like me, all right. When I'm hungry, there's hell to pay if I'm not fed quick. Here,"—he bent down over Claribel, - "you might as well have dinner now, and stop the row."

Not ungently, he placed the squirming mass in the baptismal dress beside the girl on the bed. With the instinct of ages, the baby stopped wailing and opened her mouth.

that me all over? Little angel-face the minute I get to the table!"

Unresisting now, Claribel let Rose uncover her firm white breast. The mother's arm, passively extended by Rose to receive the small body, contracted around it unconsciously.

She turned and looked long at the nuzzling, eager mouth, at the red hand lying trustfully open on her breast, at the wrinkled face, the indeterminate nose, the throbbing fontanelle where the little life was already beating so hard.

"A girl, Rose!" she said. "My God, what am I going to do with her?"

Rose was not listening. The young doctor's turn had come at last. Downstairs in the chapel, he was standing by the organ, his head thrown back, his heavy brown hair (which would never stay parted without the persuasion of brilliantine) bristling with earnestness.

"O'er all the way, green palms and blossoms gay,"

he sang, and his clear tenor came welling up the staircase to Liz, and past her to the ward, and to the group behind the screen.

"Are strewn this day in festal preparation, Where Jesus comes to wipe our tears away— E'en now the throng to welcome Him prepare."

On the throne-chair by the record-table, the nurse sat and listened. And because it was Easter and she was very happy, and because of the thrill in the tenor voice that came up the stairs to her, and because of the page in the order-book about bran baths and the rest of it, she cried a little, surreptitiously, and let the tears drop down on a yellow hospital record.

The song was almost done. Liz, on the

"You'll have to feed it!" Rose shouted over stairs, had fed her baby twenty minutes too soon, and now it lay, sleeping and sated, in her lap. Liz sat there, brooding over it, and the last line of the song came up the staircase:

> "Blessed is He who comes bringing sal-va-a-a-tion!" the young doctor sang.

> The services were over. Downstairs the small crowd dispersed slowly. The minister shook hands with the nurses at the door, and the young doctor rolled up his song and wondered how soon he could make rounds upstairs again.

Liz got up, with her baby in her arms, and "The little cuss!" cried Al, delighted. "Ain't padded in to the throne-chair by the recordtable.

"He can sing some, can't he!" she said.

"He has a beautiful voice." The nurse's eyes were shining.

Liz moved off. Then she turned and came back.

"I - I know you'll tell me I'm a fool," she said; "but I've decided to keep the kid, this time. I guess I'll make out, somehow."

Behind the screen, Rosie had lighted a cigarette and was smoking, sublimely unconscious of the blue smoke swirl that rose in telltale clouds high above her head. The baby had dropped asleep, and Claribel lay still. But her eyes were not on the ceiling; they were on the child.

Al leaned forward and put his lips to the arm that circled the baby.

"I'm sorry, kid," he said. "I guess it was the limit, all right. Do you hate me?"

She looked at him, and the hardness and defiance died out of her eyes. She shook her head.

"No."

"Do you — still — like me a little?"

"Yes," in a whisper.

"Then what's the matter with you and me and the little mutt getting married and starting all over - eh?"

He leaned over and buried his face with a caressing movement in the hollow of her neck.

Rose extinguished her cigarette on the foot of the bed, and, careful of appearances, put the butt in her chatelaine.

"I guess you two don't need me any more," she said, yawning. "I'm going back home to bed."



FELICE LYNE

THE LATEST AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA

HE most talked about person in London is a twenty-year-old girl from Kansas City-Felice Lyne, who has been appearing at Oscar Hammerstein's new London operahouse. Night after night she has filled the large house; she has won from the exacting English public praise such as no foreign singer has had since the days of Calvé.

Her story is one of a magnificent gamble. Six years ago an American pupil of Madame Marchesi's heard the little girl sing, and advised her mother to take the child to Paris. This the mother did; and when Madame Marchesi heard Felice sing she declared that the child had the four great essentials for a grand-opera star — voice, intelligence, dramatic ability, and personality.

Felice Lyne began her work under Madame staked all they had on the girl's talent. Her They always called me Felicia at home, though mother stayed with her, and her father prac- Felice is my name; it was the name of one of

tised osteopathy at home. For five years she worked incessantly.

"No girl," she herself says, "ever succeeded on the operatic stage unless she had to do so. If I had been rich I should have given up the struggle long ago." She gives her mother most of the credit for her success.

"My mother just made me sing and study," she says. "She has been with me all the time. When I got tired or discouraged, she was always there to cheer me up. She has taught me many things that a teacher never could - the things that come through love and happiness.

"She never allowed me to 'show off' as a child. I never sang before people. It was fortunate, for I conserved whatever powers I had. Our friends thought it rather absurd when we went to Paris. I can hear them saying, 'Why, Marchesi in 1906. Her father and mother I never knew Felicia Lyne had a voice.'

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my mother's bridesmaids."

In Paris she studied with Madame Marchesi, de Reszke, and d'Aubigny, the last of whom she thinks helped her most of all. Her mother saw to it that she had no side interests to distract her; she had nothing to unlearn, and she progressed with marvelous rapidity. But she was continually haunted by one bugaboo.

"I wanted to sing in grand opera," she says, "but I weigh only ninety-two pounds, so they all spoke of comic opera for me. I grew to hate the very word. I had momentary temptations to accept engagements for comic opera; and when I suffered a disappointment from the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, London, I signed with Mr. Hammerstein for 'Hans the Flute-Player.' After that I was miserable. I was afraid that I was sentenced forever to frivolous light opera."

It was one day in June, 1909, three years after she had gone to Paris, that Oscar Hammerstein heard her sing at one of Madame Marchesi's recitals. He engaged her then and there, though he admits that he did not foresee her grandopera success. She was so tiny and so young; he, too, was thinking of light opera; but he had to make certain concessions to her ambition and extend hopes of grand opera later, before she would



FELICE LYNE AS "LISBET" IN "HANS THE FLUTE-PLAYER"

consent to come to America and sing in "Hans the Flute-Player."

Early last winter she made her first appearance in London as Gilda in "Rigoletto." It was a Saturday night début; the house was only partly filled and the audience was indifferent. The effect of the new singer's voice on the listless crowd was immediate and astonishing. Nothing like it had been known since the night of Madame Tetrazzini's first appearance.

The young débutante did not look more than fifteen. The repose, simplicity, and natural grace of her manner captivated the audience at once; and when the first notes of the great aria in the garden scene floated ' out into the house, London knew that it was listening to one of the most beautiful voices it had ever heard.

It is a voice singularly pure in quality and perfectly even throughout its entire range, and it is produced with extraordinary ease and skill. Throughout the big scene of the second act everything she did was filled with a sense of musical beauty. She never for one moment gave the impression that she was parading vocal technique or seeking anything but the appropriate expression of the melody. The audience continually broke into applause in the midst of

the performance. The London newspapers twenty-four hours later published columns of extravagant praise. Five nights that first week she sang to sold out houses — Hammerstein's one conspicuous success.

That impresario is not slow in realizing his assets. The young prima donna was put to work rehearsing other rôles. She has appeared as Lucia in "Lucia di Lammermoor," the Doll in "The Tales of Hoffmann," the boy in "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," and Marguerite in "Faust"; and every time she has renewed her first triumph. Her days and nights have been filled with hard work, but her reward has been great; her fame and position are assured.

Felice Lyne is the daughter of Dr. Sanford T. Lyne, a practising osteopathic physician; she was born and reared in Missouri. Her mother's father, Colonel Hezekiah Purdom, a veteran newspaper publisher of that State, began his career in the same newspaper office with Mark Twain. Felice had never seriously taken up vocal study until she went to Paris in the summer of 1906.

The personality of the new singer is simple and winning in the extreme. She has bright brown eyes lighting up a small face, a vivacious manner, a merry, flexible



FELICE LYNE AS "GILDA"
IN "RIGOLETTO"

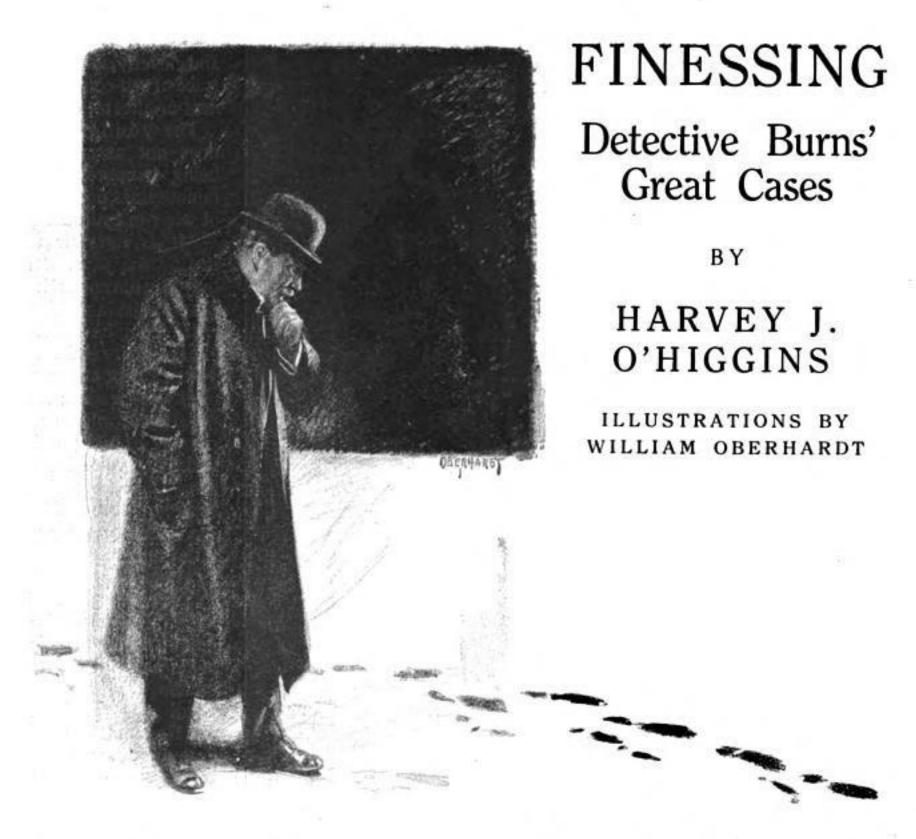
voice; she talks quickly and cleverly, without a trace of self-consciousness or affectation.

The young singer does not at all like being compared with famousstars, nomatter of what magnitude.

"It is not fair to me," she says. "I may sing the same rôles that Melba and Tetrazzini do, but there the similarity ends. A voice can not be measured or appraised; the question is, what percentage of the public finds the voice interesting and beautiful? And the future decides the caliber of any artist's voice.

"I myself prefer coloratura singing. I know it suits my voice. And I think the public, in its heart of hearts. prefers the music of Verdi and Donizetti and Rossini to the new dramatic operas, which are discordant and unpleasant and often morbid. Of course, the early Italians are now in disfavor, and it is not fashionable to like 'Aïda' and 'The Barber'; but I think that is largely pose. Frankly, I like melody. I think melody is the essence of music - and I am not a bad musician. Coloratura operas will be sung as long as there are voices to sing them, because they are pure music. They give to an artist the same scope that the Shakespeare plays give to an actress. I feel sure that Verdi and Donizetti will be heard when Richard Strauss and Claude De-

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HE superintendent of the mint whose name was Fleischman, let us say-had come to the Secret Service office, in the Federal Building, in a pale perspiration of heat and "Billy," he said to the operative in charge,— whose name was William J. Burns,— "some one's been stealing our precipitate of it. If I can't trust those boys --" silver and selling it to the Cooley Smelting and Reduction Company. And there's not a man Cooley Company get it?" in that room I don't trust. Not one. Not one that I haven't had absolute confidence in."

"Oh, well," Burns said, "absolute confidence is all right, but ---"

"No; I mean it," Fleischman protested. "I'd trust those boys further - If they're stealing, I can't trust any one. I can't trust my own wife."

mint, then."

"There are only three places in the country that it could come from: one is in Red Bank, New Jersey; another is the Cooley Company's own works; and the last is our mint. The Cooley people have had it analyzed. They've sent me word that it's ours; the chemical analysis shows it. And it makes me sick to think of

"Where did the Burns put on his hat.

"From a metal dealer here. He's supposed to have had it shipped to him from Idaho, where the people that made it couldn't get their price for it. That's a stall of some sort. There's no such precipitate produced in Idaho. And the firm in Red Bank has investigated, and they report that it isn't theirs; it must be ours."

Now, in a previous investigation of a mint "Perhaps the stuff doesn't come from the robbery Burns had had some dealings with the Cooley Company; and he had not found all the

Note: For obvious reasons proper names have been changed and recognizable details of character and incident have been disguised, in this narrative, beyond any possibility of identification.

company's officials so scrupulous in their business morality that they had remained above suspicion in his thought of them. More than that, the Cooley Company had been robbed of some hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold bars by an employee, a few years earlier; and Burns had watched with interest the discovery and prosecution of the thief. These things had marked the Cooley Company's works and offices, for him, with a scent of malefaction.

He found the president of the smelting company in his office, busy at his table-desk. Imagine him a solid, double-chinned, gray man with an important manner. Suppose his name to be Richard C. F. Callingham. Picture him reading typewritten, letters and signing them with a big, ebony-handled stub-pen, writing his dashing and robustious signature with ponderous care.

He had no affection for William J. Burns, Secret Service operative. In the investigation of the previous mint robbery, Burns had been impertinently curious about the business relations between the Cooley Company and an official of the mint who was suspected of the theft. Burns had asked embarrassing questions about the sale of blue-stone to the Cooley Company by the suspected official. He had insisted upon seeing the details of an account between the Cooley Company and the mint in the matter of an exchange of lead for lead that was impregnated with precious metal. had made himself "unpopular" with President Richard C. F. Callingham.

Callingham said, "How d'you do," busily, in response to Burns' greeting, without looking up from his papers and

without

asking the detective to sit down.

"Mr. Burns seated himself. Callingham," he began, "Mr. Fleischman, the superintendent of the mint, has been telling me me or of a silver precipitate that has been brought not,"
to you ---" assured

"We've given all the facts to Mr. Fleischman," Callingham cut him short,

them to me."

"I don't see the use of it."

"Mr. Fleischman has asked me to investigate. He doesn't remember all the details, and there may be something that you've overlooked. Who received this precipitate when it was brought here?"

"Mr. Cheney."

"I'd like to see him."

"There's no use bothering him. We've told you all we know."

"I have been asked to investigate," Burns explained, "and this is the only way I know of doing it. If I can't get my information, I'll have to drop the case."

Callingham blotted his signature. "I can't help that," he said, taking up another letter.

And here Burns began his sleight-of-hand. (He calls it, professionally, "finessing.") "Perhaps," he said, "it would interest you to know that the precipitate was not stolen from the mint."

Callingham shook his head. "That's for Mr. Fleischman to decide."

"No," Burns said; "it's for you. It was stolen from you."

Callingham looked up, over his glasses. "That's impossible. We've had four detectives guarding our works." Burns tells this story privately, as a good joke on the operatives of this particular detective agency which may be known here as the Nick Carter Sleuthing Company.

"I don't know anything about your detectives," he replied confidently; "but I know it's your precipitate of silver. And I'm not interested in the fact — except that I've got to prove it to the government in order to prove that it didn't come from the mint."

Callingham laid down his pen. "Would you mind telling me how you know it?"

"Yes," Burns said, "I do mind. That's a confidential matter which I'm not in a position to divulge - yet."

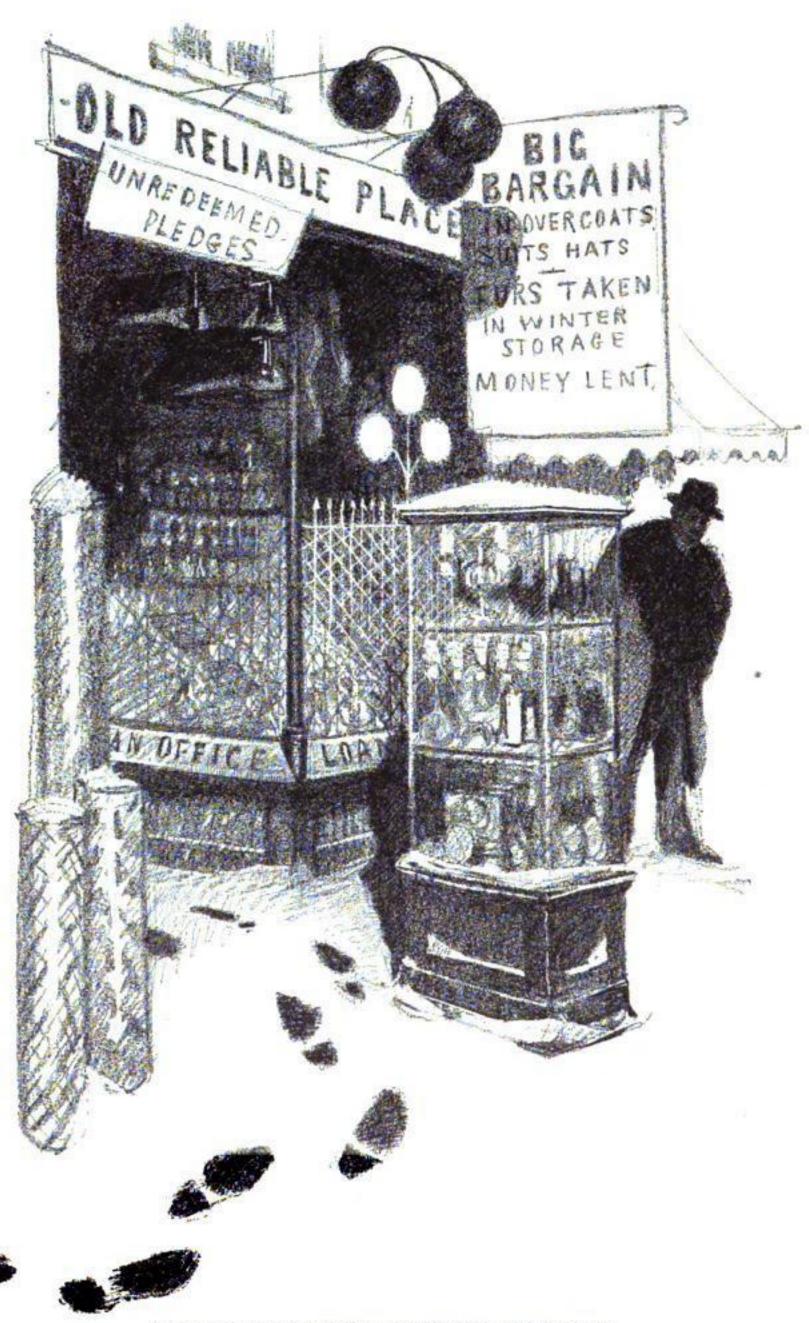
"Well, Mr. Burns," Callingham hastened to say, "I know you're not a man to claim that you know a thing unless you're sure of it. I don't like to contradict you, but ----"

> "It doesn't matter to me whether you con-

tradict

Burns assured him. "It's your silver, and I'll prove it."

Callingham took off his glasses, shaken and "It would be no trouble, I suppose, to repeat rather tremulously alarmed. The previous theft of gold bars had made a scandal that had not yet been forgotten. The business credit of the company had been impaired. The president's reputation as an executive officer had been blown upon. The name of R. C. F. Callingham - no matter with what



"'I HAVE A MAN OUTSIDE, SHADOWING THE PLACE "

a flourish it might be signed — would be the name of an absurd gull if it was found that his company had now been receiving — and smelting cheerfully — a silver precipitate that had been stolen from its own works. And they had handled several thousand dollars' worth of the stuff.

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"Mr. Burns," he said, "I can't believe it, but — What is it you want to know?"

"Where are the samples that you tested?"

Callingham reddened to the roots of his gray hair. He had no right to take samples of a silver precipitate that had been brought to him for smelting, and if he had kept the samples it was a theft. He said: "Of course we gave them back to the man."

"When did he bring them here?"

"If you'll just come in and talk to Mr. Cheney," Callingham said meekly, "he'll tell you all about it."

They went in. They talked to Cheney. And Burns learned what he wished to know — which was the name of the metal dealer who had brought in the silver, the amount that he had brought, and the dates on which he had brought it.

It was Burns' business, of course, to know all the metal dealers in the district, for professional reasons, as a man whose chief concern in the world was the protection of the currency. He had an intimate acquaintance with the dealer who had been handling the stolen silver, and he did not doubt that the dealer would tell where he had obtained it. When the government Secret Service asks questions, the wise citizen tries to be frank.

Burns left the offices of the Cooley Company and crossed the street to the entrance of the Mining Exchange Building; he waited there until he saw President R. C. F. Callingham come out to get luncheon; and then he returned composedly to the smelting company's offices. He had decided that if the samples of stolen silver were still preserved, they would be at the company's works in the neighboring town of Cooley. He went to the young man who had been left in charge of the office, and asked him: "Did those samples come yet?"

"What samples?"

"Mr. Callingham sent out to the works for some samples of silver precipitate."

"They haven't come."

"Would you mind telephoning again?"

"Sure thing," the clerk said. He called up the company's works on the telephone and asked: "Have you sent in those samples of silver precipitate for Mr. Callingham?" He turned to Burns, with the receiver at his ear, to inquire: "What samples were they?"

"Samples of a silver precipitate that was stolen from the mint."

The clerk repeated that explanation to the man at the works. "All right." He hung up the receiver. "They'll start them in right away, Mr. Burns," he promised.

"How long will it take them to get here?"

"About an hour."

Burns said, "Thanks," with a matter-of-fact indifference, and went out to his luncheon, easy in his mind.

He was back on his post, at the entrance of the Mining Exchange, in time to see Callingham return; and after a sufficient interval he rejoined Callingham in his office, on pretense of asking him about the inquiries that had been made in Red Bank, New Jersey, concerning the precipitate of silver. Callingham was worried, but polite. Burns led the conversation around to a discussion of the notorious theft of gold bars from the Cooley Company, and he remarked admiringly upon the fact that an official of the company had obtained a confession from the thief after the Nick Carter Company's sleuths had failed to get a jot of evidence against him. This sort of talk did not make Callingham look any happier. It was not designed to.

They were interrupted by the arrival of a messenger from the works, with his leather bag over his shoulder. He said, "There's the samples you wanted," as he took them out and laid them on the table-desk. Burns nodded. When the messenger had withdrawn, he explained casually to Callingham, without looking at him: "They had those samples of silver precipitate out at the works still; they sent them in."

"Oh, did they?" Callingham's voice was flat, and there was the sound of an awkward blush in it. The samples contained about fifty dollars' worth of silver.

Burns put them in his pocket. "Mr. Fleischman wants to have them tested again. I'll let you know when I get your man."

"Thanks," Callingham stammered doubtfully; "I wish you would. I—I've telephoned to our superintendent. He doesn't believe it can be our material. I'd like you to have a talk with him."

"There isn't any talking that I can do yet," Burns replied. "But I know it's your stuff. Good-by."

He went to turn the samples over to the superintendent of the mint for analysis, and then he posted off to see the metal dealer from whom they had come. That canny gentleman did not attempt to put Burns off with any story of shipments from Idaho. He admitted that the silver had been brought to him by a pawnbroker, whose name and address he gave.



"BILLY, SOME ONE'S BEEN STEALING OUR PRECIPITATE OF SILVER. AND THERE'S NOT A MAN IN THAT ROOM I DON'T TRUST'"

And in fifteen minutes Burns was in the in getting any information that "Mr. Purns" pawnshop.

The community in which he was making this investigation was notorious, at the time, for its political corruption. There was then in control of the city a political boss who sold the privilege of lawlessness to the criminal, to the vicious, to the predatory franchisegrabber, to the malefactor of wealth, and to every other enemy of society who could pay for protection. Burns' pawnbroker was related, by marriage, to this political boss. The small thieves, paying tribute to the police, dealt with the pawnbroker as with a sort of official "fence"; and if Burns had been a local detective, inquiring there for the trail of loot, the pawnbroker would probably have laughed at him.

But the Secret Service represented the federal power, an alien — almost an imperial — authority beyond the reach of native corruption. The pawnbroker had no wish to involve himself in a federal prosecution. He received Burns with a fawning cordiality, smiling, "pop-eyed," and eager to assist "Mr. Purns"

might have need of.

He had been receiving the silver precipitate, he said, from a stranger who usually brought it to the pawnshop on a Saturday night, accepted a small advance on its value, and returned on the following Saturday to get the rest of his money — after the pawnbroker had disposed of the metal to the dealer who had been having it smelted by the Cooley Company.

Burns asked: "When is he due here again?" The pawnbroker consulted his records. It appeared, from them, that the man ought to arrive on the following Saturday.

"All right," Burns said; "I'll be here, from now on, to watch for him. I have a man outside, shadowing the place. I'll sit inside and have a look at your customer when he comes. You go ahead and buy the stuff, and give him whatever advance he asks on it."

"Yes, Mr. Purns."

Burns did not use any finesse with the pawnbroker or the metal dealer, and he did not take any precautions to prevent either one from betraying him — though they did not know that. He was aware that both had a wholesome respect for the government detectives, and he was confident that both would be eager to assist the investigation in order to clear themselves of suspicion.

He spent the remainder of the week in the pawnshop, waiting patiently, talking the gossip of local politics, and acquiring expert information of the "inside" variety about the personnel and the methods of the gang that governed the community. Some of that information

subsequently assisted him in putting their leader in the State penitentiary.

On Saturday night the expected customer arrived with a valise in which he had six hundred and fifty dollars' worth of silver precipitate. He did not notice Burns, who went outside — as soon as he was sure what was in the valise—and joined the operative who had been shadowing the shop. Together they followed their "subject" when he came out; and tailed him to a dry-goods shop, where he was joined by a woman; and went with the pair to a vaudeville theater; and then watched all night outside a rooming-house where the couple spent the night.

At ten o'clock next morning, Sunday, they were all out on the street again. They dined in the same restaurant, and walked around till two, and enjoyed another vaudeville entertainment till five. The five-fifteen train took them to Cooley, where the man and the woman separated. Burns tailed the man home. His assistant followed the woman.

That night Burns reported to the superintendent of the mint that he had located the employee of the Cooley Company who had been stealing precipitate of silver. "Well," Fleischman said, "I'm satisfied from the chemical analysis that the stuff's not ours.

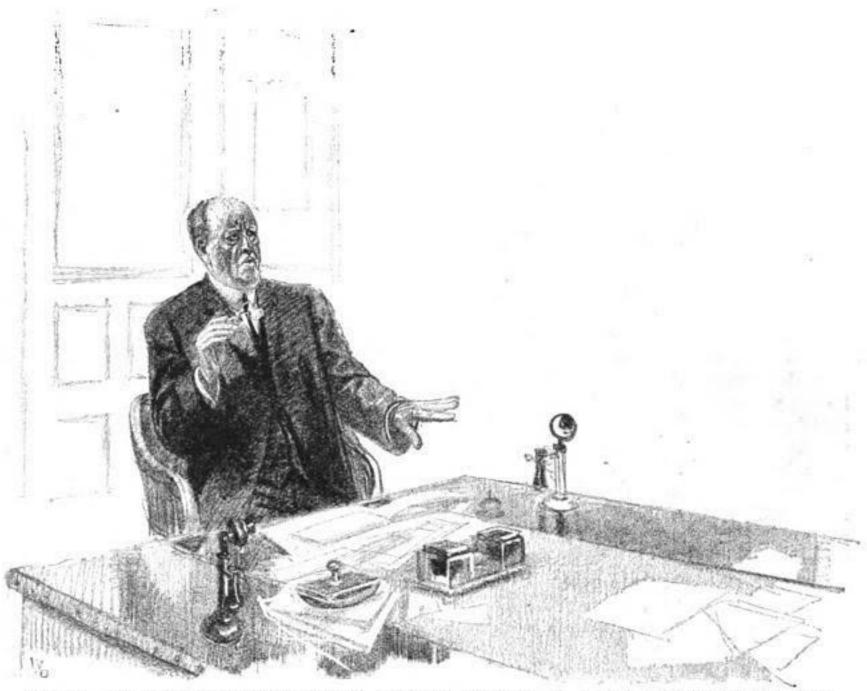
But I'm free to say that it's hard to tell. They were probably satisfied that it was ours, and acted in good faith."

"No doubt," Burns replied; "but let me have the pleasure of breaking the glad news to Callingham. I owe him some return for the eager way he didn't help me when he thought it was silver from the mint."

When he appeared, next morning, in Callingham's office, the president rose to shake hands with him cordially. "I've got your man," Burns said. "His name is William Champion."



"ON SATURDAY NIGHT THE EXPECTED CUSTOMER ARRIVED WITH SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS' WORTH OF SILVER PRECIPITATE"



"'WELL, MR. BURNS,' CALLINGHAM SAID, 'I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A MAN TO CLAIM THAT YOU KNOW A THING UNLESS YOU'RE SURE OF IT. I DON'T LIKE TO CONTRADICT YOU, BUT — '"

Callingham pressed a button. "Bring me the pay-roll," he ordered the clerk, and his voice was thick. He took the sheets with an agitated hand and glanced over them in apprehension. "He's here," he said; "and in that room, too!"

"He has sold about three thousand dollars' worth of silver precipitate to date," Burns reported cheerfully, "and he has six hundred and fifty dollars' worth more in the pawnshop."

"What pawnshop?"

Burns told the whole story, from the time he had left the president's office with the samples until he had trailed Champion to his home.

"Let me call our superintendent," Callingham said, "and the local superintendent of the detective agency. I want you to talk to them."

"I don't mind talking to them; but I can tell you now," Burns predicted, "that the detective won't take any advice from me."

"We'll see about that," Callingham replied, in his most executive manner. "I'll have something to say, in that case."

He sent out his summons for the two men. "Mr. Burns," Callingham inquired, "would you mind telling me, now, how you knew that

it was our precipitate when you first came in here?"

"Yes," Burns answered; "that matter is confidential with the government."

"Oh!" Callingham thought it over. "Then," he asked, "tell me who told you that those samples were still at the works. I was certainly given to understand that they had been returned."

"That, too," Burns replied gravely, "I'm not in a position to divulge."

Callingham cleared his throat. "I've forgotten to ask you what is your charge for your work on this case."

"You can't pay me a cent," Burns answered.
"I'm paid by the government."

"Then," Callingham plunged, "what do you

think we ought to do next?"

"Well," Burns cautioned him, "you want to be careful. If you arrest that man on insufficient evidence, and his lawyer learns that your own chemist originally reported that the silver came from the mint, Champion will stand a good chance in a suit for damages against you."

"That's true," Callingham agreed. "There

was a case like that in Idaho!"



"'IT DOESN'T MATTER TO ME WHETHER YOU CON-TRADICT ME OR NOT,' BURNS ASSURED HIM. 'IT'S YOUR SILVER, AND I'LL PROVE IT'"

The superintendent of the Cooley works arrived — followed, in a moment, by the local superintendent of the Nick Carter sleuths. The latter was a large, impressive, dark man. He greeted Burns with professional reserve and heard the story of the theft with placidity. When he was asked, at last, what he proposed to do in the case, he replied: "We'll take it up at once. We'll not bother Mr. Burns any further. There's no necessity - no necessity at all. We'll take care of it."

"Just what will you do?" Burns inquired.

"Why, we're going to finish up the investigation. We'll take care of it."

"But what action are you going to take?" "To arrest Champion."

"Right away?"

"Yes. There's the evidence against him. Plenty of it. Perfect."

Burns looked at Callingham.

responsible for whatever is done in this investigation, and our company will have to pay the damages if we arrest Champion and fail to convict him. Never mind this man. Tell us what

we ought to do."

"Well, in the first place," Burns said, "Champion steals this stuff when you have your clean-up. He takes it out of the works either in his pail or in his pocket. Let him go ahead. Let him 'come back to it.' Don't do anything different from what you have been doing right along. Immediately after the next clean-up, search his bucket without his knowing it. If the stuff isn't there, have two men lying in wait for him under the railroad bridge on his way home. They can accuse him of stealing a pocket-book, and search him for it. If he hasn't anything on him, he'll not know what you're after. If you find any on him, search his house —

"Without a warrant!" the detective cut in. "If you find stolen goods on him you don't need a search-warrant. Go get a constable."

"The government may do that sort of thing -

"All right," Burns said; "go ahead your own

way." Burns left town, for a week, on another case. While he was away, he read in the newspapers of the arrest of William Champion, of Cooley, for stealing silver from the smelting company; and the despatches spoke admiringly of the

"clever work" done on the case by the Nick Carter Company's sleuths. But when Burns returned to town he found that Callingham had been sending frantic messages to the Secret Service office for him, and when he saw Callingham, the distracted president explained:

"After you left, that idiot didn't wait to do anything you had advised. He went straight to the District Attorney's office to get a searchwarrant for Champion. The District Attorney's stenographer knows the Champions. She telephoned Mrs. Champion that a Nick Carter detective had been in the office, getting a warrant for Champion for stealing precipitate of silver. And when the detectives got to the house, they found Champion sick in bed — with fright and not a trace of the stolen silver to be found anywhere. They haven't a speck of evidence but what you got yourself. What are we to do?"

"Employ some detective," Burns advised. Burns prodded him. "What's your next move?" "to go over the ground that I went over. Have him show this evidence to Champion's lawyer. Then tell him that you want to save the expense of a trial, and, if Champion will plead guilty, he'll be given only a jail sentence."

"And that's what was done," Burns con-"Mr. Burns," Callingham broke out, "I'm cludes. "Champion got thirty days in jail for stealing three thousand dollars, and they recovered the six hundred and fifty dollars' worth of stuff that I had traced to the pawnshop."



"HE LEFT HER STANDING GRACEFULLY IN THE WIND, THE BREEZES TOSSING HER HAIR FROM HER WHITE TEMPLES"

"CQ"

IN THE WIRELESS HOUSE

BY

ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAYMOND L. CROSBY

1

HE chief trouble with "Micky" Fitz, as he was called, was that the women all fell in love with him. And as he was generally a totally unconscious factor in the proceeding, he can hardly be held responsible, although it can not be denied that he was usually receptive and on occasion even provocative, for he was a sailor-man — of a sort — and English, in spite of his name. This, however, did not prevent his utter disgrace and prompt banishment from his uncle's vicarage when he and the Hon. Evelyn Arabella Farquhar were caught by the head gardener kissing in the lilac arbor, and the matter was reported to the irascible Earl, her grand-For the golden-haired, rose-cheeked Hon. Evelyn was a great person in the land, while Michael Fitzpatrick was only a common or garden son of a second son, with no pretensions to aristocracy save through the elder branch of the family, which paid no attention to his trifling existence. So the Earl, as was his prerogative, was exceeding wroth, and, having sent for the much-embarrassed vicar, made it entirely unequivocal that Michael was to be deported beyond seas,— to Prince Rupert or Pekin or Zanzibar, - where he could nevermore see his dream lady until she was safely married to a gentleman of at least her own rank and fortune.

Later the Hon. Evelyn, having escaped from her governess (she was only fifteen and three quarters), met Micky in the grove back of the second gamekeeper's, and swore eternal fealty to him with her head on his shoulder, and they exchanged rings. He left her in the sweet, shadowy fragrance of the early evening, standing among the tree-trunks with her arms out-

stretched to him, a brave smile on her lips, trying to keep back her tears — a slender, wistful figure in a white frock that did not quite reach to the top of her shoes, her hair in rippling golden torrents blown toward him over her shoulders by a soft caressing breeze that bore a quivering "Good-by, Micky dear!" to his yearning ears. With a heart excitedly thumping, Micky packed a hand-bag, and, without saying as much as good-by to the vicar, walked four miles to the station and caught the 8.43 for Liverpool. For, though he was nineteen, he did not know what was right and proper or to be expected of a mere son of a second son. Incidentally he carried in his left-hand breast pocket a cabinet photograph of his Lady of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, showing her in long hair and standing beside a big St. Bernard dog.

This was three years ago, and in all that time he had heard from her only once, and that was when she had mailed him a post-card from Cortina d'Ampezzo six weeks after his departure, showing a Tyrolese couple in dancing costume and bearing the strange and unintelligible symbols (save to Micky), "I. L. Y." — which are the initials of the most important sentence in all history.

Those three years on the sea had made a man of him, but they had not changed his attitude toward Lady Evelyn or the Earl; and both the photograph and the Tyrolese dancers occupied a conspicuous position on the wall over his bunk in the wireless house on the *Pavonia*. Yet during that time there had been many candidates for Lady Evelyn's position — lithe, smoky Arab girls in Tangier, starchy pink-and-white stewardesses, smart daughters of prosperous resident officers, and many ladies of high degree on the first-cabin passenger list. But he had dis-

couraged them all and kept his heart true to the than a steward scurried up after her and memory of the grove behind the second gamekeeper's.

"An infectious little red devil!" Mrs. Hubert Trevelyan called him — she of the white ponycoat and the string of melting blue-white pearls, who liked to joke with Micky on the boat-deck and visit him in the wireless house, and whose full-blown, rosily radiant beauty filled him with a vague uneasiness. Yet it was not his looks he had freckles, blue eyes, and auburn-red hair — but his smile that drew people to him, first and second cabin alike, and made it quite impossible for even the purple-nosed captain to be as harsh with him as his escapades deserved as, for example, that night at Algiers when he had kept the ship waiting an hour, with the tide on the ebb, while he won £16 at the little horses in the Casino.

It had been quite natural for him to go into the Marconi service, for he had always dabbled in electricity and had worked an amateur "wireless" between the roof of the vicarage and that of the village tinsmith, who was the father of his childhood's companion, Tommy Burcher. Tommy was the only one of his friends with whom he still kept in constant communication and from whom he learned the comings and goings of the Hon. Evelyn: how she now had her hair up and looked a ripper; how the family had taken her up to London and brought her out with a great party at Carlton Terrace; how she had been presented at Court; and how they had been filling the house with old bucks and young bucks, and been having party after party, until Tommy (who was not invited) said it quite turned his stomach. But never a word from the Hon. Evelyn, who, according to the ill-spelled and worse-expressed missives of his correspondent, was growing more of a stunner daily. As each letter was received and read in the privacy of the wireless house, Micky would grind his teeth, swear at the Earl and the vicar, and then smoke his pipe furiously for about an hour — after which life resumed its ordinary color. A letter had come that very day, with the usual consequences.

"Damn all the women!" he growled, still smoking, as he saw Mrs. Hubert Trevelyan's twenty pounds!" shouted the Captain, glaring copious blonde coiffure bobbing up the ladder that led to the little coop which served him as office, bedroom, and parlor, and was situated on top of the deck-house in the after part of the Pavonia. Passengers were forbidden access to it; but for Mrs. Trevelyan anything forbidden was sweet — particularly the society of Micky Fitz. And she had no sooner gained the top of the deck-house, and begun adjusting the folds of her white pony-coat and her trim sailor hat,

knocked on the door of the wireless house.

"Cap'n says report to him at once, and no first-cabin passengers allowed aft the secondcabin deck!" said he rudely.

"Curse the Captain!" snorted Micky. suppose I'll-catch it good and hearty for givin' out that bulletin this afternoon! Good evening, Mrs. Trevelyan. Sorry I can't receive you. The Captain's sent for me - most pressin' and particular!"

He smiled a soul-engaging, freckled smile.

"Oh, you naughty child!" protested Mrs. Trevelyan, shaking her finger at him. "Well, I'll wait for you! Don't be long. I am quite afraid to stay up here all alone. What if a big sailor should come up?"

"Just shake your finger at him!" replied Micky.

He left her standing gracefully in the wind, the breeze tossing her hair from her white temples and outlining her shapely form under the white coat that floated behind her like the robe of the Wingless Victory. He hurried across the second-cabin deck, climbed the ladder to the main deck, ducked under the upraised arm of the bugler, just beginning the first bar of "Roast Beef of Old England," made a wry face at him, and saluted the Captain.

"You young scamp!" roared the officer. "What do you mean by giving out the press news and letting it be posted on the bulletinboard? Don't you know this ship doesn't subscribe for it? Look at this thing! I tore it down myself five minutes ago!"

He held out a crumpled sheet of ship's writingpaper, upon which appeared, in Mrs. Hubert Trevelyan's obvious chirography, a résumé of the wireless news sent out from Poldhu early that morning. The lady had been flippant, and the sheet was headed: "The Pavonia's Daily Scream." Underneath were imitation newspaper columns entitled "Society Jottings," "Marine News," "Birth List," and other harmless pleasantries, but containing the actual six hundred words taken by Micky out of the air, for which the company had not paid.

"If that is reported it will cost me exactly

"Very sorry, sir!" answered Micky respectfully. "I didn't post it, and I don't know who did. I merely handed a copy to you, as usual, at breakfast. Of course, if by any chance one of the passengers saw your copy ---!"

"You impudent young jackanapes!" retorted the Captain furiously. "My copy, indeed! You gave it out to some woman - you know you did! What's more, you let them come



"THERE WERE MRS. TREVELYAN, AND A DARK GENTLEMAN WITH WAXED MUSTACHES, IN A LONG GREEN ULSTER, CALMLY EATING PHEASANT FROM HIS OPERATING-DESK. A QUART OF CHAMPAGNE STOOD IN A BUCKET OF ICE ON THE FLOOR BESIDE THEM."

11

up to the wireless house! I've seen them myself. If I catch another living soul there, I'll

have you discharged."

"Very good, sir," replied Micky stolidly.
"Of course, if you didn't give out the news the Marconi Company can't charge the boat for it; and if I gave it out the Company will sack me.
So far as the passengers coming up is concerned, I wish you would devise some way to keep 'em out. I can't. I'm sure the Company wouldn't like it, and it interferes horribly with my work.
Is that all, sir? And shall I take the news for you to-night, sir?"

The Captain gave Micky one withering look and brushed by him without reply. He had no evidence as to how the news had leaked out, and he was quite aware of it. In addition, he had no business to get the news himself, if his ship was not a subscriber. Of course they all did get it. There it was in the air, and all you had to do was to tune in and swipe it. The Company expected it, and you didn't deprive anybody of anything by so doing. The morning flimsy from the wireless house was a sort of daily courtesy from the Marconi people to the Captain. If he didn't want it — why, he could leave it, that was all.

All this the purple Captain knew very well; but he was angry and upset, for the home office had held him over two days at Genoa to take those of the Olympic's passengers who after her collision with the Hawk had shrewdly figured out that the only way to make sure of getting home was by the southern route, and had had the Pavonia held by wire from London in consequence.

Mrs. Trevelyan had been one of these, and for four days now she had sat at his right hand and made love to him. The ship was jammed to the bulwarks, with first-cabin passengers sleeping in threes in second-class state-rooms, and everybody was growling except the stewards and stewardesses, who already heard the clink of golden sovereigns on every hand.

At Gibraltar another swarm of belated ones had come aboard, and Billy Parish, the gambler, who regularly travels from Algiers to Gibraltar and back again, had made forty pounds by pretending he had taken passage for New York and selling out to a Wall Street stock broker, "at the greatest possible inconvenience to himself." But the really funny thing was how that Olympic-Hawk business had made all the captains so nervous — and Ponsonby, the purple Captain of the Pavonia, was the worst of all.

As Fitzpatrick scurried back to his post in the wireless house they were all filing in to dinner, and the deck stewards were darting around among the old ladies with sloppy trays of lukewarm bouillon and soggy sea-biscuit. A

condensed odor, thick to the eye as a London fog, was working along the passageways, heavy with the steam of the soup caldrons, the smell of damp table-linen, of Castile soap, onions, oxalic acid, and warm upholstery. The string band was trying to be heard above the clatter of dishes, valiantly sawing out "O You Beautiful Doll," and the stewards were fighting for places around the scullery windows, giving each other the lie in polite cockney with "Oh, I s'y, I'm first there, now, Denby!" and "You swine, you took my plyte! Give it 'ere, now!" Inside the saloon, two hundred passengers were beginning to gorge stomachs, which should have been left entirely alone, with canned caviar, Scotch broth, boiled cod, celery, radishes, English mutton chops; -- "pheasant, sir, with the 'ead steward's compliments,"—tipsy pudding, Neapolitan ice-cream, assorted cakes, grapes, bananas, and coffee, washed down with heavy draughts of Apollinaris water. The great event of the day was in full progress.

Micky winked at the purser as he slid by the latter's grating.

"No more news!" he grinned. "Cap'n's orders!"

"The deuce you say!" muttered the ratfaced financier, and went on unconcernedly counting up neat piles of half-crowns.

Micky ran up his ladder and opened the door of his office. There were Mrs. Trevelyan, and a dark gentleman with waxed mustaches, in a long green ulster, calmly eating pheasant from his operating-desk. A quart of champagne stood in a bucket of ice on the floor beside them.

"Ah, there you are!" cried the gay lady. "Lord Ashurst, let me introduce to you my very particular friend, Mr. Micky Fitzpatrick."

"Glad to know you!" nodded his lordship, his mouth full of pheasant. "Awfully jolly up here, you know. Quite rippin', in fact. So beastly hot in that saloon, one can't eat."

"Sit down, do," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "I know you want to put us out, but it wouldn't be polite — would it, Ashurst?"

"Assuredly not!" he answered. "Have a cigarette?"

"No, thanks," replied Micky. "I'm very sorry, but I have to go down to lunch. By the way, if anybody calls up, just send 'em a few V's and take the message, will you?"

"Impudence!" smiled Mrs. Trevelyan.

Soon she finished her pheasant, and, Micky having vanished down the ladder, began to examine the contents of the office through her gold lorgnette.

"That must be his sweetheart!" she remarked suddenly, pointing to the photograph over the bunk — "that leggy little girl with the big dog."

"Well, I'm shot!" he ejaculated, in amazement.

"Wby, may I ask?" inquired Mrs. Trevelyan, "And why do you invariably say you're shot?" Ashurst ignored the latter half of her question. "That's Evelyn Farquhar!" he gasped.

Mrs. Trevelyan emitted a shower of silver giggles, while Ashurst gave her a sheep-faced look.

"Rather rough on you, eh, boysie?" she laughed.

His lordship poured out a tumbler of champagne.

"Really, you know, that's rather a stunner!" he admitted.

"It is, if what everybody said was true," answered his companion — "that she turned you down bard at Biarritz last May. Anyhow, she's engaged to Cosmo Graeme at last — it was announced about a month ago. I wonder where Micky got that picture!"

"I -- I never -- asked her -- really," he protested. "Rum sort of a child, but an awful ripper!"

"Never mind, old chap!" cooed Mrs. Trevelyan soothingly. "You've still got me."

"Yes, until Trevelyan comes out in a tug off Fire Island," he retorted dryly, wrinkling his nose.

"Well, cheer up — and give me a cigarette!" she admonished him. "Let's have a good time while it lasts."

The deck-house, or "Island," of the Pavonia is designed to accommodate second-class passengers, but the rooms are large and catch more air than those in the main body of the ship, for the port-holes look straight forward and straight aft. As Micky dropped down his ladder, he nearly landed on a tall man in a shabby ulster, the collar of which was turned up so as almost to hide the wearer's face. A soft hat was drawn down to cover his eyes. The man started and drew back into the shadow.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Micky, who recalled the fact that this particular passenger had come aboard with a few others at Gibraltar.

The man muttered something indistinctly.

"Coming down to lunch?" continued the Marconi man politely. "You're at my table, you know — the one on the right as you go in."

"No, thanks; I'm not feeling very fit," replied the other, and, turning, he opened the door of one of the second-class state-rooms and disappeared inside.

Micky shrugged his shoulders.

"Affable!" he remarked to himself.

Ashurst arose stiffly, carefully wiped his mus- rather a swell-looking beggar at that." Then tache with his napkin, and inspected the picture. he descended to the second-cabin saloon where he and his like belonged.

11

THE atmosphere of the second-cabin saloon was somewhat clearer than that of the first, and Micky's appetite was of the best.

"Good afternoon, everybody!" he cried genially, as he slipped into his place at the head of the table nearest the door. "Fetch me some soup, Dobson."

An intermittent chorus in Italian, English, and French greeted his arrival. There were seven at the table, one chair being vacant.

"Goot vetter we're having!" nodded a German brewer from Hoboken.

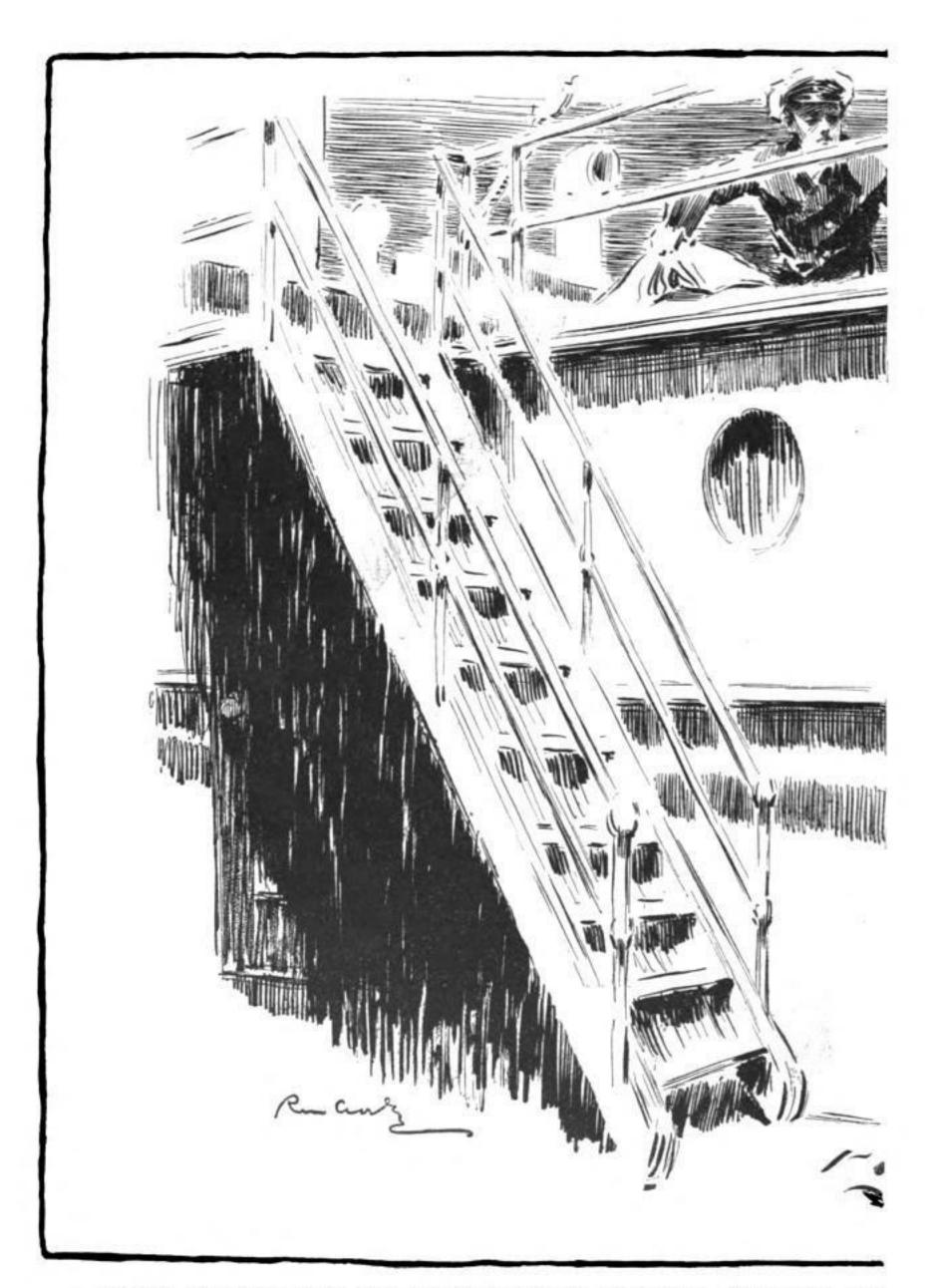
"Fine!" said Micky. "I was talking to the Berlin this morning, two hundred miles to the westward, and they said it was like a mill-pond. And the Cedric — same distance ahead of her reports the same thing."

"I'm so glad!" answered a wan English girl, traveling with her brother, who looked consumptive, yet ate almost nothing. "I'd hate to be in a storm. Isn't it dreadful, Mr. Fitzpatrick?"

"Sometimes," he admitted. "But we don't get 'em on this run — that is, head-storms. You don't mind the others."

A shadow fell across the table, and he paused as the empty chair was filled. The man in the ulster had entered unobserved, and now took his seat unobtrusively. Evidently he had changed his mind about coming down to lunch. It was his first appearance at table during the voyage, but Micky knew that his name was Cloud — since the chair was thus assigned.

The newcomer was dressed in faded but wellcut clothes of Scotch mixture, and he had a narrow, handsome, clean-cut English face, the high cheek-bones of which were surmounted by bronzed temples and a forehead that ran well back over the crown until it met the rather thin but curly brown hair. Had it not been for the stubby beard, the face was such as you might have seen twenty times a day on the hunting field at Market Harboro or Melton Mowbray. Every distinctive feature of the sporting aristocrat was there - the flat, small ears, the ruddy skin, the clear blue eyes, the prominent arched nose, the large, white, even teeth - all but the chin, covered with that incongruous, grotesque beard. heads you see the world over, from Manitoba to Mombasa, - sometimes even in the chorus "But of a comic opera,—wherever the "younger son"



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? HAVE YOU DONE ANYTHING, OLD SPORT? COSMO DEAR, OUT ENOUGH. JUST CUT ME OUT, WILL YOU? FORGET



WITH IT. YOU CAN TRUST ME,' 'NO-NO, LILY! DON'T ASK ME. YOU'LL KNOW SOON ME-JUST AS I'M TRYING TO FORGET ENGLAND'"

is carving out his fate. But this man was not altogether true to type, for the skin about his eyes was dark and sunken, and he had the gaunt look of one who has played and lost, the hopeless expression of the man who has nothing left.

"Decided to come down, after all?" re-

marked Micky, with good humor.

"Yes," returned the other in a slightly nervous manner.

When the stewards began clearing away, the second-cabin passengers gathered in groups or sauntered out on deck. The wan girl and her brother, however, seemed to have made no friends, and lingered on

friends, and lingered on.

Micky's attention had been attracted to the pair early in the voyage for several reasons. In the first place, they, like Cloud, had come aboard at Gibraltar — a rather curious place to take a steamer for America in the month of September. Spain was pretty hot — infernally hot after the middle of June. Then, while the girl seemed like a chatty sort of person and was always ready to talk to her companions at the table, neither she nor her brother had by so much as a single word indicated whence they had come, what their purpose in life was, or where they were going. Lastly, with all the readiness of the two to make themselves agreeable in the saloon, they never talked to any one outside on deck, or joined in any of the games that were played. In fact, the brother had remained almost constantly in his state-room, while the girl sat by herself, reading or watching the gulls. He had a sensitive, rather cadaverous face, and, like the man Cloud, sported a halfgrown, bristly beard. They were English, of course, but they piqued Micky's curiosity, and he determined to break down the barrier of reserve with which they had surrounded themselves.

On the second-cabin list they were put down as "Mr. William H. Bennett, Miss Bennett"; and as such he now addressed her.

"Find it rather dull on board, Miss Bennett"?

"Oh, no-o," she answered. "But we are not very quick at picking up acquaintances; and my brother has felt rather miserable until now."

"Like to take a look at the wireless house?" he asked, conscious, nevertheless, that the Captain might have meant what he said.

"Oh, could we? I thought it wasn't permitted."

"I'll permit you," he reassured her. "Come along up."

Mrs. Trevelyan and her companion had of their rendezvous and were no longer n. But the fumes of his lordship's cigal hingered in the air, and Micky threw open the window and motioned his guests to take seats on the bunk. The man was obviously exhausted by his climb up the ladder, but the girl was all interest. The windows looking in every direction showed not a single sail or streak of black smoke on all the limitless horizon.

"You'd think we were all alone, wouldn't

you?" said Micky, filling his pipe.

"Yes — aren't we?" she replied innocently. "Not one bit of it!" he answered. "We're in the middle of a regular drove of ships." He nodded westward. "Right over there are the Berlin and Cedric, and beyond them the Fulda and the Frederick II. Behind us are the Oregon and the Hobenlobe. About three hundred miles south of us is the Argentina, bound for Buenos Ayres, and the Karib for Colon. Just north is a big yacht, the Nevada, and the Frankfort, going eastward. I've been talking to all of them. I know most of the operators, too. The chap on the Berlin is named Morrissy. We had an evening together at Algiers about a week ago. He

The girl listened, wide-eyed.

owes me a shilling sixpence."

"And you've been talking to all of them! It's too wonderful. How do you do it?"

Micky laughed lazily.

"It's no trick at all!" He threw over his rheostat and wound up his magnetic detector. The converter gave a great roaring whir, and he threw them off again; but he put the receivers to his ears and listened.

"All at lunch," he commented after a minute.

"Anyhow, nobody's working. You see, there's very little doing except at night. The air's much more quiet then as a rule, and there's no one to bother you."

"But I don't understand." She hesitated. "What happened when the machine made that great noise?"

"It was generating the current for my aërials," he replied. "You've noticed those wires hanging down, something like a hammock, from the mast, of course? Well,"—he threw on his converter,— "now she's generating a current that is thrown off in waves whenever I close the circuit."

The instrument was whirring like an aëroplane about to fly, and, when Micky pressed his key, crackled with a blue flame that made the girl jump.

"That's nothing," he grinned; "I'm just sending out a few CQ's — that's the call for 'all stations,' you know — to let the other fellows know I'm alive. Hello! There's Morrissy already. He wants some V's — letters, so he can tune in." B_{ζ} - b_{ζ} - b_{ζ} . "Now I'm giving him HS. — 'How are my signals?' 'Signals good and strong,' he says. You see, he's tuned

into my wave-length already by varying the with a whole bevy of ships, and they give you capacity of condenser and inductance. You have to send out the V's anyhow to test your spark."

"How far off is he?" she asked wonderingly. "Only about two hundred and fifty miles."

"Two hundred and fifty miles!"

"That's about all you can do commercially by day, and it varies, at that, with the atmosphere. Every thunder-storm kicks up a bloomin' row. The least thing makes a difference, you know — heat of the air, cool of the night, latitude, hills (if you're talking to a land station), any electrical disturbance. Three hundred miles by day is the very outside. But at night we get 'freak' working. I can send sometimes twelve hundred miles and receive two thousand miles."

"It's the most wonderful thing I've ever

known!" she gasped.

"Yes — yes!" repeated the brother huskily, with an assumption of interest. "It is wonderful." He coughed painfully a couple of times.

"Do you get the news from land that way?" she continued.

"Every night — regular as the clock," answered Micky. "Why, I heard all about the Olympic-Hawk collision from The Ushant right through the Pyrenees, and I was lying in the bay of Algiers in a perfect *est of stations. There were fifty vessels all talling at once,— a terrible jam,— but I got every word. Now the regular press business comes every night through Poldhu — in Cornwall, you know. About a quarter past eleven you start your detector and begin listening. At eleven-thirty sharp (Greenwich time) Poidhu begins working 'CQ — CQ -CQ-ZZ-ZZ-ZZ.'That means, 'All stations - Poldhu talking.' Then he begins to send his commercial messages and signal for the ships he wants. Every ship has a letter. After he gets through his commercials he begins to distribute the news to our subscribers. 'SP—SP—SP' he says ('Press for transmission only'), and gives the number of words. It's usually about six hundred. Then he goes ahead and tells how the market is, and who's dead, and who won the prize fight. Why, I sit here every night and it's just as if I was on Piccadilly Circus except for the lights."

"So everything that goes on in the world is known on the sea!" said the girl lightly.

"Everything of importance," he answered.

"And you're always in touch; never any more terrible uncertainty" - she hesitated for the smallest fraction of a second - "about anything!"

"None. Even if you aren't in touch with a land station, you're always in communication

all the dope — the news."

"But, of course, there are many things that happen which are not worth reporting, like that, every night at such great expense-little things - that affect only a few people?" she asked, almost anxiously.

"Of course. It's just like a newspaper of six hundred to a thousand words. They send out what is vital — and some of it is deuced urgent. You remember when Crippen was caught getting over to Canada? It was all wireless. Why, that murderer would have beaten it if it hadn't been for the Captain snooping around and playing Sherlock Holmes among the passengers until he found a fellow that matched up to the description that had jumped through the air and overtaken him. Oh, it's quite exciting up here sometimes. Imagine me getting a CQD! You're talking to some rosy ass on another liner about how their butter is holding out, or if they've seen an iceberg, and suddenly — bing out of nowhere you'll catch a little CQD. You listen, and sure enough it is! You drop the ass and the iceberg, and tune in quick, and you find it's a yacht that's punctured herself on a reef, God knows how far off! And then the air gets full of ships simply yelling. You can hear 'em all, from the Bay of Biscay to the Azores, from Tangier to Madeira, and the ones that have the same wave-length fall all over each other. And then you find out where she is, and the nearest ship simply goes and looks after her, that's all. It's — hello! There's somebody working now. He's sending out a CQ."

Micky switched on his mains, and the blue flame leaped through the air as he answered.

"Signals are strong. I should say he must be close to us. Just look out the window and see if there's anybody in sight, Miss Bennett. . . . He says he's the *Donald Castle* from Liverpool to Buenos Ayres, and in plain view of us."

The girl looked all over the horizon.

"There's nothing except a sailing-vessel over there to the right," she said. "They don't carry wireless, do they?"

Micky craned his neck and glanced through the starboard window.

"That's just some old tub," he remarked. "It can't be ber."

He pushed his key rapidly.

"Now I've just said, 'Keep your hair on and tell me what sort of a bloomin' vessel you are.' . . . Oh, my! He's like a hornet! Says I must be chaffing him! . . . Oh, I say! The beggar's too familiar! . . . He is that cruiser over there. Must have rigged a wireless for himself. Lot's of 'em do. I'll fix him!"

lightedly, and threw down his receiver.

"What did you say?" asked Bennett.

"I just said, 'Oh, are you that old haywagon on our starboard quarter?"

The girl laughed again. "It's really

quite sociable!" said she, as they rose to go. "Will you let us come up again?"

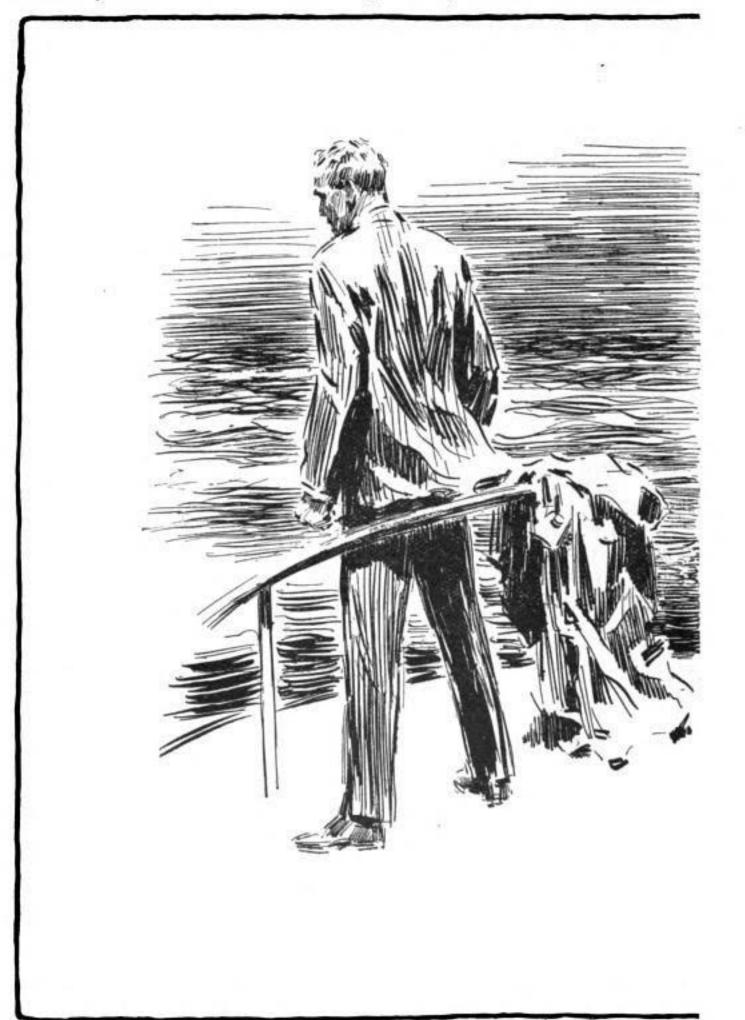
"Come any time you want,'' answered Micky good - naturedly. "You'll always find me here, and you'll always be welcome."

111

WHATEVER may have been her faults, it is not to be denied that only Mrs. Trevelyan prevented another and more serious explosion of wrath on the part of the Captain against his ne'er-do-weel Marconi operator. As a peacemaker she was beyond criticism. The Captain, pretending to be quite impervious to feminine charms, nevertheless allowed himself to be cajoled and flattered until

He pressed his key a few times, grinned de- and, as he himself said aloud to himself in front of the looking-glass in his cabin: "She's a damned handsome woman!"

> No one could possibly dodge this obvious fact. Lily Trevelyan was one of those inter-



"THERE WAS NO DOUBT AS TO HIS PURPOSE. AS CLOUD STOOD THERE, DEED MUST REST ON THE STALWART ENGLISHMAN'S

he not only revoked his orders so far as visi- national beauties who, like the Countess of tors to the wireless house was concerned, but offered to accompany the lady there him- morning dailies whenever there is a dearth of self and explain everything to her. For the legitimate news. Born in a manufacturing Captain, in spite of his appearance, was human, town in eastern Massachusetts, she had escaped

Warwick, appear on the front pages of the

from it at an early age, and, with another girl, graphs appeared in the shop windows; cigars were had taken up the study of art in Paris. Then branded and banded in her honor; and she was for about five years she utterly disappeared, followed from one European watering-place only to blossom forth suddenly in London as a to another by a kitchen cabinet of Austrian,

dashing society favorite, a bit flamboyant for French and English aristocrats and millionaires.



MICKY SAW IT ALL, AND HE TURNED FAINT WITH HORROR. SOUL IF HE COULD SERIOUSLY COMTEMPLATE SUCH A THING!"

some of the more conservative, but one who patently had attracted the discriminating eye of royalty. From that time on, Lily Leslie had been the rage. Dukes named horses after her and their jockeys wore her colors; her photo-

beautiful women in the world; but the exquisite hour of her perfection had passed. Then, perhaps feeling that her supremacy was no longer undisputed, a sense of pique at younger and fresher women had led her into certain too fla-

All this but six years after her departure from Nesmith Street, Lowell! And "lovely Lily Leslie from Lowell," having boxed the ears of a prince and rolled him down a grass terrace at Sandringham, accepted the hand of a complaisant commoner who was ready to sacrifice his domestic security to a vicarious social prominence. Now she was Mrs. Hubert Trevelyanstill of the inner circles, but without the flare that had made her the toast of English hunting-lodges. The white neck was still round, but almost imperceptibly it flowered at the top toward a chin once the ecstasy of sculptors, which now had lost by a dim shade its clearness of outline.

She was still spoken of as one of the most grant indiscretions that could not be overlooked. Lord Knollys had intimated that a knighthood might please her husband; and the directorate of the Royal Bank of Edinburgh, of which he was the London manager, by a coincidence no less extraordinary than it was timely, had proposed that he should open a similar branch in New York and temporarily become its resident agent. In other words, royalty had politely indicated that, although it was deeply pained to do so, it must, for policy's sake at least, withdraw that intimacy which it had previously been pleased to extend.

The slight did her moral character small good. However, Mrs. Trevelyan's dethronement in England was no obstacle to her social career in New York, and she cleverly made use of the notoriety surrounding her English life to give herself that last touch of smartness, that slight atmosphere of the risque, that très chic suggestion of impropriety, that made her the success of the season the winter of her arrival. Her house became the center of the smart Bohemian circle, the Newport and Westbury crowds, and the stragglers of London and Parisian society, of whom there are always a few in New York, eagerly gobbled up to lend a cosmopolitan touch to social gatherings otherwise banal by reason of the absence of aristocratic titles. Her husband passed unnoticed. "Is there a Mr. Trevelyan?" it was quite the thing to say, with a half-knowing, half-ingenuous expression.

But the lures of the scene of her earlier triumphs came ever upon her, and each summer saw her for a few weeks in London and a month or two at Carlsbad or Biarritz. Trevelyan no longer went with her. She came and went as she chose, and with whom she chose — a mocking, tragic figure of what might have been.

"Bah!" she cried that evening, throwing down her cards at the table in the men's smokingroom, where she had made it fashionable for the women to gather after dinner. "It's stuffy as a zoo in here. Can't you have some more port-holes opened, Ashurst?"

"They are all wide open now; so is the ventilator," he answered. "What do you say — shall we chuck it?"

Their two opponents, a young Boston bride and her husband who belonged to the "hunting set" at Myopia and were regarded at home as ultra-exclusive, hastened to signify their assent, and the table broke up.

"My maid tells me there is a vaudeville show in the second cabin. Shall we take it in?" inquired the bride. She spoke languidly, lighting a thin Russian cigarette which she took from a dainty dangling case of gold, while the eyes of forty male passengers watched her eagerly. "Let's," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "I think we ought to be able to bribe the second-cabin steward to pass us into the menagerie. Anyhow, we can stand at the door."

The quartette sauntered along the deck and descended cautiously into the region consecrated to the second cabin. Ashurst peeked through an open port, while Mrs. Trevelyan glanced into the saloon through another close by. From within came the strum of a banjo and the lilt of rag-time:

"Ah'l lend yo' ma hat!
Ah'l lend yo' ma flat!
Ah'l lend yo' ma lovely overcoat of fur!
Ah'l lend yo' eberyt'ing Ah've got — excep' ma wife!
An' Ah'l mak' yo' a present of HER!"

Mrs. Trevelyan's eye swept along the motley rows of maids, valets, and their second-class companions, all eagerly drinking in the piquant sentiment of the lyric, until, catching a profile at the end of one of them, an expression of hopeless bewilderment slowly gathered upon her face. Cloud was sitting a little apart, his chin on his hand, a forced smile about his lips.

"It can't be!" muttered Mrs. Trevelyan almost hysterically.

At the same instant the song ended, and a tumultuous round of hand-clapping and laughter showed that the audience was anything but unappreciative. Then the high-pitched masculine voice of the master of ceremonies — a cork merchant from Flatbush — began:

"Ladies and gentleman: It gives me great pleasure to announce that our friend, that distinguished American statesman Colonel W. C. Spothal, of Bloomington, Illinois, will give us a few personal reminiscences of him who cast the shackles from the slave and preserved the Union from dissolution amid the throes of internecine warfare — President Abraham Lincoln, or, as we of the States love to call him, 'Old Abe.'"

In the flurry caused by the rising and coming forward of the distinguished statesman, the party managed to force their way into the saloon almost unobserved.

"Aw — lots of atmosphere, you know," ventured Ashurst.

"Lots!" retorted Mrs. Trevelyan in a stage whisper. "More than I want!"

The statesman reached the platform amid mild applause, and, thrusting his onyx-buttoned cuff into his low-cut waistcoat, entered upon a detailed history of his intimacy with the martyred President. The anecdotes were chiefly about himself, with sporadic references to Lincoln. Still, the audience listened good-naturedly.

"And now I'll tell yer," he declared impressively, "'bout some Noo York fine-an-seers that come down to Washin'ton ter ask Ole Abe to release the gold in the treasury durin' the gold panic. He listened patiently to 'em, and then he says: 'Gents! You remind me o' the farmers out in Illinois when I wuz a young feller. There wuz a hog plague out thar, an' the hogs wuz a-dyin' like flies. Finally a man come along and claimed he had discovered a cure — an' he had. He said, "Cut off their tails and they'll get well." So the farmers cut off their hogs' tails and the hogs all got well. But the next year the plague come ag'in — and thar weren't no more tails!"

There was a momentary silence, and then a roar of merriment, while the statesman bowed himself from the platform. Chauffeurs slapped fat thighs and the stewards crowded in the doorways stamped vigorously. Ashurst and the hunting gentleman from Boston stared vacantly before them. But Mrs. Trevelyan laughed heartily, and threw a nod to Micky, whose smiling face appeared for a moment at the doorway.

"Our fellow passenger, Mr. Walter Anderson Savage, has kindly consented to sing 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,'" next announced the cork merchant.

A sad-faced, black-bearded man in heavy boots and badly fitting clothes made his way forward. In a thin bass he began to sing, accompanied by a young lady in a vermilion demi-toilette:

> "Rocked in the cray-dul of ther deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep! And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rocked in the cray-dul of ther deep."

A slight tittering made itself heard in the corners of the saloon; but the vocalist remained stolidly gazing at the ceiling during the interlude, rendered with many quavers by the vermilion pianist. Mrs. Trevelyan was neither listening to the song nor watching the singer. From where she had carefully selected her seat she commanded a full view of Cloud's face, and during the five verses rendered by the gloomy vocalist she continued to scrutinize it intensely.

"It can't be! And yet it is!" she repeated blankly. "What on earth can he be doing here?"

Suddenly Ashurst gave a muffled explosion and stumbled out of the door, followed by the bride and her husband, and presently, after another last look at the second-class passenger, by Mrs. Trevelyan.

"Rahly!" Ashurst was exclaiming, in a convulsion of mirth. "Did you ever, now! Rahly! A man like that!"

"It was funny, wasn't it, Mrs. Trevelyan!" laughed the bride apologetically, as the latter joined the others outside in the moonlight.

"Rably! Rably! Rably! Ashurst! Why do you make such an idiot of yourself?" snapped Mrs. Trevelyan. "I'm going to bed. Good night, everybody!"

And she turned and moved quickly along the passageway leading to the main saloon. The rat-faced purser, a susceptible young Englishman, was just finishing up his accounts. Mrs. Trevelyan cast a dazzling smile upon him, and he, behind his grating, felt instantly like an eagle imprisoned in a cage with his mate soaring in the blue vault above.

"Let me see the second-cabin list, if you please," she said in her sweetest tones.

"Certainly," he smiled back at her; "the ship is yours if you want it, Mrs. Trevelyan."

IV

MICKY, having attended several hundred ships' "entertainments" during his maritime career, had retired early to the wireless house. There were a score or so of messages to be relayed on to New York, and he had a letter to write besides; so by ten o'clock his pipe was alight and his mains had been switched on. Then his detector had got out of order, and it had taken him nearly an hour to fix it. When he at last got working, the German behind began signaling for the *Pavonia*.

"CQ de DSN — CQ de DSN," called the Norddeutscher Lloyd three hundred miles

eastward.

"DSN de MPA — HS," replied Micky. ("To the *Hobenlobe* from the *Pavonia*: How are my signals?")

"MPA de DSN," answered the operator on the *Hobenlobe*. "Good evening, Mister." (The German boats always say "Mister.") "Your signals are strong. MSG (commercial message). Time now 11.55 Greenwich. Four messages."

"Time O. K. Thanks," returned Micky.

"GA (go ahead)."

"MSG Number one," resumed the other operator. "Ten words. Hohenlohe. Radio. Via Casablanca. Trevelyan, Pavonia: Government inspectors here wise to your necklace. H."

Micky whistled under his breath, but he had no time for disconcerting/speculations. The German kept right on sending:

"MSG Number two. Hohenlohe. Radio. Via Casablanca. Smith, Pavonia: Brother John died this morning. Return first boat. Alfred.

"MSG Number three. Hobenlobe. Radio. Via Casablanca. Tavish, Pavonia. Consols up three quarters shall I sell. Watts.

"MSG Number four. Hohenlohe. Radio. Relayed Basaltic - Umberto Primo - via Tan-

gier. Perier, Pavonia. La situation politique a freshly sharpened pencil. The man in Corntrès grave. S."

"O. K. plied Micky.

"Thanks, Mister. Good night," answered the

And there was silence upon the face of the waters.

Micky lit his pipe and gazed out the window. "So Mrs. Trevelyan was up to a little smuggling, in spite of her wealth and position!" He laughed softly to himself.

At quarter past eleven he stuck his head out of the door for a breath of fresh air. The "entertainment" and its aftermath were over. Only a sailor or two could be seen. He darted down the ladder and into the second-cabin scullery, snatched up a couple of beef sandwiches, and clambered up to his perch again. The Pavonia was surging along at twenty knots an hour, but in the soft night she seemed to be lying motionless in a hazy sea of gold.

He cast a look at the Hon. Evelyn's picture, tested his coherer, adjusted the receiver, and began munching his sandwiches and waiting for Poldhu, thinking every now and then of Mrs. Trevelyan and her necklace. He wondered Hardly; she if it was the one she had on. wouldn't be so foolish, with all those "detective-Suddenly he stewardesses" aboard. Still stopped eating. Out of the utter silence of the aërial sea, a silence as dead as that around the frozen pole, a silence opaque in its density, across, as it seemed, millions of miles and eons of time, came to his waiting ear-drums the faintest pk - pk - pk, like — if it was like anything - the pluck of a kitten's claw in the nap of a carpet in a room across the hall — "the ghost of an inaudible" signal, like one from a spirit world.

"All stations — all stations — all stations!" Three thousand miles away, a man in his shirt-sleeves, in a shanty on a Cornwall cliff, a - to - have - left - England - and - to - be man in an eye-shade, smoking a pipe under a either - on - Continent - or - on - ship - bound - for green electric bulb, with a pile of yellow sheets - America - stop All - ports - of - arrival - being on the table in front of him, was pressing a rub- closely - watched - stop Scotland - Yard - reber key with his forefinger and breaking a current of electricity that shot across the black waves through the night at 186,000 miles per second — seven and a half times around the world in a single tick of the five-shilling alarmclock at his elbow; and Micky and Morrissy, and all the other operators off the Azores, were hearing him as distinctly as if they were on the other side of the room in that same shanty and listening to the ticking of the clock.

Micky drew a pad toward him and picked up

wall threw a few commercial messages to boats Thanks. GN (good night)," re- here and there on the northern route, and then sent out his "SP — SP — SP" signal. "Press for transmission only. Time 1.45. Four hundred words."

> At the end of every sentence he said "stop" instead of punctuating. Micky took it down mechanically.

> "Germany - has - not - yet - replied - France'sultimatum - regarding - Morocco - stop Considerable - uneasiness - in - financial - circles -Bank - of - England - raises - rate - one - half per - centum - stop Great - fire - in - New -York - factory - scores - operators - suffocated stop Cunard - steamship - Carmania - breaks turbine - and - is - laid - up - for - repairs - passengers - transferred - to - other - ships - stop Prince - Rospetti - wins - three - hundred - thousand - francs - at - Monte - Carlo - stop." Then came the stock market.

> Micky took it all down religiously. It bored him to death—most of it; there was something so impersonal about it all! He never seemed to pick anything out of the air that meant anything to him. Why couldn't the man in Cornwall give him a hint as to what the Hon. Evelyn was up to, for instance? Nothing ever made his heart beat the slightest bit faster. yawned and glanced across at the photograph of the "leggy little girl with the big dog." In the haze of his pipe smoke, she seemed to be smiling at him. Then he stiffened in his chair and listened with all his ears, peering feverishly into his coherer as if to verify the faint message coming from so far away.

"Earl - of - Roakby - reported - dead - from pistol - shot - wound - at - Parsley - Croft - seat - of - Marquis of Varricks - Tuesday - last - stop Fact - concealed - until - today - and - all details - are - being - carefully - suppressed -Disappearance - of - youngest - son - of - Lord-Varricks - coincident - with - homicide - leads - to -suspicion-of-foul-play-stop Latter-believed quests - all - transatlantic - liners - examine - passenger - list - for - man - about - thirty - years - of age - weight - one - hundred - and - sixty - height - six - feet - slightly - bald - blue - eyes - curly hair - clean - shaven - report - if - on - board."

Micky turned slightly pale as the man at Poldhu stopped short and began sending it all over again, and the right hand which held his stub of pencil trembled a little as he checked off the same old story about the French ultimatum and the price of consols and cotton. Earl of Roakby murdered! There was news for you! And the murderer had escaped and was snug aboard an ocean liner. Tuesday last — and this was the following Monday. If the fellow had caught the *Mauretania* he would already have reached New York. But she was jammed with people from the *Olympic*. No, he would have had to take some other and slower boat. Micky stopped checking up. Something made him feel dizzy. The air in the wireless house seemed strangely stuffy. There it was again:

"Earl - of - Roakby - reported - dead - from pistol - shot - wound - at - Parsley - Croft - seat of - Marquis of Varricks—"

There was a queer roaring in his ears, and he could not hear the man at Poldhu, try as he would. There must be something doing atmospherically. Then a drop of sweat fell from his forehead upon the pad.

"What's the matter with me!" he wondered, as the cabin turned black for a moment. "There's nothing the matter with me!" he repeated, but his knees were shaking. With an effort he shut off his detector and fumbled for the door leading to the open air. For an instant he let the night breeze dry his forehead; then he seated himself crossed-legged on the deck outside and leaned his back against the side of the wireless house.

V

THE night was a glorious calm, so clear that it almost gave the illusion of day. A huge yellow moon rode full astern.

On such nights as this Micky rarely turned in at all, preferring to sit atop the deck-house, watching the great ship surge through the rollers. The gulls had vanished. Not a light showed on the gray expanse of the silvery, heaving sea.

Every window and port-hole was dark, except a yellow circle in the after deck-house, where some of the crew slept and whence came the mournful tinkle of a mandolin. Even the throb of the propeller seemed to be stilled, save when for a brief instant the stern rose to the apex of the angle which it described and the steamer trembled in her sleep.

He must have fallen asleep as he lay propped against the wireless house, for the moon was high overhead when the creak of shoes on the deck below and the soft closing of a door brought him tensely to himself. Two voices broke the silence in startling sibilants:

"What are you doing on this boat?" It was Mrs. Trevelyan speaking.

The man, her companion, gave a nervous laugh.

"Why not?" he answered, affecting a lightness that seemed strangely artificial at that place and hour.

"Don't fence, Cosmo!" she retorted almost sharply. "Why not, indeed? You — in a shabby suit in the second cabin — with a beard!" She laughed in that clinquant laugh of hers that rivaled in clearness the light on the edges of the distant waves.

There was silence for a moment before the man replied. He seemed to be waiting. Then:

"Have you heard nothing?" he asked in dull tones.

"Heard? 1? What do you mean?"

Again the silence.

"I hardly thought it possible that you had not, but, since you don't know, there is nothing to tell." He spoke with infinite depression.

"How mysterious you are!" she cried, striving to throw a careless jocularity into her words. "You speak like the villain, or rather the misunderstood hero, in a melodrama. My dear fellow! What is it all about? Can't you see how I'm simply dying to share your secret with you, whatever it is? We're old friends. You've made hopeless love to me a hundred times. I leave you engaged to be married to Evelyn Farquhar, one of the loveliest girls in all England, tearing around from house-party to houseparty — and now, right in the midst of the hunting season, when you ought to be full of brandy-and-soda and tucked up sound asleep in your little bed at Parsley Croft, you bob up, looking like a half-baked sociologist, in the second cabin of my steamer! I won't have it! What have you done? Have you done anything, old sport? Cosmo dear, out with it. You can trust me." Her voice was tenderly coaxing.

The man drew back from her. Micky had turned cold and his heart suddenly felt like lead. Oh, Evelyn Farquhar!

"No — no, Lily! Don't ask me. I know it looks like a rum go. It is a rum 'un. You'll know soon enough, doubtless. Just cut me out, will you? How's Trevelyan? I see that swine Ashurst is on board."

"You never liked him, did you?"

"Like him! It's beasts of his sort that make England a by-word. Why do you have him around?"

"If you were traveling first cabin I wouldn't. But I'm lonely, Cosmo. Don't you see I want to be friends with you? You used to like me a little bit. I'll meet you here every night after everybody else has gone to bed."

"Don't, Lily!" he groaned. "Can't you see I'm all cut up? Forget me — just as I'm trying to forget England! Suppose some officer saw you here with me now at three o'clock in the morning! It would make nice ship gossip, wouldn't it? Hurry back to your state-room. It was crazy of you to come and knock at my door."

"Oh, very well," she answered abruptly. "I've tried my best to be nice to you. I don't suppose it would do even my reputation any good to be seen at night around with secondclass passengers. You're too cold a proposition to bother with. You can paddle your own canoe, and I'll paddle mine, even if I have to carry Ashurst in it along with me!"

There was the sound of a door closing quickly. The man did not stir. Then he hurriedly opened it again and whispered hoarsely after her: "Lily! — Lily!"

During this surprising interview Micky had held himself quite motionless, undecided, after the first shock of hearing his lady's name, whether to make his presence known or not, and indeed he was still debating the matter in his mind when the conversation concluded as unexpectedly as it had begun. Then the man emerged from the shadow of the deck-house and began to pace nervously up and down the deck. His coat collar was still turned up and his felt hat pulled down over his eyes, but his hands writhed and twisted in the moonlight like frightened snakes. It was clear that he was under the severest tension, and now and again some word muttered under his collar reached Micky as he sat, the mute, involuntary witness of a soul's torture.

And then the man began to glance quickly around the deck, as if to make sure that nobody was there. He took off his hat and ran his hands through his curly hair, and the face Micky saw in the moonlight was the face of one in hell. He began to be worried, for he had seen them like that before — when the Lithuanian woman had jumped off the bow, and the crazy Pole had dived over the rail near the Azores the last time across. Cloud walked slowly aft, holding his hat in his hand. He trod as if in his sleep, with his eyes directly astern. Micky slid down the ladder and in his rubber-soled shoes followed on the other side of the after deck-house. If Cloud contemplated suicide, he knew where he meant to do it! He stole silently along, and reached the clear space at the end of the ship before ning his arms to his sides. On a wet convex Cloud had emerged on the other side.

There was an old wooden bench there, where people who did not mind the cinders and the motion could sit in the daytime and watch the gulls. Another instant, and the creak of Cloud's shoes could be heard; another, and the man himself appeared around the corner. He stood in the moonlight, not more than six feet from

where Micky was flattened against the starboard side of the deck-house. Only a single twisted, weather-beaten iron rail separated him from the actual stern itself — the edge of the abyss, below which the white foam churned itself into fantastic shapes, now looking like a white patchwork quilt with green squares floating quietly for a moment upon the surface, then parting asunder with a roar, as some unseen force sucked it down below into a black hole amid a cataract of spouting waves. Should a man jump, there was no doubt as to what would occur when he entered that gyrating vortex. Down he would be drawn, down, down, in that transparent column of green and white, helpless and immovable in the mighty suction.

As Cloud stood there Micky saw it all, and he turned faint with horror. What a deed must rest on the stalwart Englishman's soul if he could seriously contemplate doing such a thing! Yet, whatever it was, Micky's inherited instincts — even the instincts of a younger branch — made his muscles stiffen in an automatic resolve that no living temple of God should cast itself thus down so long as he could save it. Murderer, betrayer, traitor — it mattered not; the man himself was no sane judge of his present relation to life.

Thus the two stood, Cloud unconscious of the other's presence, while a filament of mackerel cirrus drifted between the moon's path and the ship and made black the pit underneath their feet. Only the surging rush of the waters through which the tinkling of the mandolin came faintly. Only the deserted, moon-swept deck. Only the vast, pale, star-specked sky. God and the man!

As if in his sleep, drawn by some hypnotic power, Cloud slowly removed his ulster and hung it mechanically on the iron rail. Then he laid his felt hat beneath it on the deck. A moment more, and he ducked under and stood upright on the slippery, heaving stern. There was no doubt as to his purpose. He looked down into the abyss, steadied himself, and took a step backward, preparatory to the plunge.

Micky saw the move, and rushed swiftly from his hiding-place. Another instant and he threw himself upon the man from behind, pinsurface ten feet square, that heaved and lifted, the two swayed and struggled, the one in his resolve to take life, the other in his determination to save it. And as they fought, panting in the moonlight, all that Micky, in his hysterical excitement, could muster intelligence to utter was a fatuous shriek of:

"Oh, you bally ass! Oh, you bally ass!"

THE FIRST MONTESSORI SCHOOL IN AMERICA

BY



ENTIRELY ABSORBED IN MAKING THE BUT-TONS GO INTO THE BUTTONHOLES



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MASTERING ONE OF THE DELICATE

TACTILE EXERCISES

Miss Anne E. George, the author of the following article, is Dr. Montessori's first American pupil, and the first teacher to apply the Montessori method in the United States. Before going to Italy to study with Dr. Montessori, Miss George had been for five years a primary teacher in the Chicago Latin School, and before that a teacher in the New York Military Academy at Cornwall and in the Roland Park School at Baltimore. Since the Montessori method began to attract the attention of American educators, the question most frequently asked has been whether the system can be applied to the education of American children. Miss George's experiment is of especial interest in its bearing on this question.

Y interest in the Montessori system was the natural outcome of my experience as a primary teacher. It had been my good fortune to work in schools where the fundamental Montessori idea, that of mental liberty, of development from within, was a ruling principle. In the Chicago Latin School the little children have a separate building, which, strange as it

may seem, has always been called by Miss Vickary the "Children's House." Years ago she substituted little tables and movable chairs for stationary desks and benches, furnished abundant and convenient blackboard space, and in every way endeavored to create an environment suited to the needs of little children. In such surroundings and under such guidance it is not surprising that my work tended more and more

toward individual freedom. With a class of six-vear-old children such freedom must express itself in action more than through abstract lessons. This meant, of course, much "hand work," and for years I had realized that the manipulation of materials ordinarily at hand required a great deal of direction and interpretation by the teacher before they became of value to the child. This direction did not do much toward making the children independent, and I found myself constantly discarding material as too difficult for the first grade. We did achieve order and discipline with activity to a great extent, but I felt that this control came more or less as a response to my wishes, and was not an outgrowth of the actual work done by the children.

About this time a friend wrote to me from Italy of a wonderful woman, a physician, Maria Montessori, who had not only seen the real need in primary education — an opportunity for selfdevelopment and for self-mastery in the child, but who had been able, through her peculiar genius, to evolve a practical system. Risser's description of the schools where little children moved about happily, each absorbed in his own business in life, aroused in me a deep interest. The sense-training games of which she told seemed to represent the simple preparatory exercises for which I had been seeking in my effort to make hand work of real value to very little children.

This letter made such an impression upon me that I went to Italy to learn something of the method at first hand. Dr. Montessori took me to her schools, showing me in detail how she gave her lessons. The impression made by those mornings has stayed with me and has been my guide in all my work since. Dr. Montessori's simplicity was a revelation. Whenever we entered a class-room, I distinctly felt that a new and sweeter spirit pervaded the place, and that the children were, in an indescribable way, set free. Yet there was order in everything. With a straightforwardness often stripped entirely of words, Maria Montessori taught, or, to use her own word, "directed," her children. She treated the children, not as automatons, but as individual human beings. She never forced her I had often made use of.

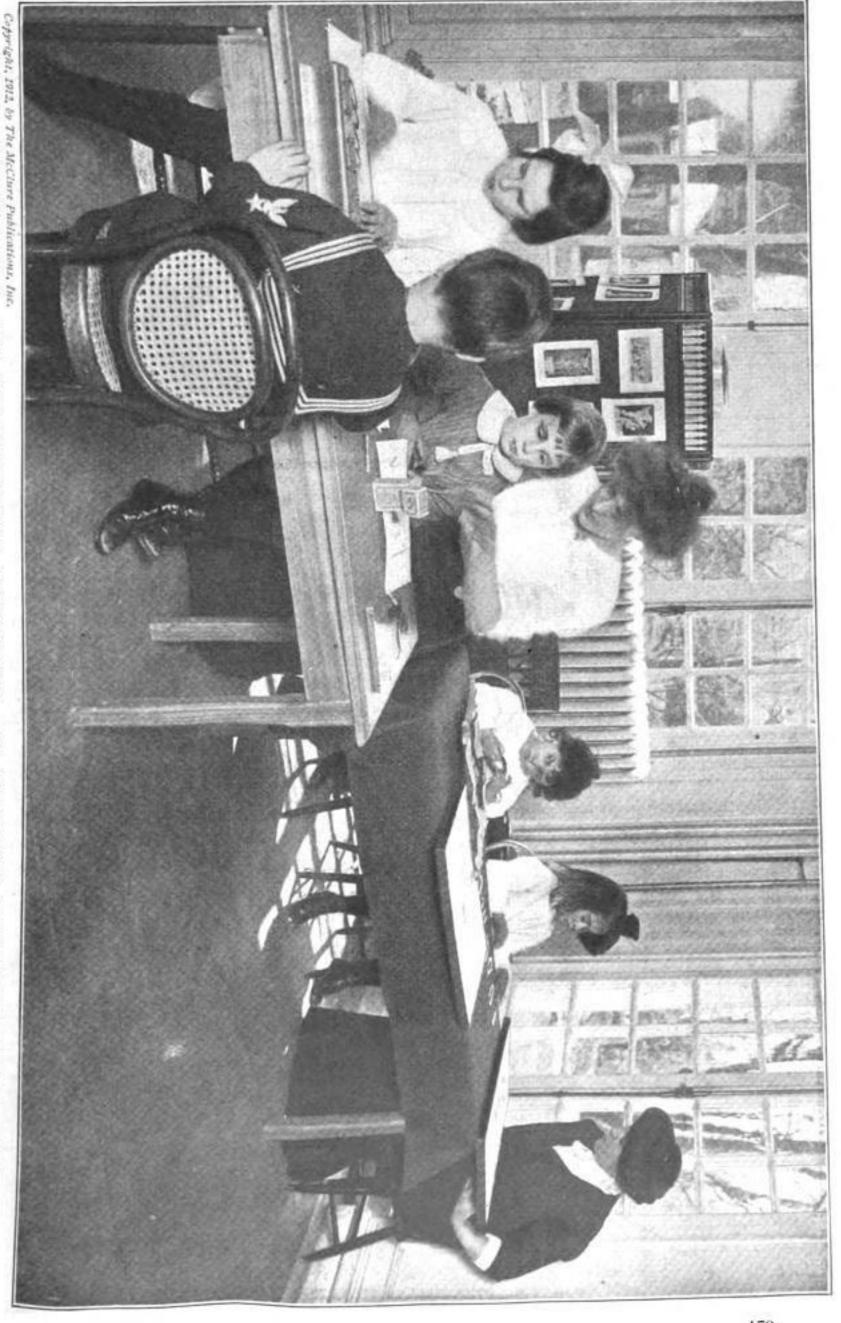
In an eight months' course which I took with Dr. Montessori the following year, I obtained the schooling in her method that prepared me for my work in this country. The first American Montessori school was established under the auspices of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip and several of his friends and neighbors at Tarrytown. New York.

The American Casa dei Bambini

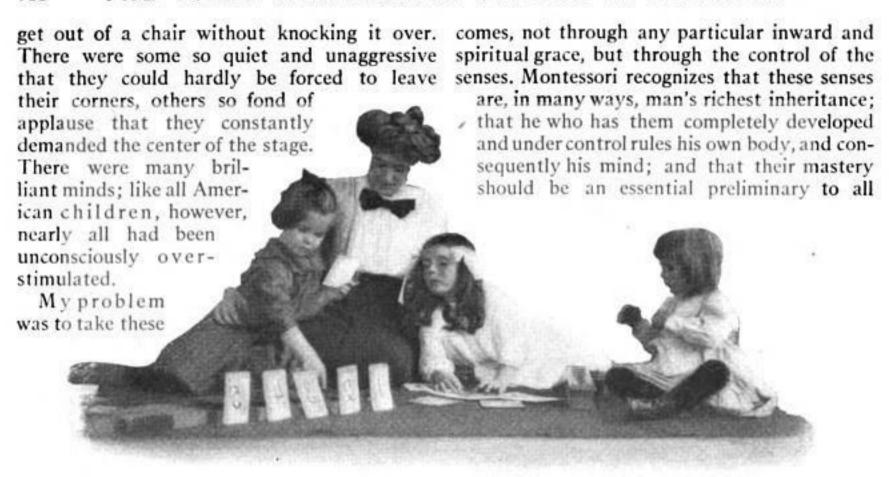
Externally, Dr. Montessori's Casa dei Bambini bore little resemblance to this first American school. She made her first experiments in the model tenements of the San Lorenzo district in Rome — a section which has the same relation to the Eternal City that the East Side has to New York. She drew her children from the homes of poverty and squalor and too frequently of ignorance and vice. The American Montessori school, on the other hand, had its headquarters in a beautiful house overlooking the Hudson. My children all came from cultured families, whose greatest ambition it was to give their children everything possible in the way of education and rational enjoyment. We recognized, however, that these external differences had no especial bearing upon the Montessori idea. That, superficially, there are marked differences between two sets of children with such diverse environments, goes without saying. Naturally, children who have been conscientiously nurtured from their birth develop greater dependence upon those nearest them and upon each other than those who have had to shift for themselves from the time when they were babies.

But, after all, these differences are only The fundamental impulses on the surface. and aspirations of childhood are the same in the San Lorenzo quarter of Rome as on the Hudson. All children have essentially the same minds, the same hearts, the same natures. From the first, therefore, I had no idea of "adapting" an exotic product to American conditions. I had observed Montessori work from day to day in Rome, and my only ambition was to do for American children precisely what she had done for Italians.

The children had their school-room in a part of the piazza closed in with glass. They understood from the very beginning that this was their room. There was nothing in it that they did not own and could not use—the light rugs, the little movable tables at which they worked, the little wicker chairs, the blackboards adjusted to their height, and the Montessori materials placed personality or her will upon them, and made in order upon low book-shelves. The odd dozen none of the efforts to attract and interest which children who were suddenly given this inheritance were fairly representative of childhood at its best. Nearly all were under five - the youngest was hardly three; none, of course, had ever been to school before. They represented all varying grades of intelligence and character. There were those who were exceedingly highstrung and disorganized, others who were unresponsive and methodical, others who had so little muscular control that they could hardly



A TYPICAL MONTESSORI GROUP-EACH CHILD OCCUPIED IN A DIFFERENT WAY. TYPICAL MONTESSORI GROUP—EACH CHILD OCCUPIED IN A DIFFERENT WAY. THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD CHILD TO THE RIGHT IS SPELLING, TO MISS GEORGE'S DICTATION, FROM THE MOVABLE ALPHABET. CONSTANCE, THREE AND ONE HALF YEARS OLD, BESIDE HER, IS TYING THE BOWS OF BROWN AND ORANGE RIBBON. THE OLDER CHILDREN ARE WORKING WITH CRAYONS AND THE MOUNTED PHONOGRAMS THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD CHILD TO THE RIGHT IS

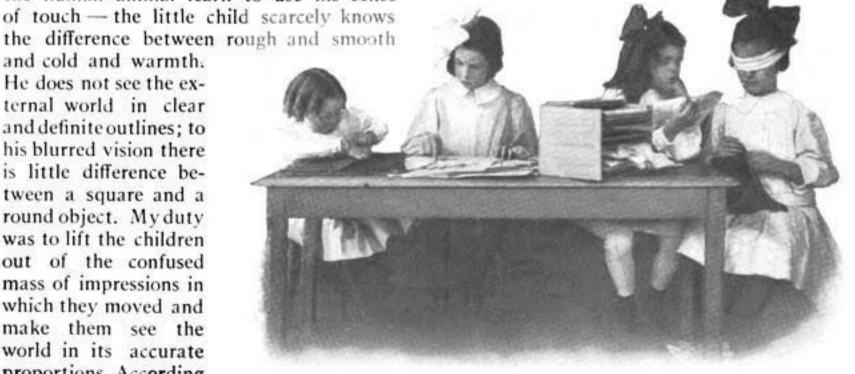


Copyright, 1912, by The McClure Publications, inc. THE CHILDREN IN THIS GROUP ARE FIVE, FOUR, AND THREE YEARS OLD. CECILY, A THE LEFT, IS LEARNING THE FIGURES WITH THE HELP OF THE LONG STAIR. JANET AND DOROTHY, FOUR AND THREE YEARS OLD, ARE USING THE SANDPAPER LETTERS AND THE CYLINDERS

children, place them in this school-room with the Montessori materials, and, with as little positive direction as possible, lead them, largely through the development of the senses, into the knowledge and the use of their intellectual powers as well as to normal physical control. The average person does not comprehend the extent to which little children are enveloped in a mental fog. It is, after all, the senses that keep us in intelligent contact with our environment; but little children have these senses developed only in rudimentary fashion. Only by training does the human animal learn to use his sense

and cold and warmth. He does not see the external world in clear and definite outlines: to his blurred vision there is little difference between a square and a round object. My duty was to lift the children out of the confused mass of impressions in which they moved and make them see the world in its accurate proportions. According to the Montessori philosophy, self-control

education. That the spiritual life is touched and awakened in a surprising and beautiful way has been to me the most evident, though the most mysterious, result of the method. And through this sense development I hoped to bring out each separate individuality, to create an independent and self-reliant human being. Children, just like adults, tend to lean upon one another; there is a natural gravitation from the younger to the older, from the weaker to the stronger. Human nature being what it is, this sense of dependence, to a certain extent, is inevitable, both in children and grown-ups; but



Copyright, 1912, by Inc. Mercan Pariantway, Inc. TWO GROUPS OF CHILDREN AT WORK WITH THE MONTESSORI MATERIALS.

all have certain defined characteristics and abilities, which, given a fair opportunity, will disclose themselves.

Presenting the Materials to the Children

I gave no lessons just at first, but limited our use of the materials to exercises in which the children learned to carry the various objects from shelf to table and to replace them again in the established order. They were told that as soon as they understood the use of the materials they would be quite free to take them, use them, and put them back again. A very widespread

misconception seems to be that in the Montessori schools children are at once given full access to all the exercises and are allowed to

ject that attracts
them.
An in-

select any ob-

stant's thought will show that such

would lead to license, to anarchy, and never to liberty. The child is, indeed, allowed to make mistakes, and the teacher must for the most part withhold her hand and make no direct correction; but — and here lies the point which

is often overlooked — the child is not allowed to make mistakes that arise from immaturity or from a failure to understand what he is to do with the material.

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THE ABSORPTION THAT THE CHILDREN SHOW IN THESE EXERCISES IS TYPICAL



A SPONTANEOUS WRITING LESSON. THESE CHILDREN HAVE REACHED THE POINT WHERE,
AS MONTESSORI SAYS, THEY "EXPLODE INTO WRITING."

This indicates the teacher's duty. First, she must from her observation be able at the beginning to present the materials to the child in a sequence which for him is a logical one. Once started upon the road to intellectual independence, he will indicate clearly what this sequence should be. And, second, she must be very sure, before leaving the child to use the material alone, that he has understood her lesson as an

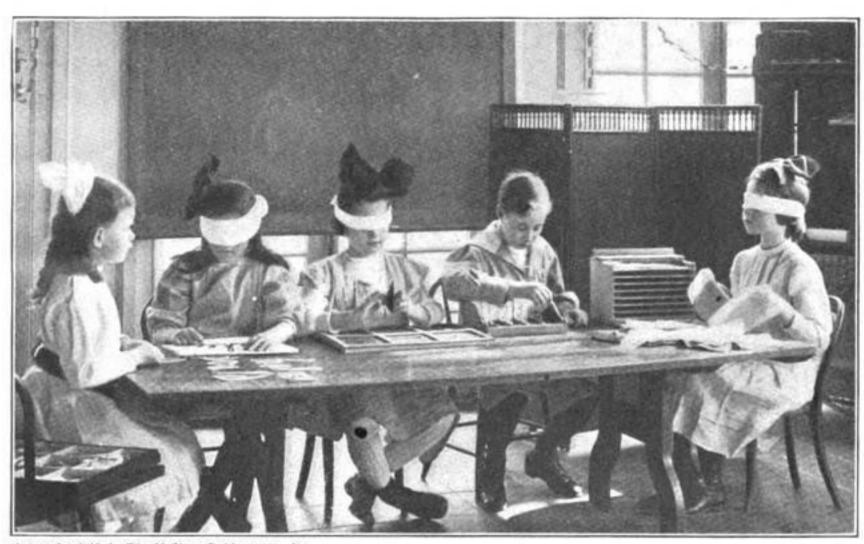
explanation of what he is to do with the objects. It was at first frequently necessary frankly to take from a child's hands a game of which he knew the use, but which was beyond his powers.

Great Confusion and Disorder at First

The first weeks of the school were very discouraging, and any teacher who will pause and consider my probto the teacher, are yet a most trying and diffi- lishment of a coarse or ill-bred act." cult time!"

lem will see that it must necessarily have knowledge through personal experience. We been so. I felt with painful acuteness that must, therefore, check in the child whatever Montessori spoke truly when she said: "These hinders the comfort or convenience of the first days of disorder, though they reveal much collectivity or whatever tends toward the estab-

The comfort and convenience of the col-I was unusually fortunate in having as my lectivity was an unconsidered thing to these assistant Miss Meda Bagnell, a broad-minded little beings living for the first time in such a young teacher gifted with that love and under- community. They often snatched things out standing of children without which the best of one another's hands. If I attempted to method is of little use. To her encouragement explain one object to a particular pupil, the and help, given so freely those first days, is others would drop what they had and gather due much of the success of these later months. noisily and aimlessly about us. When I had We felt our way almost blindly, resisting the finished they would frequently all pounce upon



Copyright, 1912, by The McClure Publications, Inc. AMERICAN CHILDREN AT WORK WITH THE MONTESSORI MATERIALS. AMERICAN CHILDREN ARE LESS RESPONSIVE TO SENSE IMPRESSIONS THAN ITALIAN CHILDREN, BUT THEY DISPLAY MORE ORIGINALITY AND IMAGINATIVE POWER

awaken and set in motion that inner selfactivity without which no real change can take place. When I had given such a lesson, I tried to lead the child to repeat the exercise of his own accord. We were kept extremely busy trying to follow that Montessori rule for discipline tween good and evil. He can only come to such throw them all away.

temptation to resort to group work in order to this identical object, and even quarrel for its establish temporary order and discipline. We possession. They lacked the power of attenhad much free rhythm work, much outdoor tion or concentration. At first they showed play, and during such periods I was able to ob- little interest in the materials. They looked upon serve the children and to select individuals who them as toys, and they all had far more intricate seemed ready for work and to present to these and beautiful toys at home. One boy had so such of the simpler exercises as I thought might little self-control that he could not sit still long enough to run his finger around a small circular object. In many cases the children's movements were entirely aimless. They would run around with no particular objective point, stumbling against tables and overturning chairs, and stepping on the materials. They would which reads: "Discipline for the child begins start for one place, and suddenly run in another when he becomes able to judge for himself be- direction, pick up several toys at once and then

Such behavior, however, was not abnormal, and not necessarily discouraging. One must keep in mind that the children were only from three to five years old, and that they were having their first real taste of liberty. In a few days this nebulous mass of whirling particles began to assume definite form. Slowly the children began to orient themselves. In the several articles which they had at first despised as rather stupid toys they began to discover a genuine interest; and, as a result of this new interest, they became strikingly individualized.

Educating Children through Their Interests centration found his outlet in one of the most intricate of the Montessori materials — the socalled "Long Stair." He played continuously with it for a week, learning to count and to do simple sums in addition and subtraction. Then he returned to the cylinders and several other more simple toys and readily learned their use.

Order Comes Out of Confusion

As soon as the children found their objects of interest, disorder disappeared. They found more entertainment in their blocks, their colors, and in their stairs than they did in mental



Copyright, 1912, by The McClure Publications, Inc. THESE CHILDREN HAVE FORMED A SPONTANEOUS GROUP LESSON WITH THE SANDPAPER THE CHILDREN OFTEN EXCHANGE LETTERS AND TEST ONE ANOTHER'S KNOWLEDGE

attention of one child had not the slightest attraction for another. The battle is finally won when the child detects something in a particular object that spontaneously arouses this interest. Sometimes this enthusiasm arrives with a strange suddenness. I tried one little boy upon nearly every article without arousing a spark of attention. Then I casually showed him the red and blue spools and called his attention to the difference in color. He at once seized upon them with a kind of hunger. He learned five different colors in a single lesson; in the next few days he took up the articles he had previously scorned and mastered them all. One boy who at first had little power of con-

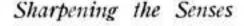
An article that would engage the absorbing vagabondage. They now had a new and serious purpose in life, and with this power of concentration came a real independence. Children who had previously hung upon each other, their nurses, or their parents now struck out for themselves. Of their own volition they found a practical application in the buttoning and tying games, and began to dress and undress themselves. Others who had not yet mastered the art of feeding themselves now began to resent the assistance of their nurses and to do it themselves. In the school-room they continually showed their growing independence by ceasing to imitate one another.

> There was one little three-year-old girl, in particular, who had been dependent upon



a precocious sister of five. Whatever the older sister did the younger implicitly imitated. If one had a blue crayon, the younger must have a blue crayon too. The younger could not even eat her toast unless her older sister ate hers at the same time. This went on for some time, when suddenly the

respect for work as work and a consideration for the rights of others. If a child wanted a particular object which one of his classmates was using, instead of snatching it from his hand, he would wait quietly by until the latter had finished with it.

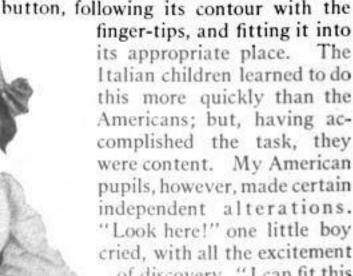


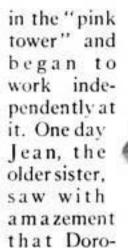


This training also had the desired effect of sharpening the senses; and in the observation of distinctions these American children showed greater powers than the Italians with whom I had worked. The Italian children are more sensitive to form, and indeed to all sense impressions; they

will recognize a circle, a square, an ellipse by the sense of touch more quickly than Americans. On the other hand, they do not have the ability to discriminate, to note differences and to make comparisons,

that American children have. This is only another way of saying, of course, that American children have more initiative, greater reasoning power, or, in other words, more originality. The socalled geometrical insets served as a useful test. These are wooden pieces of different shapes - circles, squares, ovals, triangles — which are made so that they fit exactly into corresponding wooden frames. The game consists in taking up one of these insets by a small





thy was busily engaged with this new toy. "Why, sister," she said, "I am filling in a circle and you are making a tower!" For the younger child the act amounted to a declaration of independence; she now began her real life as an individual, and ceased to be merely the little sister of a

very precocious child.

These children all showed that pride of discovery that comes to all men and women when they have really done something themselves. They would jump up and throw their arms around my neck when they had independently mastered such simple things as the cylinder, or the buttoning and tying frames. "I did it all myself!" "You didn't know I could do it, did you?" "I have done it better to-day than I did yes-

pendence came real discipline, of which perhaps the finest evidences were the



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triangle in three different ways. The circle goes in any way you put it. The square goes in four ways. The ellipse fits in two ways. But there is only one way you can put the oval in!" Another called to me that she had made a star by placing the triangle crisscross against its appropriate opening, and that she had also produced new but symmetrical shapes with the other forms. I have never seen Italian children do anything like that. Simple as the operation seemed, it really indicated the budding of certain of the highest qualities of the human mind—inventiveness, originality, the logical faculty, the ability to deduce general conclusions from carefully observed facts.

Learning to Write with the Sandpaper Letters

And so, in the course of several months. these children, who began with the most rudimentary sense perceptions, acquired a reasonably complete control of their eyes, their hands, and their muscles. In other words, they were becoming intelligent and educated individuals. And now they began to manifest interest in those wonderful

toys which have most impressed the popular imagination — the sandpaper alphabet. This has already been described in McClure's Magazine. Briefly, it consists of separate script letters, cut out of sandpaper and pasted on small in-

dividual cardboards. Its use at first is merely another lesson in the sense of touch. The children move

the index-finger along the letter, just as they move the same finger along the sandpaper strips on the "smooth" and "rough" tablets. The teacher carefully teaches them to trace these letters



in the proper way, beginning and ending at the same points as one does in ordinary writing. In this way the child not only learns almost unconsciously the shape of the letters, but the muscles acquire the necessary exercise for the precise movements required. In the Montessori schools, the child acquires the physical skill demanded for

the production of written words long before he makes any attempt at writing. We teach him the phonetic value of each letter as he traces it. As the index-finger moves along the t, we make the usual

phonetic sound of this consonant and get him to repeat it. In a short time the average child

has mastered the whole alphabet. In applying this method to the beginnings of reading and writing, I have, of

> our English language. I make no attempt here to outline my experiments, for I do not feel that they have gone far enough to be of any

great value. I will only say that, so far, I have followed with great success the ordinary phonetic methods, substituting for the blackboard drill on word-families a set of



cards upon which the phonograms, cut in sandpaper, are mounted. The children learn these as they did the letter sounds, and eagerly make spontaneous use of them, tracing over and over again -ing,-at,-ate, and so on, giving the sound and readily forming words by placing the separate letters before these groups. The word and sentence method, which I have always used with great success, will, I believe, grow naturally out of these lessons when we begin our silent reading lessons and make use of the blackboard.

"Explosions into Writing"

I made no attempt to force this wonderful Montessori alphabet upon my Tarrytown children. Whenever I thought that a child was prepared for it, I would perhaps quietly call it to his attention. If he showed interest, then Het him have it; if not, he returned at once to the other materials. A boy who originally rebelled against entering the class at all was one of those who made the most rapid progress. At first he was exceedingly nervous and discouraged; but the work had not gone on many months before he had himself under fairly good control. Though at first he could scarcely use his fingers, in a couple of months he took up the sandpaper letters, and learned the alphabet in two days. Soon he could pick out the letters for practically every sound, and, under my direction, put them together so as to make almost any simple word. One day, when I used the word "plant," he looked up and said: "That word has a p and an a and an n and a t in it." Finally, after more exercise of this sort, he felt the "explosive impulse," went to the blackboard without any prompting from me, and wrote his name. He followed this up by writing other words that were associated with his every-day life - "gun," "daddy," "dog," "cat," "red," and so on. He accomplished these wonders about four months after his first day at school. It so happened that on this day he did something else which he had hitherto disdained — went with the other children into the rhythm exercise. In his delight with these accomplishments, he ran up to me, threw his arms around my neck, and cried: "I can skip and I can write, and I just love school!"

The American children do not, as a rule, display the same enthusiasm about writing as the Italians. Probably the reason is that writing strikes them as quite a normal human proceeding; they have seen people doing it from their earliest recollection, while the Italian children have not. One of my brightest little girls, suddenly feeling the impulse, went to the board one day and wrote several little words and a number of letters. "Oh, see what Caroline has done!"

cried one of her schoolmates. "Oh, yes, I can write the letters," she replied in a casual fashion. The next day she went to the board of her own accord and wrote the word "silence." She turned quietly and said: "I can write 'silence.'" Another child jumped up and rushed to the blackboard to get a closer view, whereupon, to her consternation, Caroline rubbed it out. "Oh, it was just something I wrote," she said simply. "I can write it again." And she did so.

Several others have "exploded" in the same way. My children do not write with the same facility as Montessori's. However, I have had them only half a day, whereas the Case dei Bambini hold sessions all day long. Moreover, at the present writing the Tarrytown children have had only about five months' schooling. Before the term is out, and before most of them have reached their fifth year, I confidently expect that most of them will have reached the writing stage in their development.

An Explosion into Arithmetic

A spontaneous arithmetic lesson which occurred a few weeks ago affords a characteristic example of the delightful surprises that now occur almost daily in the school — since the children, having learned to be independent and happy, have arrived at the period so well described by Montessori. She says: "The children, having reached this point, fairly run toward knowledge."

In this particular instance, a child of five, who had not played with the red and blue blocks of the Long Stair for some days, had suddenly announced his desire to play with them. He had arranged them properly, counted the alternate sections of red and blue, had traced with his finger each sandpaper figure and propped it against its corresponding rod. Suddenly he took up rod 1 and, placing it after rod 9, announced: "9 and 1 make 10; 8 and 2 make 10"; and so on. I happened to be standing near a blackboard, and asked: "Shall I write what you have done?" Upon his delighted "yes" I proceeded to write as he built, "9+1=10"; "8+2=10"; and so on down to "5+5=10." I said nothing in explanation of the signs "plus" and "equal" until the whole column was written. Then, turning to the delighted child, I asked if he understood their meaning. "Oh, yes," he said, reading the last combination aloud; This" (pointing to +) "means 5+5=10.'and,' and this "(pointing to =), "means 'equal.' " It is only another example of the truth made use of by all good teachers, that, if the child is eager and interested, ordinary obstacles disappear. This child repeated the combinations in clear figures, and, as the lesson aroused all the others

who had mastered the figures, the board was soon filled with a variety of simple combinations.

The finest results of this first American experiment, however, are not necessarily these more showy accomplishments, but the development of individuality in the children — the mastery of self, the growth of independence, and the recognition and use of the senses. I have been able, likewise, to dispose of the criticism which is most frequently brought against the Montessori system. The Italian educator, it is said, makes the mistake of bringing the children too closely to the earth, as distinguished from other methods which encourage imagination and deal in fairies and knights and imaginative games. Dr. Montessori makes the children see the world as it really is. To her a block is a block, not a castle; the hands and fingers are anatomical structures, not pigeons; the children learn real geometrical forms by their right names — triangles, squares, circles, ovals — and not as symbolic abstractions. Does this not entirely crush the imaginative instinct, it is asked, and so destroy one of the qualities most essential to moral and intellectual growth? So far as I have observed, my Montessori children still have their imaginative faculties unimpaired. They are just as much interested in birds, trees, flowers, snow, and in people as the children of the kindergarten. The imagination plays Lttle part in the Montessori schools in Italy, simply because imagination is not the predominant quality of the Italian mind, and never has been. The basic purpose of the Montessori method is to bring out whatever is in the child, and, since the Italian child is not naturally imaginative, that quality does not appear. On the other hand, the American child is highly imaginative, and, according to its very genius, the Montessori system does not destroy this quality, but causes it to flower. I have had plenty of story-telling in my school, but in this, as in everything, I have followed the Montessori idea. The children have not been compelled to form a circle and listen to the story, whether they wished to or not. I have said, "Now I am going to tell a story; any one who wishes may come over here and listen." Often all would come, and often three or four remained at work. Occasionally those who came would leave in the middle of the story and occupy themselves in other ways. I made no attempt to recall or hold them, because I wished to see what stories interested different children. The child reveals himself in this just as he does in everything.

THE SHOOTING AT RAEDER

BY EDITH RONALD MIRRIELEES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

HE shooting took place outside a Raeder saloon on the night preceding the assembling at Raeder of the Grass County Republican convention. Forbes, county attorney for Grass County and candidate for renomination, was sitting among a group of his adherents in an adjacent bar-room when the news of the tragedy reached him. All day long he had been busy at politics, buttonholing voters, seizing upon the incoming country delegates as they dismounted, ready for refreshment, along Raeder's single street. Now, as the announcer of the shooting burst into the room, he saw instantly in the announcement his political opportunity. He was the first man on his feet.

"My business!" he proclaimed above the babel of interrogation. "Come on, boys! See here, did they get the man who did it?"

"Got him in jail. Sheriff was right there when it happened," the messenger expounded. He was a very young messenger. Between ex-

citement and pity his voice shook uncontrollably. "They carried Mike into the saloon. An' they sent a man for the doctor an' a man for Mike's wife. It was a dirty Swede done it," he ended.

"You go home, Jack," Forbes advised paternally. "This isn't any business for kids."

He headed the procession along the irregular board sidewalk to the scene of the shooting. The place was already thronged. In the back room the wounded man — he was the night barkeeper — was receiving first aid before removal to his home. The sound of his groaning came out muffled through the closed door, and along with it another sound which stiffened the muscles in the throats of those that heard it — a woman's breathless wailing. A very clamor of it filled the outer room when the doctor thrust open the door between. He pushed his way to the bar and refreshed himself with brandy — perturbed, but non-committal. The man was badly hurt; he might live — might die.

crazy Swede sheep-herders into a saloon," he exploded, and shook off questioners to return to his patient.

A rumble of assent followed his outburst — an ominous rumble, to the county attorney's ears. The Scandinavian influx into Grass County was not yet five years old, and the edges of contact between old settlers and new were raw and smarting still. To Forbes' imagination, the threatening rumble renewed itself as he went through his showy examination of the premises. It remained with him, augmented by chance scraps of conversation, when, his early breakfast finished, he made his way next morning toward the jail in the rear of the court-house.

Early though it was, the street was already packed — men standing elbow to elbow in conference, men strolling by twos and threes along the narrow sidewalk.

"Funny, what a difference it makes having a Swede mixed up in it," Forbes speculated. "You'd think Raeder wasn't brought up on shooting scrapes. I wonder what Nourse'd do if they did try to start something."

Nourse was the sheriff, and, like the county attorney, a candidate for renomination. In any conflict between responsibility and popularity, Forbes had not much doubt as to his colleague's stand. He had even less doubt when, opening the door leading into the sheriff's office, he saw its occupant lying asleep on a sofa in a corner of the room.

"Glad I'm not his deputy," the newcomer congratulated himself.

He tiptoed across the office, opened with his own keys the door giving on the jail corridor, and let himself into the jail. The figure on the sofa did not stir as he passed it. It was still lying inert and heavily breathing when he returned a quarter of an hour later. He crossed the room and seated himself on a neighboring chair-arm.

"Say, Nourse," he demanded.

The sheriff sat up abruptly, rubbing his eyes. "That you, Brick? Was I asleep? I just laid down for a minute after I got that hobo in jail. Say, how's everything? From the way the boys talked last night ——"

what I wanted to see you about. If you could Forbes entered; his belt and holsters lay on catch that seven-forty train and take your man over into Marcus County ----"

"We got a good jail here — as good as they got over there," the sheriff objected. His eyes were miserably restless. "Serve him right if he does get scared. If a man wants to go and commit murder — Besides, how'd it look - smuggling him off like that,

"There ought to be a law against letting those like I couldn't trust the men that elected

"Well, can you?" Forbes questioned. "And another thing! When you talk about murder you're talking through your hat. It was Mike's own gun shot him. The Swede called for a glass of beer and paid a bill for it, and when he asked for his change, Mike hustled him, and the gun went off in the mix-up. That's the story he tells, anyhow, and everything backs him up. Why, you know that 'no-change' trick. They work it fifty times a year when they think they've got a sucker."

"You got the right to turn him loose, then," the sheriff suggested. He made the suggestion with such a labored simulation of good faith that Forbes could have struck him for it. His hand itched to do it as it hung at his side.

"He'd be a lot safer! You don't intend to take any steps? You mean to let him take his chance?" He was moving toward the hallway as he spoke. "Well, thank the Lord, it's no business of mine!" he ended savagely, and swung shut the door behind him.

On the street, he tried to take up the work of campaigning, but with small success. At every turn he was appealed to for confirmation of threats, for prophecy of future punishment. Miller, the county clerk, laboring valiantly in the interests of peace, hailed him in the hearing of a dozen:

"Here, Brick, come tell these fellows you'll hang that Swede by law. No chance of your slipping up on it?"

"Hang a dozen of 'em and maybe they'll stay where they belong," amended one of the group.

It astonished Forbes that not a voice was raised in the prisoner's defense — until he remembered the day and that his own voice was silenced.

"The ranchers hate 'em because they take up the range," he summarized the situation. "And the men in town daren't say anything; every one that isn't running for office himself has got a partner that is. It looks pretty cloudy for Ole."

It was partly to escape questions, partly to give an appearance of activity, that he turned back to the court-house. The sheriff was still in "They're talking still," Forbes said. "That's his office. He was lacing on riding-boots as the table.

"Hard luck!" he began hastily. "I got a call'll take me out of town. I can't afford to be away to-day, either. Convention meets at two ---"

"You're going to leave?" Forbes asked unbelievingly. Then suddenly he spat out a laugh of bitter comprehension. "Of course you are! And by the time you do get back — Why, man, you can't leave - not with Martin away." Martin was the deputy sheriff — blood and bones and sinew of the office.

"Martin ought to be here," his chief announced solemnly. "I got to go, I tell you. It won't wait. I tell you: I'll swear you in as a deputy. If you think there's danger, I'll swear in a lot, and you can take charge ----"

"Oh, I'm to take charge, am I?" Forbes questioned. A rage of scorn - against the man before him, against his own paltering assents and silences and self-concern — turned him hot from head to heel. He picked up the sheriff's holsters from the table and stepped back toward the jail entrance. When he returned, his face was white.

"I gave Olsen your pistols and told him to hold up anybody that came near him. You can just scatter that bit of news along with the news that you're leaving. Well, if you don't like it, go take them away from him. And I'll tell you another thing. You'll catch the nomination this way; you're bound to. But, as sure as anything happens, I'll have you up for malfeasance in office. I tell you, I'll do it!"

If by the challenge he had hoped to strike out a spark for the warming of his own courage, he was disappointed. The sheriff's answer was a conciliatory mumble. His departure was made in a series of apologetic side-steps toward the door. Forbes could hear his footsteps, deprecating still, retreating down the board sidewalk outside the court-house. He stood listening to the progress, his anger transformed into an active self-disgust.

"When all you needed was to keep out of it!" he objured himself. "It's none of your business. You've knocked your nomination, all right."

None the less, he made no move to follow his colleague. Whose ever business the protection of the accused man might be, he was quite aware that now he meant to have a hand in it.

He opened the jail door presently, and stood leaning against it, surveying the space within with an eye to its strategic advantages. advantages were not many. In common with Grass County had purchased its jail complete a bird-cage contrivance of fitted steel rods, set up, two cells and a corridor, inside a clapboard covering. Within such a shelter, even his arming of the prisoner was scarcely more than a pretext at defending him.

The man to be defended was seated on a stool in the farthest corner of the farthest cell, the pistols on his knees. He sat rigidly still, not even his fingers stirring as they lay across the

weapons; only his eyes, as they turned from side to side, were as watchful as the eyes of a trapped mouse. Forbes went over to the bars beside him.

"What you told me seems to be right, Olsen," he said. "It was Mike's own gun. There probably won't be any charge against you."

"Iss he to gedt well?" the prisoner questioned.

Forbes shrugged. "Don't know. Whether he does or not, I'd take a chance and turn you loose, only ---"

He had no need to complete the sentence. In the prisoner's face showed entire comprehension showed, too, a fear so soul-deep and so controlled that involuntarily the witness of it thrust a hand through the bars and laid it hearteningly upon the other's shoulder.

"Don't you worry, Ole," he commanded. "We're going to get you out all right."

He was astonished at the effect of his heartening. The Swede's lean body straightened like a flame.

"He gifs me — no change. He sayss — I am a Swede. I am a Swede, but he sayss 'Swede' like you say 'damn you.' Iss a man to stan' - everyt'ing?"

"You bet he's not!" said the county attorney, with fervor.

Inside the sheriff's office, the door closed behind him; he stood still, tingling.

"Now what am I going to do?" he asked aloud. "I can't go back on him - not when he's as much of a man as that."

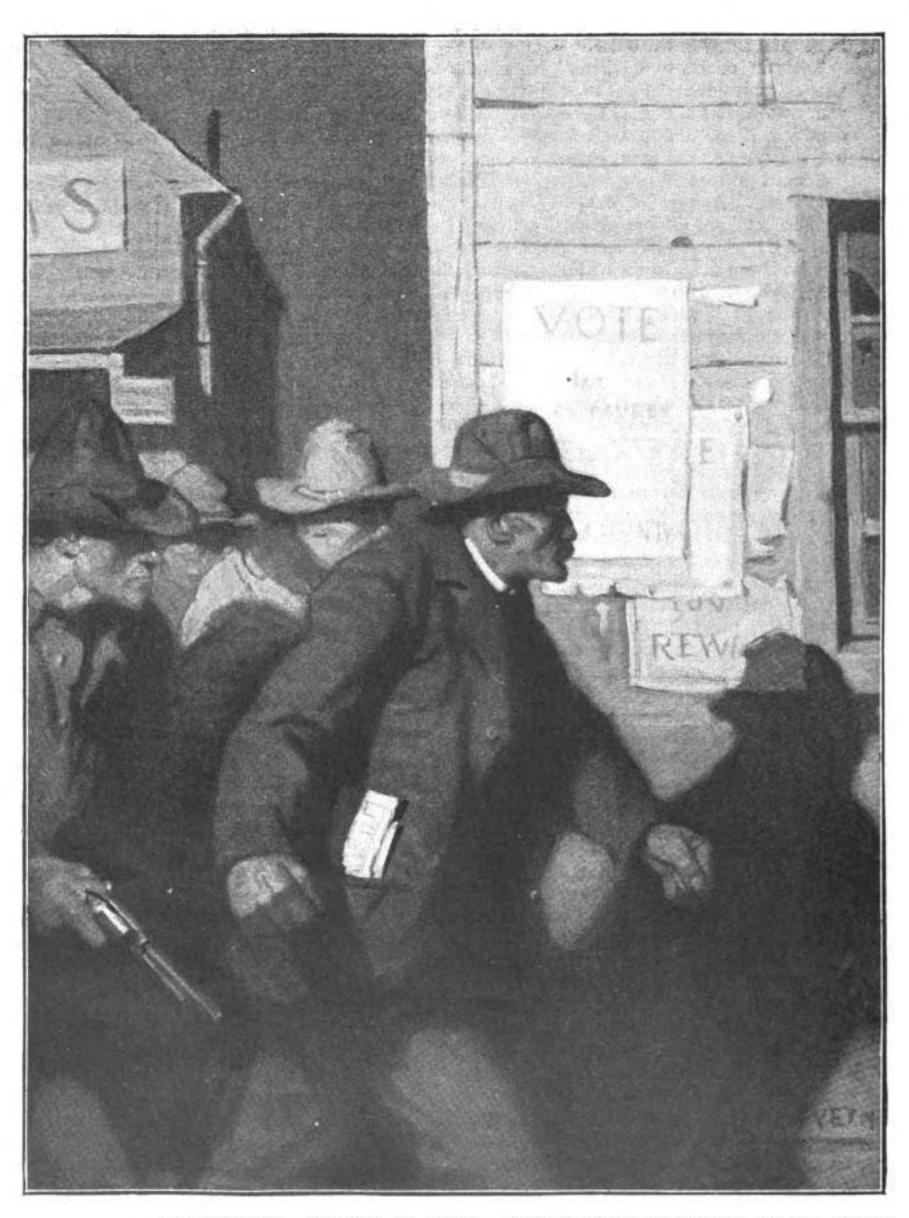
He began to pace the empty room, a fresh expedient for every turn and every one abandoned. Usually, on a convention day, the court-house hummed with life - voices and heavy footsteps. To-day it was so still that the stillness was a conscious oppression.

"The only fool in Raeder — that's what I am," Forbes interpreted the silence. "All the rest that aren't talking up a lynching are keeping out of sight. I can count on Miller, though, if it comes to a show-down. And on the station agent, I guess."

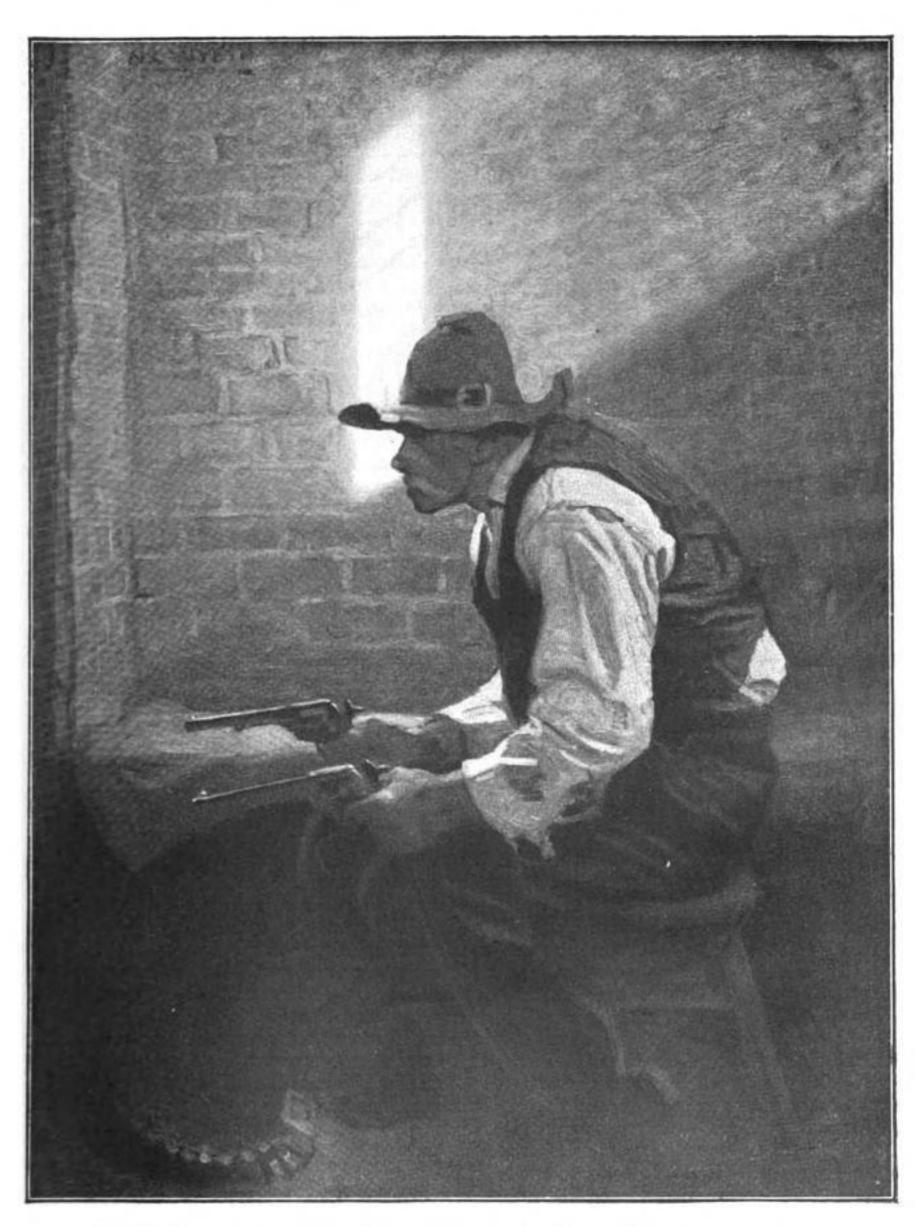
It was not an imposing band of assistants. He shook his head over it and looked about the other new-made and impoverished counties, office for fresh inspiration. There was a bookcase against the outer wall, and on one of its untidy shelves a Bible, the fruit of some forespent missionary impulse. Somewhat shamefacedly, the county attorney picked it up, clapped it shut, clapped it open, and set down his finger at random among the lines.

> "Except ye become as little children-" stared up at him from the text.

> He tried the experiment again. The book (having a broken back) opened at the same



"THE SWEDE'S INNOCENT ALL RIGHT. AND HE'S GOT TWO GUNS." 'WHO'S AFRAID



OF HIS GUNS?' SHOUTED McFARLANE. 'HE DAREN'T SHOOT IN A SQUARE FIGHT!'"

place. The same words greeted him as his eyes somewhere where all Raeder can't watch us wandered down the page.

"That's it all right," he acknowledged.

"That's all it's got to say."

He returned the volume to its place, and, his elbows on the sill, stood gazing out across the sordid stretch of the town. The side street on which the court-house stood was empty except for a lounger or two obviously posted as watchers. At the corner of the main street a little knot of men shifted and changed, and beyond them, on the farthest edge of the town, the belltower of the Raeder school-house showed black against the sky. Looking at it, the watcher's eyes narrowed suddenly and his lips parted. He reached a fumbling hand for his watch. Nourse had been gone twenty minutes.

"They'll give him an hour," he speculated.

"I've got time."

Again he took a nervous turn across the room. "I'm going Then he went back into the jail. out a while, Olsen," he explained. "If you hear anything out here, go on into the office. And don't you shoot me by mistake when I try to come back in."

Outside, the main street was more crowded than before, but this time the crowd did not delay him. He bored his way through it, and across the rocky table-land beyond, almost at a run. He was not doing politics now; he was bound for an interview with the Raeder schoolteacher.

The teacher was dressing when he reached her boarding-place, but she came out at once in answer to his summons, tie in hand, her scant, serviceable crash skirt flapping in the wind a tall, big-boned woman, dependable in every rugged line of her.

"Say, this is dreadful, Mr. Forbes," she began instantly. "This is a great town to teach children in, anyhow. And now they say they're going to lynch the Swede that did it. Oh, I wish

I were a man!"

"I don't!" said Forbes, with an emphasis not due to gallantry. "You can help more as it is, Miss Swett; that is, if you will help. I'll tell you frankly, I'm on the unpopular side. might lose you the school."

He looked up at her — and looked away ashamed. In Miss Swett's face was none of his before noon. When, looking back, he saw the own emotionalism, but neither was there an element of calculation. Her nod was convincing.

"I guess the time between nine and four's all they pay me for. Outside of that — Say, is it true Mr. Nourse left town to be gone if anything happened?"

"Oh, Nourse is gone," Forbes agreed. "Nourse is no fool. See here; it's a genuine favor I'm going to ask. Can you take me reached the building, and beginning to perspire.

talk?"

"If you don't make me late for school with your favor," Miss Swett conceded. She led the way into the house.

When she led the way out of it again, she was tense with an excitement that had nothing to do with impending tardiness. At the gate, where their ways parted, she held out her hand to her co-conspirator with a gesture more masculine than his own.

"You're all right, Mr. Forbes; you're great! I'll see about the station agent and the rest, and everything'll go off just like you say. But I wish I were a man, all the same; I'd be right there."

"I'd sell you my place pretty cheap," her guest jested.

He was astonishingly heartened by his interview — balanced by it. Between the warm sense of Miss Swett's approval and the relief of a formed plan, his bearing was fairly jaunty as he made his way up the main street.

Evidently the sheriff had been before him with the incident of the pistols. Already he was conscious of averted heads, of greetings semihostile. In the saloon where the shooting had taken place the answer to his inquiries was barely across the line from insult.

"No better? Well, now, I'm sorry to hear that," Forbes regretted. "I'd hoped to have a talk with him before Nourse sent Olsen out of town. He's wired for a deputy to come up on the noon train and take him on. Oh, sure! I saw the answer to his wire. Looks to me like an unnecessary precaution."

If he had ever doubted that Nourse knew of coming trouble, the face of the substitute barkeeper would have removed his doubt. Deep down within him he was chuckling over it when he regained the street.

"There's a little package for Mr. Sheriff to handle," he congratulated himself. "And there's another thing — if they're going to make a showing they've got to make it now before noon. They can't hang around till dark."

For the moment he had completely forgotten politics; it did not occur to him that his own most unpopular showing must also be made barkeeper run across the street to intercept a country delegate, he only quickened his pace a little and set his teeth hard beneath lips that tried to smile.

He had not been apprehensive during his absence, but no sooner was his face turned toward the jail than a dozen apprehensions laid hold upon him. He was panting before he Waves of physical discomfort, recurrent like then the brother of the wounded man came nausea, set him shivering as he walked. hurrying along the sidewalk and turned in at

"Guess I'm commencing to know how Ole feels about it," he reminded himself. "Lord! I'm glad there's only three hours till noon."

The prisoner he found as he had left him — cowed, watchful, his weapons ready on his knees. Together the two men locked the jail entrances, piled furniture against the single high window, and in the dusky interior began their preparations for defense.

"For we're going to get you out all right, Olsen," the defender assured his charge. "I've got an idea that can't help but work — if only it hasn't got a boomerang attachment."

They labored for an hour in the darkened space, hindered now and then by trivial interruptions from without — once the station agent, slinking up to the building and away from it again with the manner of an arch-conspirator; once a pair of half-grown school-boys, their arms sagging under bulky packages, who, having gained an audience at the outer door, were scarcely to be again excluded.

"Miss Swett she says to ask if there's anything we can do," the elder urged, while Forbes, the door barely ajar, received their burdens through the crack. "Miss Swett she says is there anything you want us to tell her?"

"Nothing but that she's a jim-dandy! You can tell her that," Forbes answered recklessly. "Now you get along back till she shows you what to do next. Go on! Don't you hang around here." He did not withdraw from his post of observation until they were safely out of sight.

When the work within was finally completed, it lacked a few minutes of half past nine. The county attorney unlocked the jail entrance and sat down on the stoop outside it to wait. Seated there, he waited for an hour, for two hours, in tense drawn solitude. Once he leaned back and spoke into the corridor behind:

"It'll be one on us if they don't start anything."

And from the interior gloom he heard the unsteady syllable of the Swede's response.

"He's scared, but he keeps still about it," he noted.

Exactly what he was waiting for he would have found it hard to explain. A vague stage memory of baying bloodhounds, of the clatter of many voices, made him look for tumult; but the onset, when it came, was as non-spectacular as the assembling of coyotes in hope of carrion. First, two up-country delegates strayed into the yard around the court-house and stood talking by the fence; then three shabby unknowns strolled up from behind the jail to join them;

then the brother of the wounded man came hurrying along the sidewalk and turned in at the gate. The watcher got up and moved his chair inside the passage.

Through the partly opened door he could see more and more men drift into the yard, coming in twos and threes, as though they heartened one another to the adventure. They stood far from the jail, talking in low voices. Still moving in pairs, they patrolled the length of the fence, turning out carefully to avoid the county clerk's cherished sweet-pea vines. For decent quiet they might have been a local grange not yet called to order. The idea of violence from them seemed ludicrous.

Presently, however, a rumor struck the knot of men farthest from the jail, leaped from them to the next knot and to the next. Forbes could watch the agitating passage of it almost as if it had been a visible thing. When it had swept the length of the yard, McFarlane, owner of the saloon in which the shooting had taken place, came forward and spoke from the foot of the steps — ingratiatingly:

"Brick, they're saying the Swede ain't inside there — that he's been smuggled off. We want to see him."

"Go ask the sheriff about it," the selfappointed keeper suggested.

"We don't want anybody's say-so. We want to see the man. Or I'll go inside——"

He mounted the lowest step. Instantly Forbes sprang up and thrust him back — thrust him fairly into the arms of his followers. The movement had brought them forward like a wave. The defender, facing them, flung up his arm above his head and shouted at them:

"Hold on! Wait a minute! I know I can't keep you out if you mean to get in ——"

"Good boy, Brick!" applauded a voice from the background.

"But do you mean it? Have you got the facts? The Swede's innocent all right. Mike'll tell you so himself. And he's got two guns ——"

"Who give 'em to him?" McFarlane broke in. Half way up the steps, he turned a livid face upon his followers. "Who's afraid of his guns? He daren't shoot in a square fight. Remember how he done Mike! We'll set the place on fire an' draw him! We'll—"

"Wait!" said Forbes tensely. "He's got guns, but he's got something else. He's got every school kid in Raeder in the cell with him. It's them will suffer, not you." He drew back a step into the passage. "Start shooting when you hear anybody cross the porch, Ole!" he called clearly.

The words dropped into a silence like the silence preceding thunder. Then, with an indescribable sound of rage and horror, McFarlane He heard the train draw near, stop at the stasprang to the top step. He heard the train draw near, stop at the station, start, stop again at the siding, start from

"It's a lie! No man'd do a thing like that!
You coward ——"

The man within swung the jail door half open. At the end of the darkened passage showed a glint of color — the blues and pinks of summer ginghams. "If it's a lie, fire a volley through the door and prove it. You'd get me that way. Send somebody over to the school-house to find out."

His second suggestion had been anticipated. From the outskirts of the crowd a man was already scudding toward the bell-tower on the other edge of the town.

"He'll be back in a minute and tell you they're not there. And then in a few minutes there'll be a train along and stop right back of the jail. Olsen'll come out and get aboard, and nobody else'll get aboard. When he's got him out of town the engineer'll give me a signal. It's no good trying to fix the engineer; there's a deputy watching him. And if anything goes wrong, just remember I've dropped about every chance I've got to get him off safe. There's not much I'd stick at. Now, then!"

The messenger was returning. Even at a distance they could see him shaking his head.

"Not there!" he panted. "Not home, either.

I stopped at two houses."

McFarlane, in the front line, let fall his arms at his sides. He looked up into his opponent's face.

"I don't care about the Swede; but if you've made my girl take a chance like that, I'll kill you."

"I expect you will, Mac," Forbes said.

He had not been afraid since McFarlane's first movement, but suddenly he was deadly tired. It occurred to him that the train might be late, that he might stand through half an eternity facing the accusing eyes of his neighbors. He leaned back against the jail wall and began to count the heads of the crowd to keep his mind from consequences. He had reached eighteen, counting painstakingly, when the train whistled.

"Ready, Olsen?" he questioned. His voice closed kindly around I rose commandingly. "I'm coming in. Let me one and drew it down. have the guns as I go past you. If anybody tries to touch you outside, yell, and I'll start no matter what you said shooting in here. Now, then!"

Talk about Miss Swett's

He stepped backward, his face to the crowd, till he was opposite the cell door. The prisoner passed him and went out. He heard his unsteady steps on the loose boards of the porch. He heard the train draw near, stop at the station, start, stop again at the siding, start from it. Then from far off came the wailing shriek of the whistle. He leaned forward at the sound and plucked open the door of the cell.

"Watch out! Here comes your kid, Mac. And the rest of you ——"

A glint of pink shot forward in the darkness of the corridor, hurtled out into the sunshine — a bulk of board and enwrapping calico, with not the semblance of child shape. A second followed. The county attorney, stumbling out to the porch, dragged with him an armful of the dummies.

"Here's some more of 'em! Here's kids for everybody! If you want real ones, Miss Swett's got every last one out on a picnic. The only man in Raeder, she is! The only one that wasn't afraid—" His voice cracked hysterically.

For a breath the crowd hung quiet, balanced between comedy and killing. Then, on its outskirts, a man laughed. Instantly a wave of laughter engulfed them. The air shook with it. Somebody seized one of the shrouded boards and thrust it above his head.

"One of Brick's delegates," he named it.

As fast as hands could reach them, other boards shot up to join the first.

"More votes! Whole family's voting for you, Brick! Make a speech for 'em!"

"Speech, speech!" the crowd took up the demand.

Forbes, from his post at the jail threshold, looked down upon the ranks of laughing faces. His own twisted suddenly. He thrust out a shaking, denunciatory arm above the heads of the crowd.

"Oh, you'd vote for me? Do you think I'd take your votes? Do you think I'd take anything from a town where they'd believe I'd do a trick like that? If I'd take that chance with kids ——"

gan to count the heads of the crowd to keep s mind from consequences. He had reached step. He had not laughed with the rest. His face was drawn still from its minutes of fierce anxiety, but his competent, muscular arm closed kindly around his opponent's unsteady one and drew it down.

"It's no good, Brick. They'd elect you now, no matter what you said. And they'd ought to! Talk about Miss Swett's having nerve! There's another one ——"

"Me?" questioned the county attorney blankly. "Me? Why, I was scared stiff worse scared than Ole!"



A POUSSE CAFE PROMOTION

BY

HARRIS MERTON LYON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

was a happy, good-natured, honest promoter. An honest promoter is something like an honest gambler: he will not steal your money unless he absolutely has to have it himself. By those who do not care to work hard over their descriptions A. Z. had been called a steam-engine in pants. He was a bright, bulging little personality with a profuse mustache of so false an appearance that you looked for it to drop off

NTONIUS ZACHARIAH PODD his face any minute while that face was conwas a happy, good-natured, honest promoter. An honest promoter is something like an honest gambler: blue eye, a strut, and a habit of punching you he will not steal your money unless in the chest every time he used the word itely has to have it himself. By those "million." Which was a million times a day.

At the moment when our story opens A. Z. was hypnotizing himself into the belief that there were millions and millions of dollars in what I may call near-things. Thus, people chew too much plug-tobacco, and it is injurious

to their health; plug-tobacco is good for nothing except printers, who are good for nothing, so it doesn't matter. But the great public ought to be saved. For the wives of tobacco-chewers a perfectly harmless almost-plug-tobacco can be made out of blueberry-jam, rhubarb leaves, and licorice. Not for the wives, of course, but for them to slip into their husbands' pockets unawares.

Something that looks a little bit like coffee can be made from peanuts, and a peanut never yet jiggled a person's nerves. From the hoofs of cattle can be made a substance that might pass for rubber, if you possessed no narrow preconceived ideas of rubber. Shale, limestone, wax, and a few other things properly mixed may be made to give an optical illusion of marble. And so on. It is obviously as easy as falling off a roof to sell stock in such things; because you can in your "literature" point to the millions (punch in the chest) and millions (punch) which people spend yearly for tobacco, coffee, rubber, et cetera. Do you "get" A. Z.?

He sat in his imposing offices on Fifth Avenue, organized all sorts of corporations under the laws of New Jersey, Arizona,—wherever legislative patriots, stuffed with State pride and other things, make the laws nice and easy so as to lure foreign capital into their commonwealth,—got up his literature, sent it out to all the ambitious clients on his "sucker lists," sold them stock, and had a regular by-jingo time out of life. "By jingo" being his favorite ecstatic phrase.

This story requires Ezekiel Bucker. Mr. Bucker had a copper mine in Canada. He sidled in and told Mr. Podd so.

"No mines for me, Mr. Bucker," snapped the promoter, jumping to his feet and strutting as he talked. "I run an honest business. No mines. By jingo, I could have been a million" (punch) "aire to-day if I had wanted to soil my hand, name, conscience, and so forth with mines. But no. No mines."

Mr. Bucker was a long, slow piece of machinery. He was tall, but he slanted forward at a bewildering and unnatural angle, like a pole sticking out of a pond. His dangling hands reminded you of feed-sacks, and altogether there was a horse-like aspect about him. He was horse-headed, slate-eyed, and when in locomotion moved with a gait rather than a walk. An idea was a rarity in Mr. Bucker's skull.

"I can't get the notion you won't take up my mine," he said heavily, rubbing his big calloused hands together. "I'm honest too, as far as that goes." A long silence, while Mr. Bucker's wits composed themselves. "My mine's honest." Pause. "I've helped work it myself three years." Blank, dismal, and profound pause. "Good mine," concluded Mr. Bucker.

"You don't glow much about it," said A. Z. brightly. "Most of these mine fellers come in here with pink ribbons and brass bands, and help themselves to the place for a few minutes, laying gold nuggets all over my desk and crowing like a poultry show."

Slowly Mr. Bucker swiveled his great slate eyes up at the promoter. "I ain't much of a glower or a crower," he said.

"Quite right. Quite right." Secretly A. Z. was favorably impressed. "And what kind of a mine did you say yours was?"

Throes of dumb thought by Mr. Bucker. "Well,"—he finally swallowed an impeding Adam's apple,—"I'd call it a copper mine."

"You'd call it that?"

Silence; then, "Copper's what I'm after. Lots of copper around me."

"H'm. You've been three years after copper, and there's lots of copper around you, and yet you haven't got it."

"Yep. No money to develop. Had to do a lot of the work myself. Unfavorable weather. No machinery with a cuss. And so on and so on," Mr. Bucker chanted dolefully, indicating long days of Canadian miner misery.

"Where is your mine?"

"Ultramarine district."

"What's the name of it?"

"Well, I ain't much of a thinker, of course, but I thought Kick Kaw Copper was a good thing to name it."

"O. K." assented A. Z. cheerfully. "Where are you incorporated?"

"Winnebario Province. For a million." Mr. Bucker departed for a period into the deep abyss of his intellect, finally to emerge with: "I'd like to show you the property, if you'd guarantee to take hold of it and get me some money."

Why do people do things? Ask a philosopher; don't ask me. All I know is, they do. It is a fact that Mr. A. Z. Podd became enamoured of the idea of selling stock in the Kick Kaw Copper Mine, came back to New York, and called into his private office a blithe, plump slave named Pud Pabst. Pabst wrote his "literature."

Inside of two weeks those who threw their money at the guiding star of Podd were receiving handsome booklets entitled "Copper, the Key to Billions," the first sentence whereof read in Ollendorfian simplicity: "To look at an insignificant little red cent, you would not think it much. Yet that cent is made of copper! And ordinary copper is the rarest, most precious metal in the world to-day!" and so forth. The first illustration in this booklet was a concatenation of whiskers done up into the shape of a more or less human face and labeled: "Senator A. M.

Snark — Began Life as a Plumber's Helper; y'know. I like that old bonehead Bucker. Made Forty Millions Out of Copper." Other illustrations showed a map of "our property," the horse-headed Mr. Bucker (as president) gazing inarticulately over a high linen collar, and the photograph of a lone man in a desert with a carefully etched pick raised in the air over what seemed to be a grave.

A good promoter knows to a T what percentage of replies to expect after he has sent out his booklets. There will be a certain per cent who will answer any sort of circular; these rapidly

He's all right. Send him a check for his four thousand to-day."

Bonehead Bucker went on digging with his four thousand. At the end of three weeks A. Z. Podd, the "steam-engine in pants," had to admit he could not sell another dollar's worth of Kick Kaw. Altogether some eight thousand dollars' worth of nice green paper, embellished with a lone miner, a lone pick-ax, and a friendly rising sun, had been disposed of.

Then ensued a silence as long and as depress-



WE FEEL AS IF WE BEEN "'WE WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS HERE COPPER, SIR BUNCOED, AND BUNCOED WE WILL NOT BE"

of the "follow-up" system, to a smaller per cent. This smaller per cent will hang on doggedly, and gets back ten thousand answers, and sells to five thousand people whatever it is he has to sell, he is doing pretty well. In certain quarters a sale of such stock amounting to five per cent is looked upon as a visit from Santa Claus; in other quarters it barely pays expenses.

"How's that Kick Kaw Copper going, Pabst?" said A. Z., at the end of a week. "Five thousand dollars so far."

"We're charging him twenty per cent only,

weed down, under the cold-blooded hammering ing as any gap in Mr. Bucker's conversation. Absolutely not another share of Kick Kaw could be sold. The great little promoter strutted up eventually will begin to buy stock. If a pro- and down his palatial offices dictating "last moter sends out a hundred thousand appeals, calls," livid, bold-face-type appeals to all good investors not to forsake this chance to take the key, Copper, and unlock earth's safe-deposit vaults where lay the uncounted billions. The great vast sea of humanity stood mute and motionless.

> About a month later our hero read the following:

Mr. A. Z. Podd. Sir:

To get the best results from the two-headed dime, you should always say rapidly to your opponent, "I

take heads; what do you take?" at the same time flipping the coin in the air and emitting a loud, hearty laugh. When the coin has stopped spinning, let him only near enough to see that heads has won. Then promptly pocket the dime, to avoid a post-mortem.

ONE OF YOUR KICK KAW SUCKERS. P. S. Post-mortem on the dime and on you, too.

"And the worst of it is, he sent it on a postal card, where everybody could see it," lamented A. Z. "Me — an honest promoter. Pabst, who've we sold Kick Kaw to in" - he examined the postmark - "Red Bank, New Jersey?"

The suave Pabst, blithely whistling "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning of Its Own," disappeared to consult the sucker list. He re-

turned. "August Toopey, butcher."

"Miss Jenks!" shouted the irate little pro-"Dictation. August Toopey, Esq., Red Bank, New Jersey. Dear Sir: I am an honest man, and will not allow you or any one else to address me in the insinuating fashion of your postal card. If you have any complaint to make, my office is open to receive it, and if you care to come in person I will be glad to attend to your complaint in person." He turned to look triumphantly at the diligent Pabst, who was typing a query on a fresh sheet of paper: "Who would ever think that coffee could be made from peanuts? Yet it can!" The great little promoter twisted his mustache passionately for a few moments, in deep thought. "I'll get that feller Toopey."

He did. Not long afterward.

There came a stamping and shuffling of feet in the corridor, and some dozen or so of American citizens herded into the Podd ante-room. At their head was Mr. Toopey. You have heard of a prognathous jaw. Mr. Toopey transcended in that his entire face was prognathous. He was built upon much the same lines that your butcher is, only not so fat. Doubtless from frequent weighing in of his fist on his scales, it had come to resemble, in fact, a heavy and ominous piece of beef. All the lines of his countenance and of his body seemed to point to the suggestion that Mr. Toopey was not a butcher, but a prize-fighter out of a job and hunting one. The assemblage that festooned motley, to say the least. It was composed, for the most part, of those whom the poet has called graybeard loons. There was a callow youth (all youths in stories are callow; the word "callow" occurs nowhere else). He represented his widowed mother, and tightly clutched his proxy in his right hand.

"A delegation of Kick Kaw stockholders from New Jersey wants to see Mr. Podd personally," Mr. Toopey informed the office-boy.

"Show 'em into my private office," answered Mr. Podd. "Walk in, gentlemen," he bellowed. "Always glad to see some of our stockholders. That's right; have chairs. Mr. Toopey, I suppose? How do you do, Mr. Toopey? Now, gentlemen, get yourselves all comfortable and ---"

Here an excited Pabst was seen making gestures from the doorway, gestures of mystery. A. Z. excused himself and went out.

"What is it?"

"Telegram from Bucker. Good Lord!" A. Z. adjusted his glasses and read:

Copper pinched out now looks like silver all our money gone what shall I do

"By jingo!" remarked A. Z. He returned to the delegation.

Mr. Toopey arose from his chair slowly and looked around at his cohort. Immediately there was a nodding of heads among them, and long gray beards like Spanish moss agitated the air. The callow youth stood as if in a cataleptic state.

"We want to know about this here copper, sir," said Mr. Toopey. "We feel as if we been buncoed, and buncoed we will not be. We don't believe you've got any copper mine at all. If you ain't, you've promised to make us billions of dollars on nothin' at all, and we can get you for it. We can have the postal authorities after you. That's what we can do and will do. Hear that? We don't believe you've got any copper mine at all. Hear that? And we want our money back. Hear that?"

It must be admitted that Mr. A. Z. Podd was rather more or less accustomed to such scenes. No tremors agitated his backbone. If Toopey had tried to hit him, he would have caught Toopey under the ear with the paper-weight. It was all in the day's work with A Z. But—

"I didn't promise to make you billions, Mr. Toopey. Hear that? I will try my best to make you and your friends some money,— heaps of money,—but I do not promise to, and I have never promised to. Not only in your case, but in no other case. I don't do business that way. You had better go back home and read over the itself around him and adorned his entry was literature I have been sending you before you hoodwink a lot of my honest old friends and investors into coming up here to prefer false charges against me. In not one single line of all my reading matter will you find a word saying I promise anything. I said you might make millions. Well, you might, and you may yet."

At this a loon piped up with a quavering cry: "Have you got any copper mine at all, Mister?"

Absent-mindedly folding the telegram, A. Z. replied: "We have a mine."

copper mine, though?"

"No." He paused. He hardly knew what to say. He did not want to antagonize these men. Such things get around and cause the timorous to whimper when they see a bad promoter's name. Besides, these good people still had some money which they had never given "No-o-o." He pursed up his lips, the pseudo-false mustache arising and covering his nostrils by the act. "No-o-o. Not a copper mine." He strutted up and down behind his desk. He felt rather than saw the consternation that spread from face to face. What in Sam Heck, by jingo, should he do?

At certain times, thank heaven, the human mind comes into its own. All who are about down to the last notch through yearning for a thought or an idea should remember this. Just at the time when you can distinctly hear the moaning at the bar, your precise portion of the grand old human intellect arouses itself and begins, in the vulgar phrase, to saw wood. Out of a troubled and tenebrous sky of desperate cogitation some lone flash of clear light is bound to leap and save you.

"We've got a silver mine," announced A. Z. emphatically,"and, gentlemen, it belongs to you." Ecstatic silence from the American citizens.

"Yours! All yours!" The glad light of a promoter's enthusiasm leaped from A. Z.'s blue eyes. "All yours — so far as you have subscribed."

"Silver!" said a voice hoarsely. It proceeded from the cataleptic and callow. The effect was amazing. He had voiced exactly the emotions of the graybeards. A tumult and a pow-wow began among them which ignored both Toopey's remarks and the further remarks of A. Z.

During this the promoter excused himself a moment and sent a telegram to Bucker:

Dig into that silver and keep on money and letter coming Podd

When he had returned, quiet had been restored and the delegation was in a mood for particulars. A. Z. was good at this sort of thing. He expanded, promenaded, brushed his mustache up, banged the table, punched Toopey in the vest, shook his finger under several beards, patted the youth on the back.

"Gentlemen, I am extremely glad to announce to you that this property has suddenly turned out to show more possibilities than we here in the office ever thought it possessed. The first layer seemed to indicate copper. However, on clearing this out of the way — and I am very glad it is out of the way — we find underneath a second layer which promises to

"Yah," said Mr. Toopey. "You ain't got a be rich in silver. We shall proceed at once to organize the Singletree Silver Company, and you gentlemen and all my other friends who were so fortunate as to invest in the copper proposition will be allowed to take the first stock in Singletree Silver, by turning in your old shares of copper plus one dollar and a half per share. The silver is bound to be a richer proposition than the copper——"

"But, look here. I don't understand-" be-

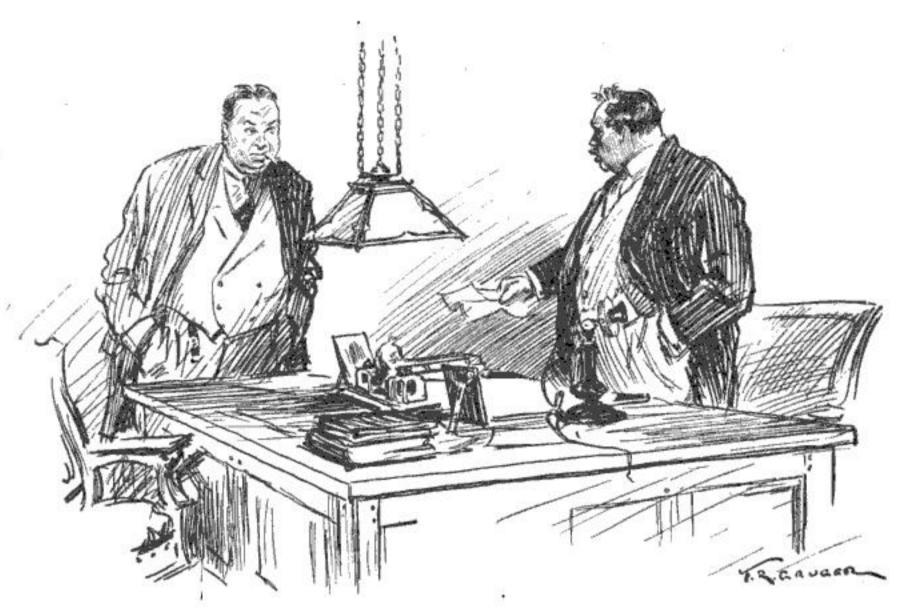
gan Mr. Toopey.

"And I shall prepare for your consideration within the next few days some information upon the status of the silver business. Think of the Silversteins! Millionaires!" He looked around for some chest to punch, but, finding none, punched one hand vigorously against the other. "Millionaires, and made it out of silver. Five Silversteins fifty years ago didn't have five dollars. Went into silver, and now look at 'em - just look at 'em!" Mentally he made a note to run the Silversteins' portraits in his Singletree Silver literature. "Now, Mr. Toopey, and you, my friends, I want you to get aboard this thing. Do it for your own sakes, however; don't do it for mine. I am not going to argue with you or try to persuade you. You are all grown men and free to do as you like. If you don't want it, don't take it. Refuse to have anything to do with this chance to make your fortune if you want to. Go on out that door and leave this opportunity; then sit around in your homes or in your shops and wonder why you aren't wealthy. I admit that Kick Kaw Copper pinched out, but we must all take risks. Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan, all took risks. And here we are with a blessing in disguise — a blessing in disguise! If the copper hadn't played out, how, I ask you, bow would we ever have known about Singletree Silver? Answer me that."

"But—" began Mr. Toopey.

"No use talking, gentlemen. I am not running a kindergarten here. I don't mean to be abrupt with you, and if any one of you cares to come to me personally at any time, I will be glad to do all I can for him. That is my policy, both as a good business man and as an honest man personally. Here is an opportunity, practically given to you by a miracle, gentlemen,—a miracle! — to get into the millionaire-making business of mining silver. Look at the future — look at it." He gestured with all five fingers of his right hand in the vague direction of the future. "What will you do? Will you take this chance or won't you?"

The way to get people to do what you want them to do, says the copy-book, is to be oily but firm. Right after that it says: "There is one



YOU DON'T WANT YOUR MONEY BACK. WHAT YOU WANT IS TO MAKE MONEY, SEE?"

born every minute." Do not ask me why people do things; but — the Jersey delegation, including Mr. Toopey, pledged itself to Singletree Silver before it left the mahogany web of A. Z. Podd. The graybeards went away nodding at one another and conversing in the low voices of men about to snatch Dame Fortune's pocket-book and fade up the nearest alley.

They were talking about silver. Some of them had the history of Colorado as firmly embedded in their minds as was the multiplication table and the art of addition. Some of them even had bunches of nice green-and-gold paper which they had acquired in the process of acquiring their information about Colorado silver.

"Now that we've got our money in this hole in the ground," reasoned Mr. Toopey, "we might as well put a little more in and strike it rich in silver."

Said A. Z. Podd to the facile Pabst: "You get a by-product. Anyway, look into Leadville. Get all of old Jim Hicks' booklets when he was boosting those Utah properties. Play up the history of the Silversteins. Get a photograph of Ikey Silverstein's Fifth Avenue palace; also one of a steerage passenger just landing at Ellis Island, and label 'em: 'From This to This. You Can Do the Same by Buy-

West. Get all the dope you can about them fellers. One of 'em sold a solid silver mine for a bottle of whisky, I heard a guy say the other day. Work that in. In your letter to holders of Kick Kaw, tell 'em we'll take 'em in on Singletree for an additional dollar and a half per share. Now, try to get a little bit feverish about this and put in some good old blasting sockdologer bushwah that'd make a sick man jump out of bed to send me his check. I believe, by jingo, there might be something to this silver mine.'

"Tee-hee!" said Pabst, through a cigarette. A. Z. became excited. "Well, by jingo, I do. I went up there and looked at that property myself. Of course, I don't know anything about mines; they all just look to me like holes in the ground that are gifted with an imagina-But I do know men, and this old truckhorse of a Bucker is the real thing. When it busy on a pros on silver. Lead, I believe, is comes to intellect, I admit, he's the inventor of the marble-topped table; but that's just the kind you want around a mine. You don't want any Shakespeare up there with a pick and shovel. This feller is as honest as the day is long." He strutted up and down, blowing his mustache upward as he let off steam. "By jingo, I firmly believe we've got a silver mine."

This is what is known as self-hypnotism. It ing Singletree' — or something like that. Lots was an absolutely necessary process with A. Z. of human interest in them old silver kings out. He had to fill himself full of it in order to believe

all the glowing things he wrote and said, and in order to withstand the rebuffs of a cold and sneering world.

He sent Bucker his personal check for a thousand dollars and told him to get to work in earnest.

Singletree Silver sold pretty well. Almost all the old Kick Kaw Copper buyers accepted his proposition; and many others, who could not be lured into copper but who succumbed at the magic word silver, swelled his month's sales to forty thousand dollars. Very promptly then A. Z. paid himself back his own thousanddollar advance.

Also he decided to charge Bucker forty per cent commission. Bucker, delighted, dug like a fiend.

Pabst worked up semi-weekly bulletins which informed all, sundry, and the rest that "Single-tree is showing richer the deeper we go! It is the wonder of the locality. Old mining men never saw anything like it before, and never will. Make your reservation of Singletree to-day."

But when they had sold eighty thousand dollars' worth of the stock, it circled carefully around in its tracks, chose a good soft spot, lay down and gently expired.

So far as the sale was concerned.

A. Z., however, was not worrying. Bucker had enough money to go on with his mining. Every week he received a letter from Bucker, intagliated into a sheet of foolscap paper with an indelible pencil, reporting what Bucker was pleased to call "progress."

But before long Mr. August Toopey, who seemed to be of an inquiring mind, was again forcing himself upon A. Z.'s morning mail. Mr. Toopey was one of those investors to whom riches can not come any too soon. He had an idea that a silver mine ought to pay him about ten per cent a month, and every time he opened a bulletin from A. Z. Podd and Company and didn't find a check for his month's dividends in it, he got peevish.

Sir:

You are slick, but you can't slide. Don't send me any more fish stories about the Silversteins. By the way, has Silverstein bought any Singletree stock? I guess not, since you say he made all his money out of silver.

Yrs,

Aug. Toopey.

P. S. Did you see where the U. S. Govt. raided Bust Bros. yesterday?

And at last, all out of patience, Mr. Toopey wrote:

Next Monday my friends and I are coming over to see you again. You got our money and nothing doing. We are in favor of turning you over to the postal authorities.

"Doggone that chump!" complained A. Z. to Pabst. "Don't he know the post-office can't get me? I got a real mine with real ore in it. He just gads around over there in Jersey, gassing with that bunch of moss-covered mausoleums, and gets 'em all worked up and worried. They don't know anything, and he don't know anything; and between the lot they know it all. Doggone useless disturbing element!"

"Why don't you buy 'em out and get rid of

'em?" asked Pud.

"By jingo, I've a notion to!"

Just then a messenger-boy entered with a telegram, which A. Z. tore open and read.

"Hum! No, I won't," he concluded, and showed it to Pabst.

"Well, by hokey, I never heard of such a thing before!" exclaimed Pabst. "Silver pinched out, too."

"And them fellers coming over here on Monday."

They stared at each other. Finally A. Z., with a weary sigh, remarked: "Well, a layer of copper and a layer of silver. This thing's not a mine. It's a pousse café."

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing to do except keep on digging, is there?" He reached for a blank and sent Bucker a wire:

What's underneath the silver

Podd

Saturday passed, and Sunday. Early Monday morning he got Bucker's answer:

Looks like gold but indications uncertain Bucker

"Gold! By jingo, ain't that great, huh?" yelled A. Z., waving the paper in the air. "Ain't that the cute little mine, though? I guess that little mine is a slouch. Gold!"

"Indications uncertain, though," interposed Pabst. He was far too fat and comfortable to

get excited.

"Rats! So's your breath. Gold! I got something that'll kick the slats out of that Toopey bunch now. Watch 'em come across. Get that lawyer of mine on the 'phone. I want to incorporate — say — lemme see — Gulliver Gold Mining Company. Gulliver Gold — that's a good easy one to say, ain't it?"

The business of "tolling them along" from one investment into another is almost as old as the original idea of "selling certificates." The practice is not restricted to the land of the free. The staunch and superbly skulled Briton has for generations thrown his shilling after his pound and his sixpence after his shilling into "reorganized" mining ventures. For some subtle reason, not alien to the psychology of gambling, the scheme works, even while the investor knows he

is placing his new money into the same old property that are up his previous investments.

Gulliver Gold was boomed among the Singletree and Kick Kaw "suckers." Toopey and his friends, disgruntled but greedy, turned in their old shares plus two dollars each in exchange for Gulliver. Then they sat back to gloat over more Pabst literature.

Pud began with Aladdin, made a cross-cut to Croesus, and panted paragraphically before the glittering grandeur of Golconda. He sacked Peru of golden metaphor, quoted poetry about the wealth of Ind (thereby puzzling Mr. Toopey, who construed it as Indiana), and pirouetted with Captain Kidd, Spanish galleons, pieces of eight, lure and lust of gold. Coming on down the page, waving the Stars and Stripes, he hit California in '49 and burst into a shower of statistics as to how many billions in gold the United States had produced since then; painted an aurora borealis of adjectives about the Klondike; and finally in bold-face type announced that "Gulliver was the golden glorious opportunity for YOU to become as rich as the richest nabob in the Arabian Nights."

Bucker kept on digging and sending unnecessary telegrams.

"Never again any mines for me," said A. Z.

"From now on I stick to bananas, rubber, Sea Island cotton — anything but mines. Nothing to it. Here I've got a mine that's the nicest, kindest mine I ever heard of. Hardly runs out of one thing before it up and offers you some alternative, where any other mine would just lay down and take the count. And what's the answer?"

"The answer is," said Pabst, "that it has sold something like \$125,000 worth of certificates for you."

"The answer is that I get a black eye by monkeying with mines. If I was a crook I'd stick this here coin in my sock and give 'em a nice cooing rivulet of laughter. Also? I'd lose their business, and they'd knock me."

"One born every minute," remarked Orth.

"But it takes time and money to locate him."

About six weeks later Bucker himself loped dismally into Podd's office. He fixed A. Z. with a watery eye and maintained a disconsolate, goat-like silence.

"Well, little sunshine, what you struck now? Run out o' gold and hit di'monds?" asked the promoter.

Bucker swallowed a few times, rubbed his thick hands together, and spat dismally on the radiator.

"Got any idear of pluggin' on through to Chinar?" pursued A. Z. "Comin' out into an opium field or a silk grove?" Bucker shook his head.

A. Z. became serious; also a bit desperate and a bit nasty. He strode over and punched his finger at a large pearl button on Bucker's blue flannel shirt. "Mean to tell me the gold's pinched out, too?"

Mr. Bucker did not like the tone. "You told me to go ahead and dig. You sold the stock. You organized the company," he protested sullenly. "I wired you indications of gold uncertain, didn't I? Well, we never even struck pay dirt. And now—and now—" He stopped and seemed to wrestle with a stubborn fact.

"Now what?"

"We've struck water, o' course."

"Water?"

"Water."

"What's underneath the water?"

"Aw, it ain't no use," was Mr. Bucker's despairing comment.

"What's underneath the water?" persisted A. Z.

"It'd take a lot o' new machinery to tell. Nacheral spring. Reg'lar gusher. I don't want to handle it. I'm sick and tired."

"What kind of water is it?"

"Why, just water water." Mr. Bucker indulged in sarcasm for the first time in his life: "Wet, you know."

"But what kind is it?"

Mr. Bucker struggled valiantly with the descriptive apparatus of the English language, and finally unburdened himself: "Well, it's fizzy-like."

Just then Pabst stuck his head in the door and grimaced: "Toopey's here."

"Alone?"

"Yep."

"Send him in."

"Toopey," barked A. Z., when that gentleman had seated himself with much butcher-like profundity, "get that gang o' yours together soon as you can, and I'll take 'em up to the mine at my expense. Junket, verstehe? Good grub, fried chicken, lots of beer, et cetera, all at my expense. We'll all go up there and see what this dent in our pocket-book looks like."

The words disarmed Toopey. He began slowly: "I want to get my money back. I—"

"Rats! You don't want your money back. What you want is to make money. See? Two thousand per cent or so on your investment. That's what you want. See? Well, how you going to do it unless you know what you got up there? Get your gang together for next Friday. We can leave at four o'clock and be there by noon Saturday."

"But - what're you going to do?"

"How do I know? I'm a promoter; I ain't

and read the answer in the stars."

At the mine, graybeard after graybeard, Bucker, Toopey, and Pabst leaned timidly over the edge of the shaft. Below they could spy a bit of blue mirror — the water. It was rising in the mine.

"Water, aw right," remarked one of the graybeards authoritatively, as one who spoke from an intimate knowledge.

"Yep; water," announced another.

"Reg'lar gusher. Nacheral spring," communicated Bucker.

"There's water and water," remarked A. Z. cryptically. "And then, again, there's water. Got any of this water around handy?"

Bucker waved heavily at a bucket equipped with a tin cup. "The men been a-drinkin' it. They like it."

"Ah-h-h!" A. Z. rushed for the cup. He scooped it full; he tasted it. A look of delight spread over his features. "Ah-h-h!" He sighed and drank some more. Then he put down the cup and struck an attitude.

"Gentlemen," he began, "step up. Step up and smack your lips over the very best water you ever drank in your life." One by one, they did

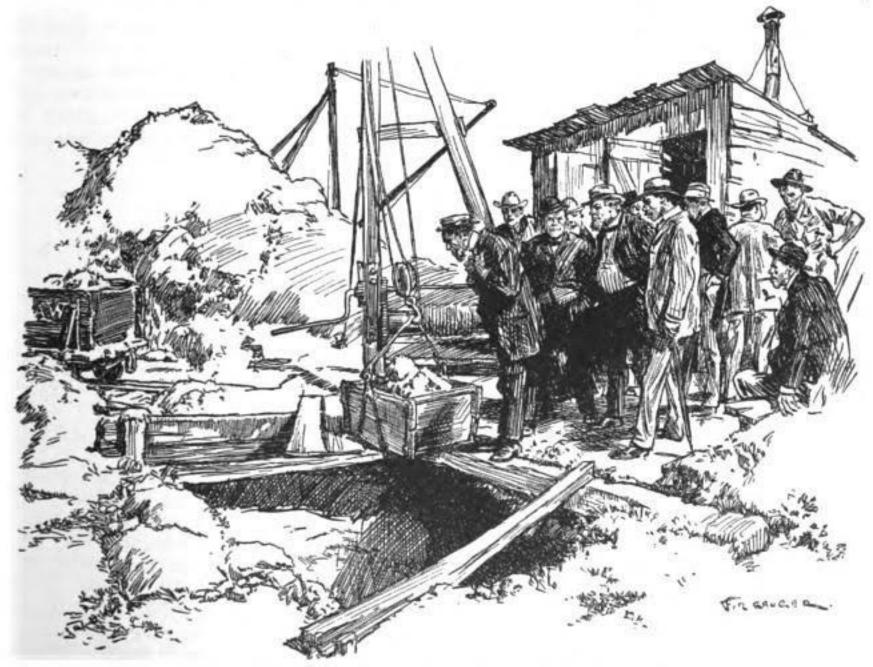
a palmist. I can't look into a bowl o' goldfish so. "A pure, natural, refreshing mineral water, full of life-giving qualities - an excellent table water. Pabst, get a sample of it for chemical analysis. All we've got to do is barrel it, gentlemen! Do you realize, gentlemen, the millions" (punching Toopey) "and millions" (punching graybeard) "that have been made by the vendors of Polyglottis and Plymouth Rock? Two properties worth a thousand gold mines? Sold for twenty-five cents a bottle at all clubs and cafés? All we've got to do is bottle this excellent vivifying fluid just as it springs from nature's own ----"

> You doubtless remember the tremendous advertising furore which accompanied the appearance of that famous water Vi-joy on the market. You read full-page magazine announcements, quarter pages in the newspapers, cards in the street-cars about

VI-JOY-NATURE'S OWN HIGHBALL INVIGORATES—ACCELERATES—AMELIORATES

and

BEYOND ANY QUESTION IT AIDS YOUR INDIGESTION-VI-JOY



"'ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS TO BARREL IT, GENTLEMEN!""

and

WHEN IT COMES TO SLAUGHTER YOU DOES YER WORK ON WATER; LIFE IS A SLAUGHTER-DRINK VI-IOY ALL THE TIME

and

DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON SAID: DRINK WATER AND LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED. WE SAY: DRINK VI-JOY AND NEVER SAY DIE

There were some four hundred separate pieces of this cheering copy. Besides which, bartenders proclaimed everywhere the superlative merits of Vi-joy. Soda fountains, provisioners, butlers, comedians, artists - there immediately leaped into fame a ravishingly beautiful "Vi-joy Girl." All insisted that to be happy you must take internal baths of Vijoy. Electric sky-signs showed Vi-joy's famous "bubbles of life" leaping into the midnight air. Noted chemists analyzed it and announced whistling, "Give us a drink, bartender."

that Vi-joy contained all sorts of beautiful and wonderful ingredients, naming them at length in docked Latin. Physicians recommended it: it was good for the stomach, the liver, the blood, the brain. Vi-joy could do everything except prevent an operation for appendicitis. And so on.

Vi-joy became a world-wide success. In fact, it was so successful that A. Z. Podd refused to sell any more stock in it!

"What do you think of it, Pabst?" said he, rubbing his hands.

"Tee-hee! It must be good stuff, for as soon as the mine got full of it she got busy making money."

"Well, I always knew there was money in watered stock, but this is the first time I knew there was money in stock in water."

And the great little promoter went out

SPANISH JOHNNY

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

THE old West, the old time, The old wind singing through The red, red grass a thousand miles, And, Spanish Johnny, you! He'd sit beside the water ditch When all his herd was in, And never mind a child, but sing To his mandolin.

The big stars, the blue night, The moon-enchanted plain; The olive man who never spoke, But sang the songs of Spain. His speech with men was wicked talk — To hear it was a sin: But those were golden things he said To his mandolin.

The gold songs, the gold stars, The world so golden then; And the hand so tender to a child Had killed so many men. He died a hard death long ago Before the Road came in; The night before he swung, he sang To his mandolin.

HOW THE BIG SPLIT CAME

THE STORY OF THE POLITICAL REVOLUTION IN AMERICA

ΒY

SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

trained press-agents did prodigies of typewriting for the various candidates. Presidential booms inflated and deflated with interesting and spectacular rapidity. There had never been anything like that campaign of 1912. Campaign managers comprised about ten per cent of the total population. They clamored, computed, claimed, contradicted, and conferred. Candidates scooted across the country and back again, invading hitherto peaceful States as the country of the enemy and developing hostility or hospitality as it happened, but always striving to be all things to all men in the hope of gathering in a few votes here and there.

HE ballyhoo was deafening. Staffs of dency. In reality, the noise was the noise of a claque.

> Political observers, as a matter of fact, understood that a revolution in American politics was under way; it had only begun, perhaps, but it was gathering strength daily. The people, always better judges of men than of measures, had listened to speakers and writers who had urged them to cut themselves loose from the old parties and take the politics of the country into their own hands.

On the Monday four weeks before the national conventions the atmosphere suddenly cleared. The morning papers of that day carried, with conspicuous display, a call to the people of the country, signed by a committee of citizens. The same call appeared in all the afternoon papers. Viewed superficially, the American people It had been distributed by telegraph from Washappeared to be all torn up over the question ington the night before, and it was the first of whom the Republicans and whom the thing the breakfast-table readers of the news-Democrats would nominate for the Presi- papers saw. This is what they read:

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Washington, D. C., May 20, 1912.

The politics of the United States is in a chaotic condition. Ours is necessarily a government by parties, but our parties have lost their functions. The terms Republican and Democrat no longer have any political significance. They are merely names clung to by professional politicians for organization and machine purposes.

In the place of two strong parties we have four weak ones. The Republican party is divided into radical and conservative wings, and so is the Democratic party. When two parties are divided into four

parties no party can be in the ascendancy.

Fundamentally, the Republican progressives and the Democratic progressives are close together in political belief. Conservative Republicans and conservative Democrats are in even firmer accord. It is idle to talk of regeneration within the old parties. The splits are too wide, the divergencies too great, to allow a fusing on a compromise. There can be no compromise. Houses divided against themselves must fall.

Why palter with the situation? Why allow politicians to control us with cries of party regularity and Republicanism and Democracy, when there is no Republicanism and no Democracy? The issues are radicalism and conservatism. Inevitably, the politics of this country must divide on these lines. We must cease voting for legends and

begin to vote for facts.

The condition is here. The time is here. The men are here. This is the hour. We have seen conservatives and radicals in the Republican party and conservatives and radicals in the Democratic party striving to secure a nomination, in the fatuous belief that, whichever is successful, the conservatives of their party will support the radical or the radicals support the conservative merely because of party allegiance. The situation is impossible. What the people of this country want is an opportunity to vote as they think, not a command to vote as self-constituted party leaders think.

To this end we call for the nomination, by the people, of two men for President and Vice-President who shall represent the radical sentiment of the people of the United States, and two men who shall repre-

sent the conservative sentiment.

Throw off the obsolete party ties! Bring the question to a solution! Help us to get a determination! Let all conservative Democrats and all conservative Republicans get together and name candidates. Let radical Republicans and radical Democrats accept the issue. To this end, the citizens undersigned have established headquarters in Washington and invite an expression of sentiment.

Progressive Republicans

William E. Borah

(Senator from Idaho) Albert B. Cummins

(Senator from Iowa)

Hiram W. Johnson

(Governor of California)

Conservative Republicans

Elihu Root

(Senator from New York)

Joseph H. Choate

Henry Cabot Lodge

(Senator from Massachusetts)

Progressive Democrats

William J. Bryan

Thomas P. Gore

(Senator from Oklahoma)

Eugene N. Foss

(Governor of Massachusetts)

Conservative Democrats

Simeon E. Baldwin

(Governor of Connecticut)

Joseph W. Bailey

(Senator from Texas)

John A. Dix

(Governor of New York)

The response was overwhelming—astounding. The newspapers in all sections of the country took up the matter editorially and secured local interviews on it. Telegrams and letters supporting the idea or condemning it came in by thousands. It was noted, when the replies were briefed at the end of the first week, that the professional politicians protested violently against this departure from tradition, and that many of the older men were against it. The younger men in both parties were enthusiastically for it.

Organization was taken up. The radicals and canvassed, and temporary national and State traditions. committees selected. The members of the Republican and the Democratic national committees protested violently; but no heed was paid to them. The movement grew in strength, and it was very soon apparent that the American people welcomed the idea, that two new parties were to be born and two old ones killed, and that a new era in American politics was impending.

The proportion of approval to disapproval, so far as expression went, and based on the voting population, was about as six to one. This proportion increased steadily until it reached twenty to one. The opposition was mostly confined to the old-time politicians, and their arguments always began with the statement that this plan to name radical and conservative candidates was "anarchistic and opposed to our principles of government." This plaint was not taken seriously by the people, who seemed to be of the mind that, instead the conservatives were equally eager for the of being anarchistic, it was eminently Amtest, and worked harmoniously. States were erican and in line with the best American

> After fourteen days of propaganda it became certain that the plan would succeed. opposition was futile; the support was tremendous. Thus it became necessary to devise ways and means for carrying the idea into practical execution. A conference of men from all parts of the country was called to meet in Chicago. This conference was composed of an equal number of radicals and conservatives, men who

advocated the underlying principles of the best in the so-called progressive movement in both of the old parties, and men who stood firmly for the old order, but who recognized the need for division and declaration and were not wedded to the party system then in political use.

In the meantime, the old-line bosses in both parties, and the candidates for the presidential nominations, had become frightened at the growth of the movement and were anxious to join in, if they could do so and obtain anything for themselves. Many of the old-line leaders from both sides attended the conference and asked for seats. They were told that they would be heard, and were invited to join in the revolution. Some of them refused to recognize the inevitable, and held out; but many, and especially the younger men, took seats and became a part of the conference.

There was much enthusiasm at the conference. Many were of the opinion that new conventions, to be held later in the summer, should be called, and the old, or Republican and Democratic, conventions abandoned. This was thought unnecessary. It was pointed out that the Democratic party and the Republican party, under old party designations, had provided for the election of practically the same number of delegates to both their national conventions. These delegates, while nominally Republicans and Democrats, were really radicals and conservatives in their beliefs. Hence it was decided that the simplest and most effectual method would be to ask the Democratic delegates, who had been called to meet in national convention at Baltimore, to come to Chicago at the time set for the Republican national convention, when they could separate into their two logical divisions of radicals and conservatives — the radical Republicans and Democrats and the conservative Republicans and Democrats going into convention at the same time.

The Republican and Democratic national committees, seeing from actual evidence that the movement was bound to succeed, agreed to this, and canceled their convention calls. Then the new permanent national committees, which were chosen at the conference in Chicago, issued calls inviting all the delegates who had been elected to attend the previously proposed Republican and Democratic conventions to come to Chicago and act as delegates to the radical and conservative conventions, which would be held there on the date formerly selected for the Republican national convention.

As soon as these details were arranged and the new calls issued, the men who had been candidates for the nominations under the old political alignments of the Republican party against the Democratic party were forced to declare themselves. They could not continue as Republican and Democratic candidates, for the Republican and Democratic parties had been eliminated.

There were, at the time, three principal candidates for the Republican nomination: William H. Taft, who was President and was seeking a renomination; Theodore Roosevelt, who had been President and wanted another term; and Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin. Others had been mentioned, but these were the leaders. Of these, Mr. Taft was held to be the conservative, and Colonel Roosevelt and Senator La Follette the radicals. The Democrats had several candidates. Those who were avowedly conservatives were Judson Harmon, Governor of Ohio, and Oscar W. Underwood, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the House of Representatives and leader of the majority. The radicals were Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who was more of a-middle-of-the-roader, and Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey.

These men were invited by the new committees to state their position. They were told that the issue was to be clear-cut between the radical element of the people of the United States and the conservative element — between the men who believe in the advanced theories and principles of popular government and the men who hold to the present system as the one best fitted for the needs of the people. The proposition was plainly set forth.

The radical platform embraced down-tariff revision, income tax, direct primaries in all the States, preferential presidential primaries in all the States, election of United States senators by the direct vote of the people, the short ballot, the initiative, referendum, and recall extending to judges, corporation restrictions, all leading to an ultimate control by the government of all natural monopolies and public utilities, together with various other minor, but advanced, principles.

The conservative platform declared for the ideas of the Fathers, upheld the protective principle, demanded corporation restrictions, but pointed out the fact that there are good corporations and bad corporations, favored the retention of the convention system in naming candidates for office, was against the election of United States senators by the direct vote of the people and stood by the Constitutional method, and bitterly opposed what it termed the "popular vagaries" of direct primaries, presidential preferential primaries, and the initiative, referendum, and recall. It laid great stress on the opposition of the conservatives to the recall of judges.

Time was short, and it was impressed on the various candidates, and on others who might be candidates, that an expression on these platforms that would align them with one side or the other was essential. Otherwise they would not be considered by the conventions. The national committees were firm. The country was almost solidly behind them. The new order had been welcomed. Political divisions that had endured for half a century had been destroyed in a month.

The preparations for the Republican convention were so complete, and all the preliminaries had been so well arranged, that there was nothing to do but see after putting the regular Democratic delegates in the space allotted for the Republican alternates. This would make an original gathering of about twenty-one hundred delegates. The plan was to hold the opening session with both radicals and conservatives in the hall, and then to call the roll, each man announcing himself as radical or conservative as his name was spoken. Thus, in the space of a roll-call the division could be made. A toss of a coin would decide which party should hold its convention first, and the side that lost the toss would be requested to retire until the other side had made its nominations and adopted its platform.

A date had been set for answers from the candidates. They were told that they must state their positions and announce their affiliations by the Tuesday before the convention met. One or two of them hesitated, but the demand was made imperative.

Mr. Taft was the first candidate to respond. After consultation with his friends and supporters, he issued a statement from the White House in which he said that he stood unfalteringly for the old order. He said he desired to be considered as a conservative candidate, indorsing the conservative announcement of principles, and that he was particularly opposed to the recall of judges and to the extension of the primary, or direct election system, to United States senators. He placed himself on the Constitution, which he said had been good enough for the Fathers and was good enough for him, announced himself in favor of an adequate revision of the tariff and for corporation regulation, and commended himself to all those who desired to uphold the stability of American institutions.

Woodrow Wilson followed. He took a radical stand. He said that he believed in the extension of popular government to its fullest representative limit, was for the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, denounced the protective system, recognized the trend of the times, and held that real government must be democratic government, government of the people, whom he was willing to serve as executive head and aid in extending the theories enunciated by the radical committee.

Then came Theodore Roosevelt. "Bully!" he said. "I accept! Down with the bosses! I believe the people should rule, and with the people ruling and myself ruling the people, the combination will be irresistible and the cause of popular government far advanced. I favor all the pronouncements of the radical declaration of principles, and shall add several of my own as the campaign proceeds. I am for the people. All I ask in return is that the people shall be for me."

Judson Harmon followed conservatively in the wake of President Taft. It was Mr. Harmon's idea that the institutions of this country can better be preserved in their integrity by the judicious selection by judicious men of officials to govern them, than by allowing the people, who have an ill-considered idea of what they want and are likely to be led astray by specious theories, to do the selecting. He was for popular government, of course, but with reasonable limitations based on an adequate conception of what the people should have, rather than a hurried acquiescence in what they want; and he failed to see merit in many of the contentions of the radicals, while, at the same time, he was unable to indorse, in toto, the conservative platform. On the whole, though, he was content to ally himself with the conservatives and await the verdict of the convention with equanimity.

Champ Clark picked out several propositions from each platform and welded them into a composite acceptance of the plan for himself, and Oscar Underwood largely favored the conservative side and so declared himself. The others presented various views, most of them wabbling considerably, and the issue was declared to be joined. Senator La Follette was definitely radical.

The radical and conservative national committees met in Chicago during the week before the conventions, and made final arrangements. All contests that had been filed were abandoned, and it was decided to allow the contesting delegations to take seats with those who had credentials, and divide on radical and conservative lines on the first roll-call. This would increase the size of the conventions considerably, for, in the case of the Republican contestants, most of those contesting were Roosevelt delegates who were expected to join, largely, with the radicals. Still, it was argued that, as these conventions were to be popular conventions in

"MAYOR GAYNOR AND A LEADING OIL MERCHANT PERSONALLY MET THE PRESIDENT AT THE TRAIN AND CONDUCTED HIM TO WALL STREET, WHERE MR. TAFT WITH MUCH SPIRIT ADDRESSED A LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC THRONG OF BROKERS"

the strictest sense of the term, it would make no difference how large the conventions were the larger the better.

This last week was one of tremendous excitement in the United States. The political revolution so long predicted was at hand. The people divided into radical and conservative groups almost automatically, and the entire country was given over to political discussion. Here and there men wailed about the decadence of the Republic and issued warnings to their fellow citizens; but the majority of their fellow citizens paid no attention to them, and on the Thursday before the conventions the crowds began coming to Chicago.

conservative leaders. They worked in harmony before the nominations, for one side was as anxious as the other to get the new movement under way. It was decided that, as this was a departure in politics, the men who had accepted the provisions of the two platforms and had announced themselves as candidates should be invited to come to Chicago and appear before for under the old régime avowed candidates usually remained away from the convention city.

Letters of · atation were sent to all candidates. The n ssity of their appearance was impressed on them. All accepted the invitations and promised to be there. The crowds grew greater in Chicago. By Monday the city was jammed. All preparations had been made. The big Coliseum was decorated and the seats were in order. The demand for tickets was unprecedented. The hotel lobbies were congested with men from all parts of the country eagerly discussing the revolution, and in most cases indorsing it as the only way the politics of the country could be brought to a rational, logical basis.

The candidates were all in Chicago by Mon-Oddly enough, there was no bitterness or day night. The friends of one or two of them political enmity between the radical and the started to open headquarters, but were told by the committees that headquarters were unand held frequent consultations. All proceeded necessary. The candidates were visited by on the theory that there need be no fighting many people, and spent their time mostly in shaking hands. They had little to say, because, really, there was nothing they could say. They had no idea what the outcome would be, nor had many of the delegates; for no slates were made, and the discussion of the available leaders was entirely tentative.

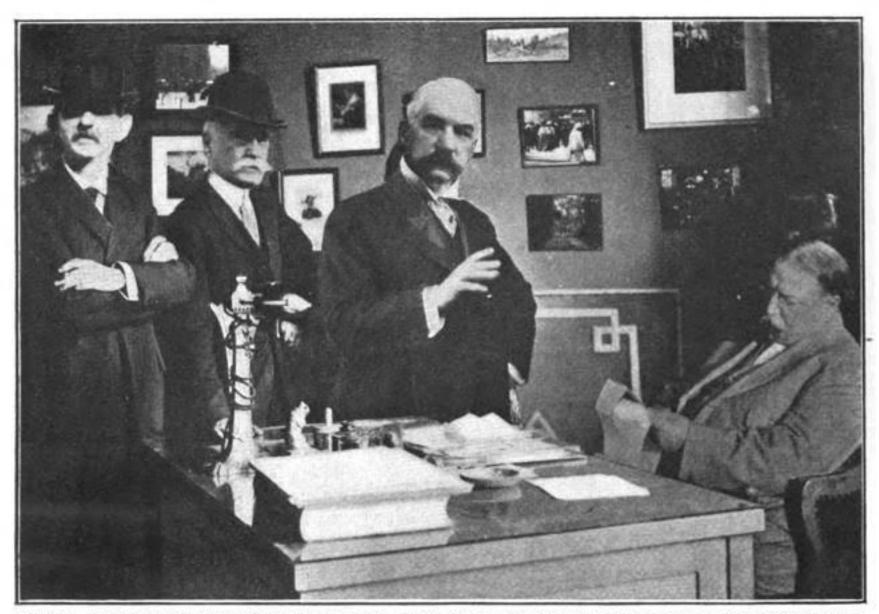
The convention was to open at noon on Tuesthe delegates. This was another innovation, day. Early that morning the crowds began to go to the hall. By ten o'clock all the galleries and the space not actually reserved for dele-



"THE COLONEL JUMPED TO HIS FEET. SPEAKING DIRECTLY AT WILSON, HE SHOUTED: RUNNING THE GOVERNMENT, YOU CAN BE



'DELIGHTED! ABSOLUTELY BULLY! MY DEAR WOODROW, WHILE I AM IN WASHINGTON RUNNING AROUND THE COUNTRY RAISING CAIN!'



"AFTER CONSULTATION WITH HIS FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS, PRESIDENT TAFT ISSUED A STATEMENT FROM THE WHITE HOUSE IN WHICH HE SAID THAT HE STOOD UNFALTERINGLY FOR THE OLD ORDER"

gates was packed with spectators. During the morning some friends of Mr. Taft had put out buttons which read: "For President, William H. Taft. He stands for the Constitution." These were quite numerous among the delegates. A band played quicksteps in the gallery, but there was little noise among the crowds. They were quiet, as if impressed with the great significance of the event.

The press stand filled rapidly. Presently the delegates began to come in and seek their places. The seats for delegates had been arranged in two divisions. Two sets of State and Territory standards had been prepared, one for the seats on the right-hand side of the center aisle and the other for the seats on the left-hand side. This allowed the delegates originally selected as Democrats and Republicans to sit in compact bodies until the grand division should

Counting contestants, there were seats for approximately three thousand delegates. The number on the Republican side was far greater than that on the Democratic side, inasmuch as there had been many Roosevelt contestants.

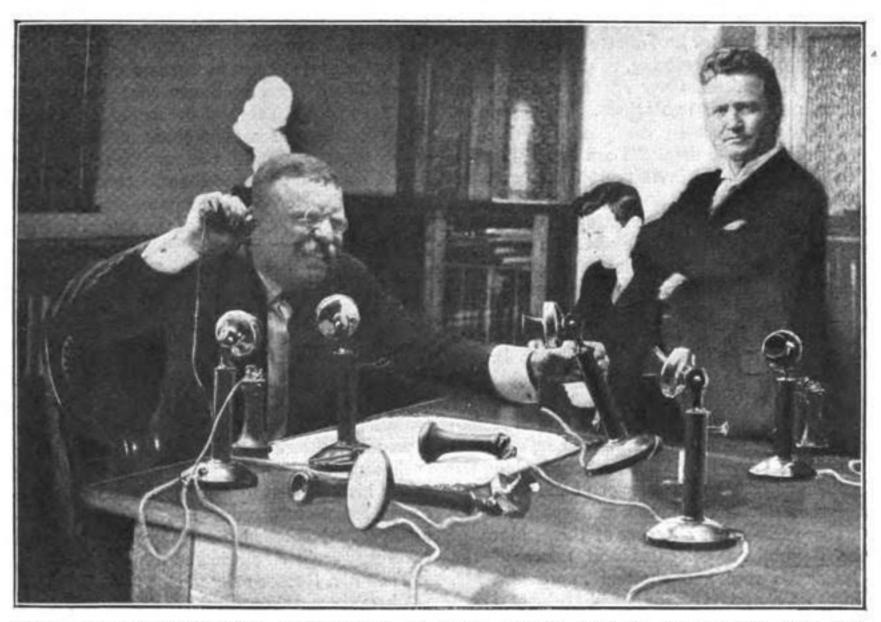
walked to their seats without the usual accom- men could be seen coming down the aisle from paniment of cheers. The band played vigor- the rear of the stage. The big hall was quiet.

ously, but the spectators were quiet. It was the strangest, the most earnest convention gathering this country had ever seen. There were twenty thousand people in the hall, but the usual clatter and clash of convention preliminaries were absent.

Just at noon the chairman of the radical committee, who had been selected at a joint meeting of both committees for temporary chairman of the preliminary combined convention, rapped for order. A minister prayed that the delegates might be guided wisely in their deliberations, and the temporary chairman briefly explained the meaning of the gathering.

"In order," he said, "that the delegates may have the fullest opportunity for deciding on the claims of the various candidates, it has been arranged to present them to the joint convention, and to allow each one ten minutes to announce his acceptance of the new order."

An aisle had been left clear to the back of the stage on which the committeemen sat. After the lists of temporary officials, clerks, secretaries, and what not, had been read and adopted, the temporary chairman waved a handkerchief. Old-time political leaders appeared. They Every delegate and every spectator rose. Two



"DURING THE CAMPAIGN THE COLONEL WAS, AS USUAL, ACTIVE, AND AT TIMES EVEN HELD CON-FERENCES WITH SENATOR LA FOLLETTE"

Every eye was turned to the clear space on the The two men advanced. They were arm in arm.

After half a minute of this stillness, a woman in the gallery shrieked:

"It's Teddy!"

"And Taft!" roared a husky delegate who sat near the front on the Republican side.

Instantly the band began to play "Hail to the Chief"; but the music was drowned in the sudden crash of cheers. Men waved handkerchiefs and women waved parasols. The delegates jumped up on their chairs. The cheering was a tremendous bellow of indeterminate sound that rolled and rocked through the hall and broke against the walls.

At the end of a minute or two the cheering had clarified itself. The Roosevelt partizans roared supporters chimed in. It was not long before the cheers came at regular intervals, the shrill cries for Roosevelt alternating with the rolling approval of Taft. The delegates who had been elected as Democrats were as clamorous for their favorite of the two as the former Republicans. The cheers rose and fell, died away, and began again. In the semi-quiet intervals the band could be heard playing frantically at national airs.

Taft and Roosevelt, still arm in arm,— Taft looking intensely serious and Roosevelt with a broad smile,— walked to the front of the platform. They bowed to each other, and then to the convention. The cheers rose in volume. They stood side by side for a few minutes, and then both raised quieting hands. Presently the delegates began to get down from their chairs and the spectators stopped cheering.

"Gentlemen of the convention," said the temporary chairman, "I have the honor to present to you Mr. William H. Taft, President of the United States, and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, former President of this country."

There was more cheering, but it lasted only a minute or two. Then Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt sat down in the front row, and two other men for "Teddy!" for a moment, and then the Taft were seen coming down the rear of the stage. These came arm in arm also, but advanced more rapidly. One was a gray-mustached, broadshouldered, burly man, and the other a slim, spectacled, wiry person.

"Harmon and Wilson!" shouted a deepvoiced man.

The delegates rose and cheered, and so did the spectators, but the noise was in no such volume as that for Taft and Roosevelt. Harmon and Wilson were introduced, and then came Champ

Clark and Oscar Underwood, who were loudly acclaimed. Senator La Follette came alone, and had a tumultuous greeting, as did Mayor Gaynor of New York, Governor Marshall of Indiana, and one or two others. They were all warmly applauded.

Mr. Taft spoke first. "I am here," he said, "in response to the invitation of the two committees who are directing this convention. appear before you as a candidate for the nomination for President from the so-called conservative delegates. While I retain a deep affection for the Republican party and have great pride in the glorious achievements of that party, I recognize the trend of the times and consider it my duty to uphold what seem to me to be the fundamental principles of this Republic by allying myself with the conservative forces. I realize that both the Republican and Democratic parties stand for nothing per se, and that the political division of this country is along the lines of conservatism on the one hand and radicalism on the other. I am a conservative."

There was great cheering at this. Many of the Republican delegates and many of the Democrats rose and shouted approval. Mr. Taft then sketched his idea of what the new conservative party stood for, indicated his willing-

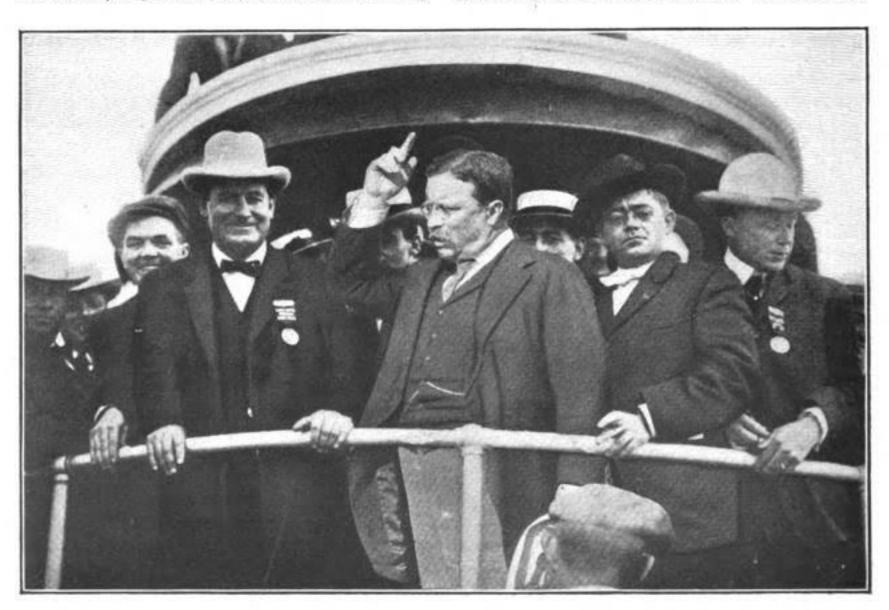
ness to be that party's candidate, and gave way to Colonel Roosevelt.

The Colonel stepped forward on the platform. Instantly all the Republican contestants who had been seated, many of the Republican regular delegates, and a good share of the Democrats, especially from the far West and the South, rose and began to shout. It was noticeable that the New York delegates on both sides remained seated, and most of the delegates from New England.

After two or three minutes of cheering, a delegate from Illinois tore up his State standard and waved it over his head. "Come on, boys!" he screamed. "Come on and show 'em!" Other delegates on both sides grabbed their State standards, and Roosevelt partizans followed behind these leaders. They jammed into the center aisle, and wound down and around the hall, a screaming, cheering, unformed parade; and as each standard-bearer passed the platform he raised his standard to Mr. Roosevelt, while the cheers broke out afresh. Mr. Taft sat uncomfortably and watched the demonstration. The cheering wore itself out in about fifteen minutes.

Then Mr. Roosevelt spoke.

"I am here as a radical," he snapped. The radicals greeted this statement with another



"DURING HIS WESTERN CAMPAIGNING HE WAS ACCOMPANIED MUCH OF THE TIME BY HIS FRIEND MR. BRYAN, WHO HAD TURNED THE WHOLE ARTILLERY OF THE 'COMMONER' LOOSE IN THE COLONEL'S SUPPORT"

Continued on page 68 of the advertising section



THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY

JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

What happened in preceding instalments.—Barnabas Barty, a country-bred youth, son of the retired champion pugilist of England, is left a fortune of £700,000. He makes up his mind to go to London and become a gentleman, and sets forth on his journey; but before he has gone far he comes to a wood where he finds lying unconscious a young girl who had been thrown from her horse. A court gallant, Sir Mortimer Carnaby, who arrives on the scene at about the same time, disputes with Barnaby about the lady, and Barnaby knocks Sir Mortimer down. Then, lifting the girl in his arms, Barnaby carries her to a near-by brook, where he revives her and escorts her to the gates of her home, Annesley House. He leaves her without remembering to ask her name. While he is regretting this omission, it occurs to him that his own name, Barty, lacks distinction, and he decides to take his mother's name, Beverley. Proceeding on his way, he meets a former Captain of Lord Nelson and his Bo'sun, and accompanies the latter on an errand to the Captain's nephew, a young lord whose father has put him in the stocks because he refuses to give up horse-racing. The two youths immediately become friends, and as soon as the Captain's nephew is released, they start for London together.

Of a Peripatetic Conversation

"IR," said his lordship, after they had gone some way in silence, "you are thoughtful — not to say devilish grave!"

"And you," retorted Barnabas,

"have sighed — three times."

"No, did I, though? Why, then, to be candid, I detest saying 'Good-bye'! And I have been devoutly wishing for two pair of muffles; for,

sir, I have taken a prodigious liking to you, but ——"

"But?" enquired Barnabas.

"Some time since you mentioned the names of two men, champions both — ornaments of the fancy — great fighters of unblemished reputation."

"You mean my - er - that is, Natty Bell

and John Barty."

"Precisely! You claim to have — boxed with them, sir?"

"Every day!" nodded Barnabas.

"With both of them - I understand?"

"With both of them."

"Hum!"

"Sir," said Barnabas, growing suddenly po-

lite, "do you doubt my word?"

"Well," answered his lordship, with his whimsical look, "I'll admit I could have taken it easier had you named only one; for surely, sir, you must be aware that these were masters of the fist — the greatest since the days of Jack Broughton and Mendoza."

"I knew each had been champion,—but it would almost seem that I have entertained angels unawares! — and I boxed with both be-

cause they happened to live together."

"Then, sir," said the Viscount, extending his hand in his frank, impetuous manner, "you are blest of the gods. I congratulate you; and, incidentally, my desire for muffles grows apace—you must positively put 'em on with me at the first opportunity."

"Right willingly, sir," said Barnabas.

"But, deuce take me!" exclaimed the Viscount, "if we are to become friends,— which I sincerely hope,— we ought at least to know each other's names. Mine, sir, is Bellasis— Horatio Bellasis. I was named Horatio after Lord Nelson; consequently my friends generally call me Tom, Dick, or Harry; for, with all due respect to his lordship, Horatio is a very devil of a name, now isn't it? Pray what's yours?"

"Barnabas — Beverley — at your service."

"Barnabas. Hum! Yours isn't much better. Egad! I think 'tis about as bad. Barnabas! No, I'll call you Bev, on condition that you make mine Dick. What d'ye say, my dear Bev?"

"Agreed, Dick," answered Barnabas, smiling; whereupon they stopped, and, having very solemnly shaken hands, went on again, merrier than ever.

"Now, what," enquired the Viscount suddenly—"what do you think of marriage, my dear Bev?"

"Marriage!" repeated Barnabas, staring.

"Marriage!" nodded his lordship airily.
"Matrimony, Bev—wedlock, my dear fellow?"

"Indeed, I have never had occasion to think of it."

"Fortunate fellow!" sighed his companion.

"Until — this morning!" added Barnabas, as his fingers encountered a small, soft, lacey bundle in his pocket.

"Un — fortunate fellow!" sighed the Viscount, shaking his head. "So you, too, are haunted by the grim spectre, are you? Ah, my dear fellow! many a bright and promising career pounds!"

has been blighted, sapped, snapped off, and — er — ruthlessly devoured by the ravenous maw of marriage. And yet," — here the Viscount sighed again,— "I do not quarrel with the state — for marriage has often proved a — er — 'very present help in time of trouble,' Bev."

"Trouble?" repeated Barnabas.

"Money troubles, my dear Bev — pecuniary unpleasantnesses — debts, and duns, and devilish things of that kind."

"But surely," said Barnabas, "no man — no honourable man — would marry and burden a woman with debts of his own contracting?"

At this the Viscount looked at Barnabas somewhat askance, and fell to scratching his chin.

"Of course," said he, somewhat hurriedly, "I shall have all the money I need — more than I shall need — some day."

"You mean," enquired Barnabas, "when your father dies?"

Here the Viscount's smooth brow clouded suddenly.

"Sir," said he, "we will not mention — that contingency. My father is a great Roman, I'll admit, but, 'twixt you and me, I — well, I'm devilish fond of him, and, strangely enough, I prefer to have him Romanly alive, and my purse empty, than to possess his money, and have him dea— Oh, let's talk of something else — Carnaby, for instance."

"Yes," nodded Barnabas; "your friend Carnaby."

"Well, then, in the first place, I think I hinted to you that I owe him twelve thousand pounds?"

"Twelve thousand! Indeed, no; it was only one when you mentioned it to me last."

"Was it so? But then, d'ye see, Bev, we were a good two miles nearer my honored Roman when I mentioned the matter before, and trees sometimes have ears; consequently I — er kept it down a bit, my dear fellow — I kept it down a bit."

"You led your father to believe it was only one thousand, then?"

"I did, Bev. You see, money seems to make him so infernally Roman; and I've been going the pace a bit these last six months. There's another thousand to Jerningham — but he can wait. Then there's six hundred to my tailor deuce take him!"

"Six hundred!" exclaimed Barnabas, aghast.

"Though I won't swear it isn't seven. Then, let's see; there's another three hundred and fifty to my coach-builders — how much does that make, Bev?"

"Thirteen thousand nine hundred and fifty



" "I SAW HIM STRUGGLING AND TRYING TO KISS HER, AND HEARD HER CRY OUT "

all, you know."

"Not?"

"No, Bev; I dare say I could make you up another three or four hundred or so if I were to rake about a bit — but thirteen thousand is enough to go on with, thank you!"

"Thirteen thousand pounds is a lot of money — to owe!" said Barnabas.

"Yes," answered the Viscount, scratching his chin again; "though, mark me, Bev, it might be worse. As it is, Bev, the case lies thus: unless I win the race on the tenth,— I've backed myself heavily, you'll understand,—unless I win, I am between the deep sea of Matrimony and the devil of old Jasper Gaunt."

"And who is Jasper Gaunt?"

"Oh, delicious innocence! Who is Jasper Gaunt? you ask. Ask it but in a whisper at Almack's, or White's, or Brooke's; and my lord this, that, or t'other shall tell you pat and to the point in no measured terms. Ask it of gaunt debtors in the prisons, of haggard toilers in the streets, of pale-faced women and lonely widows; and they'll tell you, one and all, that Jasper Gaunt is the harshest, most merciless blood-sucker that ever battened and grew rich on the poverty and suffering of his fellow men — and — oh, here we are!"

Saying which, his lordship abruptly turned aside down an unexpected and very narrow side lane, where, screened behind three great trees, was a small inn or hedge tavern with a horsetrough before the door, and a sign whereon was the legend, "The Spotted Cow," with a representation of that quadruped below — surely the very spottiest of spotted cows that ever adorned an inn sign!

"Not much to look at, my dear Bey," said the Viscount, with a wave of his hand towards the inn, "but it's kept by an old sailor, a shipmate of the Bo'sun's, and I can at least promise you a good breakfast, and the ale you will find excellent. But first I want to show you a very small demon of mine — a particularly diminutive fiend. This way, my dear fellow."

So, by devious ways, the Viscount led Barnabas round to the back of the inn, and across a yard to where, beyond a gate, was a rickyard, and beyond that again a small field or paddock. Now, within this paddock, the admired of a group of gaping rustics, was the very smallest groom Barnabas had ever beheld; for, from the top of his leather postillion's hat to the soles of his small top-boots, he could not have measured more than four feet at the very most.

Viscount, with his whimsical smile — "the very

"So much — deuce take it! And that's not smallest fiend — the most diminutive demon that ever wore top-boots!"

> The small groom was engaged in walking a fine blood-horse up and down the paddock or, rather, the horse was walking the groom: for, the animal being very tall and powerful, and much given to divers startings, snortings, and tossings of the head, it thus befell that, to every step the diminutive groom marched on terra firma, he took one in mid-air; at which times, swinging pendulum-like, he poured forth a stream of invective that the most experienced hostler, guard, or coachman might well have envied — and all in a voice so gruff, so hoarse and guttural, despite his tender years, as filled the listening rustics with much apparent awe and wonder.

> "And he can't be a day older than fourteen, my dear Bev," said the Viscount, with a complacent nod, as they halted in the perfumed shade of an adjacent rick. "Egad! he's the most remarkable boy that ever wore livery the sharpest, the gamest. I picked him up in London — a ragged urchin. Caught him picking my pocket. Been with me ever since — and I wouldn't part with him for his weight in gold."

> "Picking your pocket!" said Barnabas. "Hum!"

The Viscount looked a trifle uncomfortable.

"Why, you see, my dear fellow," he explained, "he was so — so deuced — small, Bev, — a wretched little pale-faced, shivering atom peeping up at me over a ragged elbow, waiting to be thrashed; and I liked him because he didn't snivel, and he was too insignificant for prison — so, when he told me how hungry he was, I forgot to cuff his shrinking, dirty little head, and suggested a plate of beef at one of the à la mode shops.

"Beef?' says he.

"'Yes, beef,' says I. 'Could you eat any?' "'Beef!' says he again. 'Couldn't I! Why, I could eat a ox whole, I could!'

"So I naturally dubbed him Milo of Crotona on the spot."

"And has he ever tried to pick your pocket since?"

"No, Bev. You see, he's never hungry nowadays. Gad!" said the Viscount, taking Barnabas by the arm, "that postillion's livery was a stroke of genius. I've set the fashion in grooms, Bev. Half the fellows at White's and Almack's are wild to get that very small demon of mine. But he isn't to be bought or bribed or stolen; for what there is of him is faithful, Bev. And now, come in to breakfast."

So saying, the Viscount led Barnabas across "There he is, Bey - behold him!" said the the yard to a certain wing or offshoot of the inn, where, beneath a deep, shadowy gable, was a

door. Yet here he must needs pause a moment to glance down at himself, to settle a ruffle and adjust his hat, ere, lifting the latch, he ushered Barnabas into a kitchen. A kitchen, indeed? Aye, but such a kitchen! Surely wood was never whiter, nor pewter more gleaming, than in this kitchen; surely no flagstones ever glowed a warmer red; surely oak panelling never shone with a mellower lustre; surely no viands could look more delicious than the great joint upon the polished sideboard, flanked by the crisp loaf and the yellow cheese; surely no flowers could ever bloom fairer or smell sweeter than those that overflowed the huge punch-bowl at the window and filled the Uncle Toby jugs upon the mantel; surely nowhere could there be, at one and the same time, such dainty orderliness and comfortable comfort as in this kitchen! Indeed, the historian is bold to say that within no kitchen in this world were all things in such a constant state of winking, twinkling, gleaming, and glowing purity, from the very legs of the oaken table and chairs to the hacked and battered old cutlass above the chimney, as in this selfsame kitchen of the Spotted Cow.

And yet — and yet! Sweeter, whiter, warmer, purer, and far more delicious than anything in this kitchen (or out of it) was she who had started to her feet so suddenly, and now stood with blushing cheeks and hurried bosom, gazing, shy-eyed, upon the young Viscount, all dainty grace from the ribbons in her mob-cap to the slender buckled shoe peeping out beneath her print gown; and Barnabas, standing between them, saw her flush reflected, as it were, for a moment in the Viscount's usually pale cheek.

"Oh, my lord!" she exclaimed, and stopped.
"Did we startle you, Clemency?" said the Viscount. "Forgive me, but I — that is, we—are hungry, ravenous—er—this is a friend of mine, Mr. Beverley—Mistress Clemency Dawe. And oh, Clemency, I've had no breakfast!"

But, seeing she yet stood with head averted, the Viscount, with a freedom born of long acquaintance, yet with a courtly deference also, took the hand that hung so listless, and looked down into the flushed beauty of her face, and, as he looked, beheld a great tear that crept upon her cheek.

"Why, Clemency!" he exclaimed, his raillery gone, his voice suddenly tender. "Clemency, you're crying! My dear girl, what is it?"

Now, beholding her confusion, and because of it, Barnabas turned away and walked to the other end of the kitchen; and there it chanced that he spied two objects that lay beneath the table, and stooping forthwith he picked them up. They were small and insignificant enough in themselves, yet he frowned darkly none the less as he slipped them into his pocket.

"Come now, Clemency," persisted the Viscount gently, "what is wrong?"

"Nothing - indeed, nothing, my lord."

"Aye, but there is! See how red your eyes are; they quite spoil your beauty ——"

"Beauty!" she cried. "Oh, my lord, even you!"

"Why — what have I said? You are beautiful, you know, Clem, and ——"

"Beauty!" she cried again, and turned upon him with clenched hands and dark eyes aflame. "I hate it—oh, I hate it!" And with the words she stamped her foot passionately, and, turning, sped away, banging the door behind her.

"Now, upon my soul!" said the Viscount, taking off his hat and ruffling up his auburn locks. "Of all the amazing, contradictory creatures in the world, Bev! I never knew her like this before. I wonder what the deuce—"

But, at this juncture, a door at the farther end of the kitchen opened, and a man entered. He, like the Bo'sun, was merry of eye, breezy of manner, and hairy of visage; but there all similarity ended, for whereas the Bo'sun was a square man, this man was round — round of head, round of face, and round of eye. At the sight of the Viscount, his round face expanded in a genial smile that widened until it was lost in whisker.

"Lord love me, my lord, and is it you?" he exclaimed, clasping the hand the Viscount had extended. "Now, from what that imp of a b'y, — axing his parding,— your groom, Mr. Milo, told me, I were to expect you at nine sharp—and here it be nigh on to—"

"True, Jack; but then, both he and I reckoned without my father. My father had the bad taste to — er — disagree with me; hence I am late, Jack; and breakfastless, and my friend, Mr. Beverley, is as hungry as I. Bev, my dear fellow, this is a very old friend of mine — Jack Truslove, who fought under my uncle at Trafalgar."

"Servant, sir!" says Jack, saluting Barnabas.

"The Belisarius, Seventy-four!" smiled Barnabas.

"Aye, aye," says Jack, with a shake of his round head—"the poor old Bully Sawyer. But, Lord love me! if you be hungry—"

"Devilish!" said the Viscount. "But first, Jack, what's amiss with Clemency?"

"Clemency! Why, where be that niece o' mine?"

"She's run away, Jack. I found her in tears, and I had scarce said a dozen words to her when — hey, presto! She's off and away."

"There," says Jack, rolling his round head



knowingly, "it be naught but a touch o' love, my lord."

"Love!" exclaimed the Viscount sharply.

"Ah, love. Nieces is difficult craft, and very apt to be took all aback by the wind o' love, as you might say. I aren't observed this here niece, this Clem o' mine, fair weather and foul, wi'out l'arning the kind o' craft nieces be. Consequent, when you tell me she weeps and likewise sighs, then I make bold to tell you she's got a touch o' love—and you can lay to that, my lord."

"Love!" exclaimed the Viscount again, and frowning this time. "Now, who the devil should she be in love with?"

"That, my lord, I can't say, not having yet observed. But now, by your leave, I'll pass the word for breakfast."

Hereupon the landlord of the Spotted Cow opened the lattice and sent a deep-lunged hail across the yard.

"Ahoy!" he roared. "Oliver, Penelope, Bess, breakfast ho! — breakfast for the Vis-

count — and friend. . . . They be all watching of that theer imp — axing his pardon — that theer groom o' yourn, my lord — what theer be of him, which, though small, ain't by no means to be despised, him being equally ready wi' his tongue as his fist."

Here entered two maids, both somewhat flushed with haste, but both equally bright of eye, neat of person, and light of foot, who very soon had laid a snowy cloth and duly set out thereon the beef, the bread and cheese, and a mighty ham, before which the Viscount seated himself forthwith, while their sailor host, more jovial than ever, pointed out its many beauties with an eloquent thumb; and so, having seen his guests seated opposite each other, he pulled his forelock at them, made a leg to them, and left them to their breakfast.

CHAPTER XI

In Which Fists are Clenched; and of a Selfish Man Who Was an Apostle of Peace

Our two young travellers, with a very proper respect for the noble fare before them, paid their homage to it in silence — but a silence that was eloquent none the less. At length, however, each spoke, and each with a sigh:

The Viscount. "The ham, my dear fellow!" Barnabas. "The beef, my dear Dick!"

Having said which, they relapsed again into a silence, broken only by the occasional rattle of knife and fork.

The Viscount (hacking at the loaf). "It's a grand thing to be hungry, my dear fellow."

Barnabas (glancing over the rim of his tankard). "When you have the means of satisfying it — yes."

The Viscount (becoming suddenly abstracted and turning his piece of bread over and over in his fingers). "Now, regarding—Mistress Clemency, my dear Bev—what do you think of her?"

Barnabas (helping himself to more beef).
"That she is a remarkably handsome girl!"

The Viscount (frowning at his piece of bread).
"Hum! d'you think so?"

Barnabas. "Any man would — I'll trouble you for the mustard, Dick."

The Viscount. "Yes, I suppose they would." Barnabas. "Some probably do — especially men with an eye for fine women."

The Viscount (frowning blacker than ever). "Pray what might you mean by that?"

Barnabas. "Your friend Carnaby undoubtedly does."

The Viscount (starting). "Carnaby! Why, what the devil put him into your head? Carnaby's never seen her."

Barnabas. "Indeed, I think it rather more than likely."

The Viscount (crushing the piece of bread suddenly in his fist). "Carnaby! But, I tell you, he hasn't — he's never been near this place."

Barnabas. "There you are quite wrong."

The Viscount (flinging himself back in his chair). "Beverley, what the devil are you driving at?"

Barnabas. "I mean that he was here this morning."

The Viscount. "Carnaby! Here? Impossible! What under heaven should make you think so?"

"This!" said Barnabas, and held out a small crumpled piece of paper. The Viscount took it, glanced at it, and his knife clattered to the floor.

"Sixty thousand pounds!" he exclaimed, and sat staring down at the crumpled paper, wideeyed. "Sixty thousand!" he repeated. "Is it sixty or six, Bev? Read it out." And he thrust the torn paper across to Barnabas, who, taking it up, read as follows:

"felicitate you upon your marriage with the lovely heiress Lady M., failing which I beg most humbly to remind you, my dear Sir Mortimer Carnaby, that the sixty thousand pounds must be paid back on the day agreed upon, namely, June 10.

"Your humble, obedient Servant,
"JASPER GAUNT."

"Jasper Gaunt!" exclaimed the Viscount.
"Sixty thousand pounds! Poor Carnaby!
Sixty thousand pounds payable on the tenth.
Why, the tenth is the day of the race."

"And to-day is the first," mused Barnabas.

"If I should happen to win, it looks very much as though Carnaby would be ruined, Bev," said the Viscount.

"Unless he marries the lovely heiress!" added Barnabas.

"Hum!" said the Viscount, frowning. "I wish I'd never seen this cursed paper, Bev!" And as he spoke he crumpled it up and threw it into the great fireplace. "Where in the name of mischief did you get it?"

"It was in the corner yonder, under the table," answered Barnabas. "I also found this." And he laid a handsomely embossed coat-button on the table. "It has been wrenched off, you will notice."

"Yes," nodded the Viscount. "Torn off — do you think ——"

"I think," said Barnabas, putting the button back into his pocket, "that Mistress Clemency's tears are accounted for."

"By heaven, Beverley," said the Viscount, an ugly light in his eyes, "if I thought that ——!" And the hand upon the table became a fist.

"I think that Mistress Clemency is a match

for any man - or brute," said Barnabas, and drew his hand from his pocket. Now, the Viscount's fist was opening and shutting convulsively; the breath whistled between his teeth; he glanced towards the door, and made as though he would spring to his feet. But in that moment came a diversion; for — Barnabas drew his hand from his pocket, and, as he did so, something white fluttered to the floor close beside the Viscount's chair. Both men saw it, and both stooped to pick it up; but the Viscount, being nearer, reached it first — glanced at it looked at Barnabas with a knowing smile glanced at it again, was arrested by certain initials embroidered in one corner, stooped his head suddenly, inhaling its subtle perfume — and so handed it back to Barnabas, who took it with a word of thanks and thrust it into an inner pocket, while the Viscount stared at him under his drawn brows.

But Barnabas, all unconscious, proceeded to cut himself another slice of beef, proffering to do the same for the Viscount.

"Thank you - no," said he.

"What - have you done so soon?"

"Yes," said he, and thereafter sat watching Barnabas ply knife and fork — who presently, catching his eye, smiled.

"Pray," said the Viscount, after a smile — "pray are you acquainted with the Lady Cleone Meredith?"

"No," answered Barnabas.

"Have you ever met — the Lady — Cleone Meredith?"

"Never," answered Barnabas, innocent of eye.

Then, very quietly, the Viscount rose up out of the chair and leaned across the table.

"Sir," said he, "you are a most consummate liar!"

Hereupon Barnabas helped himself to the mustard with grave deliberation; then, leaning back in his chair, he smiled up into the Viscount's glowing eyes as politely, and with as engaging an air, as might be.

"My lord," said he gently, "give me leave to remark that he who says so — lies most foully." Having said which, Barnabas set down the mustard and bowed.

"Mr. Beverley," said the Viscount, regarding him calm-eyed across the table, "there is a place I know of near by — a very excellent place, being hidden by trees, a smooth, grassy place. Shall we go?"

"Whenever you will, my lord," said Barnabas, rising.

Forthwith, having bowed to each other and put on their hats, they stepped out into the yard, and so walked on side by side — a trifle



"'BEAUTY!' SHE CRIED. 'I HATE IT - OH, I HATE IT!'
AND SHE STAMPED HER FOOT
PASSIONATELY"

stiffer and more upright than usual, maybe — even as the Viscount had said, being shady with until they came to a stile. Here they must trees, and where a brook ran between steep crossed the stile, they presently came to a place where the grass was very smooth and level, they

needs pause to bow once more, each wishful banks. Here, having rolled up their shirtto give way to the other; and, having duly sleeves, they bowed once more, and, coming to

> faced each other with clenched fists. "Mr. Beverley," said the Viscount, "you will remember I sighed for muf-

fles; but, sir, I count this more fortunate, for to my mind there is nothing like bare fists, after all, to try a man's

capabilities."

"My lord," said Barnabas, "you will also remember that when I told you I had boxed daily both with 'Glorious John' and Nathaniel Bell, you doubted my word; I therefore intend to try and convince you as speedily as may be."

"Egad!" exclaimed the Viscount, his blue eyes adance. "This is positively more than I had ventured to hope, my dear fel - Ah! Mr. Bev-

And, after a season, Barnabas spoke, albeit pantingly, and dabbing at his bloody mouth the while.

"Sir," said he, "I trust - you are not - incommoded at all?"

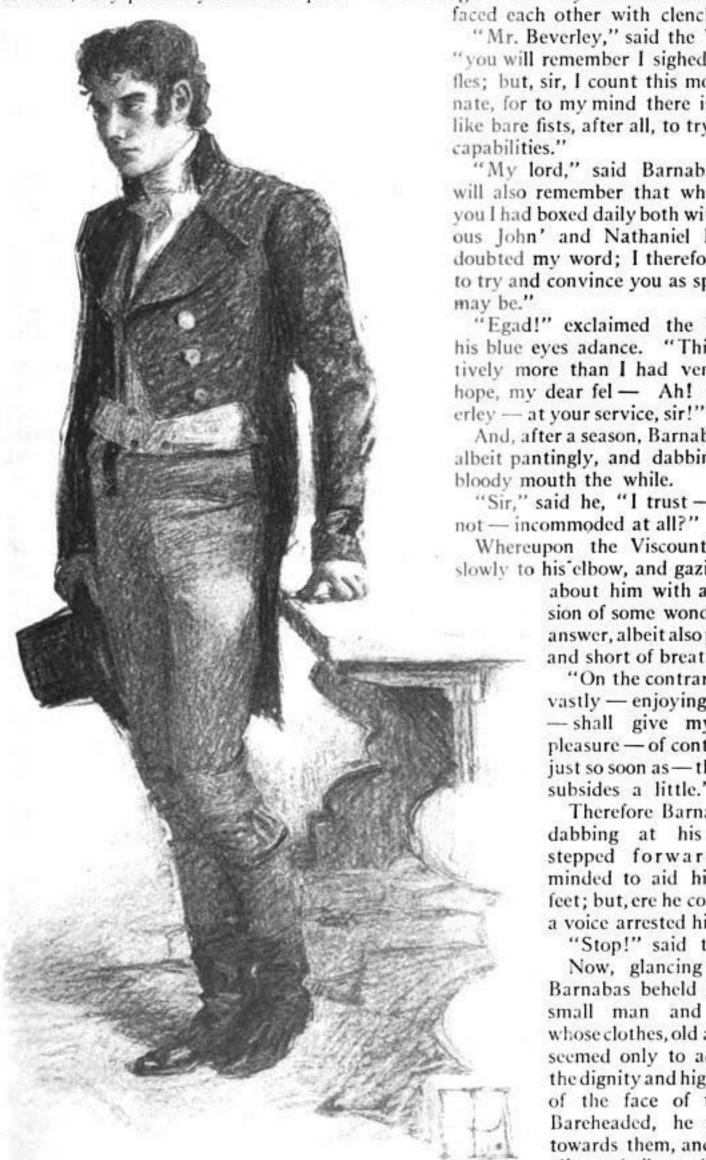
Whereupon the Viscount, coming slowly to his elbow, and gazing round about him with an expres-

sion of some wonder, made answer, albeit also pantingly and short of breath:

"On the contrary, sir, am vastly — enjoying myself — shall give myself the pleasure — of continuing just so soon as — the ground subsides a little."

Therefore Barnabas, still dabbing at his mouth, stepped forward, being minded to aid him to his feet; but, ere he could do so, a voice arrested him.

"Stop!" said the voice. Now, glancing round, Barnabas beheld a man, a small man and slender, whose clothes, old and worn, seemed only to accentuate the dignity and high nobility of the face of the man. Bareheaded, he advanced towards them, and his hair glistened silver white in the sunshine, though his brows



were dark, like the glowing eyes below. Upon his cheek was the dark stain of blood, and on his lips was a smile ineffably sweet and gentle, as he came forward, looking from one to the other.

"And pray, sir," enquired the Viscount, sitting cross-legged upon the green, "pray who might you be?"

"I am an Apostle of Peace, young sir," answered the Stranger — "a teacher of forgiveness — though, doubtless, an unworthy one."

"Peace, sir!" cried the Viscount. "Deuce take me! — but you are the most warlike Apostle of Peace that eyes ever beheld. By your looks, you might have been fighting the Seven Champions of Christendom."

"Last night," pursued the Stranger, in his gentle voice, "I sought to teach the gospel of mercy and universal forgiveness at a country fair not so very far from here, and they drove me away with sticks and stones; indeed, I fear our rustics are sometimes woefully ignorant, and ignorance is always cruel. So to-day — as soon as the stiffness is gone from me — I shall go back to them, sirs — for even ignorance has ears."

Now, thereupon, the Viscount got upon his legs rather unsteadily, and bowed.

"Sir," said he, "I humbly ask your pardon; surely so brave an Apostle should do great works."

"Then," said the Stranger, drawing nearer, "if such is your thought, let me see you two clasp hands."

"But, sir, I went so far as to give this gentleman the lie!" demurred the Viscount.

"Which I went so far as to — return," said Barnabas.

"But surely the matter can be explained?" enquired the Stranger.

"Possibly!" nodded the Viscount — "though I generally leave explanations until — afterwards."

"Then," said the Stranger, glancing from one proud young face to the other, "in this instance — shake hands first. Hate and anger are human attributes, but to forgive is godlike. Therefore, now, forget yourselves, and in this thing be gods."

Now, as they looked upon each other, of a sudden, despite his split lip, Barnabas smiled, and in that same moment the Viscount held out his hand.

"Beverley," said he, as their fingers gripped,
"after your most convincing — shall we say
argument? — if you tell me you have boxed with
all and every champion back to Mendoza, Jack
Slack, and Broughton — egad! I'll believe you;
for you have a devilish striking and forcible way
with you at times, and I'm free to confess I like
you better and better; but ——!"

"But?" enquired Barnabas.

"As regards the - handkerchief, now ---?"

"I found it — on a bramble-bush — in a wood," said Barnabas.

"In a wood!"

"In Annesley Wood. I found a lady there also — a very beautiful woman with wonderful yellow hair!"

"The Lady Cleone Meredith!" exclaimed the Viscount. "But in a — wood!"

"She had fallen from her horse."

"How? - when? Was she hurt?"

"How I can not tell you; but it happened about two hours ago, and her hurt was trifling."



"SETTLING HIS FEET MORE FIRMLY, HE TOOK A FRESH GRIP ON THE REINS; MILO OF CROTONA SAT IN THE RUMBLE"

"And you - found her?"

"I also saw her safely - out of the wood."

"And you did not know her name?"

"I quite — forgot to ask it," Barnabas admitted, "and I never saw her until this morning."

"Why, then, my dear Bev," said the Viscount, his brow clearing, "let us go back to breakfast — all three of us."

But now, turning about, they perceived that the Stranger was gone; yet, coming to the stream, they presently espied him, laving his hurts in the cool water.

"Sir," said Barnabas, "our thanks are due to you —

"And you must come back to the inn with us," added the Viscount; "the ham surpasses description."

"And I would know how you came to be an Apostle of Peace," said Barnabas.

"As to breakfast, young sirs," said the self! Stranger, shaking his head, "I thank you, but I have already assuaged my hunger; as to my story — well, 'tis not over-long, and indeed it is a story to think upon — a warning to heed. So, if you would listen to the tale of a selfish man, sit down here beside me and I'll tell you."

CHAPTER XII

Of the Stranger's Tale, Which, Being Short, the Historian Hopes May Perhaps Meet with the Reader's Kind Approbation

"Sirs," began the Stranger, speaking with bent head, "I once had - a daughter, and I loved her dearly; but my name was dearer yet. I was proud of her beauty, but prouder of my ancient name, for I was a selfish man.

"We lived in the country — a place remote and quiet, and consequently led a very solitary, humdrum life — because I was ever fond of books, and flowers, and the solitude of trees — a selfish man always. And so, at last, because she was young and high-spirited, she ran away from my lonely cottage with one who was a villain. And I grieved for her, young sirs, I grieved much and long — because I was lonely; but I grieved more for my name, - my honourable name that she had besmirched,—because, as I in the sunshine as he went. told you, I was a selfish man."

Again the Stranger was silent, sitting ever with bent head, staring down at the crystal waters of the brook; only he clasped his thin hands and wrung them as he continued:

"One evening, as I sat among my roses with a book in my hand, she came back to me through the twilight, and flung herself upon her knees before me, and besought my forgiveness with sobs and bitter, bitter tears. Ah, young

sirs! I can hear her weeping yet — the sound of it is always in my ears. So she knelt to me in her abasement, with imploring hands stretched out to me — But I, sirs, being, as I say, a selfish man, and remembering only my proud and honourable name — I, her father, spurned her from me with reproaches and vile words such burning, searing words as no daughter should hear or father utter.

"And so, weeping still, she turned away wearily, hopelessly, and I stood to watch her bowed figure till she had crept away into the evening and was gone.

"Thus, sirs, I drove her from me, this wounded lamb. I drove her from me — I who should have comforted and cherished her — I drove her out into the night with hateful words and bitter curses.

"Oh, was there ever sin like mine? Oh, self,

"In ancient times, sirs, when a man had committed some great sin, he lashed himself with cruel stripes. But, I tell you, no rod, no whip of many thongs, ever stung or bit so sharp and deep as remorse; it is an abiding pain. Therefore I walk these highways, preaching always forgiveness and forgetfulness of self, and so needs must I walk until my days be done or until — I find her again."

The Stranger rose suddenly, and so stood with bent head and very still; only his hands gripped and wrung each other. Yet, when he looked up, his brow was serene and a smile was on his lips.

"But you, sirs — you are friends again, and that is good, for friendship is a blessed thing; and you have youth and strength, and all things are possible to you, therefore. But oh! beware of self — take warning of a selfish man. Forget self; so may you each achieve great things.

"But, as for me, I never stand upon a country road when evening falls but I see her — a broken, desolate figure, creeping away from me always away from me — into the shadows; and the sound of her weeping comes to me in the night silences."

So saying, the Stranger turned from them and went upon his way, limping a little because of his hurts, and his hair gleamed silver

CHAPTER XIII

In Which Barnabas Makes a Confession

"A very remarkable man!" said the Viscount, taking up his hat.

"And a very pitiful story!" said Barnabas thoughtfully.

"Though I could wish," pursued the Vis-

count, dreamy of eye, and setting his hat with a light tap on the crown — "yes, I do certainly wish that he hadn't interfered quite so soon; I was just beginning to — ah — enjoy myself."

"It must be a terrible thing to be haunted by remorse as bitter as his — to fancy her voice weeping in the night, and to see her creeping on into the shadows, always — away from him."

But now, having helped each other into their

coats, they set off back to the inn.

"My ribs," said the Viscount, feeling that region of his person with tender solicitude as he spoke—"my ribs are infernally sore, Bev—though it was kind of you not to mark my face. I'm sorry for your lip, my dear fellow, but, really, it was the only opening you gave me. I hope it isn't painful?"

"Indeed, I had forgotten it," returned Bar-

nabas.

"Then needs must I try to forget my bruised ribs," said the Viscount, making a wry face as he clambered over the stile. But here Barnabas paused to turn and look back at the scene of their encounter — quite deserted now, for the Stranger had long since disappeared in the green.

"Yes, a very remarkable man!" sighed Bar-

nabas thoughtfully.

"And I beg you to remember," added the Viscount, "he said that you and I were ordained to be friends — and, by gad, I think he spoke truth, Bev."

"I feel sure of it, Viscount," Barnabas nodded.

"Furthermore, Bev, if you are Bev to me I must be Dick to you henceforth, amen, and so forth!"

"Agreed, Dick!"

"Then, my dear Bev?" said the Viscount impulsively.

"Yes, my dear Dick?"

"Suppose we shake hands on it?"

"Willingly, Dick; yet, first, I think it but honourable to tell you that I — love the Lady Cleone Meredith."

"Eh — what?" exclaimed the Viscount, falling back a step. "You love her? The devil you do! Since when?"

"Since this morning."

"Love her!" repeated the Viscount. "But you've seen her but once in your life."

"True," said Barnabas; "but then, I mean forthwith.
to see her many times henceforth."

Now it was

"Ah, the deuce you do!"

"Yes," answered Barnabas. "I shall possi-

bly marry her - some day."

The Viscount laughed, and frowned, and laughed again; then, noting the set of mouth and chin, grew thoughtful, and thereafter stood looking at Barnabas with a new and suddenly awakened interest. Who was he? What was he? From his clothes he might have been any-

thing between a gentleman farmer and a gamekeeper. As for Barnabas himself, as he leaned there against the stile, with his gaze on the distance, his eyes adream, he had clean forgotten his awkward clothes and blunt-toed boots. And, after all, what can boots or clothes matter with man or woman when the face of their wearer is stamped with the serene yet determined confidence that marked Barnabas as he spoke?

"Marry - Cleone Meredith?" said the Vis-

count at last.

"Marry her - yes," said Barnabas slowly.

"Why, then," said the Viscount, "in the first place, let me tell you, she's devilish high and proud."

"'Tis so I would have her!" nodded Barnabas.

"And cursedly hard to please."

"So I should judge her," nodded Barnabas.

"And heiress to great wealth."

"No matter for that," said Barnabas.

"And full of whims and fancies."

"And therefore womanly," said Barnabas.

"My dear Beverley," said the Viscount, smiling again, "I tell you, the man who wins Cleone Meredith must be stronger, handsomer, richer, and more accomplished than any buck, Corinthian, or macaroni of 'em all."

"Or more determined!" added Barnabas.

"Or more determined, yes," nodded the Viscount.

"Then I shall certainly marry her - some day," said Barnabas.

Again the Viscount eyed Barnabas a while in silence; but this time, be it noted, he smiled no more.

"Hum!" said he at last. "So it seems, in finding a friend, I have also found myself another rival?"

"I greatly fear so," said Barnabas, and they walked on together. But when they had gone some distance in moody silence, the Viscount spoke.

"Beverley," said he, "forewarned is forearmed!"

"Yes," answered Barnabas; "that is why I told you."

"Then," said the Viscount, "I think we'll shake hands — after all." The which they did forthwith.

Now it was at this moment that Milo of Crotona took it upon himself to become visible.

CHAPTER XIV

Of Milo of Crotona: of His Buttons and the Story He Told

awakened interest. Who was he? What was Never did a pair of top-boots, big or little, he? From his clothes he might have been any-shine with a lustre more resplendent; never was

postillion's jacket more excellent of fit, nattier, or more carefully brushed; and nowhere could there be found two rows of crested silver buttons with such an air of waggish roguery, so sly, so knowing, and so pertinaciously on the everlasting wink, as these same eight buttons that adorned the very small person of his groomship, Milo of Crotona. He had slipped out suddenly from the hedge, and stood, cap in hand, staring from the Viscount to Barnabas, and back again, with his innocent blue eyes, and with every blinking, twinkling button on his jacket. And his eyes were wide and guileless — the eyes of a cherub; but his buttons! Yea, forsooth, it was all in his buttons, as they winked slyly one to another, as much as to say: "Aha! we don't know why his lordship's buckskins are greened at the knees — not we! nor why the gent's lower lip is unduly swelled — Lord love your eyes and limbs — oh, no!"

"What, my imp of innocence!" exclaimed the Viscount, "where have you sprung from?"

"'Edge, m'lud."

"Ah, and what might you have been doing in the hedge, now?"

"Thinkin', m'lud."

"And what were you thinking?"

"I were thinkin', m'lud, as the tall gen'leman, here, is a top-sawyer wid 'is daddles, m'lud, I was."

"Aha! So you've been watching, eh?"

"Not watching — oh, no, m'lud. I just m'lud." 'appened ter — notice — that's all, m'lud."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Viscount. "Then I suppose you happened to notice me being knocked down?"

"No, m'lud. Ye see, I shut my eyes every time."

"Every time, eh!" said his lordship, with his whimsical smile. "O Loyalty, thy name But hallo!" he broke off, "I believe you've been fighting again. Come here."

"Fightin', m'lud? What, me?"

"What's the matter with your face? It's all swollen — there; your cheek."

"Swellin', m'lud! I don't feel no swellin'."

"No, no - the other cheek."

but I weren't fightin'-"

"Who did it?"

"S' Mortimer's friend - 'e done it, 'e did."

"Sir Mortimer's friend?"

"Ah, 'im, m'lud."

"But how in the world ---"

"Wi' his fist, m'lud."

"What for?"

"'Cos I kicked 'im, I did."

"You - kicked Sir Mortimer Carnaby's

friend!" exclaimed the Viscount. "What in heaven's name did you do that for?"

"'Cos you told me to, m'lud, you did."

"I told you to kick --- "

"Yes, m'lud, you did. You sez to me last week - arter I done up that butcher's boy you sez to me, 'Don't fight 'cept you can't 'elp it,' you sez; 'but allus pertect the ladies,' you sez, 'an' if so be as 'e's too big to reach wid your fists — why, use your boots,' you sez. An' so I did, m'lud."

"So you were protecting a lady, were you, imp?"

"Miss Clemency ma'am — yes, m'lud. She's been good ter me, Miss Clemency ma'am 'as, an' so when I seen 'im strugglin', a-trying to kiss 'er — when I 'eared 'er cry out — I came in froo de winder, an' I kicked 'im, I did. An' then ---"

"Imp," said the Viscount gravely, "you are forgetting your aitches! And so Sir Mortimer's friend kissed her, did he? Mind your aitches,

"Yes, m'lud; an' when hi seen the tears hin her heyes ——"

"Now you are mixing them, imp! — 'tears in her eyes' - well?"

"Why, then I kicked him, m'lud; an' he turned round an' give me this 'ere."

"And what was Sir Mortimer's friend like?"

"A tall, werry sleepy gentleman wot smiled,

"Ha!" exclaimed the Viscount, starting; "and with a scar upon one cheek?"

"Yes, m'lud."

His lordship frowned. "That would be Chichester," said he thoughtfully. "Now I wonder what the devil should bring that fellow so far from London?"

"Well, m'lud," suggested Milo, shaking his golden curls, "I kind of s'pec's there's a woman at the bottom of it - there mostly generally is."

"Hum!" said the Viscount.

"'Sides, m'lud, I 'eared 'im talkin' 'bout a lady to S' Mortimer."

"Did they mention her name?"

"The sleepy one 'e did, m'lud. Jist as "Oh, this, m'lud! Oh, 'e done it, 'e did - S' Mortimer climbed into the curricle. 'Here's wishing you luck wid the lovely Meredith,' 'e

"Meredith!" exclaimed the Viscount.

"Meredith, m'lud; 'the lovely Meredith,' 'e sez. An' then, as he stood watching the curricle drive away, 'May the best man win,' sez 'e to himself — 'an' that's me,' sez 'e."

"Boy," said the Viscount, "have the horses put to - at once."

"Werry good, m'lud." And, touching his

small hat, Milo of Crotona turned and set off as more particularly was the fact that one of the fast as his small legs would carry him.

"Gad!" exclaimed his lordship, "this is more

than I bargained for; I must be off."

"Indeed," said Barnabas, who for the last minute or so had been watching a man who was strolling idly up the lane — a tall, languid gentleman in a jaunty hat — "you seem, all at once, in a mighty hurry to get to London."

"London!" repeated the Viscount, staring blankly. "London? Oh — why, yes — to be sure, I was going to London; but - hum! fact of the matter is, I've changed my mind about it, my dear Bev. I'm going - back. I'm following Carnaby."

"Ah!" said Barnabas, still intent upon the vanished and he stepped quickly forward.

man in the lane. "Carnaby again."

"Oh, damn the fellow!" exclaimed the Viscount.

"But — he is your friend."

"But Carnaby "Hum!" said the Viscount. is always — Carnaby; and she ——"

"Meaning the Lady Cleone!" said Barnabas.

"Is a woman ---"

"The lovely Meredith!" nodded Barnabas.

"Exactly!" said the Viscount, frowning. "And Carnaby is the devil with women."

"But not this woman," answered Barnabas, frowning a little also.

"My dear fellow, men like Carnaby attract all women."

"That," said Barnabas, shaking his head, "that I can not believe."

"Have you known many women, Bev?"

· "No," answered Barnabas; "but I have met the Lady Cleone ---"

"Once!" added the Viscount significantly.

"Once!" nodded Barnabas.

"Hum," said the Viscount.

"And therefore," said Barnabas, "I don't think that we need fear Sir Mortimer as a rival."

"That," retorted the Viscount, shaking his head, "is because you - don't know him either."

Hereupon, having come to the inn and having settled their score, the Viscount stepped out to the stables, accompanied by the round-faced landlord, while Barnabas, leaning from the open casement, glared idly into the lane. And thus he once more beheld the gentleman in the jaunty hat, who stood glancing up and down the lane in the attitude of one who waits. my arms off!" He was tall and slender, and clad in a tightfitting blue coat cut in the extreme of the prevailing fashion, and beneath his curlybrimmed hat Barnabas saw a sallow face with lips a little too heavy, nostrils a little too thin, and eyes a little too close together - at least, so Barnabas thought. But what he noticed

buttons of the blue coat had been wrenched away.

Now, as the gentleman lounged there against a tree, he switched languidly at a bluebell that happened to grow within his reach - cut it down, and with gentle, lazy taps beat it slowly into nothingness; which done, he drew out his watch, glanced at it, frowned, and was in the act of thrusting it back when the hedge opposite was parted suddenly and a man came through. A wretched being he looked, dusty, unkempt, unshorn, and whose quick, bright eyes gleamed in the thin oval of his pallid face. At sight of this man the gentleman's lassitude

"Well," he demanded, "did you find her?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a cursed time you've been about it!"

"Annesley is further than I thought, sir, and ----"

"Pah! No matter — give me her answer"; and the gentleman held out a slim white

"She had no time to write, sir," said the man, "but she bid me tell you ----"

"Damnation!" exclaimed the gentleman, glancing towards the inn. "Not here — come farther down the lane"; and with the word he turned and strode away, with the man at his heels.

"Annesley," said Barnabas, as he watched them go — "Annesley. I wonder ——"

But now, with a prodigious clatter of hoofs and grinding of wheels, the Viscount drove round in his curricle, and drew up before the door in masterly fashion; whereupon the two high-mettled bloods immediately began to rear and plunge (as is the way of their kind), to snort, to toss their sleek heads, and to dance, drumming their hoofs with a sound like a brigade of cavalry at the charge; whereupon the Viscount immediately fell to swearing at them, and his diminutive groom to roaring at them in his "stable voice," and the two hostlers to cursing them and each other; in the midst of which hubbub, out came Barnabas, to stare at them with the quick, appraising eye of one who knows and loves horses.

"Oh, there you are, Bev," cried the Viscount. "Jump up, my dear fellow - they're pulling

"Then you want me to come with you, Dick?" "My dear fellow, of course. Quick - up with you."

Now, as Barnabas stepped forward, afar off up the lane he chanced to espy a certain jaunty hat; and immediately, acting for once upon impulse, he shook his head.

"No, thanks," said he.

"Eh - no?" repeated the Viscount. "But folded arms, in the rumble. you shall see — Her. I'll introduce you myself."

"Thanks, Dick; but I've decided not to go back."

"What - you won't come, then?"

"No."

"Ah, well! We shall meet in London. Enquire for me at White's or Brooke's - any one will tell you where to find me. Goodbye!"

Then, settling his feet more firmly, he took a fresh grip upon the reins, and glanced over his into the distance and vanished in a cloud of dust.

shoulder to where Milo of Crotona sat, with

"All right behind?"

"Right, m'lud!"

"Then - give 'em their heads; let 'em go!" The grooms sprang away, the powerful bays

reared once, twice, and then, with a thunder of hoofs, started away at a gallop that set the light vehicle rocking and swaying, yet which in no whit seemed to trouble Milo of Crotona, who sat upon his perch behind with folded arms, as stiff and steady as a small graven image, until he and the Viscount and the curricle had been whirled

TO BE CONTINUED

"SING CUCCU NU"

ΒY

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

"CUMMER is icumen in, loud sing cuccu!" Medieval singer, I am harking back to you -You a ruddy Saxon man, I a pale Chicagoan — Centuries between us, but a bond of union, too! Not your mellow English tongue — I twang it over-sharp; Not your sturdy Saxon heart — the strain is raveled out: Just a kinship of delight — ho, Laughter, strike the harp! — Sets us both in song because the seasons turn about! The spring was in your blood, man, as it quivers now in mine: Every wind was wine to you, The earth was all a-shine to you, The very sloughs divine to you! — Oh, I know every sign. Would I might have skipped with you across the Kentish hills, When boskages were gay with birds, and dells with daffodils! Would you might be here with me, Chicago left behind, And only song and sunshine in the cloisters of my mind! Gone the streets and offices, the clatter and the soot! Brightly winding by me a suburban river runs; Haw trees getting green again; violets underfoot; Luscious meadows gleaming with a million tiny suns; Peepers trilling piercingly in every flooded cove; Cathird at the river-bank mocking at the din; Soloist rehearsing in the shadow of the grove -Listen! It's the cuckoo, and the summer's coming in!



BE-DAD

BY

JOHN A. HEFFERNAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. R. SHAVER

ANAGER MURPHY was plainly nervous. He sat on the bench, his hands deep in his pockets and his heels deep in the turf, chewing an unlighted cigar to pulp and glaring at Big Mandelbaum, who was at the bat. Mr. Mandelbaum, a tower of strength in the pitcher's box, was notoriously and outrageously weak with the stick. And it was tough luck to have him facing the twirler when there were two out and two on the bags and you needed just three tallies in your slice of the ninth inning to win. At least, so things shaped up in the mind of Manager Murphy.

It looked like butter-scotch for the home nine.
The bleachers and the grand stand were stirring with that agitation that precedes the rushing exodus at the end of the game. Madigan put

a beauty right over the plate, at which Mr. Mandelbaum slashed furiously and futilely just as it plugged into the catcher's mitt. A huge "Ha-ha!" bristling with hilarious derision, came from the grand stand, and every bristle entered Manager Murphy's soul.

Just then Be-dad arrived. He was little and mangy and wire-haired, and he had chin-whiskers like a Galway man. Whence came he? Heaven knows. But out from the bleachers he scurried, his tail between his legs, and across the field he skedaddled, straight for Mike Tracy crouching on the coach line.

"It's a mascot, be-dad! Lam it, ye kike!" screeched Tracy, just as a swift one slipped out of Madigan's fingers.

with that agitation that precedes the rushing And did Mr. Mandelbaum "lam" it? Did it exodus at the end of the game. Madigan put shoot high into the pallid evening blue and out

into deepest and darkest left field? And did Ryan and Schwartz blow gently home and Mandelbaum make the grand tour on an easy trot? All these things he and it and they did.

And Manager Murphy? Manager Murphy, with one arm full of dog and the other around the neck of the big pitcher, wept tears of joy as he cried in his ecstasy:

"Oh, Bennie! Oh, Bennie! I forgive ye for bein' a Jew!"

"Chop it off!" yelled Mike Tracy, who stood behind him. "'Twas the Irish did it. Isn't he the fine-lookin' four-leaved Kerry horseshoe?" he demanded, as he rescued the terrier from Murphy's embrace. "Do ye know what he barked to me, Dutchie, when he leapt into me arms?"

"No. What?" asked Schwartz seriously.

"'Erin go bragh and to hell with the Dutch!"
replied Tracy, with a grin; and then he ducked

quickly, for, if the little catcher was slow of speech, he was quick on the throw, and his hurtling mitt just grazed the big first-baseman's lowered head.

Thus was Be-dad installed, or thus did he install himself, as premier mascot of the Gymnastics. From the first there was never any question as to his name; Tracy had bestowed it on him on the field of his first success, and it stuck to him like his tail. Under his benign influence the Gyms began to prosper. From sixth place they clambered to fifth; from fifth to fourth; three straight in St. Louis gave them third, and two out of three in Boston set them marching right behind the captain.

It was on the jump from Boston to Chicago that Be-dad was seriously offended. Tracy, who was his particular chum, managed to slip him by the Pullman conductor and into a berth. Be-dad behaved with great discretion, making no noise at all, but curling up silently and dropping into slumber. The negro porter caught a glimpse of him, but so awed was he in the presence of so many baseball stars of the first magnitude that he forgot to mention it to the conductor for a long time. Meantime, at Albany the Boston section had been tailed on to the Chicago express from New York, and a new conductor had taken over the sleeping-cars. It was one o'clock in the morning when this functionary awakened Tracy from a sound but not soundless slumber, and Mike, raising himself up in the berth, rested the point of his elbow on Be-dad's tail. Be-dad, in two staccato syllables, remarked that he couldn't stand for that.

"What's the matter?" Tracy asked, sticking his head through the curtains.

> "You have a dog in that berth," the conductor declared.

> "Yes?" said Tracy. He said it interrogatively, non-committally. His mind was still heavy with sleep, and he was sparring for time to get it limbered up.

> "Yes," answered the conductor. He was a short, stocky fellow with a black mustache.

> "I'm Tracy of the New York Gyms," Mike informed him.

> "Glad to meet you!" said the conductor. "I'm Corcoran of the New York Central. Pass out the bow-wow!"

"H'm," said Mike.
"You see, Mr. Conductor, the mutt don't belong to me; it really belongs to that gentleman across the aisle. He might sue me if I let any one take it away from me."

Without another word, the conductor turned to the opposite berth.

"Hi, there!" he yelled at the snoring



"THEY SUGGESTED RAPHAELESQUE CHERUBIM MINUS THE WINGS"



"OUT FROM THE BLEACHERS HE SCURRIED, HIS TAIL BETWEEN HIS LEGS,

inmate, "you'll have to get your dog out of this car."

The snore ceased, and Tommy Ryan projected his head from the curtains.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Your dog," said the conductor. "You'll have to take it out of that berth over there and ——"

"Who says it's my dog?" asked Ryan.

"The man in the berth behind me."

"He must be talkin' in his sleep. I don't own a dog, only a goat," Mr. Ryan declared, as he withdrew his head.

"The upper berth," Mr. Tracy suggested from behind.

"Hi, you up there!" the conductor shouted.

Mr. Mandelbaum's tousled black thatch made its appearance aloft.

"Is that your dog?" the railroad man demanded.

Big Ben looked up and down the aisle.

"I don't see any dog," he said.

"There's one in that berth; is it yours?"

Mandelbaum wagged his head and vawned.

"I used to play for St. Louis," he said. "You'll have to show me."

Tracy stuck his head out again.

"Perhaps it's the next section," he said in a helpful tone.

By this time the curtains were decorated up and down the aisle with two tiers of bodiless heads. They suggested Raphaelesque cherubim minus the wings and something of the seraphic expression. But their countenances radiated celestial joy.

Mr. Corcoran took one look at them and spun around on Tracy.

"The main show is now over, bo," he said determinedly. "The side-show will take place immediately in the baggage-car. Come, take out the ki-vi and trail him forward!"

"Can't it be fixed?" Tracy pleaded; but the conductor shook his head.

"I'd like to oblige you," he said, "but the rule is copper-riveted, and I need my job. Come on; let us get it over with."

Mr. Tracy surrendered.

"Wait till I get me pants on," he said; and a few minutes later his bare feet were on the floor and he was standing erect in his undershirt. From their com-



"TRACY, WHO WAS HIS PARTICULAR CHUM, CONDUCTOR AND



AND ACROSS THE FIELD HE SKEDADDLED, STRAIGHT FOR MIKE TRACY"

fortable berths his loving companions consoled him.

"Goin' for a waug, Mige?" Schwartz inquired pleasantly.

"What ye standin' on? Are them things feet?" Ryan cried, his eyes on Mike's pink pedal extremities.

"He's shaking for the drinks," Mandelbaum declared, from the upper regions, as the scantily clothed Tracy shivered with the chill of the morning air rushing through the open ventilators.

"It's only nine cars," Tommy Ryan anlounced cheerfully, sticking his noddle out through the curtains and drawing it back in time to escape Mike's lunge at him.

"Come on!" Tracy commanded, pulling on

the strap he held in his hand and hauling Be-dad from his comfortable recess.

Be-dad gazed at him reproachfully and raised his voice in song. Operatically he announced that he didn't want to go.

But he had to. Following the conductor, Mike shooed him along. It was quite a journey. Mr. Tracy was jounced rudely from side to side, now stubbing his toes against suit-cases concealed by the drooping curtains, now saving himself from involuntary invasion of the modesty of a draped compartment by jamming his big paw down upon the stomach of some unfortunate inmate. Hoarse growls and shrill screams resulted. Be-dad protested all the way in the most sorrowful tones, and behind the

procession was a streak of sulphurous language. They joggled into the swaying baggage-car at last, and the conductor made the protesting Be-dad fast to a rack. Then Tracy bumped back to his own car and clambered into his berth, his teeth chattering.

It was a sullen Be-dad that joined that company of metropolitan ballplayers when they turned out for breakfast. At all of them, from Manager Murphy down to Heck Grimshaw, who had just graduated from the Northern League, he gazed with deep reproach in his brown eyes. Tracy tried to pat him on the head, but he drew the head away. Rogers brought him a chop from the dining-car, but he turned up his brown snout and wouldn't touch it. He felt that he had been abandoned by his friends to the mercy of a soulless corporation, and his heart was sore under his ribs.

Even when he was taken out to



MANAGED TO SLIP BE-DAD BY THE PULLMAN INTO A BERTH"

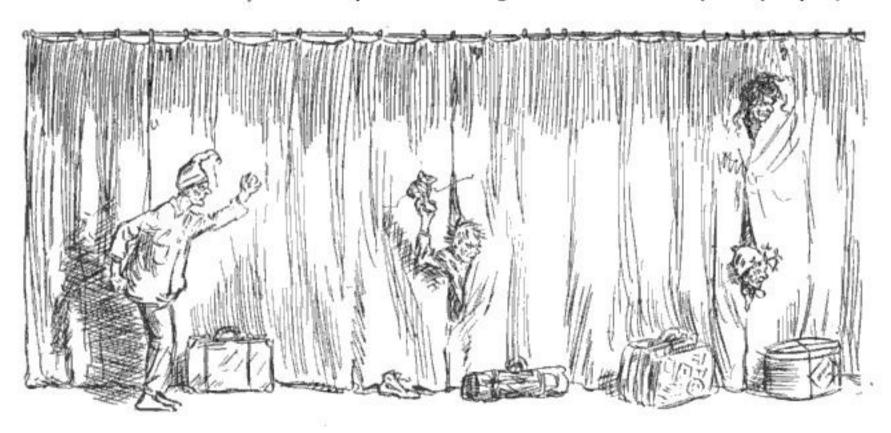
the grounds in the afternoon, he showed no animation, but sat stolidly on the bench beside Manager Murphy while the game was played out and the Gyms just managed to skin through.

Murphy became worried about the matter the following day, particularly when he saw a small white bull pup scampering around among the Chicago Reds. Be-dad was at his feet, sitting on his haunches and looking out over the field with a far-away look in his eyes. Murphy chirruped to him, but, if he heard, he gave no sign. His soul seemed away off there in the blue, above the factory chimney whose long shadow fell across the fence, and things of this earth he cared not for.

It was a critical time. If the Gyms could get

stood an instant like a swimmer about to dive. The ball was in his right hand, his left covering it. Suddenly the static became the dynamic; the huge body lunged forward, the left arm falling, the right arm straightening, and the ball was delivered. Like a bullet it sped toward Schwartz, crouching close under the bat with eager, open hands.

But it never reached the little catcher. The batter landed on it like a pile-driver, and it rose in a beautiful curve out over the head of the second-baseman. It looked like a made-toorder for Tommy Ryan, who trotted slowly in from far center to pluck it out of the air. The batter was moving woodenly and perfunctorily toward first base, and the "next up" was setwo out of the series they would leap to the lecting his stick, when a surprised yell jumped



MR. TRACY WAS JOUNCED RUDELY FROM SIDE TO SIDE. "IT WAS QUITE A JOURNEY. STOMACH OF SOME

manager called Mike Tracy.

"Look at the bow-wow, Mike," he whispered. Mike glanced at the little figure, and the shadow of trouble darkened his blue eyes.

"Do you think it's lyin' down on us he is?" he asked anxiously.

"I d'know — I d'know," Manager Murphy said, shaking his head dolefully. "Why don't you try to bring him to? He went to you first."

"He's raw on me for fetchin' him to the baggage-wagon, I'm afraid. Hi, Be-dad!"

Be-dad never budged.

"See," said the first-baseman mournfully, "I've lost me drag with him."

Just then the umpire called the game, and Mike had to hurry out to his station. The batter stepped up to the plate and stood there, his stick raised and his eyes on Mandelbaum. The Gyms' big pitcher swung his arms aloft and

lead, and they had pulled one off already. The into the air from stand and bleachers. Something had happened that never happened before: dead-sure Tommy Ryan's feet had got mixed, and he had gone down on his nose on the sod, the descending ball bouncing off his spine and rolling away across the sward. The runner spurted and dived, turning three somersaults, the third of which brought him up on his haunches with the pillow in his arms and a grin on his face as wide as a rainbow.

> The stands roared. Manager Murphy looked down angrily at Be-dad. Be-dad moved not a muscle.

> Three clean hits the Reds scored off Big Ben in that first inning; these, with two bad fumbles in the field plus that inexplicable tumble of Tommy Ryan's, made the score 6-0 when the Gyms gathered in for their lick. Tracy hurried up to his manager.

"Hey, Murph, ye got to do somepin'!" he

whispered hoarsely. "That ki-yi's got a black Irish fit. He's on strike, I tell ye! He sure put the Indian sign on Tommy Ryan that time."

"There he sits like a funeral ornament," answered Murphy, in disgust. "D'ye think he might be sick?"

"No; it's sore he is," Mike answered gloomily.

"Oh, Lord, look at that! Three peaches fell for Doc Rogers, and he didn't pluck one."

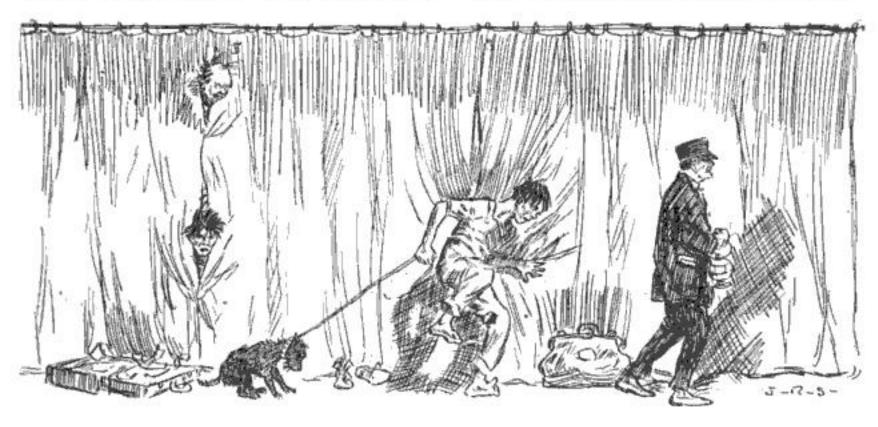
So ran the game away. They pounded the terrible Mandelbaum until he almost cried with shame; they stole bases whenever the predatory impulse moved them; they played in circles around the demoralized Gyms, who seemed unable to get the ball or to hold it or throw it.

And throughout the massacre Be-dad sat, silent, nursing his wrath. Tracy got down on

Mack straightened up and looked at Murphy, wall-eyed. "Now w'at do you know about dat?" he demanded.

Murphy tried Scraggs in the box; but poor Scraggsie was even more blissfully buffeted than Mandelbaum had been, so the manager pulled him out again and went to the finish with Big Ben. By almost superhuman exertion, that veteran twirler held the Reds down to fifteen runs; and Tracy got home on a scratch hit and two sacrifices, making the only score for the visitors. Amid shrieks of derision from the "fans," the game closed thus, and the brokenhearted Gyms went to their dressing-rooms in a gloom as deep as the Pacific Ocean and as thick as the Chicago River.

Anxiously, the next morning, Manager Mur-



NOW STUBBING HIS TOES AGAINST SUIT-CASES, NOW JAMMING HIS BIG PAW UPON THE UNFORTUNATE INMATE"

his knees before him in the seventh and pleaded with him; but there was no mercy in the haughty and averted eye of the terrier. Manager Murphy grabbed Bugs MacIntyre by the sleeve and whispered brokenly:

"The mutt's in reverse, Mack! He's got it on us backward. Go and take a look at him; that roll-top mug o' yours 'd pull a grin from a stiff. Try it on, like a good sport!"

MacIntyre walked over to the bench and leaned down in front of the dog. Be-dad straightened his hind legs and stood up. He wagged his tail thoughtfully, with the air of one who is pondering some subject of importance and will not let trifles distract his attention. With crushing dignity he moved a pace to the right, so that Mr. MacIntyre's face and form might no longer intervene between his eyes and that spot in the blue universe upon which he had fixed his regard. Then he calmly sat down again.

phy asked for the temperamental condition of Be-dad. Tracy, to whom the inquiry was addressed, shook a mournful head.

"I never saw such a grouch," he declared sadly. "There isn't a wag o' the tail or a yelp out of him. His appetite's all right, but his disposition's just rotten."

"Then," said Mr. Murphy, with determination, "he stays home. We got enough to pull against without havin' a back-actin' mascot puttin' the jinks on us."

Indeed, it was a task for heroes that confronted the Gyms: a big, hostile crowd, for the "fans" turned out in force to see the game that was to determine the question of the Big League championship; opponents flushed with the easy victory of the day before; and, worst of all, a leaden consciousness at the bottom of their hearts that luck was blowing against them and their mascot was giving them the double cross.



"'HE'S RAW ON ME FOR FETCHIN' HIM TO THE BAGGAGE-WAGON, I'M AFRAID.
I'VE LOST ME DRAG WITH HIM'"

But they were heroes. Every one was a man of Murphy's selection, and Johnnie Murphy knew a ball-player from cap to cleats. He never fancied the flashy chaps who sailed well with the wind right; he wanted the heavy-weather men, the boys of the bull-dog breed, who could hold on like grim death, who could take punishment without losing strength, and fight an uphill fight steady and sure.

And he had them. Their faces were solemn, but their nerve was true, as they grimly limbered up for the supreme contest. Murphy watched their practice with pride in his heart. Sure and unsmiling they played, speedy and strong, working together in perfect coördination. When the umpire yelled, "Play ball!" their manager felt in his heart that Fate might pluck the prize away from him, but it would be through no fault of that heroic band whose white uniforms dotted the broad green field.

And that day the "fans" got their money's worth. It was a game of games. The snap of the coming winter was in the air, and the players, waiting for their turn at the bat, jigged and turned cartwheels on the turf to keep the blood moving briskly.

Close under the grand stand the little white bull pup of the Chicagoans joyously gamboled, but the Gyms played without their mascot. He was at home, locked in Mike Tracy's room. The battle was to be fought without him.

What a battle it was! The Reds were in their best form; they had their eyes with them, and Mandelbaum found them foemen worthy of his steel. But it was good steel. Never did Big Ben pitch a better game; his speed and control were superb. The very first inning showed the kind of a fight it was going to be. Two of Chicago's puissant batters Ben pitched out in one-two-three order; the third man up got a clean hit to right, which Doc Rogers picked from the turf in a long, sweeping scoop, and shot to first bag in time to get his man.

The crowd shouted its approval. This might be a defeat for the metropolitan players, but it would be no rout. The Gyms were playing ball again.

At the bat they did well, but not well enough. Buck Terry was in the box for Chicago, and he could pitch. They got two hits off him; one of them landed Tracy at second, but he died there.

The second inning passed without a score, and the third; but in the fourth Dutchie Schwartz streaked in from third bag on Mandelbaum's caught fly, beating the swift home throw of the left-fielder to the plate.

Two innings went by before the Reds tied the score, Terry ripping a two-bagger through the short stop which brought Swede Nelson home.

So, nip and tuck, it went to the ninth, and Mandelbaum held the home team down in the first half.

A deep sigh broke from Murphy as his men trooped in to the bat.

"Oh, for a run! Just one little tiny single one!" he prayed under his breath, as Rogers picked up the stick. But Rogers fanned. And so did Ryan. And, as Mike Tracy skipped in from the coach line and reached down for his war-club, the little manager fixed on him a tearful glance of appeal.

"I'll do me best, Murph," the big slugger answered, smiling a little sadly as he hefted the stick. Tracy looked up at the grand stand and around at the boards. A midnight hush had fallen upon them. Each spectator was stone still; their bodies were inclined forward; only their eyes were alive.

A man standing in Dearborn Street saw a wild-looking little Irish terrier clamber out of a first-story window of a hotel across the street. The dog scampered up and down the fire-escape, as if seeking some means of getting down to the street. He whimpered quickly, eagerly. While the man watched, the animal pushed his body through two iron uprights and fell to the sidewalk. The man ran across the roadway to pick up the little creature, but before he reached the curb the dog was on his feet and darting away. He ran a little lame on one fore leg, but so swiftly that he was around the corner and out of sight in a second.

Some minutes later the dog, still with that little limp that betokened a sore fore paw, scurried under the turnstile at the unguarded gate of the ball-grounds, ran between the legs of the fat policeman who stood with his back to the door, and lost himself under the seats of the grand stand.

Mike Tracy, about to step up to the plate, heard a high-pitched yelp, and looked sharply at the lower end of the big stand. Then out on the field hopped Be-dad.

The white bull of the Chicagoans saw him and made a dash for him. Like a flash Be-dad sprang at his throat, and a sudden clamor of canine yelps and yowls shattered the deathlike silence that brooded on the ball-field.

They tore the dogs apart, the Chicago manager grabbing the bull pup and Manager Murphy gathering Be-dad to his breast.

"Now, ye big Mick," he cried, laughing

hysterically, as he turned toward Tracy, "bit it!"

And Tracy, his eyes beaming, stretched out his bat and called gayly to Buck Terry:

"Shoot it, kid!"

The pitcher "shot" it — a vicious inshoot that fairly sizzled as it sped toward the plate.

Tracy stepped back and swung on it. He couldn't miss. It sprang from his bat as if from a gun, and Tracy heard the yelp of Be-dad mingle with the roar from the crowd as he lowered his head and streaked for first.

"Go on! Go on!" Tommy Ryan shrieked,-Tommy dancing like a madman on the coach line,—and Mike was on his way in a flash. Pete Burke tried to fool him with a fake catch at second, but Ryan's "Go on! Go on!" was ringing in his ears, and he just put more steam into his flying legs. Again at third bag the cry was "Go on!" and, as he flashed by it and started down the home stretch, he caught a glimpse of the catcher pleading, with hands outstretched in prayer, for the ball that Mike knew was speeding in from deep center on the relay. Ten feet from the plate the look in the catcher's face warned him, and he pitched down, head foremost, for the long slide. An instant later the catcher fell on him, and he waited an agonized eternity till the umpire yelled:

"Safe!"

The catcher rolled off him, and he staggered to his feet, rubbing the dust and sweat out of his eyes. The roar of voices assaulted his ears in deep, recurrent surges. When he looked around, he saw his team-mates dancing a wild dance of victory and joy. But Tracy walked straight to Murphy and took the dog from the manager's arms. Clasping him close to the huge chest that was pumping like a bellows, he looked down at Be-dad.

"Ye - ye b-black Irishman!" he sobbed.





THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

THE MONTESSORI AMERICAN COMMITTEE

from Madame Montessori, a Montessori American Committee has been formed to direct the progress in America of Dr. Montessori's educational theories. This Committee already includes the following names:

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WILLIAM H. MAXWELL, Superintendent of Schools. New York City.

MR. ROBERTS WALKER, Director of the Rock Island Railway Company.

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MISS ANNE E. GEORGE, Translator of Madame Montessori's book, "Scientific Pedagogy."

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EDWARD H. BOUTON, of the Sage Foundation Homes Company.

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MRS. RICHARD CABOT.

The Committee will work under the direct McClure's.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE wishes to an- instructions of Madame Montessori, and will nounce that, in response to a request supervise all matters pertaining to the Montessori movement, with the exception of the manufacture and sale of the Montessori apparatus.

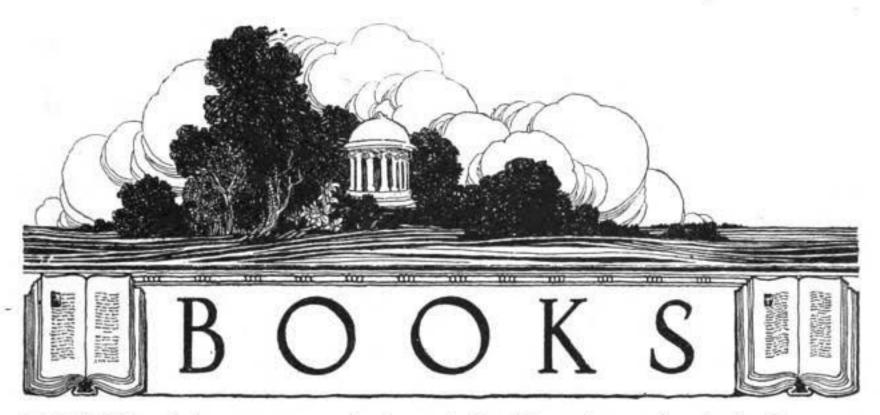
The manufacture and sale of this apparatus is under the control of the House of Childhood. Inc., Carl A. Byoir, president. The Committee has no financial connection with the firm which is to manufacture and sell the Montessori materials. It will deal, under Madame Montessori's direction, with all matters relating to the educational side of the movement, such as discouraging the premature opening of schools by teachers insufficiently trained, seeing that only serious propaganda work is carried on and that only well substantiated statements about the movement are sent forth, and helping in the organization of the courses for teachers which Montessori herself will undertake. Madame Montessori intends to start, this fall, a special course for fitting teachers who wish to open trainingschools for teaching the Montessori method. This course is to be given by Madame Montessori personally in Rome. No trainingschool approved by Madame Montessori will be opened in the United States this year. Until a headquarters has been established, communications may be addressed to the Montessori American Committee, care of McClure's MAGAZINE. An announcement giving additional facts regarding the Montessori movement in America will appear in the July number of

THE FORTUNES THAT ENDURE

TN an article recently published in Mc- fortune, on the other hand, is now in its fifth the Huntingtons, the Stanfords, the Garretts, and the rest.

In this issue of McClure's the same writer describes certain great family fortunes which do not disintegrate, but steadily increase in size from generation to generation. The more the general subject of American fortunes is studied the more apparent it is that the only ones that show any particular stability are those which are based upon the ownership of urban land. The Gould fortune, at present only in its second generation, is rapidly going to pieces. The Astor

LCLURE'S MAGAZINE Burton J. Hendrick generation, and the young man of twenty, described the downfall of the Goulds as a great William Vincent Astor, who, as a result of his financial and railroad power. Essentially the father's tragic death upon the Titanic, has same story could have been written of nearly all suddenly become the head of the American the other railroad families — the Vanderbilts, branch of the family, will inherit in the neighborhood of \$150,000,000, which is at least eight times as much as was left in 1848 by the first John Jacob. It is a remarkable fact that while great fortunes made in railroad and in other economic and industrial enterprises apparently last for only two or three generations, the Goelet fortune dates back nearly two centuries and the Rhinelander family almost as long. the exception of the Astors, indeed, nearly all these great landed families in New York are descended from the old Dutch and Huguenot families who founded the city.



Politics and the stage are two dominant notes in the symphony of the spring fiction season, with occasional minor chords from George Moore et al. and the brave clatter of the mystery manufacturers at all times pervasive. It has been a busily modern season; each offering is up to the minute in trig modernity of matter and treatment. No good old-fashioned story has dared to bare its humble head. Lilac-tinted and sunflowery fiction has gone to the limbo of the white-uniformed naval officer of the passé musical comedy. Heart-throbs this year differ in expression from the heart-throbs of the past.

From Louisa M. Alcott to the anguished author of "To M. L. G."! (Stokes.) This anonymous writer tears 338 impassioned pages from her heart of hearts, that "M. L. G." may know the truth about her. She was a great but sorrowing actress when she first loved and was loved by "M. L. G." Whether he wanted to know her past and she couldn't speak of it is problematic; but she sent him away, quickly repented her rashness, and cast this screed of her deeds upon the tides of men, in the hope of its reaching him and bringing him back to her. "M. L. G." and the eager reader are spared no detail of her orphaned and unleashed maidenhood, the really pathetic story of her rise to stellar heights by the ladder of convenience, and her hectic life as a stage idol until the awakening of her soul by "M. L. G." Assuming, even at the risk of questioning her good taste, that this is a real "human document," the author will have some compensation even if she fails to win back "M. L. G." — she may be sure of her royalties.

Parallel for most of its course "To M. L. G." lies "Carnival" (Appletons), by Compton Mackenzie. Although this story of a London

ballet girl may be more imaginative in conception than its American contemporary, it is more vulgarly real and less blatantly emotional. Jenny of the ballet was sound at heart, and because of it she refused the love that (with reservations) was offered her. Because she lost her young sculptor lover she did the next best thing, and after an episodic interval married a Cornish farmer. Inevitable tragedy. "Carnival" is a chronicle of diverting people written in a fresh and sympathetic way. Jenny, vulgarian and philosopher, is captivating from the time she dances into the world until she goes out of it. She is a new character in fiction, admirable in her naïve sophistication and the sure hold she takes upon a hitherto untouched part of our mind.



It is a relief to find a detective story in which the long arm of coincidence is not stretched until its tendons crack. One of the exceptions is Burton E. Stevenson's "The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet" (Dodd, Mead). This venomous piece of furniture is conveyed from France to New York by a temperamental French criminal for reasons of his own. Scarcely is it unpacked before it begins murdering people mysteriously — but quite naturally, as you learn in the end. The pursuit of Crochard, the criminal, is rapid and enlivening, with several extremely tense situations. Crochard wins your admiration, and you will almost be glad he escapes. Our sympathies go so naturally to the under dog - especially if he is a clever dog of the under-world.



Two young widows at a gambling resort, a discredited French count, and a married couple whose past is veiled in uncertainty are the dramatis personae of Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes' "The Chink in the Armour" (Scribners). One

of the widows mysteriously disappears, the count falls in love with the other one and she with him, while the married couple rub their hands smilingly at one side, with alert and covetous eyes fixed on the widow's pearl necklace. They nearly get it, and the incident of their attempt makes one of the most gruesome, gripping climaxes that ever made hair stand on end. It's no book for hours when all the house is still.



"Beyond the Law" (Putnam) won a £250 prize as the best English novel submitted in a literary competition, and for that reason alone, if for no other, is noteworthy. The jury of award consisted of Arnold Bennett and Messrs. Locke and Mason, whose judgment may not be appealed (if, indeed, they be counted as "peers" of Miriam Alexander, the author). The tale is of Catholic Ireland prostrate and groaning under the revocation of the Treaty of Limerick, so there is some poetic justice in the "Hated Sassenach" parting with £250 for a story of English treachery. The condition of Ireland after the revocation is indescribable, but the author makes a very creditable attempt to depict it. The hero has "that fated look which nothing can dispel," largely explained by the fact that his wife has been an idiot from birth. He becomes dispossessed of her fortuitously, and then dies at the hands of ravening mercenaries. A diverting tale whose chief value lies in its historical context.



A story of politics is offered by Leroy Scott, in which the daughter of the down-trodden victim does not depend upon the handsome and honest hero for salvation. In "Counsel for the Defense" (Doubleday, Page) the slender young heroine, Katherine West, takes the sword of her Vassar education in hand, and bids defiance to the "powers" that plot with Machiavellian cunning to destroy her father and throttle the dusty Indiana municipality in which she lives. She is loudly assisted by the editor of the Express, one of the most extraordinary daily newspapers outside of Seoul, Korea, and opposed by every one else in town. The two embattled patriots fall in love with each other, fall out and then fall in again, during a perfervid political campaign. The story is full of action and better than the average of its kind, even if the heroine's virtues are rather cloying and her luck almost too good to be true.

In "A Hoosier Chronicle" (Houghton, Mifflin) Meredith Nicholson also speaks to us of Indiana, politics, and a very superior college woman. With true Hoosier hospitality, Mr. Nicholson draws nearly every one in Indiana into his long story at one time or another, but, as his most distinguished guests, introduces two rival candidates for the Senate, a Wellesley girl, a young lawyer-politician of parts, and a quite remarkable old lady who loves race-horses. There is every mark of careful and affectionate labor in "A Hoosier Chronicle," even if there is nothing particularly new in the story. We finish it with little care about the chronicle but with love for the Hoosier. The transparent truth is that Mr. Nicholson wants the world to know that Indiana is the best place on earth and Indiana herself couldn't have chosen a more convincing press agent.



Make up your mind what you want before reading Arnold Bennett's collection of stories, "The Matador of the Five Towns" (Doran). If you are a victim of Bennettitis you will find these stories to be a collection of rare literary etchings of the humanity and smoke of the Five Towns. If you are not a Bennett disciple and like a short story for its own sake only you will read one of the tales, "The Death of Simon Fuge," say to yourself, "That's one of the best short stories ever written," be disappointed in the others, and spend the rest of the evening with Gouverneur Morris' stories denominated "It" (Scribners) and have a much more interesting time.



Ordinarily a band-box is not an inspiring object; but when it is French and florid, and contains a hat which in turn conceals an unsuspected pearl necklace belonging to a beautiful smuggler-actress, our interest quickens. That is the kind of box Louis Joseph Vance tells about in "The Band-Box" (Little, Brown). From Paris to London, thence to New York, goes the band-box, accompanied and pursued by a heterogeneous and hasty group of people—a playwright who is engaged to the smuggler-actress, another actress, a thief and his double (who fortunately is honest), maids, chauffeurs, and ordinary society women. The band-box leads them a merry chase, and there isn't a moment to spare anywhere in the book. It's the sort of book one saves for a trip from Boston to New York-to shorten the journey by about two hours.

As an accommodation to our readers, we will, on request, gladly supply any information or answer any questions concerning any books. Address Book Service Department, McClure's Magazine, 251 Fourth Avenue, N.Y.

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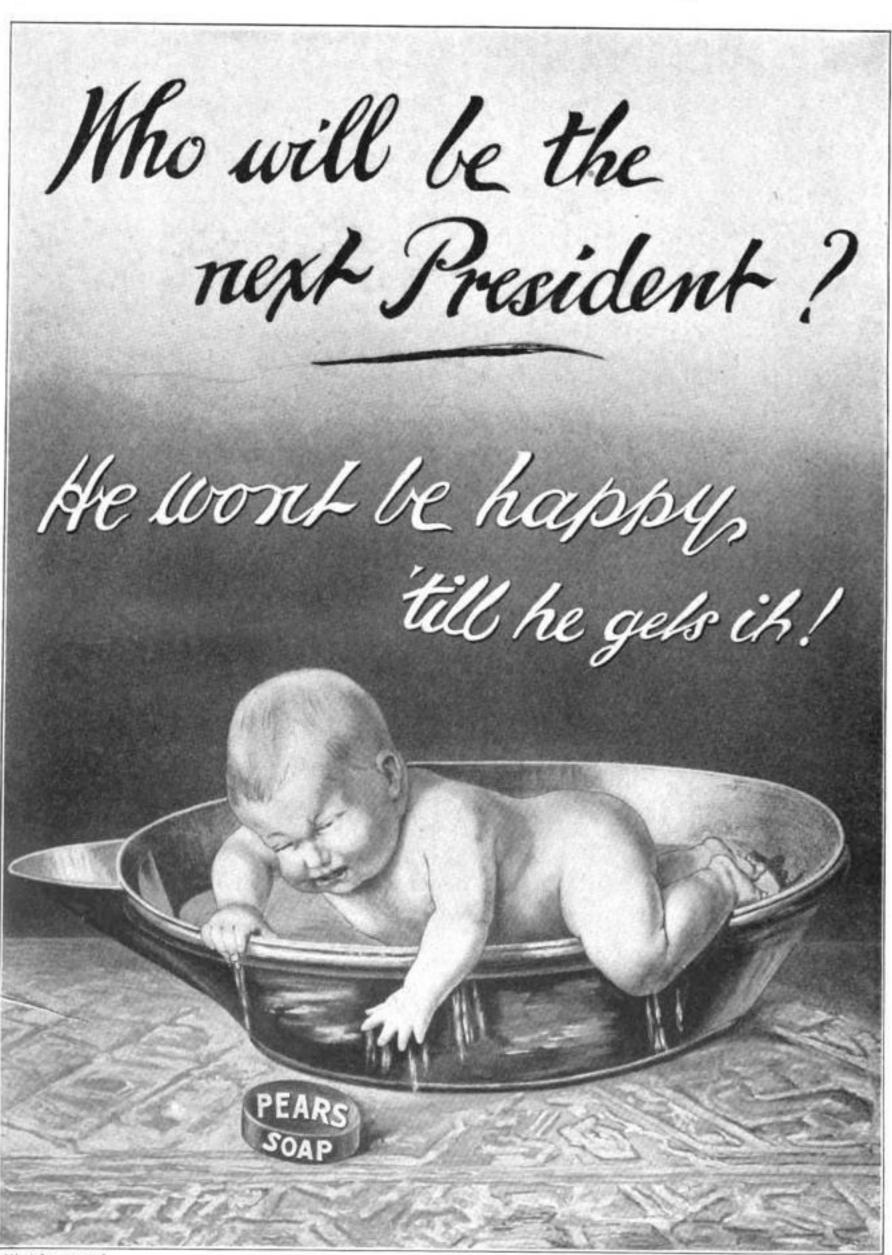
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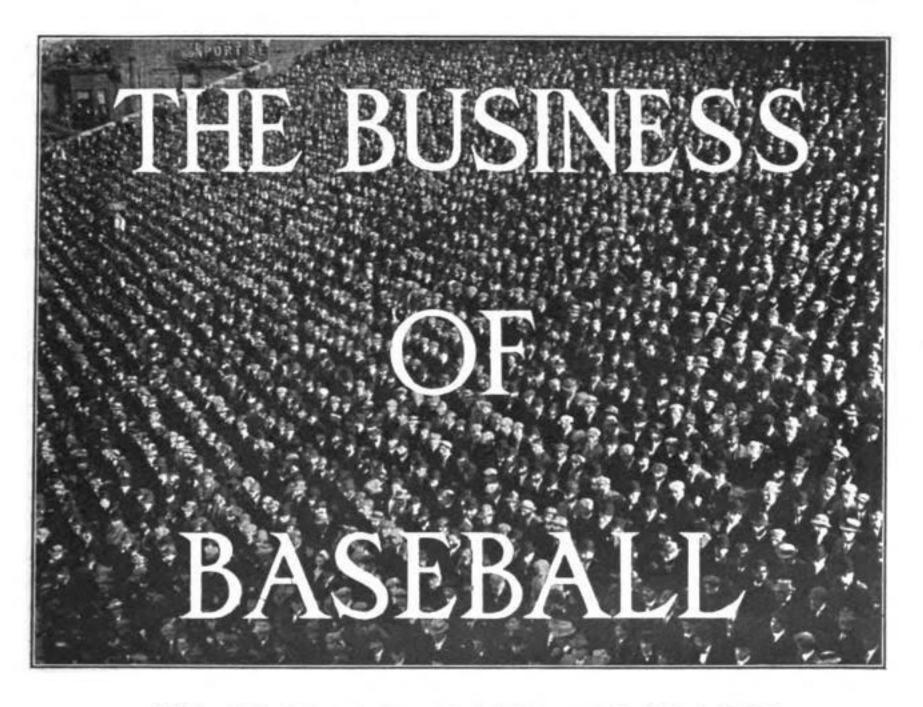
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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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BY EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

Fifty million people pay \$15,000,000 a year to see baseball games.

One hundred and seventy-nine thousand people paid \$350,000 to see one series of baseball games. Baseball magnates pay salaries of \$10,000, \$12,000, \$15,000, and \$18,000 to their managers and players.

One baseball magnate paid \$22,500 for the right to employ a single player.

Millionaires like Charles P. Taft invest in baseball franchises as they do in railroads and industrials. Baseball is a business—a wonder business.

The following article aims to take the reader out of the grand-stand into the box-office - and into those inner councils where business giants play for baseball fortunes.

TO the private office of an Indianapolis ■ baseball owner there came one day a long- of the famous New York "Giants." distance telephone call. "This is John T. Brush in New York," a voice said. "I'll give you five thousand dollars for Marquard."

The Indianapolis man laughed. "Nothing doing," he answered.

"I'll give you six thousand," said the owner

"You're away down at the bottom," the Indiana voice told him. "Your offer is absurd."

"Seven thousand, then! I'll give you seven thousand in cash!"

But only a mocking laugh traveled back to New York over the copper. "I'll give you eight thousand." Mr. Brush was in action. There was a moment's silence. Brush, in a Broadway hotel, heard snatches of a whispered conversation off in Indiana. He had been holding the wire an hour and forty minutes, and the toll of a dollar and a half a minute was still piling up; but he had forgotten it, or was indifferent. Then the Hoosier answer came back: "Too low!" "Nine thousand!" said Brush promptly. There was a longer pause this time. Indianapolis was wavering. But presently the owner there got back his nerve. "No, not enough." "Ten thousand!" "No; come again." "I've gone the limit," said Brush; "I'll not pay another dollar!" "Then good-by," and the Indianapolis receiver clicked on the hook. A few minutes later the telephone jangled sharply once more in the Indianapolis baseball office. "This is Brush in New York," a voice said. "I'll make my offer eleven thousandand this is final! I want an answer quickeleven thousand dollars in cash!" A silence of ten seconds; then a cough and another silence. "I'll take you," said Indianapolis. "Done!" said Brush. "I'll mail a check in ten minutes." Brush paid his money - the highest price ever paid up to that time for a ball-player. And what did he get? A lanky, awkward, bashful boy of nineteen years that Brush had never seen, a boy that had never pitched an inning of major league baseball, that had never undergone the acid test of facing in a row the mighty batting eyes of Clarke, Leach, and Wagner or Sheckard, Schulte, and Chance. But Brush knew his record. By that marvelous system of newspaper publicity that has made baseball, Brush and his great manager, John J. McGraw, knew that Marquard had won for Indianapolis the championship of his own league, that he had won a marvelous proportion of his games, that he had struck out so many men, and who those men were and how good they were and how hard they were to strike out. And McGraw's scouts, whose business it is to hunt ball-players, had seen the "Rube" in action. Brush knew what he was buying - or thought he did. Perhaps nothing could better illus-Copyright, Brown Brothers

THOMAS J. LYNCH
THE FOREFRONT OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE. LYNCH
FORMERLY THE MOST POPULAR UMPIRE IN THE
HISTORY OF BASEBALL

trate the nerve, daring, and judgment

required of the modern baseball mag-

nate. Within recent years this busi-

ness of owning ball teams has grown

into a calling that has enlisted the brains and capital of many big men - big altogether aside from the technique of the diamond. It is a business that is unique, strenuous, and often health-destroying; and it has put the owners in a class with the Wall Street broker or the operator on the Chicago Board of Trade. It is a business, too, that holds many wonder-stories. John T. Brush - this man who acts with the rapidity of lightning and stakes thousands on his judgment and on the skill of his manager, John J. McGraw - began his baseball career twenty-five years ago, when he invested twentyfive dollars in an Indianapolis ball team. Mr. Brush was a clothing merchant in that city then —indeed, he still retains his interests there, although he is virtually a New Yorker. Originally he was interested in the game chiefly because it advertised business in Indianapolis; but the fever of the sport grew in his veins; it was not many years before he owned his local club. And then began his baseball fairy story. Mr. Brush secured a membership in the National League for his Indianapolis team, but not long afterward received notice that the membership was to be reduced and that he must get out. At this point he first showed himself as a national figure in baseball. denied the right of the league to evict him, and showed himself such a fighter that he was offered \$20,000 in settlement. "No," said Brush promptly. Then he was offered successively \$30,000, \$40,-000, \$50,000, and \$60,000 to get out and keep still. "No," he reiterated. Finally he compromised for \$76,500 in cash; but even at that he would not relinquish his nominal league membership. He had no club or franchise from the league to play ball, but he kept his voting power, and he was promised the first vacant membership. These league franchises are limited in number and often command prices running up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. By a curious turn of fate, the Cincinnati club was expelled the same year for playing a game with the rebel organization, the Brotherhood League; then it was that Brush secured the Cincinnati National League franchise for practically nothing. He owned the "Reds" for ten years, selling out to August Herrmann and others for \$146,000. But Brush's wonder-tale had not yet taken on the real tinge of magic. For a long time he had kept his eyes on the wonder-city, New York, and finally the chance came to buy the Giants from Andrew Freedman, traction financier

in the metropolis. The price was some-

thing like \$200,000, a very low figure

for these famous players - famous they

were, although standing eighth on the

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BANCROFT B. JOHNSON THE FOREFRONT OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE. JOHNSON IS A VERITABLE CZAR IN MANAGE-MENT AND DISCIPLINE

list at that time. "I'll redeem New York," said Brush. Then he touched the team with his magic wand. It was a wand of business management. If you wish to know the ingredients of business management in baseball, you must study Brush's methods of building up his aggregation of players. It was he, more than any one, who developed this art as it is practised to-day by all modern owners. The scouts from the Giants are scouring the land continually for players whose peculiar abilities, one way or another, fit in with Manager Mc-Graw's analyses of his needs. When McGraw says the word, Brush pays the money — three, four, five thousand dollars for a youngster, ten thousand for a veteran, whatever is necessary to get the man he wants. And then, of course, you must study the Brush financial methods and the enterprise that has given New York, at the Polo Grounds, the most magnificent baseball stadium in the world. "Yet the finest grand-stand will not make a successful baseball business," says Brush. "The organization and upbuilding of the team must be given first place. Without this, baseball ownership falls."

With all his aggressiveness and executive ability, Brush is a pathetic figure. Rheumatic ailments have deprived him of the use of his legs, and he is held a practical prisoner in his suite at the Imperial Hotel in New York. But he is one of those men who rise above physical suffering, and for many years he has fought disease as he has battled for pennants. His strong, clean-shaven face shows his character, and his eyes flash the fire of the man who leads. All day he sits in his easy-chair, in the grip of his relentless physical enemy, but still master of his business.

The Giants now constitute the most valuable baseball property in the country, being held at more than a million dollars not including the grounds, which are leased. Brush has made immense profits from the team, ranging from \$100,000 to \$300,000 or more annually.

The risks and strain of the business are illustrated in Marquard, the pitcher whom Brush bought for \$11,000. Dealing in human muscle and skill is full of strange contradictions and unforeseen happenings. For three seasons after Brush bought him, Marquard "fell down"

ignominiously. Hailed as the "\$11,000 beauty," he soon became known to the "fans" as the "\$11,000 lemon." Then he suddenly emerged from his disgrace and became a sensation. It was the limelight of the big club that broke him up temporarily. But Brush never lost

faith in the youngster, and Marquard has justified his judgment. To-day the announcement that Marquard is going to pitch at the Polo Grounds is good for a crowd that will more than pay his \$11,-000 purchase price at the gate.

For the star system is just as profitable in baseball as in the theater. Ty Cobb is as big an attraction for "the gate" as Maude Adams is for the box-office. In this respect, but only in this respect, Hans Wagner might be compared to Ethel Barrymore, or Ping Bodie to John Drew. The

brightest star in baseball for ten years back is Christy Mathewson, for whom Brush has said he would not take \$50,000. Marquard bids fair to replace him as a magnet for the populace.



Copyright, Paul Thompson

JOHN T. BRUSH
A BASEBALL PIONEER AND OWNER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS,
WHO FROM AN INVALID'S CHAIR IN A HOTEL ROOM OPERATES
A MILLION-DOLLAR BASEBALL PROPERTY

Murphy's Million from the Cubs

Another million-dollar baseball holding is that of the Chicago National League team, the celebrated "Cubs." For a real wonder-story, the history of Charles W. Murphy outranks anything in baseball records.

From baseball writer in Cincinnati, Murphy was taken up by Brush and made press agent for the Giants. About this time the Chicago National Bank failed, and its ill-starred president, John R. Walsh, then owner of the Cubs, was in desperate straits for cash. Murphy received a tip on this situation and saw a baseball opportunity. He rushed off to Cincinnati and called on Charles P. Taft, owner of the Cincinnati Times-Star, and brother of the President.

"I need a hundred thousand dollars," he told Mr. Taft; "I'd like to borrow it from you."

There are several stories as to what led Murphy to Taft. One story is to the effect that Taft had already purchased baseball stock from "Cap" Anson, and therefore seemed a likely lender. But, at all events, Taft was something of a fan and was a personal acquaintance of Murphy, who had done baseball for Taft's paper. Besides, Taft had virtual control over a huge fortune; for Mrs. Taft, as the heir to the Sinton estate in Cincinnati, was worth \$20,000,000.

Taft backed Murphy in the purchase of the control of the Chicago Nationals, the price being between \$105,000 and \$125,000. Immediately following this deal came a series of the most extraordinary successes. The first year the Cubs won the league pennant, and the next season captured the world's championship. The profits that year were more than \$165,000. Since then the annual earnings are believed to have been at least \$100,000.

Murphy paid his Taft loan within a year or two, but today Mr. Taft is said to hold a quarter of the Cubs' stock.

When the team was bought, so the story goes, Frank Chance, Chicago's famous player-manager, took a one-tenth interest, paying for it with a slip of paper on

which he had written: "I O U ten thousand dollars." The first year his dividend

was \$9,950.

When Murphy paid this neat little carned profit to Chance, he dug down into his pocket and

brought out a fifty-dollar bill. "Here, Frank, we'll make it an even ten thousand," he said.

"Thanks," said Chance; "let's go to dinner."
The fifty dollars was spent on the meal, the

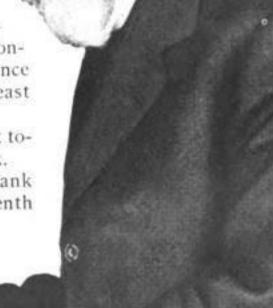
The fifty dollars was spent on the meal, the memory of which brings a watery taste still to Chance and Murphy.

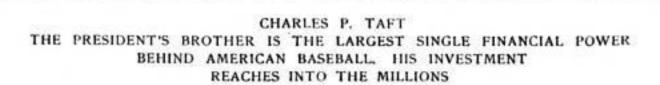
The Tafts and Baseball

Since those days the Tafts and Murphy have pulled together in baseball investments and in other affairs. Murphy, having been led into baseball finances largely by Brush, himself led the Taft family into successful enterprises. Mrs. Taft and Murphy jointly own the grounds of the Chicago Nationals, and Mrs. Taft herself owns the land used by the Philadelphia National team. "She bought the Philadelphia property," said Mr. Taft, "because it looked like a good real estate proposition. For myself, I am keenly interested in baseball."

Sporting authorities in Chicago assert that the

Tafts are financially interested in the Louisville and Cincinnati teams and in the Boston Nationals; other authorities say







JOHN J. McGRAW THE HIGHEST-SALARIED MANAGER IN THE WORLD. HE RECEIVES \$18,000 A YEAR FOR COMMAND-ING THE NEW YORK GIANTS, AND HAS MADE BASEBALL NEW YORK'S MOST POPULAR DIVERSION

on baseball as a commercial proposition, and on Murphy's fairy story. Murphy

He owns an

is worth half a million or more made out of baseball in half a

interest in the La Salle Opera House, title to which stands in Mrs. Taft's name. Incidentally,

dozen years.

he is something

of a play-

wright.

The Politician-Magnate of Cincinnati

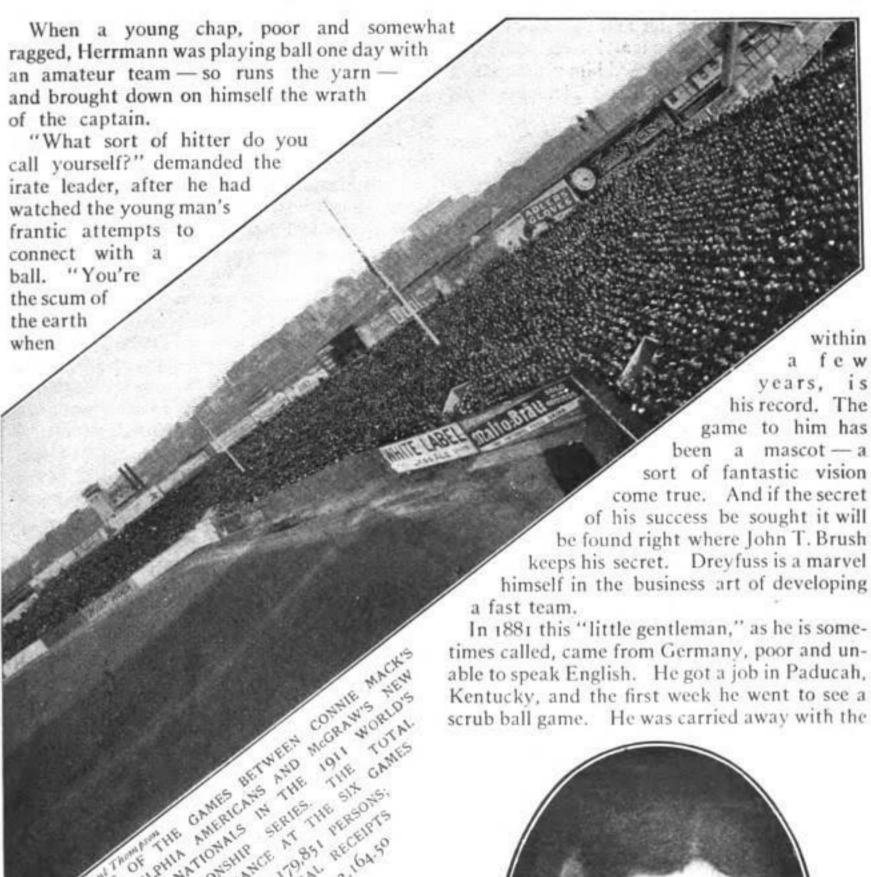
Through the Tafts, Chicago baseball links itself naturally with Cincinnati. There is a picturesque ownership of baseball in Cincinnati, although not a story of riches. It is an ownership, too, that has a strong flavor of the political element which has worked into the business end of baseball. In Cincinnati it goes without saying that August Herrmann and the Fleischmanns make up the bulk of this political factor, while thirty per cent of the stock is divided into eighty lots and held mostly by small politicians. Originally George B. Cox, former boss of Cincinnati, was a backer; he is said to have differed with Herrmann over the management, whereupon Herrmann bought him out.

Herrmann now owns more than fifty per

cent of the Reds, the Fleischmanns holding twenty per cent. Baseball has sown no magic gold in Cincin-

nati, though that city is known as the cradle of the game, and is still a red-hot baseball town. In ten years the aggregate dividends have been only that this is not true. Mr. Taft himself forty per prefers not to discuss his baseball stock in detail, but it is self-evident that the Sinton millions have had an important influence This comparatively poor record is due to constantly changing managers, lax discipline among the players, too much advice from the newspaper sporting editors, and a constitutional fickleness among the supporters of the game. owners have many problems to face. But at last Herrmann seems to have a fine team and a fine manager in Hank O'Day, the pictur-

esque umpire, and he should make a great deal of money.



it comes to handling a bat! You don't be

To-day Herrmann is chairman of the National Commission, and thus has more power in baseball than any other man, while the wrathy captain of the early amateur team is a bartender along the levee in New Orleans.

Barney Dreyfuss-the "Little Gentleman"

But, of course, people like the Fleischmanns follow baseball as a side line and are not in the list of men who have heaped up financial marvels out of the game. Such a man is Barney Dreyfuss, owner of the National League "Pirates" of Pittsburgh. From bookkeeper in a distillery to millionaire baseball owner, all



CONNIE MACK

MANAGER OF THE PHILADELPHIA WORLD'S CHAM-PION ATHLETICS. HE HAS A FINANCIAL INTEREST IN THE PHILADELPHIA TEAM—AN OLD PLAYER GRADU-ALLY MAKING HIS WAY INTO THE OWNER CLASS sport, and played on an amateur team. His achievements on the diamond interested his distillery employers, who backed him ultimately in the purchase of a club at Louisville. Into this

he put \$16,000, but earned a profit of only \$72, which he spent on a dinner for the boys. He had a chance to buy some stock in the Pittsburgh Nationals, and in 1900 he acquired control of the club, the distillery backing him, so authorities assert.

A few bits of personal history, related by Dreyfuss . for this article, will give the key to his management.

"In the baseball business," said he, "an owner must act quickly secretly. He does not have time to consult a board of directors. He must act on the jump and talk afterward.

"Once I was down South, and, chancing to miss a train, I went out to see Memphis play Savannah. The score was 21 to 2 in favor of Savannah, and you can imagine that Memphis came in for a sizzling hot roast from the fans. I had been watching the game rather sharply, however, and I had my eye on a Memphis fielder who interested me. After the game I said to the manager: 'How much do you want for that chap?"

"Maybe I looked a little green; anyhow, the manager sized me up in a queer sort of way and then made up his mind that he'd soak me to the limit. 'I'll take a hundred dollars,' he said, and took a chew of tobacco.

"I had the cash, and I bought that fielder. I've got him to-day. He is Fred

Clarke, my manager. The first day he played for me he made five hits.

At another time I heard of a player up in New York State, and I went up to look him over. On the grounds I met Harry Davis of New York. 'What are you doing up here?' I inquired.

"'Oh,' said he, pointing to the chap I'd come up to see, 'I'm watching that little shrimp play ball. I've got an option on him — but I'll tell you right now I don't want him. He's such a little cuss I wouldn't tie a can to him.'

"Now, I'm small myself. 'What'll you take for your option?' I asked.

"'A hundred dollars,' said he, as a joke.

"I fished out the hundred. Then I went to the owner of the club and bought the 'shrimp' for three hundred. In a few weeks I could have sold him for ten thousand dollars. His name is Tommy Leach. I reckon you've heard of Tommy.

"At still another time I heard of a man named Hans Wagner who was playing with the anarch-

> ists up in Paterson, and I sent Clarke up to look at him. Clarke wired me to gobble him; but just at that time Philadelphia got on the line with a bigger offer than I made. Well, the bidding jumped a hundred dollars at a time until Philadelphia quit, and I got Wagner at twenty-five hundred. At that time this was the highest price ever paid for a player. Of course everybody now knows the great Hans.

So you see that the chief factor in baseball success is the ability to pick good players. That's the game the owner plays - and it's a game that turns his hair

gray."

But even Dreyfuss, canny baseball man that he is, doesn't buy all his players for a song. Last year he invested \$22,500 in one pitcher, Marty O'Toole. To date, O'Toole has repeated Marquard's early experience of failing to pay dividends on his owner's investment. But Dreyfuss is willing to wait - those dividends may be cumulative.

One of the notable achievements of Dreyfuss is his magnificent Pittsburgh stadium at Forbes Field,

costing - land and grandstand — about quarters of a million. This has done much to make the game popular with the women of the

> St. Louis "Cardinals" instantly come into

Smoky City. When one speaks of ON THE women in baseball, the REALIZED INVESTMENT

THE SENSATION OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE. BRUSH PAID \$11,000 FOR MAR-QUARD, WHOSE NAME OUT OF THE DIA-MOND IS RICHARD LE MARQUIS. McGRAW SPENT THREE YEARS DEVELOPING HIM BEFORE BRUSH

"RUBE" MARQUARD

Copyright Underwood & Underwood.

mind. Here is a team that is owned by two women. They are Mrs. Helene Robison Britton and her mother, Mrs. Sarah C. H. Robison.

Everybody in Cleveland knows the name Robison, and it was in Cleveland that Helene Robison used to go to the ball games, as a little girl, and follow the plays under the tutelage of Frank De Hass Robison, her father, and Stanley Robison, her uncle. These two men were financiers and builders of street railways - rich, popular, and thorough "fans." They owned the Cleveland National League club, having acquired it from pure love of the sport. Oldtime "fans" tell about the wonderful aggregation of players the Robisons got together.

In 1899 the Robisons transferred their franchise, as well as their players, to St. Louis, and now, through the death of both brothers, Helene — who married Schuyler P. Britton of Cleveland — owns three quarters of the club stock. The Brittons live at the Jefferson Hotel in St. Louis; but Mrs. Robison, who holds the remaining quarter, occupies the family mansion

on Bratenahl Boulevard, Cleveland.

"A woman's influence," said Mrs. Britton, "must inevitably have a refining influence over the game, and is certain to arouse interest in the sport among women. I hope to make baseball much more popular with women and girls. It is the best, cleanest, and most fascinating

are beginning to realize it." Mrs. Britton is a beautiful woman of thirty-two, and she

sport for them, and they

and her two children, Marie and

De Hass, are lively "fans" themselves.

Moreover, Mrs.

> MARTIN O'TOOLE THE \$22,500 BEAUTY. DREYFUSS OF THE PITTS-RECORD PRICE OF \$22,500. THE OUTCOME OF THIS INVESTMENT IS STILL IN THE BALANCE

Britton has recently given evidence of an intention to take the detailed management of the business into her own hands. She has brought suit against the administrator of the Robison estate to prevent his voting the stock of the club. This is taken to mean that the young woman intends to embark as a magnate in earnest.

Incidentally, the lawsuit has made public the fact that an offer of \$500,000 was made for the Cardinals not long ago by Roger Bresnahan, the team's manager. In two years this magnetic leader has demonstrated his right to such substantial financial backing by making a trailing club of untried players into a plucky fighting aggregation that is one of the biggest attractions in the circuit. Bresnahan, as all "fans" know, was a famous catcher of the New York Giants when, in 1908, Stanley Robison outbid every club in the National League for his services.

The Robisons were among the great business leaders of baseball, and firm believers in the Brush and Dreyfuss methods of recruiting

and building up a winning team. In St. Louis it is asserted that the net income of Mrs. Britton and her mother from their baseball team is \$100,000 a year.

Another National League team that has come into the public eye because of recent change of ownership is the Boston club, the

> "Braves." James E. Gaffney, contractor and former, alderman of New York, bought it

for \$200,000 or thereabouts. Here again is found the undercurrent of politicians' ownership that is seen in other cities. Mr. Gaffney is a brotherin-law of Charles F. Murphy, the head of Tammany Hall, and his advent in the Boston baseball field created a sensation last winter.

A rather lurid story is told about the event immediately preceding this purchase. Lawyer John Montgomery Ward, once pitcher of the famous Giants and later their short-fielder and captain, had an option on the team, so the tale is told, but had no money of consequence. There were various bidders, and there seemed little chance of Ward's getting a

backer. Almost on the expiration of the option he got on the track of Gaffney, who had been a great "fan" for years. According to one baseballauthority, Gaffney made up his mind to buy the team something after this fashion:

Scene: Gaffney's office in the Metropolitan Tower. Enter Ward, breathlessly.

THE BUSINESS OF BASEBALL 250 WARD. There's a ball team for sale up in thousand men, hundreds of wagons, and Boston for two hundred thousand! Quick! half a dozen great steam-shovels were managed by Mr. Gaffney with extraor-We've got only sixty minutes left! GAFFNEY (rising from his swivel dinary efficiency. chair). What's that? A ball team Philadelphia at the present time is something of a mystery, so far as for sale for two hundred thousand? ownership goes. The stock is held I've been looking for a thing of nominally by Horace Fogel, presithat sort for years. Are you sure dent of the "Phillies" corporation. you can get it - in Boston, the Mr. Fogel was a telegraph operator great baseball city of Boston? and then a newspaper writer on the WARD. Yes; but be quick! Only Philadelphia North American, Ledger. fifty-nine minutes -GAFFNEY (touching a button) Telegraph, and Star. He was a baseball official in Indianapolis A pad of telegraph blanks in a rush! WARD (running out with and New York before he took charge of Philathe telegram and hamdelphia. The major mering on the elevapart of the stock is tor grating for a car). The world is ours! said to be distrib-So Gaffney is now uted among a number of promithe practical owner, with Ward innent men, some in Philadelphia and stalled as president. The propsome elsewhere, who prefer to erty was bought remain in seclufrom the estate sion. Of these, of William Hep-Charles P. Taft burn Russell. Mr. Russell, a is reported to be New York lawone. E. F. ver, having died Albee and Percy shortly before. G. Williams, theatrical managers, At one time in the days of the stoneare others. The wall infield, Tenney. club is fairly prosper-Lowe, Lang, ous financially, having and Collins — this Bosearned something like ton National club \$70,000 last year on a was worth half a valuation of perhaps million, but it exem-\$300,000. These figures, plified the truth of course, are estimates, that a baseball busibut they are made ness may go to pieces by men in a position very rapidly withto come near the facts. out the most rigid The Brooklyn "Sumanagement. The perbas" belong to value of the club Charles H. Ebbets and went down to almost Henry W. Medicus, the former a long-time nothing, and resuscitated with diffibaseball official and the culty. What Gaffney will latter a furniture mando with it is a speculation ufacturer in Brooklyn. for the "fans," but those Mr. Ebbets began as the who know the Gaffney secretary of the club many

FRANK FARRELL
FORMER ASSOCIATE OF BIG TIM SULLIVAN,
FAMOUS SPORTING MAN AND CHIEF BACKER
OF THE NEW YORK AMERICANS

business methods predict

great things. The con-

tracting firm of which

Gaffney is the head dug the monster hole for while at a bowling tournament in Milwaukee, he the new Pennsylvania station in New York. A talked Mr. Medicus into buying a half interest.

years ago, and has climbed

gradually into the presi-

dency. Eight years ago,

The Brooklyn club, which won the league money himself. There was no written agreechampionship under the management of Edward ment; please remember this, for it is Hanlon, but which is now among the trailers, part of the fairy tale.

has made some money, and is laying plans for a greater future — the sort of plans that level-headed business men make. These include the new grounds and stadium now under

way, to cost three quarters of a million dollars. With this new property, and the improved team that is being built up around its two great players,

Daubert and Rucker, Brooklyn will stand as another milliondollar baseball holding.

Now turn to the American League, organized by Ban Johnson ten years ago as a rival of the National League, but now working in harmony with Johnson is the general manager of modern baseball. He is the czar of his own league, and exercises an influence over the National League, whose president, Tom Lynch, is a graduate of the playing field and not of the

counting-room. "Ban" has the money-raising powers of a college

president and the "sand" of a college half-back. It was Johnson that recently suspended baseball's greatest player, Ty Cobb, of Detroit, for assaulting a spectator who had insulted him. Johnson stood his ground against a great wave of newspaper sentimentality and the stubborn resistance of the whole Detroit team, who "struck" in sympathy. Ban Johnson is a man to be reckoned with.

The story of the Detroit "Tigers" would make a good chapter in a baseball fairy-story book. But before this fairy story began the club had received some bad jolts. S. F. Angus, a railroad man who owned the club in its early days, dropped \$60,000 in it. William H. Yawkey bought it, and engaged Frank I. Navin to manage it for him.

"Any time you want a half interest," said Yawkey to Navin, "you can have it." Navin had possibilities of baseball.



CHIEF OWNER OF THE ST. LOUIS NATIONAL TEAM, WHO HAS A NET INCOME OF \$100,000 A YEAR FROM HER INTEREST IN THE CARDINALS

been bookkeeper for Angus and had little about Mr. Yawkey that gives an intimate

my half interest." With some men, contracts are superfluous; Yawkey is that sort of man. There might have been a lawsuit, but there wasn't. The verbal understanding was carried out to the letter, and Navin came into a bonanza. With his profits he purchased an equal partnership. His total investment in the club was

The next two years, 1905-6, Yaw-

key lost \$45,000, while the

original investment had been

only \$35,000. Then Hugh

Jennings, affectionately

dubbed "Hughie" throughout

the land, was drafted from Bal-

timore and made bench manager

for Detroit. That year the Tigers

won the league pennant, and the

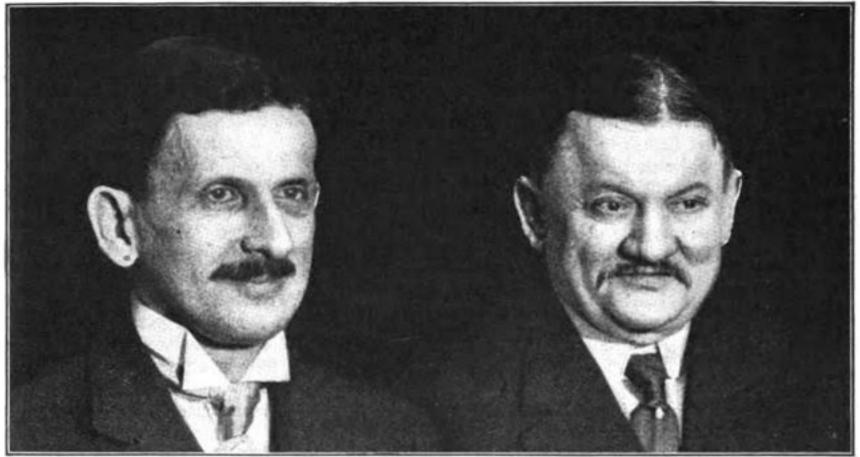
profits were \$50,000. It was then

that Navin said to Yawkey: "1

Then, the next year, the Tigers captured the pennant again, and the net profits were \$75,000.

Hugh Jennings was a For the third mascot. time, in 1900, the team finished first, and a great stream of money poured in — more than \$150,000 in clean profits! In 1910 and in 1911 Detroit came out second, and the net earnings of the two years were \$90,000. In five vears this team had earned for its owners \$365,000. The grounds, now owned by Yawkey and Navin, are worth \$200,000. Into the stadium has gone, so far, about \$225,000 more. The total value of the club is put at \$650,000. Here at Detroit are exemplified the almost fantastic

A story is told



Copyright, Paul Thompson

BARNEY DREYFUSS

WHO HAS BECOME A MILLIONAIRE THROUGH HIS INTERESTS IN THE PITTSBURGH NATIONALS

THE CINCINNATI POLITICIAN WHO IS CHIEF OWNER OF THE CINCINNATI NATIONALS — A POOR MONEY-MAKING TEAM

"GARRY" HERRMANN

glimpse of him. One day, while traveling to Cleveland with a crowd of "fans," he fell to arguing about wrestling. To settle a difference of opinion, he observed to "Billy" Lamb of Detroit:

"I'll give you five thousand dollars, Bill, if you can put me on my back in the aisle of this car."

Billy promptly did it. Yawkey got up, brushed the dust from his clothes, and wrote a check for \$5,000. With the money Lamb started an auto-tire business.

And yet Yawkey, who is only thirtyseven, is a keen business man and
has largely increased the great estate
left by his father. It is said that Mr.
Yawkey's own holdings in timber, coal,
and oil — from which the fortune originally came — are \$20,000,000. But
even millions can not make a pennantwinning baseball team, and back of Detroit's success has been that mystic
quality which no mere cash can create.

Jump to Cleveland. Here is another club valued at \$650,000. It is owned by Charles W. Somers, a coal operator who is known as the financial father of the American League. It was he who kept it from collapse. He has put more money into baseball and taken less out than any other man. This, too, in spite of the fact that his club, since 1904, has netted half a million dollars. In 1908 the profits were \$100,000.

At one time Somers had \$785,000

pledged in aid of the American League teams; that is, he had guaranteed leases and debts. During the baseball war it is said he loaned money to many owners — \$50,000 to Comiskey, according to good authorities. All this Mr. Somers did because he loved baseball and had

confidence in its future — and because of the hypnotic Ban Johnson. Had the American League collapsed he would have lost half a million.

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It is a fact that most of the rich men who back baseball are level-headed business chaps. There is no keener business manager in Cleveland than Mr. Somers. As the head of the coal firm of J. H. Somers & Company, and in his other enterprises in coal lands and copper, he has made a great deal of money, although the original business was founded by his father. To-day he is worth several millions.

But, if Somers is the father of the American League in a financial way, Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the Chicago "White Sox," stands out most conspicuously in other ways. Comiskey's history and personality make him the most distinctive figure among base-

most distinctive figure among baseball owners.

Thirty-five years ago, at the age of eighteen, Comiskey first played ball — with a semi-professional team at Dubuque, owned by Ted

DE HASS BRITTON IN TRAINING FOR THE CARDINALS



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CHARLES H. EBBETS

BACKER OF THE BROOKLYN NATIONALS,
WHICH EARNS \$70,000

A YEAR

Copyright, Paul Thompson W. SOMERS

CHARLES W. SOMERS
MILLIONAIRE COAL OPERATOR OF CLEVELAND,
WHOSE MONEY MADE THE AMERICAN
LEAGUE POSSIBLE

Sullivan, then and now well known in baseball circles. Comiskey became famous as first baseman and captain of the St. Louis "Browns," and with the Chicago Brotherhood Club. "Commy" was the first man to realize the important possibilities of first-base play, a science that was developed by Fred Tenney and perfected by Hal Chase, of the New York Americans.

At the time the American League was organized, Comiskey was captain, manager, and first baseman of the Chicago Western League Club. He joined the revolt against the National League and organized the "White Sox," declaring that the baseball kings could not build a wall about Chicago so high that he couldn't

get over it. At that time the National League domi-

nated baseball with powers as great as those exercised by the

National agreement to-day; but Comiskey became the lion who dared the enemy in its own den. The Western League became the American League, and Comiskey's "White Sox" grew into a team of ball-players of national repute. Throughout his career the "Old Roman" — as somebody dubbed him — has been capturing league pennants and world's championships.

As an owner, the proprietor of this Chicago team has created material for another baseball wonder-story. The original investment was \$30,000. The other day Comiskey stated that all the money he now has he got out of baseball; and, since his club is in the million-dollar class, his fortune has grown out of the comparatively trifling investment with which he started. Comiskey owns the franchise, grounds, and stands — all paid for. The steel and concrete grand-stand cost \$550,000. For the land he paid \$102,000,

and has been offered \$100,000 for less than half of it. The profits have run as high as \$150,000 in a year. Next to New York, Chicago is the greatest baseball city in the country. These large profits have come in spite of heavy

expense. Comiskey pays an average of \$40,000 a year for the one item of recruiting players; he has gone as high as \$90,000 in a year. But, from the standpoint of business management, this item is not to be considered as an expense, but as an investment in the goods that earn the profits. To a considerable extent Comiskey still selects his

own players.

"I get tips on them,"
he said, "but I feel that
I can still tell a good



THE WORLD'S MOST DISTINGUISHED "FAN"

player at sight. Of course it is a question whether my judgment is as sound now as it was when I was playing ball, or my eye as keen; but I have a good team, which is evidence that I'm still able to handle the thing."

Comiskey is immensely popular, not only in Chicago, but throughout the country. He has been called the ideal baseball magnate. There is a charm to his personality that makes him a striking figure. He is more than six feet tall, broad-shouldered, and weighs over two hundred pounds, while his kindly gray eyes and furrowed face radiate gentleness that has behind it strength and determination.

From the "White Sox" turn your attention to the "Red Sox," the team of the American League in Boston. Once more we find a milliondollar club. Boston comes next to Chicago as a profitable baseball city, and the Red Sox have been a gold mine.

How \$100,000 Saved \$200,000 a Year

In 1904 a young man named John I. Taylor was connected with the business management of the Boston Globe, his father being General Charles H. Taylor, the editor and owner of that newspaper. But young Mr. Taylor did not have his heart and soul in newspaper work. He was a thorough sportsman and amateur ball-player, and he reveled in athletic games of all sorts. A mighty rooter he was, and his friends say that whenever the Bostons lost a game he refused to eat or sleep until time revived his spirits. Withal, he was one of Boston's best-known and popular young men.

It was something of a surprise when General Taylor — who believes in giving a boy his bent — bought the Red Sox for this youngest son. "John I.," as his friends often call him, had long yearned for a ball team of his own. The price paid was something like \$100,000.

Since that day young Mr. Taylor has been very much in evidence, while his team has continued to earn him big money. In the first place, Taylor was fortunate in having as his manager the great Jimmy Collins, the most graceful ball-player of all time, and a successful leader of men. Within four or five years the original investment was repaid several times over. The club is said to have earned as high as \$200,000 in a year—clean profits over expenses. The White Sox and the Red Sox constitute by far the most valuable teams in the American League.

But the heavy responsibilities resting upon him induced Mr. Taylor last winter to look about for a brace of partners who knew the game

and could take part of the load. He found them in James R. McAleer and Robert W. McRoy.

McAleer was once the greatest outfielder in baseball. At the time he bought into the Boston team he was manager of the Washington club at a salary of \$10,000. The financial magic of baseball had accumulated for him a neat fortune of \$100,000. Now, as part-owner of the Boston Americans, he bids fair to become a rich man — not a mere prosperous ball-player.

Frank Farrell and Bill Devery

Altogether different in type is the chief owner of the New York American League team — Frank J. Farrell. Once more we run into the subcurrent of politics and gambling sportsmanship, for Farrell is a member of Tammany Hall, and acquired newspaper notoriety for his connection with bookmaking and turf affairs in New York. A number of Manhattan politicians are currently reported to be partowners of the "Highlanders" with Farrell, among them "Big Bill" Devery, once chief of police.

Years ago Frank Farrell was a race-track partner of Julius Fleischmann of Cincinnati. Between them they had a string of horses that included many well-known equine names. Fleischmann retired from racing, but Farrell kept on. His extensive betting, as well as his costly thoroughbreds, supplied much gossip in gambling circles. From racing to baseball was a natural step, and when the American League entered New York he acquired the franchise—in 1903.

Authorities say that it cost him \$100,000, and that he spent as much more on his grounds before he took in a dollar. Since then, although he has spent money prodigally for players and has had such stars as Willie Keeler, Jack Chesbro, and Hal Chase, he has not done well financially or in a ball-playing sense; at least, he has been unsuccessful from the standpoint of his New York rival, John T. Brush. But with the new grounds he has acquired near Two Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street—on which he plans to have one of the finest baseball plants in the country—the Highlanders represent an investment that reaches perhaps \$800,000.

The cartoonists have represented Farrell as a loudly dressed, uncouth, and noisy individual given to flashy jewelry and always looking for a row. As a matter of fact, he wears modest clothes, talks in a low voice, wears little jewelry, and is a diplomat who finds plenty of oppor-

tunity in baseball to exercise his talent for that this was an exception. The chief owner is conciliation.

Thomas C. Noves, proprietor of the Washington

Uncle Ben Shibe

In Philadelphia — as we swing around toward the end of the American League circuit — a wholly different phase of baseball ownership presents itself. It is different from anything we have yet discovered, for it involves the great manufacturing industry connected with baseball. Benjamin F. Shibe, founder of the world's champions of to-day, is a partner in the A. J. Reach Company of Philadelphia, makers of baseballs, bats, masks, mitts, and all the varied regalia connected with the game.

"Uncle Ben," as he is commonly called, first met A. J. Reach when the latter was a member of the old "Athletics" team in the early seventies. Mr. Shibe was a "fan" in those days; but neither of them, in the wildest flights of their imagination, saw the river of riches that was destined to flood their future. While still a member of the team, Mr. Reach started his sporting goods house. To-day it is the largest manufacturer of baseball equipment, although in the retailing of these goods A. G. Spalding & Brothers stand on a similar footing. It is said that half the baseballs coming from this plant bear the Spalding imprint, while the other half have the Reach label.

Mr. Shibe financed a number of baseball ventures before he started the Athletics, the stock of which he controls. He put his money into this now famous Philadelphia club at the solicitation of Ban Johnson, Comiskey, and Connie Mack, who were furthering the early efforts of the American League. The newspapers referred to the Athletics as Uncle Ben's White Elephants. To-day the property of the club is estimated at \$800,000, and, under the wisest of management, a team of world's champions has been developed. Connie Mack, its wonderful manager, who began as a catcher, is a stockholder in the club.

But the money Shibe has made from the game itself appears insignificant beside the earnings from the Reach factory. Mr. Reach is the possessor of great wealth — far more than any of the owners of baseball proper. He himself was for twenty years president of the Philadelphia National League Club, and bears the reputation of being the best-posted baseball man in the country.

At Washington there has been a varied and changing ownership; at least, many prominent men have held stock in the American League club. One such former stockholder says he received a dividend of seventeen per cent, but

that this was an exception. The chief owner is Thomas C. Noyes, proprietor of the Washington Star. Clark Griffith, manager, is reported to have bought \$25,000 in stock, with the backing of James E. Gaffney of New York. The financial standing of the club may be judged by the fact that the stock, having a par value of \$10 a share, is worth \$18. The capital was increased last year from \$100,000 to \$200,000, while the new grand-stand, built to replace the one burned last year, cost \$125,000. The club owns the land, which was purchased for \$80,000.

Washington is a good baseball town for two reasons: first, because many visitors are always in town who are interested in the teams from their home places; and, second, because the capital is a town of clerks who are free after four o'clock.

The Famous St. Louis "Browns"

This informal account of baseball ownership has not attempted to follow the sixteen clubs of the big leagues with any reference to their baseball standing or financial worth, so the fact that the St. Louis "Browns" chance to come last has no significance. These Browns, however, are not the famous old club; only the name survives.

The chief owner of the St. Louis American League Club is Robert L. Hedges, a former carriage manufacturer of Cincinnati. He holds sixty-five per cent of the stock, while the remainder is in the hands of five men, including John E. Bruce, secretary of the National Commission.

In 1908 the profits from the Browns were estimated by baseball authorities to be \$168,000, on a capital of \$80,000. This, however, is away above the average earnings. For the last two years the profits have gone into real estate and a grand-stand and into an effort to build up a team that is worthy of St. Louis baseball traditions.

"I went into baseball," said Mr. Hedges, "purely as a matter of business. Before I began to organize the St. Louis team, in 1901, I had not seen a dozen games of professional baseball in my life. But, although I went into the thing for the purpose of making money, I have an entirely different feeling to-day. I am full now of the spirit of baseball. Let me have a winning team for four or five years, and I'll be satisfied, regardless of the money end."

Now, remember, as you glance back over these owners of the sixteen big teams, that you have seen, in reality, only a small part of America's baseball ownership. There are fiftyodd minor leagues, which mean between three sents a business investment; each team is training players to sell to the teams in the leagues above them; each team offers an opportunity to local capital for sharing in the immense profits of baseball, and to the local youth for starting in what has become a very respectable and lucrative career.

The people of the United States spend from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000 a year to see baseball games. The total number of persons registered at all professional ball games during a season

and four hundred teams. Each team repre- probably approaches 50,000,000. Those who attend the games of the big leagues alone number from eight to ten million. So rapid has been the growth of baseball enthusiasm that the owners predict the time when the aggregate patronage of baseball in this country, including major and minor leagues, will be three hundred million. They believe baseball to be still in its infancy, and on this prophecy they are staking their cash in monster stadiums of iron and stone, and laying out their business plans to care for profits that must be counted in millions.

THE EXILE

ΒY

KATHARINE TYNAN

SINCE I have lost the mountains, I Look for them in the waste of sky, And think to see at the street-close The lovely line of blue and rose The mountains keep that once I knew.

There are no mountains there at all, But only the blank roof and wall Of many houses red and gray. I had forgotten the old way The mountains keep in rain and dew.

Even in the pleasant country places, Where the fields' faces are friends' faces, The mountains I shall not forget, The mountains come between us yet, Between me and the woods and streams.

The wind that blows across them calls Ever at dawns and evenfalls, And I am suddenly forlorn. Across the pastures and ripe corn I see the mountains in my dreams.

GREAT FRENCH MYSTERIES

The de la Pommerais Affair

BY

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BERGER

Edmond de la Pommerais was a young physician, noble, gifted, happily married, and just entering upon a brilliant career. The crime of which he was accused was peculiarly brutal. He was defended by the most celebrated advocate of the time; the Empress Eugénie herself interceded for him; but he was condemned to death on the pitiless evidence of a woman.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has made this case the second of her remarkable studies of French murder mysteries. Like "The Strange Case of Marie Lafarge," "The de la Pommerais Affair" presents a baffling and complicated psychological problem to the reader.

Pommerais at the age of four-and-twenty. He has just passed his last medical examination with brilliant success, greatly to the joy and gratification of his father (who is himself a famous country doctor) and of his doting mother. The parents think it better that he should start practising in Paris, and so it is in Paris that we first make acquaintance with him.

Young de la Pommerais is exceptionally handsome. He is taller than the majority of Frenchmen, and he has a frank, open, kindly countenance. His father's patients have given him excellent introductions in the capital, and he has everything that can make for happiness and repute.

He has been settled in Paris about three months when an old fellow student rushes into the pleasant bachelor apartment where he has set up his household gods. "I wish you would take over a case for me!" he exclaims. "I have to leave Paris to-night — and this patient of mine is much to be pitied. His name is de Pawr, he and his wife are both artists, and the wife is enchantingly pretty!"

With his usual good nature, Edmond de la Pommerais took over his friend's case, and went to see the sick painter. It is on record that he behaved with extraordinary kindness and generosity to this poor man, whom he found already dying. Nay, more, not content with doing all he could for the artist himself, he

showed unbounded kindness to the latter's beautiful wife and three children; and when de Pawr finally died, it was Doctor de la Pommerais who paid part of the funeral expenses.

There then happened what doubtless has often happened under such circumstances: the young physician went on seeing the beautiful widow, and soon they fell in love.

Seraphine de Pawr was considerably older than Edmond de la Pommerais; she was over thirty, and according to French notions it was out of the question that the two should marry. They became, however, secret lovers, and during the three years the intrigue lasted Doctor de la Pommerais paid the major part of the lady's expenses and those of her children.

At last, as almost always occurs in these stories of illicit love, the young man grew weary of the irregular situation in which he found himself, and there came a day when, to the great anguish of Madame de Pawr, her lover bade her a solemn farewell.

For a while Edmond de la Pommerais devoted himself entirely to his profession. He was building up a good practice, and his family were busily engaged in trying to find him a suitable wife, when, one day, while traveling in an omnibus, he noticed sitting opposite to him a very beautiful girl accompanied by her mother. So struck was he by her appearance that he followed the two ladies home. He discovered that their name was Dubisy, and, with some trouble, he obtained an introduction to them. Very shortly after, he declared his love for the

girl and asked her hand in marriage. Madame Dubisy, disapproving of so unconventional a way of contracting a matrimonial alliance, refused for some time to entertain the idea. But Mademoiselle Dubisy fell deeply in love with her romantic suitor, and in the end the mother gave way, and the young people were married amid the congratulations of all their friends, for Edmond de la Pommerais was known to be in receipt of a considerable income from his profession, and his bride had a very good dowry.

However, Doctor de la Pommerais was not well off as he appeared to be. He gambled, as so many Frenchmen gamble, at cards; he also, which was far more serious, speculated on the Stock Exchange.

But he kept these worrying facts to himself, and no one in the whole of the brilliant Paris of the Second Empire seemed a happier man than Edmond de la Pommerais when his wife, in due course, presented him with a beautiful little girl.

Two days after the child's birth a kindly friend called.

"Why don't you have your baby insured?" she said to the doctor. "By paying a very small yearly premium you will be able in ten or twelve years to provide yourself with a really good sum of money to complete her education."

He was struck with the notion, and, after careful inquiry, sought out an insurance agent and insured his baby girl.

Life then went on just as usual — outwardly prosperous and radiantly happy, inwardly cankered with secret money cares, the more so that Edmond de la Pommerais, though a popular and successful doctor, was not yet on the highest rungs of his profession, and medical fees in France rule far lower than they do in other countries.

П

We now come to the second act of the drama, and we find ourselves this time in one of those tiny flats which form the apex of most oldfashioned Paris houses. This particular flat contains only three rooms, and in it poor Seraphine de Pawr, now well over forty years of age, toils on at her painting. She is too poor to send her three children to school, and life becomes to her more and more a losing struggle asks. "Does she not help you at all?" with fate.

Several years have gone by since she last heard of Edmond de la Pommerais, the goodlooking, sunny-natured young man who gave her three such happy years; but she still cherishes a very tender feeling for him, and she can not forget how kind, how generous, and, at one time, how absolutely devoted to herself he had been.

Just now she is sitting by her wood fire, keeping it very low, for wood is dear and she has no money coming in for two long days. But she has sent the children downstairs to a kindly neighbor whose kitchen fire is always burning.

Suddenly she turns round, and her careworn face flushes, for she has heard a firm step on the staircase outside. There comes a ring, and eagerly she goes to the door and opens it.

And then, to her sobbing joy, she sees that the man standing on the landing is none other than her one-time lover, Edmond de la Pommerais! Eagerly, tremblingly, she asks him in. "But don't take off your coat," she says solicitously, "for it's so cold in here!"

But he strips off his handsome fur-lined garment and takes both her thin hands in his.

"I mustn't make love to you," he says, smiling, "for I'm married now, Seraphine! But I thought that I would just come in and see how you were getting on and if there were anything I could do to help you."

Poor Seraphine, feeling as if she must be living through a happy dream, breaks down utterly and bursts into tears.

Help her? Of course he can help her, though she hates to ask or to accept help from him! Never has she been in such terrible difficulty the chief trouble being, of course, the children. If only she could afford to send them to the humblest day-school! But she hasn't even enough to feed them, and in addition she is terribly anxious about the health of one of her little girls.

De la Pommerais' professional instinct is aroused. "I will see the child," he says, "and I will do everything I can to cure her."

And then — for the mother, on hearing this, goes and fetches the little creature from downstairs — he proceeds to examine the child carefully, tenderly, and kindly, and he does his best to reassure the poor mother. "All the child wants is good food, and you can depend on me to see that she gets it."

Again he sits down, for, though he is a busy man, he seems to be in no hurry that day. Poor Seraphine — how happy she is! — the more so that her old friend questions her kindly, eagerly. "How about your sister, Madame Ritter?" he

Madame de Pawr shakes her head. "No; I see very little of her now. You see, though not so poor as I am, she has not enough to help me; so she hardly ever comes."

"That's a great pity," he says thoughtfully; and then, drawing his chair close up to hers, he whispers impressively: "Listen, Seraphine! I have thought of a way in which I believe not only your own future but that of your children



"'I MUSTN'T MAKE LOVE TO YOU, FOR I'M MARRIED NOW, SERAPHINE'"

can be assured. But before telling you of my scheme I must warn you that it would be a very serious thing both for you and for me if you were to tell any one anything about it, and also that its success, as you will see, depends on our absolute secrecy."

"Is it likely that I should tell any one our secret?" asks Madame de Pawr proudly. "Did I ever speak to any one of our former friendship?"

"No," returns Doctor de la Pommerais gratefully; "that is quite true. Well, I must ask you now to listen very carefully to what I am going to say."

He gets up, goes to the door, opens it, sees that there is no one on the landing, and then sits down again.

"The first thing we must do is to insure your life. You are not much over forty, you are a very healthy woman, and it will be comparatively easy to insure your life for a large sum at a reasonable rate."

Madame de Pawr looks at him, bewildered. "But I haven't a penny in the world!" she cries. "How could I possibly pay an insurance premium? I only wish I could insure, even for only five thousand francs [a thousand dollars], for the children."

"Five thousand francs?" echoes the young man, laughing. "That would be no good! My idea is to insure your life for five hundred thousand francs!"

Madame de Pawr looks at him as if she fears that he has suddenly lost his senses.

"And, what is more," he goes on, watching to see how she is taking his extraordinary proposal, "I intend to pay the premiums myself! I have been doing extremely well for the last two or three years, and I think I can do it — the more so that the risk will not be for very long."

And then, as she looks at him with a queer feeling of misgiving,— as well, indeed, she may,—he bursts out laughing. "Oh, no; I do not mean you are going to die!" he says gaily. "On the contrary, you have the kind of constitution that will help you to live to a hundred! No, that's not what I mean at all!"

And he reveals to her an amazing scheme, which, if fraudulent in intention, is yet most agreeably simple to carry out.

"After we have paid one or two premiums, you will have to simulate a serious illness — the sort of illness which means death within a short time. Now you will be bound, by the terms of your policy, to give notice to the insurance agent through whom it has been effected of your critical condition, Seraphine, and when he learns how ill you are, the insurance office, alarmed at the thought of having to pay out a hundred thousand dollars, will make you a

handsome offer of an annuity to be paid you as long as your life lasts! I do not know exactly what offer will be made you; that will, of course, depend on how ill they think you. But, in any case, I do not think it can possibly be less than four or five thousand francs a year — the more so that, with my help, you will be able to appear very ill, with no real risk to yourself!"

Were Madame de Pawr an honest woman, she would, of course, reject this scheme, root and branch; but the poor soul has had a terrible struggle. She has known what it is, not only to be hungry herself, but to see her children hungry. And then, an insurance office! She tells herself that an insurance office is like the government! No one minds cheating the government, so why should one mind cheating a great prosperous business concern like a big insurance office?

And so, foolish, trusting Seraphine accepts, without a word of remonstrance, her one-time lover's iniquitous proposal. Nay, more; on this, his very first visit, she, at de la Pommerais' dictation, writes a letter to an insurance agent, whose name and address he gives her, setting out that she wishes to insure her life, and that the premiums will be paid by a gentleman who has a direct interest in the matter, as he is the father of her three children!

Thus she not only consents to act with utter want of honesty, but, further, she dishonors herself and the memory of her husband in her eagerness to give up her unequal struggle with the wolf of want.

Strange to say, the business of insuring this poverty-stricken woman for the enormous sum of one hundred thousand dollars was carried through with the greatest smoothness, secrecy, and simplicity. Edmond de la Pommerais did not personally appear in the matter at all. On the contrary, he took the very greatest care to remain invisible, though he was, at last, obliged to allow his name to be quoted as guarantor, for the premium was close on to four thousand dollars a year.

Once the first premium had been paid, the policies were made out (for the risk was distributed among eight offices — probably in order that the agent might have a larger commission), and then the young doctor put the whole of his considerable intellect to the important problem of how to secure the ultimate payment of the policies directly to himself. This was not easy, for he was anxious to keep altogether out of it until the moment should come when the money would actually fall due.

alarmed at the thought of having to pay out a He was aware, as we have seen, that Madame hundred thousand dollars, will make you a de Pawr had relations better placed than she



"HE COPIED THE DOCUMENT EXACTLY, THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BEING THAT HE SUBSTITUTED THE WORDS 'ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS' FOR 'TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS'"

was herself. How dreadful it would be if, when the hundred thousand dollars insurance fell in, these people were to come forward, claim the money, and invest it for her three children!

He sought out an honest lawyer, whom he informed that he had at various times lent a large sum of money to the widow of an artist called de Pawr, further explaining that he had done this when he was a very young man and much in love with the lady. This provided a motive that any Frenchman would understand, and even, to a certain extent, sympathize with. He also told the lawyer that he did not wish the fact to come out, as he was now happily married to a wife to whom he was devoted. Fortunately, so he went on to say, his ex-friend, though she could not pay the money back, was on friendly terms with him, and quite willing to insure her life for the amount in question. De la Pommerais did not inform his honest lawyer that the sum was a hundred thousand dollars. He said the sum was twenty thousand dollars

— and even that seemed a very large amount for a young doctor to have lent a poor widow.

The lawyer, however, knew that very odd money transactions do sometimes take place between foolish young men and designing women, and, taking the prosperous doctor's word for what had happened, he made out a deed transferring the policy of insurance to his client "in consideration of value received."

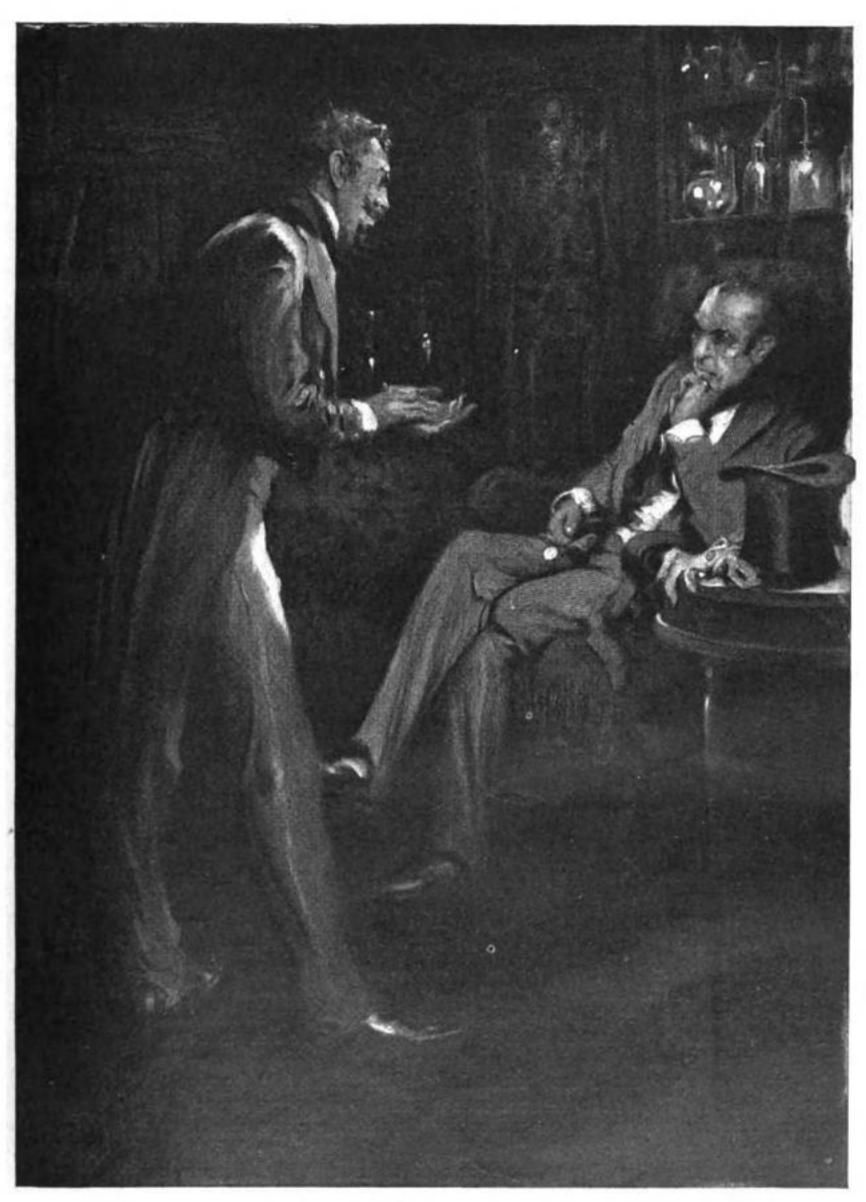
De la Pommerais took the document home and copied it exactly, the only difference being that he substituted the words "one hundred thousand dollars" for "twenty thousand dollars."

But he was not even now satisfied: as a further precaution, he asked Madame de Pawr to make a will leaving him any money which came to her under her insurances, in order that he might look after her children, whom, he said, he loved as he did his own little daughter.

Trusting Seraphine, blinded by her gratitude,
— for to her the annuity she hoped to get out
of the insurance offices seemed untold wealth,
— assented to all he desired.



"AS SHE SAT IN THE NEXT ROOM SHE REMEMBERED THAT DURING THE LAST FEW DAYS HER HUSBAND HAD SEEMED A LITTLE NERVOUS WHEN THE BELL RANG."



"'I HAVE COME TO SEE YOU,' SAID THE STRANGER, 'ABOUT A ONE-TIME PATIENT OF YOURS, DOCTOR — A MADAME DE PAWR'"

111

Once more we find Madame de Pawr sitting idly in her little cheerless sitting-room. But she no longer looks anxious and careworn. She is no longer unhappy and wretched, as she was three or four months ago; for she is receiving each week a pension from the generous

she says cheerfully, "especially as I'm feeling remarkably well!"

"Yes; but it's not too soon if our scheme is to succeed. You will have to keep to your room and you must send for a doctor - it must not be I; it had better be a complete stranger. As to the illness -" He hesitates.

"Shall I pretend to have an accident on the



"EDMOND DE LA POMMERAIS CAME TO SEE HIS POOR VICTIM AND GAVE HER MORE MEDICINE"

de la Pommerais, and, though he does not come stairs?" she suggests. "You know how steep often, still he comes from time to time, and he they are!" And he nods gravely. has cured her little girl.

And so, when she hears a step which has become again a familiar, if not a frequent, sound upon her stairs, she runs to the door and opens it, with a happy smile.

"I have come to see you," says the doctor, coming in and drawing off his lemon-colored kid gloves, "because my wife is in the country and I had a spare hour. It also occurred to me, dear friend, that the time had come when you had better begin to pretend to be ill!"

She laughs gaily. "It does seem rather soon,"

That same night the people in the house were disturbed by a loud noise on the staircase, and the next morning none of them were surprised to hear that Madame de Pawr had had a bad fall and was obliged to keep to her room. As she continued to feel far from well, a kindly neighbor sent her the doctor she herself always consulted. He naturally believed Seraphine's story, and treated her for shock and for a bruise which was non-existent.

But days lengthened into weeks and Madame

de Pawr did not get any better. The doctor attending her was puzzled, but, as all general practitioners are aware, a severe nervous shock sometimes takes a very mysterious, curious turn.

At last some one seems to have told Madame de Pawr's sister that the poor lady was really very ill. So the next visitor we see in the little flat is Seraphine's sister, Madame Ritter.

"What is this I hear about your having had an accident?" she says anxiously. "It's very odd, because you look so extremely well."

"Do 1?" Madame de Pawr laughs mysteriously. "Well, I'm not perhaps quite as ill as I appear to be!"

"What can I do for you, my dear?" says the other. "I haven't got much money, as you know, but I would very much rather do without something myself than see you ill and miserable."

The other is really touched by her solicitude. "I wonder if you could really keep a secret," she whispers hesitatingly. "When I tell you what it is, you will see how important it is that no one should ever know!"

"Of course I should never dream of repeating anything you told me," cries Madame Ritter.

And then Madame de Pawr tells her sister what her great secret is!

And now we come to a curious fact, and one which does not redound-to the credit of human nature. Seraphine de Pawr's sister, instead of expressing horror and surprise at what was being done, went away promising to keep secret the plan which these two people had made to cheat the eight insurance companies.

IV

We are now at the beginning of the last act of the somber drama.

Madame de Pawr has already been in bed a month, and she is beginning, in very truth, to look ill from the confinement and the unhealthy life she is leading (though she is careful to throw away all the medicine the doctor has been giving her), when Edmond de la Pommerais again arrives at the flat.

"I think the time has come," he exclaims, "to inform that insurance agent that you are ill. Now it is very probable that he will send one of the insurance companies' doctors to examine your condition, and it won't do for whoever comes to find you as you are now. So I propose to give you a drug which will make you seem very ill — in fact, which will make you very ill — for a little while. But the bad effects will pass away in about twenty-four hours, and during that time you must bear the discomfort of feeling dreadfully sick and queer."

Madame de Pawr willingly assents.

First she informs the insurance agent of her illness. Secondly, she takes the "medicine" preparatory to the visit she expects from the insurance companies' doctor!

But the agent is quite content with the name of the respectable practitioner who is attending her regularly, and, though she does not know it, and never will know it, insurance offices never do send medical men to see those of their insured who are ill; it would arouse the deepest resentment among respectable people were they to do such a thing.

But poor Seraphine de Pawr longs for a visit from the insurance companies' doctor, for she is really very ill and it seems a pity to go through all this pain and distress for nothing.

At last, when she is feeling a little better, she is cheered by a note from de la Pommerais saying that he is coming to spend the evening with her. So overjoyed is she at the thought of seeing him in this pleasant, intimate fashion—for it is years since he came and spent an evening with her—that she actually sends out a neighbor to purchase some rouge, in order that she may look her best when her one-time lover honors her by dining at her humble flat!

It is on record that Edmond de la Pommerais came at six that evening and stayed till about ten. No one saw him in the flat, but he was met coming there and seen going away. That same night Madame de Pawr became terribly ill—so ill, indeed, that her children, terrified at her state, ran and fetched not only some of their neighbors, but also their aunt, Madame Ritter.

But the unfortunate Seraphine de Pawr, if not a good woman, was a brave woman. She was ill — ill to death; but she made no fuss about it. "Never mind!" she kept whispering in trembling accents to her sister. "Remember that this is the price I am paying for my annuity of four or five thousand francs. Think of all I should be able to do with such an income! Think of the education I shall be able to give my darling little girls. Why should I mind a little pain, a little discomfort, now?"

Was there ever so pathetic, so ironical, so horrible a situation as that of this brave, misguided woman, dying, all unknowingly, by her own hand?

The long day wore itself away, and Seraphine did not seem to get any better. The kind neighbor once more went to her own doctor and begged him to come at once; but she foolishly told him that she had seen Madame de Pawr pour away the medicine he gave her! And, naturally angered and disgusted by this revelation of what he took to be his ungrateful patient's

stupidity and folly, the doctor refused to attend her again. "There's nothing the matter with her," he said impatiently. "She's an hysterical, silly woman, and has simply got into the way of lying in bed since her accident."

In the course of the evening Edmond de la Pommerais came to see his poor victim. He seemed much concerned at her condition and gave her some more medicine. Then he went away, mentioning the fact that he had to join his wife, who was in the country near Paris.

Madame de Pawr grew worse and worse. But she still kept up her spirits and would not allow what she called a "fuss" to be made. At last, however, she felt so terribly ill, and the griping pains became so intense, that she consented, rather unwillingly, that yet another doctor should be sent for by her friend.

When he came, this physician — who, of course, knew absolutely nothing about the case or her circumstances — at once declared that she had all the symptoms of cholera. He therefore gave her some drug which is supposed to relieve that awful disease — generally, be it remembered, endemic in Paris during the summer and autumn months — and went away.

The doomed woman — laughing even in the midst of her agony — told her eldest daughter that she did not think the new doctor's medicine would do her any good. Back came the doctor in the morning. By this time she was easier, but in a state of collapse, and at the end of about thirty hours after the fatal dose had been administered to her by Edmond de la Pommerais, during that little dinner for which she had tried to make herself exceptionally pretty and attractive, Seraphine de Pawr breathed her last.

Toward evening of the same day her onetime lover's young and vigorous step was again heard on the humble staircase. The sad news was broken to him, and, with his arms round the three motherless children, he went and gazed sadly at the corpse of the woman he had once loved passionately. As he turned and left the room, he said to the neighbor who was taking charge of the children, "There seems no doubt that poor Madame de Pawr died of cholera"; and the new doctor who had attended her during the last hours of her life signed the certificate, with cholera as the cause of death.

As for Seraphine's erstwhile lover, it is on record that he went straight home from the house of mourning and enjoyed a good dinner with his young wife. The same night he wrote to the insurance agent, apprising him of the sad fact of Madame de Pawr's sudden death by cholera, and asking him to inform the eight insurance offices that the money due must be paid over to him, Edmond de la Pommerais, as he

had a deed in his possession showing that the deceased woman had transferred the insurance policies to him, in payment of a large debt.

For a while everything fell out exactly as Doctor de la Pommerais had hoped it would. His claim was duly acknowledged by the insurance companies, and at poor Seraphine's funeral Madame Ritter thanked him for his goodness to her sister. But he did not say one word of his former loan to the dead woman or of the means which had been taken to pay him back.

The large sum of a hundred thousand dollars was just about to be paid over by the insurance companies, when the head of the Paris police received an anonymous letter pointing out that there was something strange about Madame de Pawr's death, and that it would perhaps be worth while to see who had a large pecuniary interest in the event!

V

It is now about a fortnight after the death of Madame de Pawr. Edmond de la Pommerais has not yet received the money due to him under the deed of transfer, but various courteous letters have passed between him and the insurance companies concerning the delay, and he is expecting the money in a few days.

We find him at table with his pretty wife, when there comes a sudden ring at the door, and Madame de la Pommerais glances across at her husband. She has noticed that during the last few days he has seemed a little nervous when the bell rings — rather as if he were expecting an unpleasant visitor. But to-day he hardly notices the ring.

The maid comes in. "A gentleman to see Monsieur."

Edmond de la Pommerais takes the card, sees on it a name unknown to him, but under it the words "de la Sûreté." He gets up from the table. "I shall not be more than a few moments, darling," he says; and then we can imagine with what a sick feeling of dread he goes into his luxurious consulting-room.

For a moment he breathes freely. This is no minion of the law come to arrest him. This is a pleasant, smooth-looking official, who bows politely as the doctor comes in.

"Yes?" says de la Pommerais inquiringly.

"I have come to see you," says the man of power deferentially, "about a one-time patient of yours, Doctor, a Madame de Pawr."

And then the young physician, still behaving as if the matter really concerns him very little, learns that the police, guided by an anonymous letter, have been making investigations. In fact, the woman's body has already been exhumed, and it is now proved, beyond a shadow of doubt, that very shortly before her death some one administered to her an enormous quantity of the vegetable poison known as digitalis — a poison which disappears from the body within a comparatively short time.

Certain papers have also been found in her flat which prove that she was very highly insured, and the insurance companies, when approached by the police, state that Doctor de la Pommerais is the owner of the policies. That is why the Prefect of Police has sent a representative to ask the doctor how it came about that a woman as poor as Madame de Pawr should have been insured for so enormous a sum as a hundred thousand dollars; and the police would also like to know where she procured the money, three months ago, to pay the first premium?

Edmond de la Pommerais — who, fortunately for himself, has a very frank, pleasant manner — at once takes the police official into his entire confidence. "I will tell you all about it," he says calmly, and then he tells at length his carefully prepared story; but he so far modifies what he perhaps meant to say that he now explains that Madame de Pawr owed him only twenty thousand dollars and that the balance of the money is going to be spent by him as trustee for her children!

Then, going to a secret cabinet, he takes from it the love-letters the unfortunate woman wrote to him many years ago. He also fetches later letters of hers, proving the debt, though in no letter is the actual sum mentioned — indeed, these pathetic epistles simply contain vague expressions of gratitude for money received.

The police official listens courteously, but after he leaves, the doctor, going to his window, sees that there are detectives posted in the street below, and that it is impossible for him to fly from justice, should he wish to do so.

It is terrible to think of what the wretched man must have gone through immediately after the departure of his unwelcome visitor. He had to tell his wife much the same story he had told the police official, and in an hour the poor girl learned of her husband's former intimacy with Madame de Pawr, of his "follies" on her behalf, of his imprudent renewal of their friendship, and last — though to her it seemed least — of the preposterous half-accusation of murder with which he was now confronted.

Madame de la Pommerais, who was only twenty-one when this awful blow struck her, behaved with wonderful magnanimity and trustful love. She accepted unquestioningly Edmond's account of all that had taken place, and never admitted for a moment the theory of his guilt. His parents hastened to his aid, and his old father sought out Lachaud, the greatest advocate of his time, and engaged him for his beloved son's defense.

Doubtless owing to the fact that the prosecution had to rely almost entirely on circumstantial evidence, as also to the social status of the accused, the trial aroused the most amazing amount of interest throughout France, and, indeed, throughout Europe. An intimate friend of the Empress Eugénie was one of the young doctor's patients and a firm believer in his innocence, and it was whispered that, even if the prisoner were condemned, the Emperor would commute his sentence to lifelong imprisonment.

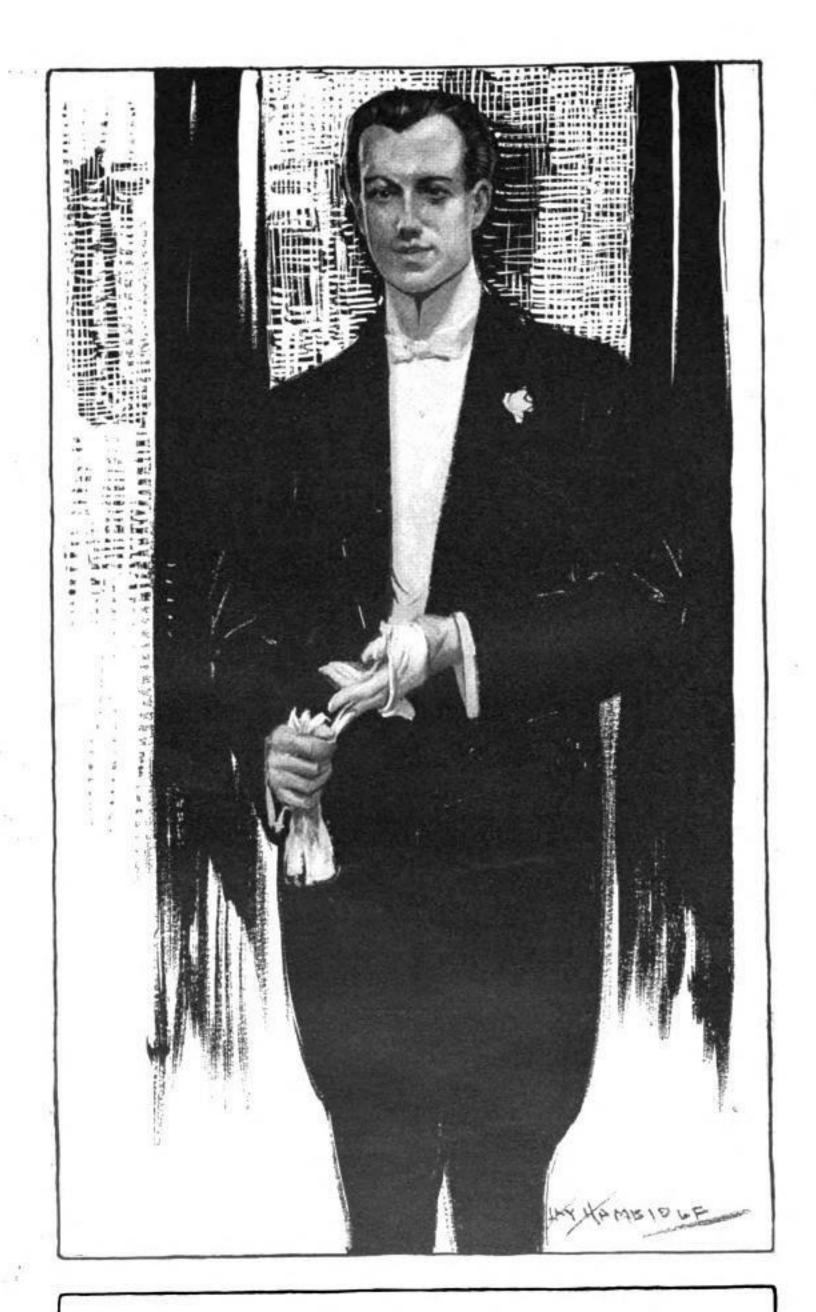
The advocate Lachaud's part was far from an easy one. He set himself to prove that Madame de Pawr died a natural death, and he made great play with the fact that the two able doctors who had attended her had neither of them suspected anything wrong. His "alternative system of defense"— to use a French idiom—was to suggest that Madame de Pawr had deliberately committed suicide, partly in order to pay her debt to her one-time lover, partly to provide for her beloved children!

But, though Lachaud did his very best, and though his published speeches in this defense are among the finest he ever made, not even the famous advocate's casuistry and marvelous eloquence were able to save his client.

Doctor de la Pommerais was condemned to death, mainly on the clear, pitiless evidence of Madame de Pawr's sister, Madame Ritter, who was able to repeat, almost word for word, the imprudent confidences Seraphine had made to her.

To the last the Empress Eugénie believed in the young doctor's innocence. She discussed the case exhaustively with Lachaud; she even received in private audience the despairing wife; and she persuaded the Emperor that, innocent or guilty, Edmond de la Pommerais had been condemned on purely circumstantial evidence. It was whispered at the time that the document commuting the death sentence was already signed, when the high legal officers of the Crown one and all declared that they would resign if the Emperor interfered with the course of justice! Be that as it may, Seraphine de Pawr's one-time lover was made to pay the full penalty of his cruel crime.

To use an expression dear to criminals, Edmond de la Pommerais "died game." His last action on the scaffold was to hand the priest a lock of his hair for his wife and child. And, as he was being strapped under the guillotine, he called out in a strong voice: "Tell my parents, tell my beloved wife and child, that I die innocent — the victim of a judicial error."



THE PRODIGAL

THE PRODIGAL

HOWARD'S OWN STORY ARTHUR

This is a narrative of Mr. Howard's actual personal experiences, told by himself. At the age of thirty-eight, he left New York, a ruined man. Fifteen months later he was elected Mayor of a New England city of forty thousand, which he entered a perfect stranger. The story is a history of events exactly as they occurred to its author, with the real names of the characters involved.

HEN I signed my name to the check at Sherry's on August 21, 1908, I realized that there was no more Sherry's for me. Perhaps that accounted for the excellent appetite I had. I ordered, I remember, oysters, eggs aurore, a squab, and a heart-of-lettuce salad. Then I had a demi-tasse and my special Havana cigar.

As I rose and passed out of the big diningroom, the waiters stood at attention. I had been a good customer of Sherry's. I was something of a specialist in dining. In three years, my bills in that one restaurant had been over seven thousand dollars.

Just for the irony of it, I passed a dollar to the head waiter; the boy who handed me my hat and coat took the quarter without a word.

And so I left Sherry's with the remains of my last twenty-five dollars in my pocket, and walked down Fifth Avenue swinging my cane like the rest of them.

I was through; and I knew I was through. It had been months coming, and I had settled it once and for all. I had taken one more plunge in Wall Street; it was one grand and glorious dip, and it went against me. was long some five thousand shares; that is, the brokers had five hundred thousand dollars par of stocks for me. They sold me out, and I was done. I went to my father and told him.

It was a very painful interview on both sides. My father gave me up definitely; it was his last time.

"All right," I said. "If you will pay me that twenty-five dollars you owe me, I'll get out."

He didn't owe me twenty-five dollars, of

me at once; and, if I remember correctly, there were tears in his eyes as he gave it

That afternoon I sailed alone in the Fall River boat for Boston. Why Boston? I really don't know. One place seemed as good as another for me then. But I was through with New York—the place where I was born and where my life had been. I walked the deck until ten o'clock and reflected.

I was thirty-eight years old, and a failure. I had had my day. In the past twenty years I had had money left me three times. I had gamed and spent more than half a million dollars. And now I was leaving it all. Behind me were debts of nearly a hundred thousand dollars more; my assets were the contents of my traveling-bag and the remnants of the twenty-five dollars from my father.

There were two men I knew on board. Twice Colfax had passed me on the deck, and twice he had bowed — good old Colfax! He did not want to ask me where I was going, and I could not have told him if he had asked. Libby, my broker, in whose office I had dropped sixty-eight thousand dollars, was on the boat, too.

It was about eleven o'clock when I heard, from my state-room, a man's voice on the deck saying:

"I guess Howard is up against it hard this time."

I raised my head from the pillow. It was Libby talking to Colfax.

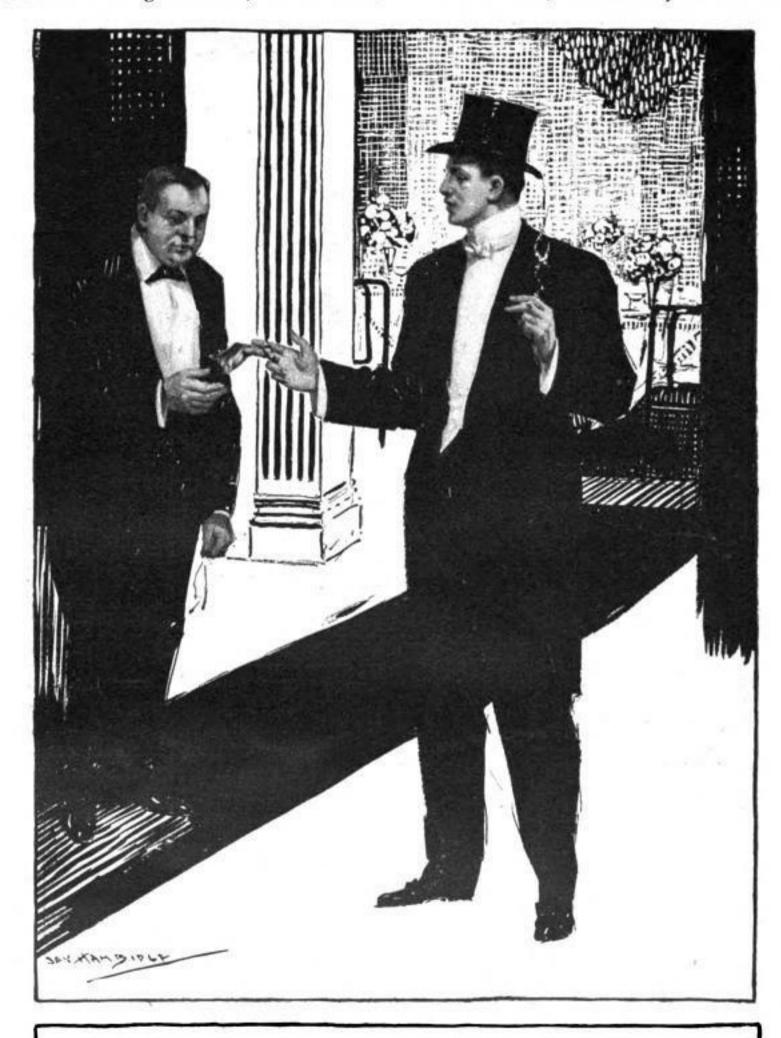
"One of the Kind that Commits Suicide"

"My people were carrying three thousand shares of stock for him, and we sold him out. He was eighty thousand dollars in the hole. His father came up with thirty thousand dolcourse. We both knew it, but he passed it to lars, and we took a mortgage on his home. Bad

business. He still owes us ten or twelve ard but to rush us off to the theater in his usual thousand dollars."

style - taxicab, box, and supper afterward."

"Howard was a good fellow," said .Colfax's "Perfect fool," said Libby. "One of the



BANKRUPT IN NAME AND FORTUNE, HOWARD LEAVES THE RESTAU-RANT WHERE HIS BILLS HAVE BEEN OVER \$7000. WITH AN IRONIC SMILE, HE HANDS THE WAITER A DOLLAR

voice. "Dreadfully reckless. I remember one kind that gives away all he has, and then time he was giving Maud and me at Del- commits suicide or takes to drink." monico's. It was nine o'clock when we finished, and Maud made some chance remark much in Howard either to kill himself or take about the theater. Nothing would do for How- to drink."

"You're wrong," said Colfax; "there is too

There was a knock on my door. I opened it, and saw the steward with some whisky on a tray. "Your order," he said.

The men outside had gone. I turned in again, my head full of curious thoughts. .. Ten minutes later I was asleep.



TORTURED IN MIND, IRRESOLUTE IN PURPOSE, HOWARD IS LYING IN HIS BERTH, THROUGH THE OPEN PORT A VOICE REACHES HIM . . . "HOWARD IS THE KIND THAT COMMITS SUICIDE"

"How much?"

shall I put it?"

half dollar and banged the door.

At five-thirty I was standing impatiently in "Thirty cents, sir," he replied. "Where the line of passengers on the deck at Fall River; an hour later I was in Boston. It seemed a "Take it away," I said shortly, gave him a new world to me. I was asking a new question at the Information Bureau in South Station.

"Boarding-houses," said the man at the genuinely friendly folk, and I have always window, "are on Beacon Hill."

I found one - a men's boarding-house on

found them so.

In a few minutes Howard the bankrupt, Sam



THE LAST REMNANT OF MORE PROSPEROUS DAYS IS HIS WARD-FOURTEEN SUITS OF CLOTHES, COSTING MORE THAN \$80 EACH, ARE LEFT. HE ENTERS A PAWNSHOP

treet took me to it. The janitor was soon introducing me to my fellow boarders. It was a different atmosphere from New York's. These Yankees whom I was discovering were Seriousness had never been a fault of mine.

the back of the hill. A man I hailed upon the the janitor, and a rosy, shabby man, a job printer named Lee, were breakfasting together at a cheap restaurant. And so my new life began.

I can't say I took it over-seriously at first.

For that first month I drifted; but I drifted, his shop in Cornhill. I wandered in and as I see now, always in one direction.

saw him that afternoon, a shabby man in a All my life I had been interested in writing little, shabby, inky room littered with proofs.



WEARING WHAT IS LEFT OF THE ATTIRE OF HIS FORMER DAYS, HOWARD HIMSELF GOES ON THE STREET IN BITTER WINTER WEATHER TO SELL HIS PAPER

and printing. I had found time from my That night I had seven of my twenty-five books - published, by the way, at my own April. expense.

business to become the author of several dollars left. It was melting like snow in

The next day was Sunday. As I sat there in Lee, the job printer, had asked me to visit my one rocker, reading the Boston Globe, I saw

that Joe Howard, its New York correspondent, had died.

It always seemed to me a very agreeable way of making a living. The next day I called upon the editor of the Globe and asked to continue



HOWARD ESSAYS THE SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE TASK OF ESTAB-LISHING A NEWSPAPER WITHOUT MONEY, SCANT COURTESY MEETS HIS EARLY EFFORTS

cousin - a jovial, social fellow around town all Joe Howard's column. The editor was agree-

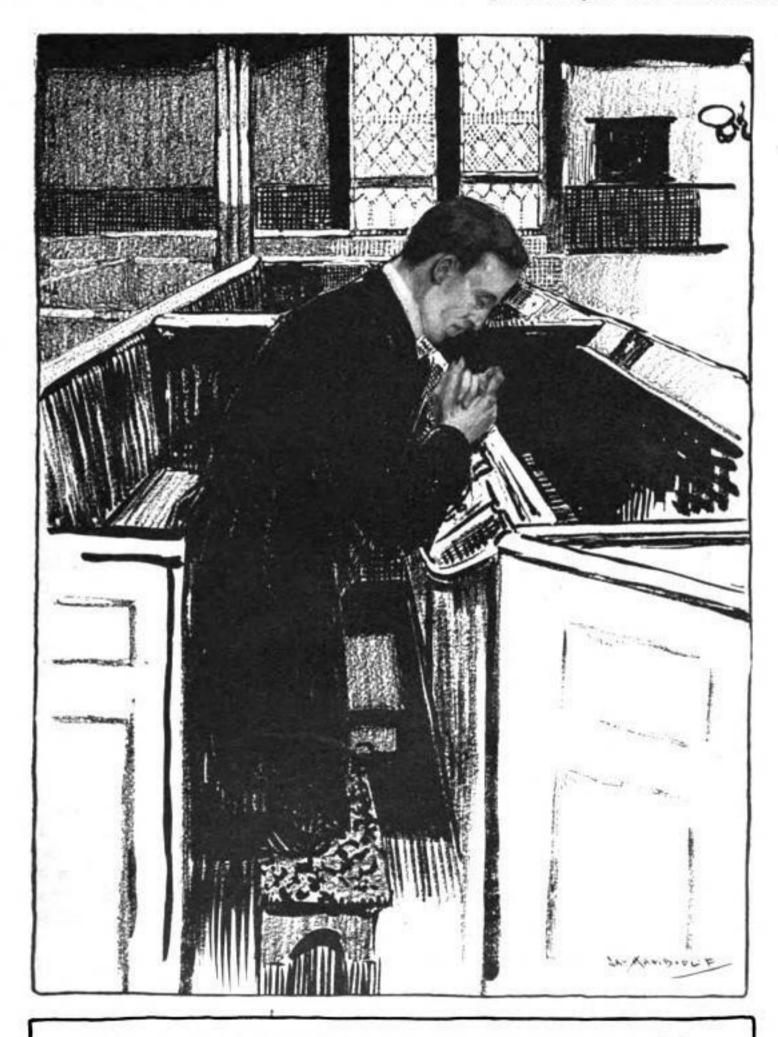
those Puritans up in New England."

the first of the week. On Thursdays he used to able, but firm. "Joe Howard's place," he disappear, saying: said, "is closed forever." I did, however, "I've got to write my weekly sermon for get him to read a specimen letter I had prepared.

Boston. "Why don't you try a smaller place," in my head. he said - "Brockton or Salem?"

He thought it funny, but rather raw for his suggestion about going to Salem stayed

That night I had just two dollars left of my



IN THE PEW IN THE OLD SALEM CHURCH WHERE HIS RUGGED, GOD-FEARING CRANDFATHER HAD WCRSHIPED, THE PRODIGAL KNEELS AND PRAYS

"Salem," I said. "There's where my people twenty-five. The next morning I read in a came from."

"It's a fine old place," said the editor, bowing me out.

newspaper an account of a man - yesterday in comfortable circumstances - who had been found in desperate straits. The idea, not un-I can't say why, but for some reason naturally, appealed to me. I sat out by the Frog Pond near the Common and wrote a poem which I called "Sunshine and Rain." It ran to pathos strongly, as the last verse will show:

There is some one living somewhere Who is lonesome, sad, but true; All his thoughts are turning homeward, Little woman, just of you. And in exile there comes daily A remembrance and refrain, That she loved him in the sunshine. But she left him in the rain.

I took this to an evening newspaper, and they gave me six dollars for it. That night I spent a good share of it on a dinner with Lee at the Parker House. I was the same old Arthur Howard. After that I wrote innumerable verses on the Common and peddled them about the newspapers; but that was the last of my support from poetry.

However, I had other luck. A few days after, when my room rent had come due at the boarding-house, and I was explaining to Sam, the janitor, that I could never pay it, I came home to find a letter from New York. When I opened it, thirty-five dollars in new bills fell out. There was nothing else, but the writing on the envelop showed it was from Colfax...

I spent this as freely as I had the rest. When it was gone, I met a Boston man who had been in school with me. When I told him I was in hard luck, he insisted on giving me a card to the Union Club. "You can take your meals there while you are getting started," he said. So for two weeks more my board was provided.

I tried for work in a big department store; for a day I was a book agent; and all the time I haunted newspaper offices.

The Last of My Wardrobe

Then, in the first part of October, I took a desperate and unsuccessful plunge. I formed a company of entertainers, backed by another man at the Hermitage (my rooming-house), and we started out to entertain in the public hall of Pepperell, a town near Boston. The carfare and hotel bill were forty-three dollars. We had in the house some fifteen people. Seeing this, I circulated among the audience and returned their money, and had the local telephone operator notify everybody she could reach that the show was free. And then they didn't come!

It was a sad night for me. The next morning I sent the rest of the company home, and had to walk myself seven miles from Pepperell to Nashua Junction, with two dress-suit cases, to get back to Boston. And I owed my fellow member of the boarding-house over forty dollars which he had advanced to me. And

now I was getting down to bed-rock. I fell back on my wardrobe.

I was always a great believer in clothes from a business standpoint, especially in New York. If I intended to go back into business in New York to-morrow, the first and best investment I could make would be to put fifteen hundred dollars into clothes. A man can do almost anything in New York on the strength of a fifteen-hundred-dollar wardrobe. In Boston, I had kept up appearances carefully. I doubt if my fellow roomers really appreciated just the condition I was in. Then they sent on my clothes from home.

In this wardrobe, as I remember it, there were fourteen suits of clothes, five overcoats, something over one hundred neckties, and some fifteen pairs of shoes. They were no cheap clothes; not a suit had cost me less than eighty dollars. There were two suits of evening clothes. One of these was a real suit of clothes. It had cost me one hundred and sixty-five dollars, and it was worth it. I never saw a better one in my life. My wardrobe was bankable; I got ninety-three dollars on it all, and out of this I paid for my theatrical venture.

The Science of Killing an Appetite

I was through with theaters and high-priced hotels now. I ate with Lee, the job printer, at a dairy restaurant.

I was very glad I knew Lee. He was a great help to me, for he was a real expert on cheap feeding. He always looked well fed and rosy, and his face was unmarked with care; yet he spent almost nothing for food, and he did it on a carefully worked out theory.

Little by little he explained this to me. Popcorn balls were his staple. At a cent apiece, they were as filling as eggs. Two were ample for breakfast. Squash pie at five cents was equal to a small steak; with milk or coffee it made an excellent dinner. Tea must be avoided—it made you hungry. Coffee, on the other hand, was excellent—it killed the appetite. Gradually I learned from Lee the first lesson of the poverty-stricken man in the city. It is not quality or even nutriment that you must have first; it is something to fill you up.

Toward the last of October I was down and out in earnest. My money had dwindled till I could count my nickels on the fingers of one hand. Then there was one last spasm of luck for me. My house in New York had been sold under foreclosure. I had got no less than five mortgages on it, and my equity in it was not usable. But there was twenty-five dollars and thirty cents of rebate on insurance which was rightfully mine, and this was sent on to me.

I Start to Buy a Newspaper

That morning, as Lee and I were eating breakfast together in silence, my eye fell on the following item in the Boston Post:

SALEM GAZETTE CLOSES

OLDEST PAPER IN THE STATE ENDS ITS CAREER

Salem, Mass.—The Salem Gazette, founded in 1762, ceased publication to-day. It has been recently issued as a daily. There are no assets or liabilities. It died a natural death. The old plant is now doing iob work.

The old newspaper in the town of my ancestors! The suggestion which had come to me when I talked with the editor of the Globe returned to my mind. I could go back again, perhaps, and find a living in the place my people had sprung from. I took the first train for Salem.

It was noon before I arrived in the town of my fathers. The Gazette machinery and franchise were owned, it seemed, by Robin Damon, the proprietor of the only daily newspaper in the city. I entered the rather pretentious office of the News and waited for its owner, who was out.

Presently he came in — a thick-set, heavyjowled, red-headed man.

"Is this Mr. Damon?" I asked.

"Do you own the Gazette?" I inquired.

"Why?"

"I wanted to buy it," I said, smiling.

"It's not for sale," he cut in, turning and sitting down to a book which lay on his desk.

He was a type I was not unfamiliar with. For five minutes I stood perfectly still, waiting for further signs of action — at the end of which time he arose and came brusquely toward me.

"Can I do anything for you?" he inquired

sarcastically.

"Will you give me permission to publish the Gazette?" I asked suavely.

"Where are you from?" said Mr. Damon.

"New York," I answered, with my best smile.

"New York! Well, you had better go back again," he growled. "Plenty of men have tried to publish a daily paper in Salem, but the people here are satisfied with the News. We've covered this field for thirty years. There's no chance for another paper to break in here. It I would be my own reporter. would cost a small fortune, and only a fool would try it."

He made a grimace, apparently intended for a smile, checked himself, gave me a cold stare, and turned and sat down again, with a grunt. I had a feeling that I should leave. I executed my best dancing-school bow, smiled benignly upon the entire office force, and left the office.

Two minutes later, as I was sauntering down the street, I turned around and came face to face with a man who was following me. I recognized him as one of the men employed in the News office.

A New Daily for Salem

I don't like opposition; I was always a spoiled child. This thing grated on my finer sensibilities. Besides, I had over twenty dollars in my pocket. I turned back, and stepped into the first bank I was passing. Two employees were swapping stories, which they seemed under some obligation to finish before they looked at me. Presently I caught the eye of the elder of the two, and said: "I am thinking of starting a daily paper in Salem; will you tell me where I can get a reporter?"

The idea amused them heartily. They told me that fourteen separate men had appeared with fourteen different newspapers, and all had gone down before Damon. Nevertheless, they referred me to a man who might know about a reporter — George Day, a local tailor.

As I entered Day's shop, a small man arose in a businesslike way. I at once corrected his surmise that I was a customer. "I'm a stranger looking for information," I said.

"A stranger," said Day, in the tone the man on the raft in the melodrama calls out, "A sail,

a sail!"

I explained my purpose, while Day explained Salem. It was not, he said, a place where strangers frequently broke in and established new enterprises. He was not a partizan of the News.

"Everybody is sore on it," he said. "It does and says just what it wants to. When it feels like roasting you, you get it good and plenty."

"If I started a newspaper, would the people

like it?"

"Like it! They'd eat it up. But have you got money enough?"

"How much would it take?"

"Sixty thousand dollars, the News says."

"I haven't got any," I said.

"Well, you certainly have got your nerve with you," said Day.

"I start to-morrow," I said.

So I went out again, without a reporter. But

Twenty minutes later I was reading in the public library the old files of the News. When it started thirty years before, it was not much more than a hand-bill, as full of typographical errors as anything could be and remain understandable. What I knew about newspapers was nothing, but I could certainly start as good a one as Mr. Damon had.

That night, about eight o'clock, I visited Lee at his printing shop in Cornhill, with a business proposition. When I asked him if he would print a newspaper for me, he almost collapsed with joy. His price was fifteen dollars a day.

I offered him five dollars. He hesitated.

"Cash," I added. He accepted.

I sat down at once, and in a couple of hours I handed him my copy, which he started immediately to set into type. There was no sleep for us that night. At four o'clock the press work was all done. On the first train I took out to Salem the first five hundred copies of the Morning Dispatch. Four hundred and fifty of them I left at the local newsdealer's, and went into a near-by restaurant for breakfast.

"It's Awful Cute"

The restaurant was a few doors from the News office. As I stepped out of it, Mr. Damon, its editor, came tearing up in his automobile. And as he came to the curb, the man who had been following me the day before stepped up and handed him a copy of my new sheet. He tore it open, gave a jerky laugh, and, crushing it in his hand, walked into his office.

No doubt his contemptuous laugh was justified. Yet it was music to me to hear the voices of two subsidized newsboys singing out, "Dis-

patch - Dispatch," before his office.

Then I walked over to Day's tailor shop. It was full of men, to whom Day introduced me with a sweep of his hand. I gave each of them a copy of my paper. Day was the first to break the pall of silence that ensued.

"It's awful cute," he said.

That was true; it was just about the size of Damon's first effort.

"Not only is it what you might call cunning," said a man seated on the table, "but it is really remarkable for its lack of information. For instance, where are the deaths and marriages?"

"We don't believe in encouraging either," I

answered, as cheerfully as I could.

It was certainly a curious sheet. Not having any reporter, we had no local information. We didn't print any. I made up an editorial, a few alleged jokes; I had a column on the stock market; and I made quite a specialty of the weather prediction. I have been told since that it was like nothing else in the world. No doubt this is true. I certainly had no information at that time which would justify my denying it.

"On the level, Mr. Howard," said Day finally, "your paper is punk. There's nothing to it. If you can't give us a larger sheet, the

thing won't go here."

This seemed to be the sentiment of the crowd, with one exception. There was one tall, bony fellow of about thirty-five, with sharp features,

who held a big black cigar nervously between his teeth. Suddenly this man spoke up in a sharp, resonant voice that drowned out all the rest:

"Shut up, the whole crowd of you! You don't know nothing, nohow. What difference does it make how it starts, as long as it gets started? You all set here and kick about the News and holler for another paper. It's here. Now, for heaven's sake, nourish it; don't strangle it.

"Mighty glad to know you, Mr. Howard," he said, looking me up and down. "There ain't much to you, but you've got a sharp way about you I like. Come on; let's get out of this knockers' club"—and he pulled me out the door.

"Those fellows are all right," he said, when we were on the street, "but they're always looking for trouble. Be careful what you say to 'em. Any one of 'em would sell you out for ten dollars, excepting Ed."

"Which one was Ed?" I asked.

"He wasn't there," he replied.

"And what is your name, Mr. --?" I asked.

"No Mister about it; just Bill, that's all," he said, and left me.

So I met Bill Sanborn, the young dry-goods man. Later I was to meet Ed Allen, his friend.

The Job Printer's Fourth Disaster

I started the Dispatch on Saturday, October 24. We came through the next week the best we could, both of us working all night long. In the morning I carried the edition to Salem. Saturday night Lee presented me his bill for thirty dollars. I gave him what I had—fifteen dollars.

"That's all I've got," I said. "I'm dead

broke."

Lee said nothing at the time; he was not a quick-moving body. But that night, when we were at supper, apropos of nothing he remarked suddenly in a sad voice: "Dead broke."

Several times he muttered the phrase.

"That ends it," he said; "I'm down and out. I counted on you. I thought you had money."

"What?" I said, returning his excitement.

"Haven't you got anything, either?"

"Not a cent," said Lee. "They were just going to foreclose on me when you started up your newspaper; I counted on you."

"What'll you do?" I said finally.

"I don't know," said Lee mournfully. He was a phlegmatic individual, who lay down peacefully when he got in trouble.

"It isn't new," he continued. "I always get just about into this condition. This will be the fourth time. Yep," he mused, "the fourth time. Once in Chicago, once in Los Angeles, and once in Savannah."

"You choose extreme distances," I suggested. "Got to," said Lee, in tones of resignation. "It's safer. You see, the plan is this. I work at the case till I save up about one hundred dollars, and then I put it down as first payment for machinery and start for myself."

"Who is your creditor?" I asked him.

Lee named a type-founders' company, adding dully: "They always have been.

"You see," he explained, "they don't know Their business is so large that all you need to do is to open an account with them in another city; they never know the difference."

We got up. "Well, I suppose you'll give it up and go back to your people," I said.

"Haven't any," said Lee. "I've got to hang on here as long as I can."

Standard Oil to the Rescue

So Lee, peripatetic job printer, and Howard, bankrupt jeweler and speculator, got together in their new enterprise, and fought desperately to keep it afloat.

The job printer was a star; Lee was as automatic a typesetter as a linotype; he could go to sleep setting type. The editor was another matter. I filled up the paper first with merry jests on the weather and a few old poems I carried in my mind; I gave them a little Wall Street news, and for filling I used time-tables and a few columns of advertising that I got permission to run free. But my specialty at first was my editorials. I began on general topics. My friend, Frederick W. Peabody, the man who directed me to my boarding-house the first day I set foot in Boston, helped me to write these and get them into shape. They handled anything, from the tariff to suicide. But soon I worked inevitably into local topics.

After we had been going a short time, I noticed that my esteemed contemporary, the News, had an interesting habit, instead of picking up and criticizing local affairs, of wandering outside the city, from time to time, and ferociously assaulting some distant interest. The Standard Oil Company was a favorite mark; every now and then the News would Standard Oil monopoly to pieces.

Now, I had known the Standard Oil people very well. I had been in school with two of the younger Rockefellers, and it was my opinion that they were as good people as the editor of the News. I thought these articles were a cheap and unfair method of pretending virtue, and that, so far as monopoly went, the methods of the News in Salem were far worse than those of the Standard Oil in the United States.

Mr. Peabody and I framed up an editorial to this effect, and we ran it.

This particular issue of the Dispatch took our last two dollars. I didn't have carfare to take the papers to Salem and sell them.

That morning Mr. Peabody dropped into the office. "Have you mailed a copy to the Standard Oil Company?" he asked.

That suggested an idea to me, and I went over to the office of the Standard Oil Company on Congress Street. I sent in my old New York card with "New York Yacht Club" on it, and the manager let me in. I handed him a copy of the Dispatch, which he read through carefully.

"How many do you want?" I asked him.

"Two thousand," said he.

I gasped. Our edition was two hundred, and

we had not a sheet of paper more.

When I finally explained this, the manager said, all right, he would pay in advance. And there was twenty dollars in real money. Life was revived again. It was certainly a close call for us — the first of many.

Lee Sells His Overcoat

I don't care to recall that next month. It was a very cold November that year; and at the beginning of it Lee and I were obliged to leave the rooming-house and go down to his printingoffice in Cornhill, where there wasn't any rent to pay, or at least there wasn't any rent paid.

It was a dreadful month. I went to Salem every day and got together as many pennies as I could, and brought them back in the evening. We had to lay out twenty-five cents a day for paper — two hundred sheets, which was our edition. I went out and bought the quarter's worth of paper and brought it back under my arm.

Then there was carfare to Salem. What we had left we had for ourselves. Many a night I had only twenty cents left over for our food, and sometimes Lee had nothing to eat at all until I brought back my small change from Salem.

That month tested to the utmost Lee's system on how to live on nothing in particular.

We had beans when we could afford them. Oftener we had squash pie. But we chiefly start up out of a sound sleep and tear the relied upon popcorn balls for agreeably and thoroughly distending our stomachs for the nominal sum of a penny. I don't know that I was greatly harmed. I had been very fond of the piquant and elaborate sauces of the Fifth Avenue restaurants; but the plain food, I really believe, was better for me than what I had been accustomed to. It certainly would have been if I had had enough of it. But I hadn't. What we took in from the Dispatch would not feed us, even squash pie and popcorn balls.

The day soon came when we found ourselves absolutely out of food. Lee went out, and when he came back he had five dollars and no overcoat.

"You take it," he said, "and go home to your people." Good old Lee! he was a generous-hearted chap. Of course I refused, and we ate a good meal and started over again.

We slept on a pile of newspapers on the floor. In the morning we got up and stole over to the Quincy House, in the next street, to wash ourselves. We warmed our place by a little stove, with coke, which we bought ten cents' worth at a time. It often got cold in the night, because the stuff burned out if we didn't wake up every now and then and throw more of it in the stove.

One night Lee became very sick; about two o'clock he had a very bad chill. I got up and walked over a mile to a public hospital and begged some quinine. When I got back I had a chill of my own. But the quinine saved us both.

Every day, though, without a slip, we got out the Dispatch. It was late, often; it ran from a morning to an afternoon newspaper. But it came out, and it was sold. I myself was the newsboy. To the onlooker the situation had its elements of fresh and joyous humor. I had glimpses of it myself at the time.

The Newsboy in the Silk Hat

The town news-dealer had sold the Dispatch for the first week, and, according to his statement that he settled at the end of each month, he was due to pay me then. But when I arrived to get my money, he said there was practically nothing coming to me. Later he said that the paper was smaller than the others and got lost easily, and that he sold too few to make it worth while; besides, he didn't care especially to get in wrong with the News. So after that I let him have only a few copies, and I went out and sold the Dispatch myself.

There were a number of subscribers now. I had made my headquarters in Day's tailor shop; and every now and then one of the gang there gave me a quarter and said somebody wanted the paper for a month. I got about seventyfive subscribers that way, and I walked six miles a day to deliver their papers. Then, every day, I went out and peddled papers myself on old Town House Square. In this way I sold about twenty-five newspapers.

I still had left a frock-coat and a high hat, principally because I couldn't get anything for them. As the weather got colder I reinforced my thin frock-coat with copies of the Dispatch beneath my vest. On my feet I had thin low shoes. I was not over-warm.

A few weeks before I was dodging and

turning down side streets whenever I saw anybody I knew. Now I stood in the public square and sold my wares without a quiver.

It was worth while doing, if for nothing else than for its glimpse of Town House Square and the politicians. Salem is cut in two by the railroad, and there is practically no way of getting from one side to the other without passing through Town House Square, which leads over the short tunnel of the railroad through the center of the city.

The population of the city passes and repasses the spot. Around the tiny square, the cheap curbstone politicians, who for the past twenty years had controlled the town, met every day in a kind of sidewalk caucus, heard the news, and settled the destinies of the city.

The Sad-Eyed Politicians

The prominent feature on the corner was the leader of the aldermen, a man named Doyle one of those big, silent, "mysterious Mike" kind of Irishmen who say nothing, but listen and utter monosyllables. His business was that of ticket-taker at a theater. He raised a large family, and made considerable investments in real estate and even corporation stocks.

Another constant attendant was an exmayor, "Col" Peterson, a roaring, rough-andready politician with a warlike mustache — a loud talker and a lumpy dresser, with a hearty, independent habit of profanity.

With them, often, were the McSweeney boys, minor city officials and politicians, famous locally for having a foot in all political camps.

The political editor of the News, one of those April dressers with dark brown hat, a light brown overcoat, steel-gray trousers, and lavender socks, stood with them.

It was a curious sight to see the men who were really operating the affairs of the city gathering every day upon old Town House Square. It was the sadness of the thing that struck me, the solemnity with which they did their duty. Every afternoon they met together, talked over the affairs of the city, and spit sadly into the gutter.

I knew nothing about politics. I had paid absolutely no attention to it all my life. But I could scarcely run a local newspaper and not

be drawn into it.

An Introduction to Politics

We had been publishing just a month when Day sent for me to come into his office, and introduced me to "Link" Allen, one of the aldermen, a long-legged man, the sonorous grandeur of whose profanity was unequaled in my experience. He explained to me in a passionate ecstasy of language that the News had criticized severely a "junket" taken by a city government committee of which he was chairman. It was the first criticism of the kind of a city committee, and was put in, he said, by a city official, who was a stockholder in the News, who wasn't invited on the trip.

The alderman brought out the fact, which I already understood to some extent, that the stock of the News was held by men high in the political and business management of the city.

"The rest of the people don't have any show," said Allen. "They'll print what they want to."

Day confirmed this; he had told me of it, the first day I went into his office, as the reason why a newspaper would be welcome.

So I printed "Link" Allen's letter claiming that the cost of his committee's trip had not been excessive — in fact, had been less than a recent trip of the Water Board, headed by Alderman Doyle. With this letter I printed my own comment, which ended:

If anything is to be said, let us have it all. The Dispatch may be relied upon for a square deal all round. The object of this newspaper is to give the whole news, not part of it, and also to see that all have fair play.

That letter and editorial gave me the first real instruction about what the public wanted. I knew nothing about a newspaper, naturally; I had spent my life in the jewelry business. I didn't have much local news; we hadn't anybody to gather it. I had been publishing editorials on President Eliot's retirement, the Baconian theory of Shakespeare, and similar topics.

The next day the melancholy congregation of politicians on Town House Square was thoroughly stirred. Alderman Doyle marched down in portentous silence, disappeared into the News office, and held a long and gesticulatory interview with its proprietor. When the News came out at eleven o'clock, it bore the cryptic message:

Some people are saying that the Water Board's trip cost eighty-four dollars. But such is not the case.

One thing was very clear: the News was not going in any way to recognize our existence. This made its defense of Alderman Doyle very awkward. It seemed to me that, under the circumstances, it would be a good idea to take a shot at the News. So, applying the idea of its own Standard Oil editorials to the local situation, I opened up my series of "Octopus Stories." The first one ran like this:

A SIMPLE TALE

The head of "The Newspaper" sat in his office. His fine, intellectual face was rapt in thought, when suddenly there entered one of the staff.

"Sire," said he, bowing low, "methinks the people

are on to us."

"How?" said the chief nervously.

"Peradventure, my lord," continued the scribe, "they say this is not a newspaper, but a spite paper — that we suppress part of the news to spite others." The great man raised his head and spoke thus:

"If you can sting Link, why, go right ahead: But suppress news of Doyle," the great man said.

A pause.

The advertising agent, accompanied by the editorial writer, entered.

"Most learned one," said the former, "I would advise thee that the advertisers are waking up."

Trembling with dread, the "Octopus" roared:
"Quick! Write an editorial damning the Standard
Oil. Call them brigands. It always takes, and will
divert the advertisers from resenting the twenty-five
per cent advance, and the readers from seeing that
we do not publish all the news."

Saying which, he called one of his three automobiles, and was whirled away to his palatial home, where he composed a finely worded editorial for the next issue.

There was little doubt that the editor of the News was excited over my "Octopus Stories." He called in his attorneys and threatened trouble.

In the meantime, Lee and I were having our own troubles. One especially cold night in November, when we were sitting dejectedly around our stove, my new friend, Mr. Peabody, came over and dragged me to his own rooms, cooked me the most delicious meal I ever ate in my life, put me to bed, and gave me the freedom of his suite, with a latch-key of my own. It was a kindness I have never forgotten.

"Ma" and Her Boarding-House

Soon after that I went to Salem and established myself in a boarding-house there.

I was not, I concede, an expert in boardinghouse life, but this place had some peculiarities which have always made a hit with me. Boarding-house keepers in New England, it seemed, are always called "Ma"—or so mine told me.

"Ma" and "Pa" were not affluent; in fact, they were up against it every day. "Pa" was not in active life. He rose each morning at five A. M. to make the fire, and he was detailed to keep the furnace going — not a very difficult task, for we seldom had a supply of fuel, that is, of coal. Every now and then we had a supply of wood, sent by one of the boarders, a young contractor, in sheer self-defense. The scheme of heating was unique. "Ma" would order "Pa" down cellar to make a fire, in order, she said, "to take the chill off the house." After the fire had been going about an hour, she would say:

"You'd better let the fire go out now."

"Don't worry," "Pa" would reply; "they ain't no more wood, and it's going out by itself."

Many a night we all gathered in the parlor and had an open fire, "Ma" banging the piano, "Pa" bringing up wood, and everybody dreading to go to his room because of the cold. But what tales we told each other! Through what gigantic misfortunes had we not passed! Not only were we all formerly very rich, but our fortunes had all been lost innocently, through the manipulation of others.

There was one rich man, though — rich for Salem. Probably he had twenty or thirty thousand dollars. He was an immaculate man, with fixed habits, which never swerved. One of these was his periodical "drunk"— regularly on every last day of the month. He was as immaculate drunk as sober; and it has been a comfort to me in many dark days to remember the early mornings when I woke and looked out my chamber door to behold him parading up and down the hall, attired in pajamas, a carefully adjusted necktie, and a silk hat—studiously removing his hat every time he passed the gasjet in the center, and exclaiming with elaborate courtesy, "Good evening, madam."

But before long my funds were out and a few days before Christmas I went back to the printing shop in Boston. Our finances were again in a desperate condition. In hope of some aid, I published the following appeal:

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS A PITEOUS APPEAL FOR CASH

The day after to-morrow is Christmas day, and we feel that it is a good time to make an appeal. And, again, there is a yawning abyss that must be filled.

In their enthusiastic appreciation of our efforts, many handsome sons of Adam and lovely daughters of Eve subscribed to our paper, and each and every morning, beside their delicious coffee and appetizing eggs, they have read our bright little comments on life and events, and we have felt that somehow we were making life brighter for them. But we are afraid we have listed our readers to realms above the ordinary things of life, because, while they continue to digest our observations and appreciate our repartee, they forget the small sums due for subscriptions.

All day we have flirted with the cash drawer, but, sad to relate, it contains only a few pennies and some stamps. Think, gentle reader, think of the high literary merit of this publication, and then remember that it is all written on this daily bill of fare:

Breakfast, coffee Lunch, crackers and milk Supper, beans

Seriously and honestly, we would like just for a day to renew our acquaintance with a piece of roast beef, or look once more a chicken in the face.

We are not ashamed of our shiny elbows; we do not complain of the bitter cold or remark on the hardness of our couch. These things we are accustomed to. But it is very hard work to write an editorial wishing every one a Merry Christmas with only nine cents in one's clothes.

So please sit down and write us a check, and on the receipted bill we will tell you how much obliged we are. But, even if you fail us, we will love you just the same, and try to eat our beans with a cheerful and thankful heart.

Our piteous appeal received no immediate response. The night before Christmas, Lee and I had eighty cents between us. We had to spend sixty cents of it for paper. This left us just twenty cents for Christmas day, when we would get out no paper and no money would come in. Christmas morning at ten o'clock Lee and I had beans — ten cents' worth — at a lunch-counter. At five o'clock we had them again. It was only one order for two, of course. The first man would divide the beans in the middle, take his equitable share of the bread, and, having eaten, pass the plate to the second.

From the time I was sixteen I had eaten my luncheon at Delmonico's in New York. In all of those twenty-two years I can not remember ever giving my waiter less than a quarter. On every Christmas there was a ten-dollar bill to the head waiter who helped me spend my money. Poverty isn't a crime, but it certainly does cut to a man's heart—especially when he falls to it. It isn't the cold, the shiny clothes, or the food. It's the humiliation. It wasn't poverty I thought of that Christmas of 1908. The words ringing through my head were, "Fool, fool, fool!"

The next day the tide turned a little. I received a letter from my landlady, delivered by "Pa," in which she told me to come back; I was no trouble, and she would be glad to have me stay for five years, if I was willing to occupy the smallest bedroom in the house. I went back just before dinner, stuffed myself, and filled my inside pockets with bread, cake, and fruit to take back to the half-starved Lee.

We struggled along the next few weeks the best we could. I continued my attacks on the local political ring and the News. The more I looked into the political management of the place, the worse it looked to me. And as I brought out one thing after another, there was interest and friendly comment. But our circulation did not go up appreciably. We had just about a hundred, and nobody would advertise with us. We had little enough to give them, and all the big advertisers were hitched up with the News — some of them as stockholders. The rest of the town was scared to death of it.

Lee and I grew poorer and poorer. Finally the type company gave notice that it would take its plant away at eight o'clock the next morning. Lee and I worked all night and printed six editions of the paper ahead. The next day the old printing shop at Cornhill was cleared out. The mice left at the same time.

We had six days' leeway. All that week I went about near-by cities, trying to get some one to sell me a printing equipment. I found a hand-press and some type in a second-hand shop in Boston, which the owner would sell for one hundred and seventy-five dollars, but he wanted seventy-five dollars cash.

The sales of the paper meanwhile dropped down to eleven copies a day. We only lasted the week out by again calling on the Boston manager of the Standard Oil Company and collecting three dollars as an annual subscription.

The end of the three dollars approached. had got the second-hand press man to reduce his cash deposit to twenty-five dollars. But twenty-five dollars was as far off, practically, as seventy-five dollars. So I went dejectedly over to our old office in Cornhill to take Lee out and give him a plate of beans. Lee was cleaning up some papers in a corner.

"Hello," he said, all at once; "here is that motor I bought of the Electric Company."

That saved us. The motor, Lee said, had cost fifty dollars. I ran downstairs, got a truck, and dragged the machine around to the second-hand shop. The owner took it, agreeing to give us the plant, and the next day it was shipped down to Salem.

I had thought of renting the "House of the Seven Gables." It was closed and running to decay, and I could have rented it for fifteen dollars a month. It would have been an excellent advertisement to say I published my paper there. But just before I arrived a patriotic Salem woman bought it, with the purpose of preserving it as a memorial.

So I went to "Link" Allen for advice. He showed me an old paint shop across the road from his coal office, which I hired for two dollars a week. He also lent me a desk and chair, and sent me a hundred pounds of coal. A second-hand dealer, who was a member of Allen's aldermanic committee, whose "junket" Allen had defended in my paper, came in, and gave me an old stove for a month's advertising. Lee moved into a room over the shop, and we started life again in Salem.

I had grown very fond of the old city, partly because I found its people very friendly, partly from sentimental reasons. My great-greatgrandfather, I found, had been quite a man there. He had founded an insurance company. the savings bank, and a mechanics' benefit organization; had laid out the common, and as it might seem, I had conceived the ambition had had a street named after him. One of the to be Mayor of Salem.

only difference in them was the date-lines. The bell's in old St. Peter's tower was a memorial to him. So I went to the church, and asked which had been my great-great-grandfather's pew. I was shown to a large, stall-like pew on the side, which, they said, had been unoccupied for years. I immediately appropriated it, and sat there ever afterward.

> It was not long after that when the minister of St. Peter's looked me up at my office, and had a long talk with me about my paper. Up to that time I had been attacking the methods of the political gang in charge of the city government; but I had no particular policy or purpose in it, unless it was to keep myself busy. Dr. Bedinger assumed that I was doing it all as a public duty and praised my work as a public service. My constant hammering of the politicians, he said, could not fail to benefit Salem.

> This gave a feeling of satisfaction which I had not before experienced.

"I Would Like to Vote for You as Mayor"

But we were certainly about at the end; and we could not seem to gain. We were, in fact, running steadily behind. One day I went up to Boston to see if I couldn't find a new field. I made up my mind that I was through with Salem.

I had an autograph letter of Lincoln's which I had carried in my pocket for years. I took this and sold it to a dealer. Then I took my studs and links and collar-buttons and sold them for old gold. Altogether I raised eight dollars in this way. I wrote a letter to Lee, telling him I had quit the game, and in it I put three dollars of the eight, to give him carfare to his old home in Vermont.

I stood on Washington Street a minute, with the letter in my hand, before mailing it; and, as I stood there, a very nice-looking elderly man with a white beard came up to me and said:

"Isn't this Mr. Howard?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well," said the man, "I am an old resident of Salem, and I want to tell you that I have read your paper with interest. I think you are doing a great public good, and I hope you keep up your fight. Salem is sick of those old political gangs. What we need at the head of the city government is a man like yourself. I hope the time will come when I shall have the pleasure of casting my vote for you as Mayor."

He shook my hand, patted me on the back, and walked down the street.

It took me just fifteen minutes to walk to the railroad station and start back to Salem. Insane



"MRS. TREVELYAN STARTED FORWARD WITH HALF-PARTED LIPS AS SHE READ OF THE MURDER OF THE EARL OF ROAKBY. 'MY GOD!' SHE EJACULATED, 'COSMO HAS DONE IT!"

"CQ"

IN THE WIRELESS HOUSE

BY

ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

What happened in the first instalment.—Micky Fitzgerald, the son of a second son of the English aristocracy, is in love with the Hon. Evelyn Farquhar and she with him; but her grandfather, the Earl, dismisses Micky, and Micky leaves England and becomes a wireless operator. At the time the story opens he is wireless man on the "Pavonia," a trans-Atlantic liner bound for New York. On board the ship are Mrs. Trevelyan, a famous beauty and London society favorite, an Englishman traveling second class under the name of Cloud, and a brother and sister, William Bennett and Miss Bennett, also second-class passengers. Micky becomes a great favorite with Mrs. Trevelyan, who spends much of her time with him in the wireless room. One night he receives a wireless for Mrs. Trevelyan from her husband reporting that the government inspectors are "wise" to her \$50,000 hearl necklace, which she intends to smuggle through the customs. A few moments later he receives a second wireless from England reporting the murder of the Earl of Roakby and the disappearance of Cosmo Graeme, youngest son of the Marquis of Varricks, who is suspected of the murder. The message requests all trans-Atlantic liners to search their passenger-lists for the fugitive, whose full description is given. Micky recognizes Cloud as the man. While he is reflecting on this discovery, he overhears a conversation on the deck below between Graeme and Mrs. Trevelyan, who is an old friend of Lord Varricks' family. In the course of it he learns that Graeme is engaged to marry the Hon. Evelyan Farquhar. Mrs. Trevelyan begs Graeme to tell her why he is traveling second class and under an assumed name. Graeme admits that he is in trouble, but refuses to confide in her. She leaves him, and Micky sees from Graeme's behavior that he intends to throw himself overboard.

VI

OR possibly ten seconds — a period which seemed like so many hours to both of them - Cloud and Micky struggled on the trembling stern of the Pavonia. Then, as the turtleback rose toward the moon on a huge roller, they slipped, lost their footing instantly, and plunged head foremost toward the deck-house. Had the Pavonia's stern been dropping into the hollow of the waves instead of lifting upon the swell, they would as certainly have shot in the other direction and been sucked down into the green, weltering whirlpool that roared and foamed behind the chains. But, by some instinct, Micky had timed his rush to the second, and now they came sliding inward over the stern, cursing, clawing and feebly striking at each other until Cloud's head hit squarely against one of the stanchions that held the guard-rail in place, and his adversary managed to drag him, white and motionless, but safe, up on the deck.

Cloud lay there upon his back, his face ghastly in the waning light of the moon, his

eyes closed and the blood oozing from a broad scalp wound in his high forehead. Micky, faint, now that the horrible danger of the moment was over, sank weakly upon the wooden bench and rested his head on his hands. He shuddered at the thought of what they had escaped, and yet his action had been so utterly instinctive, so automatically altruistic, that not until this moment, when the man was lying at his feet, did he fully perceive the significance of his act. He gazed curiously at this inanimate thing which was in fact no second-class passenger, or shabby adventurer, but the son of an earl, a high-rolling hunting swell to whom, by the curse of the high gods, his Lady of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem had plighted her troth, forgetful of her faithful Micky, forgetful of the grove behind the second gamekeeper's, and of the post-card bearing the cabalistic "I. L. Y."

Here, alone with this silent corpse of a man on the wallowing stern of the *Pavonia*, it suddenly came to Micky that he had been jilted chucked — given the mitten, just as he might have anticipated had he been a few years older when he had marched out of the vicarage and trudged so independently, if not arrogantly, to

the station. Yes, by gad, he had hauled back descended again to where Cloud was lying. the very man that had spoiled his dream for him - his "hated rival"! Micky made a wry little grimace at the ashen face in front of him. There was a "note" for you! Nevertheless, second by second, there welled up in his heart something that drew him to this sad, motionless figure upon the deck, something - of chivalry perhaps (though he was only a son of a second son!) — of the comradeship of those who are fighting against odds on a losing side. For this bally ass had won the Hon. Evelyn in the correct, aristocratic, legal and recognized way (and not behind the second gamekeeper's), and then had proceeded to get gay and do fool things!

"My God, man!" thought Micky, "when you had her — whether you got her by fair means or foul — whether she did it herself or whether it was a stinking game of that bloody old sneak the Earl, why — why — why, in heaven's name, didn't you sit tight and behave yourself and hang on to her? For now you've lost her a thousand times more than I have! You poor, foolish, blundering devil!"

And a great surge of sympathy welled into Micky's breast and (he was shaking and dizzy) the tears came into his eyes, and, being only twenty-three and not a hero at all, he suddenly felt for this other fool of an Englishman the same kind of loyalty that led English officers in the Mutiny or the Malakand campaign to cut their way into a howling mob of Kaffirs or Afghans and carry out on their backs comrades that they hated — in a friendly sort of way. For something told him that in essence this man was a brother, one of his own clean kind, and that, whatever he might have done, however desperate its character, there must be must be — some extenuating circumstance, if not justification.

"Yes, my friend, we're both in the same boat; but, having saved your life, I now propose to go the whole hog and make a man of you," was the unconscious drift of Micky's dazed cerebrations; and before he knew what he was doing he was dragging Cloud toward the deck-house, with the idea of tucking him up in his little as Mrs. Trevelyan had said he ought to be - wearily up to the wireless house, pausing at at Parsley Croft.

It was a dead weight that Micky had to lug along the deck for some hundred feet before he reached the door of Cloud's state-room. Quite out of breath, he dropped him flat outside while he entered the stuffy little room, turned on the electric light, and poured out a basin of water. Then he ran up his ladder.

lifted Cloud's head as gently as he could and let a few drops of the brandy slide down his throat. Then he dampened a towel, bathed his forehead and wiped off the blood. The man gave a groan and opened his eyes. For an instant he gazed stupidly at Micky; then:

"What's the matter?" he asked quietly.

"Hit your bloomin' nut," answered Micky lightly. "Lie still a minute and then we'll tumble off to beddie!"

Cloud closed his eyes wearily.

"Have 'a wee doc and doris'?" urged his attendant.

He poured out a strong quarter tumbler and held it to Cloud's lips.

"Now just hang on to me, if you can," wheedled Micky, "and we'll soon have you where you belong."

He put his arms under Cloud's shoulders and lifted him, after an effort, to his feet. Then he guided the still half-unconscious man into his state-room and tumbled him into his bunk.

"I must have given myself a nasty crack!" whispered Cloud. "My head feels as if I'd been chucked at a water jump and landed head on — in a pile of stones."

"It was almost as bad as that," said Micky, as he closed the door and loosened Cloud's collar and cravat. "Now I'm going to undress you as well as I can, and after you've had another nip of brandy I'm going to leave you until morning."

He fussed over Cloud as lovingly as a young mother over her babe, and the other, still confused from the blow of the stanchion, suffered himself to be made ready for the night.

"Now!" exclaimed Micky, as, after having bandaged Cloud's head, he turned him so that the light would not fall upon his eyes. "Try to go to sleep. I'll come in and see how you are every half hour or so; and, whatever you do, don't ring for the steward. Understand?"

Cloud made no answer, and Micky quietly turned out the light, locked the door on the outside, and put the key in his pocket. So that was done.

He leaned heavily against the deck-house. bed with a brandy-and-soda inside him, just It was now nearly seven bells. Micky climbed each step. The mystery of the night was wholly gone. He felt jaded, disgruntled, depressed - perhaps a bit the way Cloud had felt when he walked sternward not so long ago, twisting his hands. The joy of living had been knocked clean out of him, and there was a dull ache in his heart as he pressed the electric button in his little office and went over to where fished a bottle of brandy from his locker, and the picture of the little girl with the dog was

fastened above his bunk. Whatever might have happened to the real Evelyn in the three years last past, the little girl in the picture had not changed. Under the bushy curls that clung around her shoulders and fell almost to her waist, she gazed smilingly out at him, with a glance archly innocent. Micky gave a kind of hiccough, and, with eyes suffused with burning tears, took out his jack-knife and pried the photograph off the wall. Then he opened the drawer of his desk and pushed it under a pile of papers at the back. It was a fool thing to have a girl's photograph on your wall, anyhow, he decided.

The long antennae of the day were stretching up into the lightening sky. In a few hours the Captain - that irascible, illogical, altogether detestable Captain — would be yawning in his bunk and ringing for his coffee, marmalade, and - the news. Oh, he'd want the news, all right, in spite of his jaw that morning-want it all, and growl because there wasn't more! Micky gave a mournful laugh. Well, there was one bit he wouldn't get — at least, not for some time — the bit about the murder of the Earl of Roakby and the flight of Cosmo Graeme. Save a man, and turn him over to be hanged? Not on your life - not even if the murderer was your rival and by so doing you could get rid of him once and for all! No; so far as Graeme and he were concerned, the Hon. Evelyn could choose between them and do as she liked. But wouldn't the Captain roar, though, when he reached New York and discovered how he'd been fooled? And wouldn't he send in a fine, eloquent complaint to the Marconi Company? Think of it! A captain with a chance to duplicate the Crippen case cheated clean out of it. Why, if Micky handed him everything Poldhu had sent out that morning, old Ponsonby would be all over the ship by eight o'clock and have every passenger lined up for inspection. He'd have Cloud — or Graeme, if that was his name — in irons and tossed into the brig before you would say knife! Not much!

His eyelids drooped and his head began to feel as if it were made of lead. He drew some paper toward him and began laboriously to copy his notes taken at one o'clock:

"Germany has not yet replied to France's ultimatum regarding Morocco. Considerable uneasiness in financial circles. Bank of England raises rate one half per centum. Brother John died this morning. Shall I sell? Terrible fire in New York factory. Scores of operators suffocated."

shut eyes among his papers. Wasn't there and, if we are to believe history, rather less

something about the Carmania? Oh, yes, here it was:

"Cunard steamship Carmania breaks turbine and is laid up for repairs; passengers transferred to other ships. Consols up three fourths per cent. Earl of Roakby reported dead ---"

No, not that! He rubbed it furiously out. Not that! Not that! And, with the scrawled sheet askew in front of him, Micky slid forward upon the desk and fell into a coma of utter exhaustion with his auburn head pillowed upon his arm.

The sun seared the horizon with a scarlet pencil, then poked a burnished disk above the waves; but the red beams which shot across the sea and into the wireless house did not awaken the sleeping boy. Groups of sailors in bare feet appeared and silently began to play the hose over decks already scrupulously clean, while others on hands and knees scoured them with holystone.

At eight bells a white-coated steward came running along the deck, and, clearing the second-cabin reserve in two leaps, bounded up the ladder to the wireless house. He was the Captain's steward — after the news. Just on the point of shouting indignantly to Micky, he stopped short in the doorway and smiled. The boy was still sleeping the sleep of oblivion, the scrawled copy between his fingers.

"Well, I'm blowed!" he muttered. "Poor little tike's pl'yed out! Damned if I'll wyke 'im!"

He took the sheet with care from Micky's fingers and glanced over it hurriedly. What was the use of being the Captain's steward if you didn't get something out of it? Then his brow wrinkled.

"Germany has not yet replied to France's ultimatum regarding Morocco. Brother John died this morning. Shall I sell?"

"Holy cats!" he grinned. "Micky must 'a' kinder mixed things up. That's the damnedest bloomin' noospaper I've 'ad yet!"

And so thought the purple Captain; but he held his peace, for reasons best known to himself.

VII

The bugle for inspection at ten o'clock awoke Mrs. Hubert Trevelyan out of a deep sleep, during the last two hours of which her French maid had sat motionless by the window, ready to spring forward at the first suggestion that her mistress had regained consciousness. She felt that life was good and that she had nothing to regret but much to give her pride. She lay there Wasn't that all? He fumbled with half- like an Egyptian queen or an Indian princess -



"THE NECKLACE CONTAINED THIRTY-NINE PEARLS ABSOLUTELY MATCHED, MRS, TREVELYAN TOOK 'BEAUTIFUL-AREN'T THEY?' SHE SAID, 'BUT HUBERT WOULD NEVER GET OVER IT IF HE HAD TO



THEM FROM THE STEWARDESS AND HELD THEM UP IN THE LIGHT, SWINGING THEM TO AND FRO. PAY THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS MORE DUTY ON THEM, SURELY I CAN HIDE THEM SOMEWHERE!"

cruel and more decent than either — and wondered whether she would turn over for another little doze or tell Fantine to bring her breakfast. the fact that, if she pursued the latter course, she would have to elect between marmalade and honey made her quite ready to remain as she was, in a state of somewhat unstable mental equilibrium.

The de luxe suite which she occupied was situated on the upper promenade, and could be entered directly from outside, so that what it gained in convenience it lost in quiet. The nerves of an older woman would have been set on edge by the noises around her — but not Lily Trevelyan's. She had no nerves. Sailors ran up and down directly over her head. Below her she could feel the deep-down distant throb of the engine and the vibration of the screw. The seething of the waves along the side rose and fell on her ears with the movement of the ship, and the wooden partitions squeaked and wheezed with the slow but regular upheaval and subsidence, like the creak of a monstrous But these sounds did not disturb her.

"Fantine!" she murmured drowsily.

"Oui, madame!"

"Ring for the stewardess! And order breakfast - honey, I think, this morning."

"Oui, madame."

The maid laid down the ruffle upon which she was sewing, and rang the bell. She was a swarthy, wiry creature - crisp, capable, and discreet. Some day she would return to Paris and marry again, and educate her child, which just now was in an institution where she had placed it before taking service. There are many of these "widow-maids" in New York and London. But nobody knew about the child, and nobody cared, and nobody would have guessed that each night she prayed to the Virgin with passionate tenderness for its safekeeping, and, with tears in her black eyes, covered with kisses a tiny pair of shoes surreptitiously drawn from the bottom of her sewingbag. No; the world of men and of most women would have classified her as a rather smartlooking, rather hard-looking, rather wickedlooking, and distinctly good-looking French girl, who knew a thing or two and probably more than she ought, who had her price, perhaps, but realized when she was well off and stuck to the bridge that carried her over. Yet she had her other side, and every penny that she could save went into the Postal Savings Bank for her "pauvre Philippe." She had been with Mrs. Trevelyan five years, and during that period had never been guilty of the slightest indiscretion, nor seen any. Such women some-

times become the mothers of deputies and cabinet ministers.

Now the maid pushed aside the silk curtain She was in that state of complete comfort where of the berth and assisted her mistress to rise, and when the starchy stewardess arrived with a hot special breakfast prepared under the second steward's own particular eye, Mrs. Trevelyan, rosy from her bath, was reclining in an armchair in a blue Japanese dressing-gown heavily embroidered with roses and dragons, while Fantine deftly dressed the heavy mass of golden yellow hair that hung almost to the floor. Mrs. Trevelyan's cheeks always glowed with unfictitious health, and now, as she sat smiling and chatting to Fantine, she presented a truly lovely picture to the eyes of the stewardess bringing in the tray.

> "Good morning, Mrs. Dorrance," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "What a glorious day!"

> "Fine, madam," answered the stewardess, as she placed the tray on the wicker table in front of Mrs. Trevelyan. "It's lovely weather — and, if you will pardon me sayin' it as shouldn't, you're as lovely as a rose yourself this mornin'."

> Fantine, doing her mistress' hair, smiled the faintest undefinable smile at the directness and banality of this broadside compliment.

> "Thanks, Dorrance!" laughed Lily. "You can say it just as often as you like! Why doesn't everybody realize that nobody minds the nice things people say, no matter how undeserved we know them to be? I'm sure I really shall look lovely this morning just because you say so, and if you only believed I was very, very good, I'm convinced I should be a saint."

> "Yes, madam," answered Dorrance, feeling a bit out of her depth and also a little ill at ease; for, although she was a stout, middleaged, and rosy-cheeked English party with a Santa Claus smile and a motherly manner, she eyed human nature with suspicion and made a living as a detective in the United States customs service. "Yes, madam — thank you, Shall I go or can I get you anything?"

> "Nothing, thank you!" smiled Lily. "Unless you hand me my pearls over there. Fantine's hands are full of my hair and things."

> She nodded toward the dresser, where on a red morocco case lay coiled the pearl necklace that she had bought at Voysans' in the Rue de la Paix the week before sailing, with the money her husband had sent her for the purpose.

> Mrs. Dorrance had seen the pearls before, had seen them daily -had been watching for them, in fact, when Mrs. Trevelyan had come aboard at Genoa, owing to the perfection of that system of espionage adopted by the customs service

over the American in Paris, and the compulsory information extorted from the jewelers of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de la Paix in return for being allowed to do business in peace, whereby every important sale is reported to the eager officials. The necklace had cost her fifty thousand dollars. Against her husband's express advice, she had spent the entire amount on the pearls themselves instead of reserving a portion of the money to pay the duty; but the obvious difference between the necklace offered her for one hundred and fifty thousand francs and the present one at two hundred and fifty thousand had been too much for her, and she had succumbed to the soft iridescence of the handful of weightless things, had set prudence aside, and, with the idea of getting them in somehow without duty, had hardly hesitated before purchasing the more expensive string. And can she be blamed?

Perfect — every one — bluish white, almost opalescent at times, the necklace contained thirty-nine pearls, absolutely matched on each side and graduated exactly from the big one in the center to the smaller ones at the ends next to the diamond clasp, which in itself was a precious thing of value. She took them from the stewardess and held them up in the light, swinging them to and fro gently:

"Beautiful - aren't they?" she cried.

"Beautiful, madam!" gasped the stewardess in unfeigned appreciation, for she knew a good pearl as well as anybody.

"Yes," continued Lily; "I care for them more than for any of my other things. Mr. Trevelyan bought them for me five years ago at Tiffany's in New York, and I wear them everywhere. I just couldn't live without them. No, nothing else, Dorrance!"

She poured out a cup of steaming coffee and crushed a honey-dipped Vienna roll between her white teeth.

"Dear old Dorrance!" she laughed. "If they were all as easy as she is! But Hubert would never get over it if he had to pay thirty thousand dollars more duty on those pearls never! I fancy I can manage. Surely I can hide them somewhere!"

"The inspectors are very thorough, madame," ventured Fantine. "I am told that now they even make the ladies undress — and they look everywhere! There is no escape at all!"

"Nonsense!" returned her mistress rather nervously. "They wouldn't do such a thing. I'm sure we can devise some way to fool the inspectors. Anyway, it doesn't do any harm to try. You can always pay the duty if you don't succeed!"

By this time Mrs. Trevelyan had finished her breakfast and the maid had fastened her into

a trim, ocher-colored costume and pinned on her hat. She glanced at herself in the glass, stepped out on deck, and, crossing the reserved second-cabin space, climbed briskly up the ladder to Micky's office. The door was shut, but, always ready for a joke, she opened it stealthily. Perhaps she could put her hands over his eyes and make him guess who it was! He'd guess, too!

But, to her amazement, Micky lay at his desk, his head on his arms, amid a riot of yellow sheets, sound asleep. He breathed heavily. He was, as she would have said, "dead to the world." Poldhu or the Ushant might shriek across the ether waves, Tangier might summon impatiently, a sinking ship might send out the danger call of "CQD"—but it would be in vain. It would take more than a wireless message to wake Micky Fitz.

"Poor little man!" she whispered to herself. "Poor, tired little man!"

She leaned over and brushed his hair with her lips — and as she did so she seized the opportunity of glancing at the messages in Micky's penciled scrawl on the sheets around him. She absorbed the news about France and Germany, made a mental note of the price of consols, and then started forward with half-parted lips as she read of the murder of the Earl of Roakby.

"My God!" she ejaculated. "Cosmo bas done it! The fool! Why did he take a man like that!"

She was trembling with excitement.

"I never guessed!" she gasped. "I never suspected for a minute! Why, they'll bang him! Poor Cosmo! The idiot! I wonder if Micky's told the Captain. Of course! Lucky they didn't see me with him last night! This is a go!" With a lingering look at Micky lying hot and flushed in the noonday sun, Mrs. Trevelyan quietly closed the door of the wireless house and hurried back to the boat-deck, fearful lest she should meet Cosmo Graeme and not know what to say to him.

VIII

MICKY woke with a feeling that something was wrong, and struggled to his feet amid a shower of yellow papers. The sun was pouring through the windows of the wireless house. There was a pungent odor of violets everywhere and — he looked through the window —Mrs. Trevelyan was just going down the ladder.

It came to him with something of a shock that he must have been asleep — and that the Captain hadn't got his news; and it bothered him for a minute until he remembered the other events of the night before and how he had quite forgot the Captain. His own back was lame and his muscles felt stiff and creaky. He must get right after Cloud; there was no question about that.

"Whew!" he whiffed, as he threw open the forward window. "Smells like a chemist's!"

He stooped laboriously and gathered the scattered sheets, noticing the absence of the draft he had prepared for the Captain's use. Perhaps Mrs. Trevelyan had swiped it. Then, with a feeling of relief, his eye caught the jottings he had made of the news from Poldhu and the Roakby affair. Lucky that hadn't been stolen while he slept — and yet, if Mrs. Trevelyan had been up there, no doubt she had read it and by this time it was all over the ship! No — she was Cloud's friend. Of course she wouldn't give him away. Or would she? Perhaps she had gone directly to Cloud himself and taxed him with it. Anyhow, he must get busy and look after his prisoner of war. He felt in his pocket for Cloud's key, and slowly climbed down the ladder.

Outside Cloud's room he stopped and listened. There was nothing going on in there, and he knocked softly. There was no response. He thrust the key into the lock, turned it, and opened the door. The state-room was empty; the bird had flown. Moreover, the steward had been in and put things quite to rights. The place looked just like any other second-class cabin — not a bit like the den of a murderer or the son of a marquis or of any other extraordinary or sensational person.

A shadow darkened the wall and the gaunt face of the second-class passenger appeared in the port-hole.

"Good morning," said Micky cheerily. "You gave me quite a start, you know! How on earth did you get out?"

Cloud left the port-hole and came to the door of the state-room. He looked very white, and a neat bandage had taken the place of Micky's improvised one of the night before.

"You forgot the steward," he said. "I pretended to be asleep until finally I couldn't keep up the bluff any longer, and the chap let himself in from the outside. He didn't notice that contained among others the words: there wasn't any key."

He held out a lean, muscular hand, which Micky clasped firmly.

"How's your head?" inquired the latter.

"My head's well enough," returned Cloud. Then: "I'm afraid I put you to a lot of trouble last night."

"Not at all! Not at all!" rejoined Micky, as if saving people from committing suicide were a daily occurrence with him. "You see,

kept Cloud locked in his state-room. Then he the old boat — maybe you remember?— well, the old boat sort of lifted herself at the psychological moment and chucked us in where we belonged. Nasty place out there. My! you've got a grip on you! My back's as lame as after a house match at 'The Hill.'"

> "Did you go to Harrow?" asked Cloud. "So did I — I was in Sandford's."

> "Well, I was in Bailey's. We licked you three years running when I was in the house. Not because I was in it, of course. By the way, you're not contemplating doing anything like that again, are you? You see, I couldn't guarantee that it would come exactly the same way."

Cloud smiled a wan smile.

"I give you my word," he answered simply, "as a fellow Harrovian, not to make a fool of myself again."

He held out his hand again. Micky took it, and looked him in the eyes.

"Honor bright?" he asked. "Honor bright!" replied Cloud.

"Thanks," said Micky. "By the way, you might drop up to the wireless house any time you feel a bit off your peck. I'm there most of the time, especially evenings. I ought to tell you, right now, that I inadvertently overheard your little talk last evening with Mrs. Trevelyan. However, that's all behind us."

Cloud looked at him inquiringly.

"You heard all we said?"

"Yes, I think so," answered Micky lightly. "Of course none of it is my business, so long as you don't try to deprive us of your company! She's a very circumspect lady, Mrs. Trevelyan! But, take it from me, there's no place on an ocean liner to discuss private matters except on the end of the bowsprit or in the crow's-nest! Even there some old woman from Putney would probably get on to what you were saying by reading your lips."

He handed Cloud the key to the state-room. Cloud received it without comment, his innate English distaste for any display of emotion struggling with his genuine gratitude to Micky. Turning his back, he put the key into the lock, and, as he fumbled with it, he jerked out awkwardly a few disconnected phrases that

Awfully obliged - what you did last night. Really didn't know what I was doing. Never forget it. Must think me a damn coward. Try to explain it all sometime. Feeling down and out."

"Don't mention it, old chap!" chirped Micky. "We all make asses of ourselves occasionally. Now I've got to deliver a few radios, but I'll see you at lunch, and maybe to-night you will come up and smoke a pipe with me?"



"MICKY STOOD THERE ALONE AFTER MRS. TREVELYAN HAD GONE. 'A WOMAN LIKE THAT,'
HE SAID, 'COULD MAKE YOU DO ANYTHING!'"

Cloud nodded and kept on fumbling with the key, while Micky, glad to escape, and fully confident that, for the time being at least, any danger of the attempt being repeated was over, hastened away to the purser's office with his Marconigrams — among them the one for Mrs. Trevelyan.

The purser looked suspiciously at him as he shoved the yellow slips under the grating, but

Micky wore an air of entire unconcern.

"A little slow in transmission," said the Marconi man casually; "but the fact is I was done up, and slept right through until this minute. However, I've dated 'em all this A. M. And, anyhow, nobody can get off this bloomin' boat a minute sooner than New York — that's sure!"

The purser gave him a look of disgust.

"By gad, you're a rum 'un!" he remarked fiercely, although Micky was a perennial joy to him. "I wonder you last a day — can hold your job a minute — with your infernal cheek and indifference! I bet you get the sack once and for all at the end of the voyage." He glanced over the radios. "One for Mrs. Trevelyan, too!" he added ruefully. "Oh, you'd make an angel weep, you would!"

Mrs. Trevelyan had returned to her room and was gazing abstractedly out of the open window in a dim cloud of cigarette smoke. The news of Roakby's murder had quite unnerved her. She had known him well before her Trevelyan days - too well for her own good. That he should have been put out of the way was no great loss either to her or to society at large. But that Cosmo Graeme her friend, whose father's house she had visited for weeks at a time — should be his murderer liable to instant arrest — and (she shuddered) to be hung! Could she sit calmly by and do nothing for him? See him run down and caught without raising a finger? Yet what could she do? Was not the information in the possession of the ship's officers? She imagined them already in cold, impassive conference, debating as to whether it were better to arrest him now and put him in irons, or wait until the ship should near the land and he could be turned over at once to the civil authorities. Cosmo Graeme, the youngest of a quartet of to him and asked with unconcealed anxiety: handsome, chivalrous brothers! Cosmo, the darling of the smartest set in England! How could he! And then it came to her that perhaps Micky had not yet told the Captain that perhaps she could persuade him to hold his peace and keep the matter secret until, at least, she could try and think what to do. Yes, she must find Micky at once and use all her powers to induce him to become her ally.

"Marconigram for you, madam."

The reading-room steward touched his cap smilingly as he handed it to her. Impatiently she tore open the papers.

"Government inspectors wise to your necklace."

She stared at it helplessly. Wise to her necklace! Impossible! It was just a joke of Trevelyan's! No; he never would have taken that amount of trouble for a joke! The Roakby affair faded out of her mind under the stress of this new and unexpected complication. She set her lips indignantly. She was sure the government couldn't treat its citizens in any such despicable fashion. Trevelyan was a ninny an old woman! What did he mean by wiring her? Was it to advise her to declare the necklace and make herself liable to a duty of some thirty thousand dollars, or was it simply to give her the tip that extra precautions would be necessary to smuggle it safely in? That was it, probably. Why, he'd whine for six months if he had to pay all that money! And he'd make her life miserable into the bargain. She crumpled the paper in her hand and tossed it into the scrap basket—where it was promptly found and read by Mrs. Dorrance within the hour.

Lily Trevelyan hurried back again to the wireless house. How foolish she had been not to act sooner and stop Micky before the damage had been done! Now it was probably too late.

She found him playing shuffleboard with a little hunchback, who, used to kindness from all the world, greeted her with a smile; but she glanced at him quite coldly, and, to his surprise, addressed herself to Micky with an imperative "I must speak with you at once. You'll find me at the stern." And Micky, yielding the game by default, promised shortly to return, quite to the satisfaction of his cheerful little friend, who regarded him with awe and admiration and thought him the most wonderful person on the seven seas.

Micky found Mrs Trevelyan awaiting him on the bench where he had sat and watched Cloud's colorless face the night before, and her face, too, was pale and her chin quivered, and her hands in their fresh white kid gloves clasped and unclasped themselves in her lap, as she turned

"Have you told anybody about Roakby?" Micky had never seen her like that - without her mask of light frivolity and teasing insincerity, and he liked her better than he ever had before.

"No, Mrs. Trevelyan," he replied. do you ask?"

"Because if you haven't I want you to promise me that you won't — at any rate, not

for a few days. I can't explain. Only something very terrible may happen if you do. Please don't ask me. I can't think to-day. When I - when I read it over your shoulder in the wireless house it bowled me out or I'd have waked you. I know I'd no business to read it, of course, but now it's done. Please promise me you'll keep it to yourself."

She raised a serious, sweet face to his and laid a beseeching hand upon his blue sleeve. He felt a quick pang of compunction for his unworthy thoughts of her. Was it possible that this woman was anything but noble? Had he not done her an injustice? Was there anything but entire unselfishness in this tense appeal directed toward the saving of a friend?

"Yes," he answered slowly; "I'll promise you that — if you want ——"

He hesitated; but anything save frankness was utterly abhorrent to him.

"I might as well tell you," he added simply, "I overheard your talk with Cloud — that is, with Graeme — last night. I couldn't help it; I was just above you on the deck-house."

"Then you know?" she asked quietly.

"The same as you," he nodded. "I got it off Poldhu half an hour before you came aft. a bad mix-up. They're sure to pinch him at quarantine. And I'll never be able to cut it all out. It must be the biggest story in England! Cosmo Graeme! Why, I've always heard of Cosmo Graeme! He stroked the eight at Oxford, didn't he? Give him up? No — I won't give him up! Not for an old Ponsonby, or Scotland Yard, or the whole Marconi Company!"

"Oh, Micky!" she cried, her face flushing. "What a brick you are! It will be our secret, won't it? We'll not tell a soul! Give me your hand on it."

She gave him her hand, and Micky took it in his freckled paw and held it for a moment, and something coursed from her veins into his and made him tremble, so that he let it drop.

"Good-by, Micky!" she whispered. member!"

"Good-by," he answered, his heart beating a little faster. "I'm not likely to forget!"

He stood there alone after she had gone, with a strange feeling of exhilaration in all his body. The hand that had held hers still tingled from her clasp, and his heart seemed somehow to have expanded like a toy balloon.

"My God!" he thought. "A woman like that could make you do anything!"

IX

was kept on the jump until a late hour. There mute.

were more than a dozen commercials of all sorts. He dutifully jotted them down, and, with ears hungry for English news, waited for the "ZZ — ZZ - ZZ" from Poldhu. At last it came, and Micky grasped his pencil firmly and began to write as the man in the shirt sleeves in Cornwall threw the leaping current at him through the ether.

"Press - for - transmission - only - stop Consols - off - one - half - per - centum - stop Lloyd-George - down - with - severe - cold - interferes with - speaking - stop Germany - replies France's - ultimatum - by - counter-proposition generally - regarded - as - substantial - compliance - stop Tony - Burke - known - as - the Southdown - Slugger - knocks - out - Jimmy Devereux - at - Birmingham - in - fourteen rounds - stop Mrs. - Roberta-Menges-Corwin-Hill - sent - to - Tombs - prison - in - New - York City - for - attempting - to - smuggle - jewelry through - customs - stop Vigorous - effort - on part - of - United - States - government - to prevent - violations - of - tariff - law - stop Defalcation - in - London - branch - of - Royal Bank - of - Edinburgh - amounting - to - over five - thousand - pounds - confidential - clerk who - mysteriously - disappeared - last - week now - known - to - be - embezzler - thought - to be - on - liner - to - America - description - tall clean - shaven - blue - eyes - brown - hair - hollow cheeks - aquiline - nose - last - seen - Paris - in company - young - woman - stop No - trace of - whereabouts - of - Cosmo - Graeme - fourth son - of - Lord - Varricks - Marquis - of - Conyngfort - still - believed - to - be - mid-ocean Details - Roakby - murder - still - concealed - stop Funeral - to-day - Castle - Ruyn-Waterford - Hants - Scotland - Yard - requests thorough - search - all - Atlantic - steamships and - report - at - government's - expense - stop Lord - Varricks - prostrated - stop."

There was a knock on the door of the wireless house.

"Come in!" shouted Micky, and went on taking as Cloud entered tentatively.

"Greatest - excitement - prevails - in - England - where - alleged - murderer - was - popular in - high - society - stop."

"Hearing all about you," remarked Micky shortly, as he waved his visitor toward the bunk with his disengaged hand.

Cloud nodded. He looked more gaunt and hopeless than ever. Micky pushed a box of cigarettes in his direction, and Cloud lit one while the Marconi man continued to take down a miscellaneous assortment of information which, with its repetition, occupied another twenty-Up in the wireless house that night Micky five minutes. During this period both sat



""FRANK WANTED TO KILL HIM AT ONCE. BUT BASIL SAID HE MUST DIE QUIETLY. HE LOCKED BOTH DOORS AND TOOK DOWN FROM OVER THE MANTELPIECE THE SWORD OF THE FOUNDER OF OUR HOUSE, WE ALL LAID OUR HANDS ON IT AND SWORE TO KILL ROAKBY"

more.

The man on the cliff, Micky knew, was knocking the ashes out of his pipe and snapping off the green electric light preparatory to turning in. The air was quiet, except for the Hohenlohe, which was trying to flash a belated commercial over the Pavonia to the Berlin.

"MPA de DKV"--"MPA de DKV"-"MPA de DKV"-"Warum antwortest du nicht?" ("Why do you not answer?") insisted the Hobenlobe.

Then he tried the Pavonia; but Micky shut off his coherer, threw his receiver on the desk, and took one of the cigarettes from the box, with a grunt of disgust.

"Let him holler!" he mumbled.

"Who?" asked Cloud.

"That chap on the Hohenlobe!" answered Micky. "He's one of those conscientious fellows that never sleep. Well, how do you feel?"

Cloud puffed nervously at his cigarette, tried to answer, and looked helplessly at Micky. Utter despair was written in the lines of his mouth and forehead. Finally he said in dead tones:

"I might just as well have done for myself last night. That's better than — being caught and"— he hesitated —"brought back."

"Oh, tommy-rot!" retorted Micky. "A live dog's better than a dead lion! You're a long way from Bow Street yet. Lots of things can happen before we reach New York."

Cloud shook his head.

"Nothing can happen," he replied. "No matter what comes, I'm done for! You say you heard my talk with Mrs. Trevelyan, and so of course you must know I'm Cosmo Graeme, a fugitive from justice, a man charged with murder!"

He dropped his cigarette on the floor and crunched it out with his heel.

"Why, yes — of course I know that," an-"You swered Micky in a conversational tone. can't conceal yourself on the Atlantic Ocean, my friend! It's worse than Broadway or Regent Street. Now I should never think of trying to hide on a ship. If they spot you, there you are. You should have thought of that before you got on board."

The man on the bunk pressed his temples with the palms of his hands.

"Look here," he said. "You did a decent thing last night. I may be sorry now you didn't let me fling myself in, but that's over and done with. I've given you my word not to try it again, and I won't. I understand you've got the news I'm wanted for Roakby's murder,

"Stop,' said Poldhu suddenly, and sent no it back. I don't know why. I don't ask. I can't think. All I know is that just as I was going to do a cowardly act you stopped me. And now, when I might be chucked into irons and held up as a murderer to the whole ship's company, you come along and rescue me again!"

"Rather interesting, isn't it?" said Micky

easily.

"You've saved my life," continued Cloud, "and — I wanted you to know I wasn't the ordinary sort of criminal."

"I didn't suppose you were," remarked Micky, "considering what I — what common report said about — the other fellow."

"The beast!"

Cloud shook both his fists.

"Was he?" asked Micky. "Tell me about it." Cloud took another cigarette, and the match with which he lit it cast great shadows in the hollows of his cheeks. He rose and paced up and down the little room as if trying to find the right beginning. Outside the night was opaquely dark and a strong breeze made it impossible for him to be overheard by any stray loiterer on the deck.

"Begin with me — and then how it happened later," he jerked out. "Cosmo Graeme, of Harrow and Oxford. My father is Lord Varricks — I'm the fourth son — our place is down in Hampshire - Parsley Croft, they call it." It seemed hard for him to force the words from his lips. "We're a hunting lot. Keep our own hounds. Always a crowd of people at the house. You know the kind of people — Mrs. Trevelyan used to be one of them. What they call the best people in England!" His lips curled.

"Well, this beast Roakby used to be one of them too. He was a friend of my father's. There weeks at a time. Came when he pleased and had the run of the house. One of those ingratiating scoundrels that simply hypnotize the women. He lived all over — had a shooting in Hungary and an apartment in Paris and a villa at Monte Carlo. You know the type. A married man that didn't live with his wife, and hadn't any children."

Cloud ran his hands through his hair and his voice rose in higher key.

"You know what some country houses are. You've read about 'em in the magazines and weeklies, I suppose. Well, ours wasn't very different from the ones you read about. But Roakby made a point of what he called being a gentleman - a gentleman!"

Cloud turned suddenly upon Micky and grabbed him by the shoulders, and his words came grating forth in a series of hoarse cries.

"What would you have done - if this beast and Mrs. Trevelyan says you're going to hold - this cur - O God!" He gave a dry sob.

"Our sister—our little sister—fifteen—Man! Think of it! My brother Basil came running into the billiard-room, looking like a ghost. 'Cosmo, come here,' he said in a queer voice, and dragged me into the corner by the observatory. Then he told me. It made me actually sick. Oh, the swine! The swine!"

He was wailing, this full-grown man.

"Harold and Frank were somewhere about, smoking. It was a week ago Sunday. Harold all but fainted. Frank wanted to kill him at once. He was quite insane, I think. But Basil said he must die quietly - there could be no explanation. We could see him from where we stood, walking around on the lawn with my father! Basil told us to go into the billiardroom, and sent for some brandy. Then he locked both doors and took down from over the mantelpiece the sword of old Roland de Pleinpalais — a founder of our house. Basil stood it up on its point between us, and we all laid our hands on it and swore to kill Roakby. Then he took the helmet that goes with the sword, and put four slips of paper in it with a cross on one of them - I drew it. Then we talked it all over calmly enough. I was to go to him and give him his choice of either doing it himself or being executed - that was all. That night, after all the guests had gone to bed, I found him smoking in his room and drinking whiskyand-soda.

"'Hello, Cosmo, old chap,' he said, smirking at me. Then he saw something was up and turned white.

"I told him he must kill himself or the matter would be taken out of his hands. He turned yellow — yellow — and knocked the glass of whisky on to the floor. He couldn't speak.

"'No,' he said. 'No! — It's a joke, isn't it, Cosmo?'

"'Joke, you swine!' I cried. 'Have you a pistol?'

"'Yes,' he said. But he lied; he hadn't one.
"'Give me twenty-four hours to settle my affairs,' he whined.

"'We'll give you till to-morrow noon,' I answered. 'If it isn't done then — we'll do it for you.'

"I waited near his door all night, but nothing happened. There was a hunt next day and everybody was in the field. We mounted Roakby on an old broken-winded roan that dropped behind inside the first three fields. I clung to him. He saw it and could hardly sit his horse.

"'Well,' I said, riding alongside of him.

"He was shaking like a leaf.

"'Cosmo!' he stammered. 'You don't mean it, man?'

"I put my hand in my pocket and handed him my own pistol — a fool thing.

"'You see that copse?' I said to him. 'Get off your horse and go in there.'

"He got off and almost fell, but he took the pistol and went staggering into the trees.

"I waited, but again nothing happened. I must have stood there ten minutes. Then I tied the horse and went in after him. The cur was leaning against a tree, and the pistol was on the ground beside him. He simply couldn't do it. When he saw me he began to swear just to keep his courage up.

"'Well?' I said. 'Will you or shall I?'

"Then all of a sudden he made a dive for the pistol, and rushed at me with a kind of scream, and in the struggle it went off and killed him. I didn't fire it; but that was a mere accident, for I would have. Only, as it happened, he shot himself — without intending to. I led the roan into the trees, and rode after the hunt and told Basil what had occurred. He said that on no account must I stay in England, because any defense would involve our sister. So I'm here, hunted like a real murderer. I can never tell my side of the case, and if they get me - as they're bound to — they'll bang me — just as they would Jack the Ripper. It's a pretty story, isn't it? A fine story for England! Now is it better for Cosmo Graeme to disappear quietly?

"That's how it happened. There's nothing more to tell. We even agreed not to let my father know. After all, the swine was dead! So I went to Paris and from there to Madrid and so on down to Gibraltar where I came aboard. There is a man who followed me all the way from Paris — with a woman. They sit at your table — Bennett is the name they go under. I have a horrible feeling they're trailing me. But they didn't have me arrested. I don't know! But when you stumbled over me yesterday I began to think I was making myself too conspicuous by my absence." (He gave a flicker of a smile.) "That's why I turned up. But then I saw that man there, and — then Lily Trevelyan saw me — and — well, I just couldn't stand it - that's all! I'm done for. I can never go back to England! Dear, rotten old England! My life's over!"

He stopped and wiped his eyes, which had filled with tears, and Micky could see what it had cost him to tell the story.

"Not over yet!" answered Micky, laying his hand on Cloud's shoulder. "You may be done as Cosmo Graeme, but there's many a good man who's gone on living and done useful work under some other name than his own. You give me a chance to think it over. Maybe

I can think something up before we reach New York. . . . And thank you for telling me."

He held out his hand and Micky shook it silently.

"Good night," he said, opening the door.

"Good night," answered Cloud. He could say no more.

Micky returned to his seat at the desk, and sat there for a long time in what is commonly described as a brown study. It was true — the man's life was done, save in some other country under some other name - in Oran, perhaps, as one of the legion of daredevils made famous by their reckless bravery against the Moslems. Why not? Only men who had nothing to lose by death could cope with men who believed that they could not die unless Fate has so ordained.

He looked out into the night, but its thick blackness gave him no consolation. There was no way of escape — Cloud was caught like a rat in a pit. Once the ship reached quarantine, the officers would swarm over the side and go through her as with a fine-tooth comb, and they would find Cloud and recognize him, as easily and certainly as they would find Mrs. Trevelyan should they want her. There was no mistaking him. And his conduct — his prolonged absence from the dining-room at first, his solitary habits, his unresponsiveness had already made him the subject of discussion and criticism on the part of the other second-cabin passengers. It would have needed very little to make him the object of suspicion as well.

Micky lit his pipe and shook his head. No matter how he projected his mind forward, he could see no way out of it for Cloud. He would be under arrest before the Pavonia was off Fire Island, and safe on a steamer bound for England inside of twenty-four hours. And then what? A quick trial, in which there would be no defense, but where the court-room would be crowded like a royal levee with peeresses in their own right and all the importunate distinguished women in London society - come to see Cosmo Graeme caught and killed, like a cottontail dragged out of a hole with a ferret clinging to his throat, and cracked on the back of the neck Saved his life to have it snatched away again? with a gamekeeper's stick!

There was a knock at Micky's door and the important?" picture conjured up by his reverie was rudely shattered. By some trick of telepathy, perhaps, this unnerved man had been drawn back again to the wireless house.

"I saw your light still burning and I came back," he said. "I can't sleep. You don't known what torture it is to lie in one of those state-rooms, staring at the ceiling hour after hour. I thought maybe if you had any work to do you'd let me stay here with you."

"Sure thing," answered Micky. "Sit down and have a pipe, while I see what that Dutch

idiot on the Hohenlohe was after."

Cloud took a pipe from his pocket and filled it, while Micky connected up his coherer and put the receiver to his ears. Sure enough, the German was still at it — signaling frantically.

"MPA de DKV — MPA de DKV — CQ — CQ - CQ - CQ - CQ - CQ - CQ - CQ

"DKV de MPA," answered Micky, "K-K — K ——"

"MPA de DKV," shouted the German, "TR" (time rush) - "MSG" (commercial message). "Time now 1.15 — one message."

"DKV de MPA," replied Micky. "Time

OK. GA" (send when ready).

"MPA de DKV," retorted the Hohenlohe. "OK. Thanks. Radio via Hohenlohe, Umberto Primo, Casablanca. Message No. 1. Thirty-five words. Ponsonby, Captain Pavonia. You are herewith ordered in compliance request Scotland Yard to search your ship for escaped criminal described press despatches Poldhu and report direct to company's office Liverpool, via Casablanca. For the company, Hammersley."

The man on the Hobenlobe stopped sending, and Micky threw him a "Thanks. Good night." But he felt no thanks. On the contrary, a great and horrible fear stole over him and turned his forehead cold. So the game was up! There would be no lapse of time in which to devise a way of escape for the man who sat there so helplessly, clinging to him like a child without a mother.

"I've got to deliver it!" muttered Micky. "I've got to deliver it; and when I do the jig will be up!"

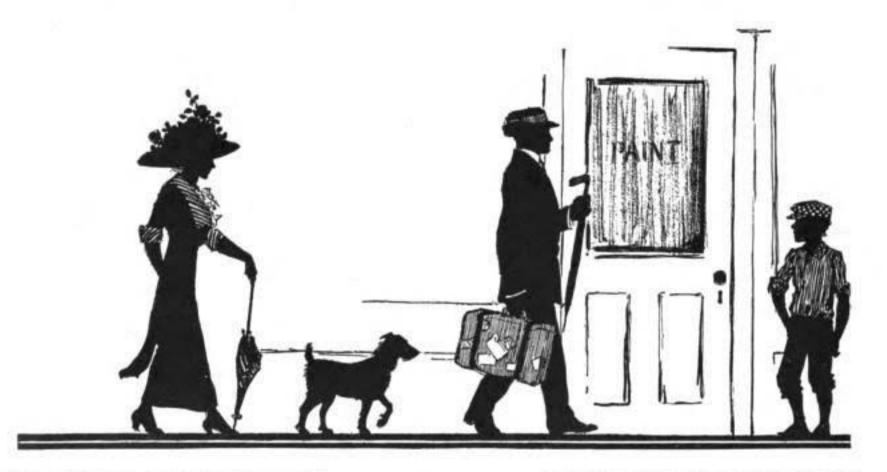
He looked stupidly at Cloud. Could this be the end? Had he hauled him back for this?

"What is it?" asked the other. "Anything

"So - so," answered Micky. "The Cunard Company has ordered the Captain to search the ship for you - and I've got to deliver the message to-morrow morning."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE BLUE STORE:



A BUSINESSLIKE young man, carrying a satchel, walked briskly up one of the retail streets of a lively Eastern city. In front of a dismal little store he paused, put down the traveling-bag, and stood for a minute surveying the de-

jected exterior of the ancient establishment. It was a melancholy old place — worn, unpainted, and dingy. Dusty window-panes blinked in a senile way upon the passing crowd, and over it an almost illegible sign feebly whispered: "Paint."

To the young man the old store made a strong sentimental appeal. His grandfather had founded it; he himself had worked in it when he was a boy — until he left, a youth, with the volunteers for the war in Cuba. And now, back from several years of absence, from the war, from a variety of not over-successful efforts to seek his fortune over the country, he looked again into the windows of the old family paint shop — more worn and senile and timid than ever before. And here, where he stood, he found and recognized his fortune at last.

Henderson (we will call him that) stopped gazing, picked up his bag, and stepped inside. His uncle, then the owner of the place, was there, and as they said their greetings the young man looked about the familiar old

RICHARD BRACE-FIELD

interior — a curious, dusty place.

The poor old family paint shop was sixty years old now. The town it had started in had doubled and quadrupled and grown into a city of over a hundred thousand people. The old

store had barely shuffled on its way; now it was at a standstill. It scarcely supported life.

"Why?" he asked his uncle. His uncle shook his head. He was not the kind that knows.

"Why?" said Henderson to himself many times in the next few days. He had nothing to do, now he was back home again; he had not yet made his permanent connection with business life. He went around town and inquired about the paint business.

"Keep out of it," said the paint dealers. The business was overcrowded. Profits were scanty.

It was a mighty poor business.

But Henderson kept thinking about it for himself. He walked up and down the city. It was a city of frame dwellings very largely. And every building in the city and the country adjacent represented a possible customer. He tried roughly to estimate the number of gallons of paint annually demanded. The quantity was so great that it staggered him before he was half way through his calculations.

Henderson had just one hundred and fifty dol-

A Bit of Business Magic



lars of savings, which he had brought home with him. He took it and offered it to his uncle for the store - stock, good-will, debt, and all. His uncle took it; it was all the place was worth: and so, seven years ago, Henderson started on his way to fortune.

this is not the story of a great business. The old paint shop has not become a mighty corporation, with a huge capital stock, an executive committee, consolidations, secret fixings and control of a great market. Seven years have passed, and Henderson still owns the store. The events of those seven years are significant especially because they do not deal in extraordinary accomplishments. This is a story tain: for a small business that pays its owner a neat income of six or eight thousand a year is worth while for most of us.

Now, the first problem, as Henderson saw it, was to let the public know that his paint store existed — to impress that fact upon people in a way they could not ignore. No commonplace, half-way method of doing this was to be entertained for a moment. For sixty years the store had been hopelessly commonplace; for sixty years it had meekly accepted its com-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JESSIE GILLESPIE

monplace, starvation stipend. If you stand at the gate of some great industrial plant at quitting time, you will see this deadlevel sameness typified in the laborers who pour forth with The their dinner-buckets. same plane of inferiority char-

It is well to understand at the beginning that acterizes an extensive class of unsuccessful business houses.

Personality from a Paint-Pot

Henderson walked up and down the streets of his city, studying the store-fronts that lined it; then he studied interiors with the critical eye of a man who analyzes what he sees. Returning to his own establishment, he got out a can of a small success, the sort that you — the aver- of blue paint and a ladder. In half a day his age man — would deem yourself fortunate to at- store exterior had taken on a most astonishing hue. There wasn't another shop in the city that wore a blue dress. His was to be thereafter the Blue Paint Store. Presently a new sign extended itself over the sidewalk. It was painted in great blue letters, and it said PAINT in a voice that made the old sign hide its head in confusion.

> Without pausing, Henderson took his paintcan inside and proceeded to decorate the dingy interior. He stuck to blue tints. The way he slapped on the blue paint was extraordinary.

The neighbors got wind of the thing and came in to look. Then the news began to spread that young Henderson, just returned from his travels, had gone crazy. His competitors laughed.

But the embryo merchant merely got out more blue paint, and coated all his barrels and oil-cans with it. When he had transformed his store into a sort of blue grotto, he sent for some large squares of cardboard. On one of these he painted "Thank You" in blue, with a few cheerful flourishes. On another he inscribed "Call Again, Please." On still another, "Ask Us Questions About Paint; If We Don't Know, We'll Find Out for You." He posted a dozen of these placards about the walls and fixtures.

Next, this crazy young man ordered a consignment of blue wrapping-paper and

blue twine. He bought blue shirts for himself cure high-class goods to sell, or to get goods and his store boy, blue canvas coats, and blue caps. At the stationer's he ordered blue letterpaper, bill-heads, blotters, and the like. From the printer he obtained a lot of blue circulars announcing the existence of the Blue Store. He had made his start; he had given his store a personality.

Now, this is merely a bit of history. Henderson's methods are not set forth in these columns to be taken en bloc and imitated. There are other ways of giving a business a personality, and Henderson's methods will not be universally adaptable; but they may supply the impulse for creative ingenuity. Imitators are rarely as successful as originators.

The Blue Store had come forth, almost in a day, into the full light of public scrutiny. It was the same little old store come out of oblivion. The sixty years were put behind it, and henceforth it was to wear its new dress and be known to every man, woman, and child in the city as the "Blue Paint Store."

But all this, of course, was only a preliminary to the new scheme of management. The greater problem lay very much deeper. Creating a Blue Store had been easy — a happy inspiration; it was quite another thing to make that Blue Store stand for something worth while, and to hold it rigidly along the lines Henderson



"Henderson walked up and down the city, trying roughly to estimate the number of gallons of paint annually demanded"

mapped out for it. The blue dress might sidetrack quite a lot of customers at first and get them into the store, but it never would keep those same customers coming back year after year. Instead, the blue might stand for fraud and worthlessness.

Fixing a Quality Dead-Line

Indeed, the new scheme of things was scarcely launched before Henderson began to get complaints about the goods he was selling. These were the same goods the little old store had sold, but complaints had never disturbed it. With the Blue Store which had the eyes of the whole city upon it — the case was different.

At first thought, it would seem an easy thing to pro-

that meet some popular requirement not necessarily dependent on price. In reality, this is one of the most troublesome of business problems; it is commonly neglected because it presents so many vexations. To live up to a definite standard requires a dead-line, with sentries posted all along it. In one business out of a hundred you find such a dead-line. The ninety-nine others are more or less like the paint store before young Henderson bought it.

Henderson was a dealer, not a contractor. The contractors and smaller consumers, who used his goods, looked to him for protection; nevertheless he was unable to assure them that his paint wouldn't pull off within a month or rise up in blisters when the sun struck it. There are plenty of merchants to-day who can't tell why the goods they sell don't have fast colors, or what gives their coffee an off taste.

But Henderson's magic consisted in finding out. He set about a study of paint ingredients, and presently he discovered that the United States government had already taken a scientific interest in the subject. It had issued a pamphlet giving the chemical analyses of most of the brands of paint on the market, together with other technical information of great value. Henderson's goods now lay revealed before him in a most surprising manner. He found that

some of his mixed paints contained no linseed oil whatever, but a substitute of cheap vegetable oil. A benzine drier took the place of turpentine, and plain water made up a considerable percentage.

The very day he made this discovery, he took the train for a large city not far away. Here he called on the manufacturers of a brand of high-class paints — vouched for by the government analysis — and asked for an exclusive agency in his district.

These manufacturers, however, threw up their hands in alarm when they heard the name "Henderson." They, at least, had known about the little old store, and at first they refused to sell any paint to this young man. As for an exclusive agency — well, he could take the next train back and go on selling the stuff he called paint. Their own goods would never associate with that name.

Here was an unexpected obstacle. But Henderson sat down in the sales manager's office without being invited to do so — and stayed there for an hour, explaining the selling ideas he was formulating for the Blue Store. The sales manager listened, at first indifferently, then with attention, and finally with eagerness. Even for these progressive paint manufacturers, Henderson had opened up new possibilities.

The exclusive agency was given not long afterward. And now, having secured a source of supply for the class of goods he meant to handle, and having established a unique personality for his store, Henderson set about perfecting his selling plans. His spectacular change in the complexion of his store had been a start only. He must reach out after a great share of those tens of thousands of gallons of paint needed annually to clothe the city.

Going After the Customer

In the modern enterprising business, selling ideas make up the dynamo that keeps the goods moving as if carried by an endless chain

from house to customer. In the mediocre business you blue coupon will seldom find entitling the anything that bears holder to a much resemblance to a selling idea. The opportunities wasted, for lack of a little executive in- many automovention, would turn the average failure into bank-books with fat columns. In Henderson's sold only an .

city were many large factories. One such factory annually gave an excursion to the ocean; and, when the time approached, Henderson saw one of his first opportunities. He had a concrete idea. The more you study Henderson, the more you will see how he grasped concrete ideas as they came along and turned them into real money.

Hiring one of the near-artists who go about the country decorating barns and roofs, the young merchant devoted one of his windowpanes to a rather amazing seashore scene done, for the most part, in blue. A blue placard explained that the picture represented a small part of the fun awaiting the thirty-eight hundred factory workers on the day of the picnic; also, that excursion tickets would be sold at the Blue Paint Store, and that every houseowner among the factory employees would receive a souvenir consisting of a sample can of paint that wouldn't peel off.

It didn't take those thirty-eight hundred workers long to hear about the astonishing seashore picture, and during the succeeding week nine tenths of them went to the Blue Store to see it. Among the lot were three hundred owners of homes — and each was a consumer of

who remained constant. Not long afterward the county fair was held. The Blue Store had a blue booth on the grounds, and inside the blue booth was a blue fishing-pond. Any house-owner or farmer who registered his name could fish with a blue pole and blue line. From a mysterious region under the blue water the

paint. Dozens of cus-

prize packages. Inside the blue wrapper was a discount on goods at the Blue Store.

There were biles in Henderson's town, but the little old store had



"The neighbors got wind of the thing and came to look; then the news began to spread that young Henderson had gone crazy"

occasional gallon of gasolene. One day this until the soap had done duty to the end. This, versatile merchant reached out and seized a concrete gasolene idea. He got up a wooden gage for measuring the depth of the liquid in the automobile tanks. It was decorated, of course, in blue. A newspaper advertisement announced that every motorist making a first purchase of

gasolene at the Blue Store would be supplied free with a gage. That day there was a string of cars in front of the store almost constantly. Henderson's gage and his bright blue gasolene cans made an impression, and ultimately the



"The school children all received glistening blue rulers with

Henderson blandly explained, was a way Hen-

derson's paints always had. Yes, there was

bow; its parents received an invitation to call

When a baby was born in the town, it got a blue ribbon from Henderson, tied in a beautiful

more of the soap, and more of the paint!

store did the largest gasolene business in town.

Soap, Weddings, and Babies

Most of the teamsters of the city blossomed out with blue wagon umbrellas, with Henderson's name and mottos printed upon them in white. The school children all received glistening blue rulers with Henderson's advertisement in gold. The newsboys wore blue Henderson caps. A consignment of fancy cakes of soap arrived in town one day, each cake bearing, in blue, the Henderson trademark. When the housewives received the soap as advertisements, they were astonished to find that the trademark wouldn't wash off, but remained

"Each new baby got a beautiful blue ribbon bow, and its parents received an invitation to buy paint"

and buy some paint or varnish or furniture polish, at a discount. A blue coupon was inclosed, to make the opportunity real. At all weddings Henderson was present in spirit, and the blue coupons represented things like painted kitchen floors and shining doors.

One day a photographer set up his camera in front of a residence freshly coated with Henderson paints. A few days later a handsomely framed picture was delivered, with the compliments of the Blue Store. It was wrapped, of course, in blue paper, and carried by a messenger in Henderson blue. Thereafter the photographer had a very good thing in Henderson but the latter was satisfied with his liberal policy: it brought returns. To-day there are scores of such photographs in that city, and in the country for miles about, and each of them has paid for itself a good many times over.

Most business houses think it burdensome to send out even the statements that are really necessary. It occurred to Henderson one day that he would send out a big batch of wholly unnecessary statements. He took the names of all the responsible persons in his selling zone. On hundreds of statement blanks he caused to

> be typewritten the complimentary phrase, "You don't owe us a cent; we wish you did."

Every Christmas Henderson sent out cheerful greetings, and often he mailed special greetings - birthday wishes and so on. On Fourth of July he was always eagerly sought by the children, for he was sure to have something for them, such as a blue snapping torpedo or other noisy blue novelty. At church fairs, and entertainments of various sorts, Henderson frequently caused a great deal of fun with his blue paint-selling schemes. Finally came a blue automobile delivery-car. Meanwhile the Blue



Henderson's advertisement in gold"

Store's show-windows worked overtime with display after display. There were many curious scenes depicted on the glass. Every a year ahead local event of consequence formed the subject of a grotesque painting, the general scheme following the lines of the picnic picture described in the foregoing. There was always a well-planned pulling force attached to it, directed toward some specific class of paintusers. Then, while one window was a sort of varied exhibitions. A make-believe man in a blue paint, the other did duty for varied exhibitions. A make-believe man in a blue suit, for instance, was shown in the act of falling from a painter's scaffold. Another show-window display presented an unfortunate of as closely.

dummy painter who had accidentally seated himself in a puddle of paint. The little old store would have blushed for shame over the levity and lack of dignity betrayed by this newfangled descendant of the Henderson line. But it got business.

Hammering the Trade Lists

All these selling schemes were spectacular; many of them were eccentric — the ingenious devices of an active mind to keep a business continually before the public. But there was something more than this in Henderson's operation of his enterprise. More and more, as it grew, he knew business inside out; and he knew his market; and he analyzed

for he was sure to have something for them, and recorded his knowledge in a thoroughly such as a blue snapping torpedo or other noisy systematic way.

The Blue Store did not look at its customers as a conglomerate mass, but as a body made up of units, each distinct in itself. For instance, the farmers comprised one unit; to reach them and induce them to buy their paint of him,

Henderson evolved a special line of selling ideas. Another unit was made up of contractors; another of men who owned modest homes and did their own painting; another of public institutions; another of housewives who used varnish, oil, and polish. All these lines of customers were carefully listed, and the needs of each list put under constant study.

With these lists of names as a basis, Henderson hammered away constantly. He reached out with ideas, first in one direction and then in another, along the lines briefly indicated in this article. He had an extraordinary follow-up policy, keeping a record of buildings that were

paint consumers, and listing them by dates. Thus, one class of buildings would be listed a year ahead for "follow-up," another class three years ahead.

From every point of the compass customers began to direct their steps toward the Blue Store. Before long it outgrew the quarters of the little old place, and moved to a new location near by. It kept on growing, but steadily and without any boom. Its competitors stopped their laughing. Its customers were known and watched and catalogued; but its goods and its business operations were watched and kept track of as closely.



"' You must have put on the paint when the boards were wet"



"When the county fair was held, the Blue Store had a blue fishing-pond inside a blue booth"

Everywhere he could find them, Henderson gathered statistics on the paint business, and filed them away. His transactions with his customers were recorded. His filing system was wonderful — as glimpses of it will show.

One day a farmer entered the Blue Store with a complaint that the paint had peeled from his barn — the new-quality paint which Henderson had secured in the manner related. Through the store's indexing methods, the date of the purchase was quickly found. "You bought this lot of paint on the 10th of last September," said Henderson. "Did you put it on your barn right away?"

"Yes," returned the customer; "the very next day."

Turning to another file, the merchant took forth a slip of paper on which was typewritten: "September 11 — Rain."

"Then you must have put on the paint when the boards were wet," he observed. "It isn't safe to use even the best paint under those conditions."

The customer was silenced — his complaint had fallen flat; and he marveled at this extraordinary system that had caught him so neatly.

A customer came in, one day, to inquire the price of a certain quantity of mixed paint. was given him.

"You're too high," he said, as he turned to go out. "I can beat you by going over to So-and-So's store. I can get a brand just as good as yours, too."

"Perhaps," agreed Henderson; "but wait a minute; we'll look the matter up."

ment tables of paints. So-and-So's brand was duly listed and its chemical constituents given. Farther along in the list was the brand handled by the Blue Store. In the former there were no high-class ingredients, and the government tests showed twenty-four per cent water. In Henderson's brand there were no substitutes, and only one tenth of one per cent water. The customer bought then and there.

Another customer also objected to prices. Henderson took from his files a chart showing just how the wholesale cost of the various ingredients had gone up in a year. There was no answer to this argument.

There is nothing that talks to a customer like documentary evidence and analytical knowledge of the goods under scrutiny. Doubting customers were shown files of photographs, technical results of scientific tests, and condensed information relating to approved painting practices and materials. One specially devised file in the Blue Store was devoted to color schemes; another furnished facilities for comparing the prices of almost all painting goods on the market. Yet the store was not over-systematized; it used simple methods for It accumulating and keeping information that helped to sell the goods. All the statistical and clerical work was done by two persons - a part of the time by one.

Saving Time and Money

But Henderson went further than to pro-From one of his files he took down the govern- mote the selling of his material. A business is run for net results, not gross. One after another, he analyzed the costs of his business; he looked up and checked the wastes of time and of material, but especially of time. In those early days of the Blue Store "scientific management" had not come strongly into the limelight, but the methods that Henderson worked out and put into operation for himself were nothing else. He evolved his whole scheme from his own brain, without any knowledge whatever of technical procedures. He reasoned that the Blue Store, if it were to give its customers minimum prices on the class of goods handled, must operate on a minimum of productive expense. One day he took out his watch and timed the procedure of drawing oil. To draw fifteen gallons required fifteen minutes. It wasn't long before a self-measuring device was installed by means of which fifteen gallons were drawn in forty-two seconds.

All through the store the same sort of motionstudies were made, so that four or five clerks were able to accomplish, easily, work ordinarily requiring twice that number. Equipment was studied as carefully as the "scientific management" expert studies his appliances to-day. Lost motion was counted as expense, and reduced

wherever it could be located. By means of drawer compartments and classified shelf spaces, the rehandling of goods was cut to a minimum. Oil stocks in the basement were replenished by means of piping direct to the receptacles, while a little elevator was put in to carry goods from the basement to the store level. On all these betterments the saving in time which meant clerk hire was carefully estimated in advance.

By intelligent attention to the subject of fire risk, the insurance rate was reduced from twenty-five to fourteen dollars. In the office, short cuts in accounting and the use of modern office machinery reduced this form of expense fully fifty per cent. Henderson's penchant for cutting out waste was everywhere evident. And, once a rule was established, it was enforced. If an article were found out of place, or a light left burning when it was not needed, a fine of five cents was assessed against the offender. The money so accumulated went into a fund which the clerks themselves expended, as a whole, upon some entertainment or relaxation. To this fund Henderson himself contributed liberally.

As fast as Henderson made money, he kept careful records of it, so that he might know what stock was giving him profit and what was returning a loss. He can point to-day and show how most of the minor products of his store, as well as the larger ones, climbed step by step. His percentage tables form an interesting and helpful feature of his growth. He believes in dissecting a business down to the smallest possible fraction, so that wrong tendencies may be caught in their incipiency and corrected.

So behind it all lay not only a fundamental philosophy, but an undeviating routine of system. It was no haphazard success Henderson won. The philosophy carried it and furnished the impulse; the system made the philosophy worth while.

ment" expert studies his appliances to-day. The net result of it all was profit, success, a Lost motion was counted as expense, and reduced growing business, and a good living. In seven

years Henderson has resurrected the senile store of his fathers, and made it, by his own attention and ingenuity, yield him six or seven thousand dollars a year.

A small thing? Not at all; a very important one. There are thousands moribund stores and factories in the United States today. Wherever you go, you see the evidences of the slender incomes they return to the men and families dependent on them. After all, we are a business people, a large number of us dependent for our existence and happiness, directly or indirectly, upon commercial success. What can be more important to most of us as individuals, or to all of us as a nation, than the magic touch which, as in the case of Henderson, creates a living business enterprise?





THE LITTLE NUMBER ONES

BY

LUCY PRATT

AUTHOR OF "THE ENTRANCE OF EZEKIEL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. W. KEMBLE

ZEKIEL lay on his back under the looked up at the sky. The clouds neither hopeful nor inviting. floated slowly down until they most branches of the tree, and the sun crept under a white, fleecy edge, just tinting it with color.

"Cert'nly is pretty," whispered Ezekiel. And then he raised himself slowly on one arm and looked at a familiar figure approaching steadily across the grass.

"W'at's Miss Jane doin' hyeah?" he mumbled amiably.

Miss Jane fixed her eyes on the relaxedbig elm tree in the school-yard and looking object under the tree, and her look was

"I am sorry to say I have just been defending seemed to poise lightly on the top- you, Ezekiel," she began, without any introduction whatsoever.

> Ezekiel sat up quite alertly, and looked at her with perhaps pardonable inquiry on his face.

> "Why should I defend you, Ezekiel?" she demanded.

Ezekiel was looking perceptibly dazed.

"I dunno'm," he mumbled vaguely.

"Well, I don't, either," responded Miss Jane warmly, "I am sure!"

"No'm," agreed Ezekiel politely.

"No, I should think not!" said Miss Jane.
"I don't know," she repeated, with absolute conviction of tone, "why I should take the trouble to defend a boy who lounges under a tree, instead of being in school with the rest-of the scholars."

Ezekiel looked back at her restfully and drew a deep breath.

"Doan't yer know, Miss Jane, it's Annivers'ry ter-day?" he began engagingly. "It's Annivers'ry, Miss Jane, an' de chil'ren's all gwine march up ter de Ins'tute."

"I don't see what that has to do with it," rejoined Miss Jane briskly.

"Well, yer see, I's 'fraid o' bein' late fer de marchin'," he explained confidentially, "so I jes' 'cide ef I doan' go ter school 'tall, w'y, den co'se I'll be sho' 'n' be right hyeah w'en it comes time fer de marchin'. Dey's gwine march 'hine de Ins'tute battalion, Miss Jane, so's de vis'tors kin see eve'ybody in percession. Yas'm, it's Annivers'ry."

Miss Jane still looked doubtful, not to say critical.

"And so you are not in school, so that you may surely be on time when the children come out of school. Well, really, Ezekiel, that is about as poor an excuse as I have ever heard from you yet."

"Wha'm yer say? Doan't yer see, Miss Jane, ef I's outdo's, w'y, den w'en de chil'ren comes out, w'y — w'y, I's outdo's," he explained.

"I see. You are outdoors. No one will dispute you there, certainly." She regarded him with a deprecatory glance, and then her eyes shifted, as another figure moved toward them across the grass, and Miss Lavinia Lane, Miss Jane's visiting and also critical sister, glanced inquiringly about her, and then stopped beside them under the tree.

Ezekiel looked up at her and smiled shyly.

"Is this one of your hopefuls?" she inquired lightly.

"I'm afraid he's not as hopeful as I just tried to make you believe," replied Miss Jane. "At present he is shirking school."

"I don't doubt it," agreed the other promptly.

"He wouldn't be living up to his accepted rôle if he were doing otherwise." Her eyes rested not unpleasantly on Ezekiel. "There's a great deal of misplaced charity in the world, Jane," she declared good-naturedly, "as you'll find out yourself, in time."

Miss Jane looked up with passive acceptance. "Of course there's a great deal that doesn't seem to go for much," she admitted gloomily.

"There's a great deal of time and labor abso-

lutely thrown away; that's the amount of the matter."

"Yes, of course," agreed Miss Jane, "but we must remember that we are dealing with a child race, and have patience."

"Oh, I'm sick and tired of that nonsense!" snapped the visiting sister. "There's altogether too much patience as it is. Too much of this everlasting belping band. As a matter of fact, your child race, that you talk about, can never meet any test whatsoever until they are made to stand alone. At present their condition is one of entire dependableness."

"Helping hand?" repeated Miss Jane meditatively.

"Yes, helping hand. It's all wrong—all wrong."

"Oh, I don't think so," protested Miss Jane evenly. "Of course, they are dependent because they are like children. And of course they make—a great many mistakes—like children," she added, with monotonous persistence; "children—will always make mistakes."

Ezekiel shifted uneasily on the grass and glanced uncomprehendingly from Miss Jane to this strange, unknown lady beside her.

"Well, what do you think about it, young person?" she demanded unexpectedly.

"Yas'm — chil'ren —'ll allays mek misteks," mumbled Ezekiel, in some perturbation.

"You feel sure about that, do you?" A humorous light flickered in her eye as she looked down on him.

"Yas'm—chil'ren'll allays mek misteks," he repeated with more assurance.

"I guess you're quite right there," encouraged the unknown one.



"Yas'm — whole lot o' misteks," he went on willingly. "I knowed a li'l' boy once where ain' nuver mek nuth'n' but misteks."

"Did you?. Who was that little boy? A friend of yours?"

"No'm, he ain' no frien' o' mine," declared Ezekiel, with warmth. "No'm, I wouldn' have 'im fer no frien' nohow, 'cuz he's jes' mekkin' misteks all time. W'y, w'at yer s'pose? He come home one day an' mistukken 'is mama fer de water-bucket."

"The what?"

"Yas'm, he mistukken 'er fer de waterbucket."

"A colored child, was this?" demanded Miss Jane, with conscientious fervor, "or — white?"

"Yas'm; li'l' w'ite boy. He ——"

"I don't believe it would have been a possible mistake," interrupted Miss Jane, with increasing warmth.

"Yas'm, he is. He come home one day, an' co'se 'is mama ain't r'ally favor de water-bucket ve'y much, but, yer see, she's a-washin' up de flo', an' bunch up kine o' small right 'side it, natchelly mo' mean an' triflin' 'n befo', an' he

so w'en she ax 'im ter frow out de water an' git 'er some mo', w'y, he ain' tekken de leas' notice w'at he's doin', so w'at ver He tukken 'is mama an' frowed 'er out de do' instid."

Miss Jane glanced about a little wildly, and Ezekiel went on smoothly:

"Well, co'se he seen 'is mistek 'mos' soon's he done it, 'cuz jes' soon's he gotten in de house ag'in, he look roun', an' dere's 'is mama comin' back 'erself. An' she say ef he cyan't do no better'n dat, she doan't reckon she cyare 'bout 'is help 'tall.

"Co'se de li'l' boy he feel kine o' 'shame, too, ter think he been ser ca'liss an' frowed 'is mama out like dat, so he look roun' a minit 'thout r'ally mekkin' no 'sponse, an' den he say he guess he'll go out 'n' play a li'l' on de po'ch.

"'No, yer ain't,' 'is mama say; 'yer ain' gwine out on no po'ch, nurrer.'

"'Well, w'at kin I do?' he say.

"'Yer kin stay right where yer is,' she answer 'im.

"So he walk roun' de room r'al gloomy, wid 'is han's bu'y 'way down in 'is pockets, twell praesen'ly he seen 'is li'l' baby sister a-settin' in de sun in de cohner, a-kine o' laffin' to 'erself an' a-playin' wid de pin-cush'n. An' seem like it mek de li'l' boy feel kine o' mean an' triflin' ter see 'er settin' up dere ser nice a-laffin' an' a-playin' wid de pin-cush'n, an' he se' down right 'side 'er, an' den he turn roun' an' ax 'is mama does she mine ve'y much ef he stick a pin into 'er.

"Well, 'is mama she's a-settin' in a rockin'cheer ter res' 'erself a li'l' now, but she look back over 'er shoul'er an' stop rockin', an' she say, ya'as, she does.

"So de li'l' boy he look at 'is li'l' baby sister ag'in, a-settin' dere ser nice, an' he's kine o' hongry anyway, so he turn roun' an' ax 'is mama does she mine ve'y much ef he tekken a li'l' teeny bite outen 'er.

"An' she stop rockin' ag'in, an' look back over 'er shoul'er, an' she say, ya'as, she does.

"Well, by dat time co'se de li'l' boy's feelin'

say, well, she ain' doin' no good a-settin' dere on de flo'— she's too small an' light ter be doin' de leas' good. Does she mine ef he hitch a piece o' string onto 'er an' fix 'er up fer a li'l' kite like.

"Well, trouble wuz, w'en 'is mama turn 'er haid dat time, she look back de wrong way. An' co'se de li'l' boy's allays mekkin' misteks anyhow, so, 'stid o' sayin' ya'as, she does, he mistukken 'er ter say no, she doan't. So he tukken de piece o' string an' hitch it onto 'is li'l' baby sister, an' fix 'er all up into a li'l' kite like.

"'Now ain' dat r'al mean!' 'is mama say, a-runnin' out de do' after 'im. 'Ain't vou 'shame ter be a-usin' 'er like dat?'

"An' den dev bofe stop, a-lookin' up. 'Cuz de breeze is tukken 'er right up, an' de li'l' kite's

gwine 'way up atop o' de house, an's lodge right on a shingle where's kin' o' perjeckin' out a li'l' on de roof.

"'Oh, my!' 'is mama holler. 'Ain' dat too bad!"



"HE GLANCED ABOUT WITH SUDDEN COMPREHENSION"



"EZEKIEL LAY ON HIS BACK UNDER THE BIG ELM TREE IN THE SCHOOL-YARD AND LOOKED UP AT THE SKY, 'CERT'NLY IS PRETTY,' HE WHISPERED"

"An' de li'l' boy's ser skyeered w'en he seen w'at he done, he start runnin' back in de house ag'in. An' co'se he's allays mekkin' misteks anyhow, so w'en 'is mama come a-hu'yin' an' a-puffin' 'long behine 'im, w'y, he mistukken 'er fer de win'. Dat's jes' w'at he done — he mistukken 'is mama fer de win', an' turn roun' an' shet 'er right up in de do'.

"Co'se he seen 'is mistek soon's he done it; an' yit, now he gotten 'er in dere, he cyan't sca'cely git de cou'ge ter let 'er out, nurrer.

"'Well, w'at yer done like dat fer, anyway?' she say. 'I doan' see no call fer it, an' yer ain't r'ally no business ter do it!'

"An' de li'l' boy, co'se he's ser 'shame w'en he seen way she's wedge in dere, he bus' open de do' an' run right out in de yard; an' by dat well fer shame. An' w'en 'is mama come 'long an' seen w'at he done, she's ser s'prise she jump righ' down after 'im ter save 'im.

"Well, de wuss uv it wuz, w'en she come down after 'im like dat, he mistukken 'er fer a ladder, an' climb right up atop uv 'er, an' out on de grass ag'in.

"Co'se he seen 'is mistek soon's he done it, an' he feel r'al bad 'bout it, too. 'Cuz co'se 'is mama's lef' all 'lone dere down de well. She doan't like it, nurrer.

up, 'not de leas' call. An' look ter me like 'tain't a ve'y nice thing fer yer ter do!'

"He ain' mek no 'sponse ter dat, but he feel ser 'shame he jes' went in de house an' start right off fer baid. Co'se he ain't r'ally like ter do it, nurrer, wid 'is li'l' sister lodge up on de shingle an' 'is mama down de well; an' yit, he cyan't think o' nuth'n' else ter do, so he's r'ally 'blige ter. An' he lay dere 'thout speakin' nary word, an' watch de light a-flickerin' in de winder - twell it kep' a-growin' smaller, an' den he watch de dark — twell it kep' a-growin' bigger, an' bime-by it's jes' ez dark ez night; an' nex' he know, 'is papa come home, an' walk up de steps, an' stan' dere a-knockin' at de do'.

"Well, de wuss uv all's w'at de li'l' boy done time he feel ser bad he jes' jump righ' down de den. 'Cuz, w'en he hyeah 'is papa a-knockin' at de do', w'y, he mistukken 'im fer a bu'glar, an' hop right outen de baid, an' tukken down de gun, an' den he went out an' shoot 'is papa's haid off.

> "'Pshaw, w'at yer done dat fer?' 'is papa say, an' jes' ez he spoken de words de li'l' boy he aim ag'in, an' dis time he shoot 'is laig off.

> "'Well, w'at yer doin' anyhow, boy?' 'is papa holler, r'al mad w'en he seen w'at's 'appen. 'Look ter me like yer ain't got good sense!'

"An' soon's he spoke like dat, co'se de li'l' "'I doan' see de leas' call fer it!' she holler boy seen 'is mistek. He feel r'al bad 'bout it, too, an' start right in ter 'splain 'bout it. But 'is papa cert'nly's mad, an' he say he doan' cyare ter hyeah no mo', an' it's a ve'y po' 'scuse fer doin' like dat ter anybody, anyway. An' jes' den de moon come out ser bright 'n' clare, he look up, an' den he stop 'n' listen.

"'Fer de Lawd's sake!' he say, 'cuz he kin hyeah de baby a-cryin' on de shingle. It

cert'nly s'prise 'im, too, 'way she spoke.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come up!' seem like she's callin'. An' he turn 'is haid kine o' slow, as ef he's studyin' 'bout it, an' den he answer back r'al light 'n' easy like t' encou'ge 'er.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come down!' he say.

"An' de moon wuz shinin' bright 'n' clare, an' he went a-hoppin' 'cross de grass on one laig, an' den he stop ag'in. 'Cuz, it's de trufe, he kin hyeah sump'n' a-comin' fum de well.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come down!' a voice call. An' he turn 'is haid kine o' slow ag'in.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come up!' he answer back.

"An', same time he spoken de words, he given a look back fru de moonlight, an' dere's de li'l' boy a-comin' 'cross de grass. An' he's a-lookin' turble sad 'n' gloomy, 'cuz he 'members he's de cause uv all de trouble. Mo'n all dat, ez he come along he kin hyeah 'is li'l' sister 'mence ter cry an' call down fum de shingle.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come up!' seem like she holler. An' 'is papa turn roun' on one laig.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come down!' he holler back.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come down!' a voice call, over yonder fum de well. An' dis time all uv 'em join in tergerrer, kine o' singin' like, li'l' boy wid de res'.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come up!' dey answer back.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come up!' li'l' sister call down fum de shingle, kine o' sad 'n' singin' too. An' res' uv 'em all join in tergerrer ag'in.

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come down!' dey all

sing back.

"An' so dey keep it up, a-callin' an' a-singin', back 'n' fofe, back 'n' fofe, twell de li'l' boy gits feelin' stranger 'n' stranger, twell praesen'ly he feel ser strange he scream right out loud, an' den he turn roun' an' run back crossen de grass — an' den he run away. It's de trufe, de li'l' boy run away.

"But dey keep on a-singin' an' a-callin' jes' same, an' ain't r'ally seem ter notice it.

"An' eve'y time he think p'r'aps he'll come back, seem like he kin hyeah 'em ag'in jes' plain's ever:

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come up!'

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come down!'

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come down!'

"'Oh, w'y doan't yer come up!'

"An' den he allays 'cide he ain' gwine back, nurrer. So he live all 'lone by 'isself — where he cyan't hyeah nuth'n'— an' af' dat dere didn' nobody nuver see de li'l' boy where made misteks ag'in."

Ezekiel looked at the tree-tops.

"Is that all?"

"Yas'm, dat's all."

He sat up slowly and regarded the building across the yard, where there was something like a noise of muffled, tramping feet. He glanced about with a question on his face — then with sudden comprehension.

"Dey's comin'!" he broke out eagerly.
"Doan't yer hyeah 'em in de hall? Dey's

comin' ter march up ter de Ins'tute!"

He hopped up from the grass, awake to a forgotten joy, and the big door swung slowly open to a steadily oncoming, gayly marching multitude.

"I'se gwine march wid 'em too!" he shouted, and turned and fled swiftly across the grass.

They pressed through the broad door and thumped joyously down the steps, and the two still waiting in the shade of the tree watched as the yard filled faster and faster with the tramping company. Finally one of them leaned forward, her eyes fixed curiously on Ezekiel, as he bobbed restlessly about and then lost himself in the crowd.

"This is a great event, I suppose," she meditated slowly, and again her eyes followed Ezekiel as he emerged once more and glanced anxiously back at them under the tree.

"I ain' got my hat on!" he panted, as he came hurrying back across the grass, and reached out

and picked up a loppy little cap.

"Yas'm, thank you! We's gwine march ter de ban' w'en we gits up ter de Ins'tute!" He wheeled round, and then, for no reason apparent to either of the others, he suddenly came to a standstill.

"Well?" interrogated Miss Jane, as he stood there motionless. "What's the matter, Ezekiel? Go on; they're almost ready to march. Go on! You'll be late!"

"Oh, he'll be late yet," agreed Miss Lavinia Lane, with a light laugh.

"No, he won't be late, either," objected Miss Jane irritably.

"Well, just leave him to himself and see. If he isn't — if he isn't late, do you know what I'll do?"

But Ezekiel's voice broke in uncompromisingly.

"Look!" he commanded. "Looker w'at's comin'! Look at 'em runnin' ter git hyeah!" Across the uncultivated field behind the school building two small figures were coming on in unconcealed haste to join the ranks of marchers which bobbed so threateningly and alluringly before them. Over the rough, stubbly ground their feet were stumbling and slipping in agitation, as they realized that their time was short and their way difficult. Ezekiel's eyes were fixed in one final, comprehensive gaze.

"Dey's li'l' Number Ones!" he shouted.

"Dey's gwine be late fer de — marchin'!" He glanted swiftly at the rapidly shaping ranks across the grass, and involuntarily made a movement toward them. Then he stopped, his eyes turning back to the small figures on the stubbly field.

"W'at made 'em ser late?" he questioned weakly.

The ranks moved forward a few steps and came to a standstill. Ezekiel jumped toward them in startled agitation, and again he stopped.

"Dey's li'l' Number Ones!" he broke out again, a hot flush of agitation just showing under his dark skin. "Somebody'll be 'blige go 'n' help 'em!"

He heard Miss Jane's voice close beside him.

"There isn't time, Ezekiel. Don't you see, they're starting? There really isn't time."

He turned round on her fiercely.

"I say dey's li'l' Number Ones!" he cried out hoarsely. "Yer's 'blige help 'em! Dey's li'l' Number Ones!"

Once more the ranks moved forward, and Ezekiel glanced about distractedly.

"Doan't yer go off widout 'em!" he shouted in a shaking voice. "Doan't yer see? Dey's comin' fas' 's dey kin! Doan't yer see dem li'l' Number Ones?"

But they did not see. Their eyes were fixed on the open gate before them, and toward it they were once more moving in a steady, marching tramp. Ezekiel gave them one hopeless look, and then he turned sharply and shot blindly across the grass to the open field, where the little slipping, stumbling figures, their eyes fixed feverishly on the slowly moving columns, still forged exhaustedly ahead.

"Dey ain't no business — ter go off 'n' leave 'em!" he argued in a quivering whisper. "Dey's comin'— fas' 's dey kin!"

On to the stubbly field he bounded, his eyes

straining straight ahead, his voice rising excitedly as the goal came slowly nearer.

"Come on! Keep a-gwine!" he panted. "Tain' much furrer now!"

They saw him coming, coming straight on like some swift-footed angel of the wilderness, and, with big, despairing tears chasing down their faces, they looked up and reached out for him with convulsed, catching sobs.

"Tain' much — furrer now!" he panted again in breathless, gentle little gasps, as he swiftly turned and caught their hands in his; and as they faltered on beside him over the rough and stony way, their sobs still catching in their throats, their hands tightly grasping his, his voice still came in soothing little gasps of reassurance.

"Doan't yer—cry
bout it—'cuz I reckon
p'r'aps—we kin git dere
— yit! 'Tain' ser ve'y
much—furrer now—
anyway!" His eyes were
fixed steadily on a long
column of marchers on a
long road.

"Kin yer keep up — yer cou'ge — jes' a li'l' longer? 'Cuz, 'tain' ser ve'y much — furrer now!" With repeated persistence came his little panting gusts of reassurance, while their small feet came down more unsteadily with every step. . . .

Only Miss Lavinia Lane was left in the big yard, and she stood under the tree and watched silently as they came on — Ezekiel still mumbling faint words of comfort, while two ex-



"'COME ON! KEEP A-GWINE!' HE PANTED,
"'TAIN' MUCH FURRER NOW!'"



"LAST OF ALL CAME EZEKIEL, WITH THE TWO LITTLE NUMBER ONES TRUDGING ALONG BESIDE HIM"

hausted, drooping little Number Ones still stumbled on beside him, their hands still in his.

"Doan't yer cry, anyway!" he was whispering weakly, as the long column on the long road swept triumphantly away into the distance, and only the faint tramp of marching feet came back to them. "Doan't yer ---" His breath caught in something like a sob. "Doan't yer — cry — anyway!"

"No, don't you cry," came a strong, soothing voice just beside him. "You must - sit down and rest now!"

did not see the proudly stepping columns on the long road slowly come to a standstill, nor Miss Jane Lane standing there like some mysterious guard beside them. They did not see Miss Lavinia Lane turn her head with a stealthy, watchful eye toward her sister, but again they heard her voice.

"Do you think you feel better now? Do you feel - more rested? Could you go on - and march in the procession?"

They sprang in confusion to their feet.

"Could they go, Ezekiel?" she repeated evenly. "Will it be too much? You see, they are all waiting for us - out there."

Ezekiel shot a swift glance into the long road, and then another one down at the little Number Ones.

"Does yer wanter march?" he shouted tremulously.

And the tired little Number Ones looked up and caught the quick flush of joy on his dark skin; and then, with their own faces suddenly They dropped down under the big tree and lit up with fluttering, uncontrollable little smiles passively looked up at Miss Lavinia Lane. They of surprised delight, they eagerly reached out for him, as they had done before on the stubbly field.

> "'Tain' much furrer now - anyway!" he stammered in joyous triumph; and, while fresh words of reassurance tumbled excitedly from his lips, he once more caught their hands in his and led them out into the long road.

Afterward, at the Institute, while "Aniniversary Day" danced with sun and flocking crowds to the music of the band, Miss Lavinia

Lane stood silently beside her sister and watched the school battalion, with its array of marching companies, sweep on to the huge lawn before her and go through all the curious mazes of the drill. And when they finally drew up in two confronting lines which stretched away straight down to the water's edge, she discovered that there were more. Their marching sisters were on the way; they were coming on, sweeping on to the grass too, sweeping along between the two long, blue-coated, confronting lines, toward the silenced, watching crowds and the broad white road, then turning and still winding on in an ever-lengthening, ever-oncoming, tramping procession. And the watching crowds were following it all very closely with their eyes, but their faces were alert, expectant, ready for anything. Suddenly they broke out into wide smiles of delight. They all knew about the little scholars down at the Whittier School. The little scholars were coming too! It was their turn now, the turn which came but once a year to march in the long procession to the music of the band.

On to the grass they stepped, last of all in the great "Anniversary Day" parade, glancing up with flickering smiles of awed delight at the blue-coated figures, and then moving ahead too, straight down between the lines, just as the others had done before, their small, highstepping feet coming down very cautiously but very evenly to the music of the band.

And the delighted onlookers watched them coming on, nearer and nearer, turning at last into the broad white road, in careful imitation of their predecessors — and yet still coming on, with their small, cautious steps and awe-struck smiles, more and more of them — until finally, last of all, stepping perhaps a little faintly, but bravely keeping time too — last of all in the long procession came Ezekiel, with the two little Number Ones still trudging along beside him, their hands still in his. . . .

Miss Lavinia Lane was moving away from the big lawn again beside her sister Jane. People still flocked around them, but they seemed not to notice them particularly. They hardly seemed to notice each other. But when they stepped out on to the road which they had traveled before that morning, Miss Lavinia drew a still, deep breath.

"Well, they got there, didn't they!" she declared briefly.

"Yes," agreed Miss Iane softly.

"I thought they wouldn't. I thought — he wouldn't."

"Ezekiel? I know you thought so. At one time — I thought so myself. I'm glad you lent a helping hand just then."

"Helping hand?" repeated the other vaguely.

"Helping hand? Yes."

"You wanted him to get there, after all, didn't you?" questioned Miss Jane cautiously. But Miss Lavinia did not hear.

"Helping hand?" she was whispering again. What was it about that —and — a race of children? She tried to recall exactly, but Ezekiel's voice seemed to be suddenly sounding in her ears, and Ezekiel's face seemed to be burning hauntingly up at her, filled with a passionate reproach.

"I say dey's li'l' Number Ones!" came his hoarse, despairing little shout again. "Yer's 'blige help 'em! Dev's li'l' Number Ones!"

She could hear it again very plainly, that hoarse, despairing little shout, and very clearly she could see him coming on again — helping the faltering little figures over the rough and stony way that stretched out so hopelessly before them, encouraging them with soft, gasping whispers, as they slipped and stumbled by his side — and then, with their hands still held in his, still leading them on down the long, hard road, where the tramping procession had swept proudly ahead, and the better marchers had gone on before.

A short story by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes will appear in the August issue. In the same number McClure's Magazine will publish a complete novel by Willa Sibert Cather, entitled "The Bohemian Girl." Also a story by Wallace Irwin.

MANUFACTURING PUBLIC OPINION

The New Art of Making Presidents by Press Bureau

BY GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

Y 1911 a new thing had come into the world. A democracy of a hundred million people in America had passed through its Fifth Reader. Its reading was newspapers — and very little else. It decided in that year to select its Chief Executive directly, for itself. And immediately the candidates began to march and countermarch before it in single-column nonpareil.

The first to move was Judson Harmon, Governor of Ohio, candidate of the ultra-conservative Democrats. For years this man had shaped his entire career toward the presidency; for years his publicity agents had been carefully sowing ground-bait for the voter in every class of publication, from the smallest country weekly up. In 1911, and before, mysterious influences directed the attention of the magazines toward him. And, when once it was held, a well-equipped press bureau at Columbus appeared to furnish ready information and opulent photographs of the candidate.

Harmon, as Governor of Ohio, had chosen Hugh Nichols, a highly expert politician, as Insurance Commissioner. From headquarters at Columbus this man watched over and directed Harmon's growing publicity operations. By 1911 a persistent campaign in various publications strove to show that Harmon was progressive — not reactionary; and a solid little pamphlet on his legislative record went forth by tens of thousands to explain this to the voters. No marked success greeted this effort. The Democratic party knew perfectly that Harmon was conservative; and gradually Harmon, with great bitterness of heart, disappeared from the newspapers. Not less than \$150,000 — so competent observers believe — had been expended, from time to time, in promotion of hiscandidacy.

The spring of 1911 arrived, and Woodrow Wilson, Governor of New Jersey, started his publicity campaign, under a trainer. Frank

Stockbridge, a publicity man and ex-newspaper editor, took charge of him. With Stockbridge, Wilson passed across the continent — showing himself to Western audiences, exhibiting the contents of his remarkable mind to the American reader by speeches on all kinds of subjects, from the laws of the Old Testament to the Oregon primaries.

Wilson, it appeared, was strangely unlearned in the arts of political publicity up to that time. Perhaps the most brilliant speaker in America, he had almost never written and memorized a speech in advance. His verbal memory is poor—so poor, in fact, that he recalls with difficulty the shortest fragments for exact quotation. And speeches, with his wonderful faculty of expression, were matters to be taken up when the time for them arrived,

All this was preposterous, politically — as any young reporter knows. For twenty years — since the common use of the typewriter — there has been one primary form of publicity for the political candidate — the typewritten advance copy of his speeches placed in the hands of the newspapers. Now, Wilson started his transcontinental tour without preparing any speeches. His publicity manager, learning this, established by telegram, upon the eve of starting, a chain of appointments with stenographers throughout the journey. Then he turned to Governor Wilson and laid out for him a practical traveling political candidate's day.

In the morning, just after breakfast, half an hour or more was set aside for reporters from the evening papers; from ten to twelve-thirty the candidate dictated his speeches five hundred or a thousand miles ahead, for advance newspaper distribution; the rest of the afternoon was held open always for reporters from the morning papers. Incidentally, evenings and sometimes afternoons the candidate spoke. It is a hard and wearing business, this occupation



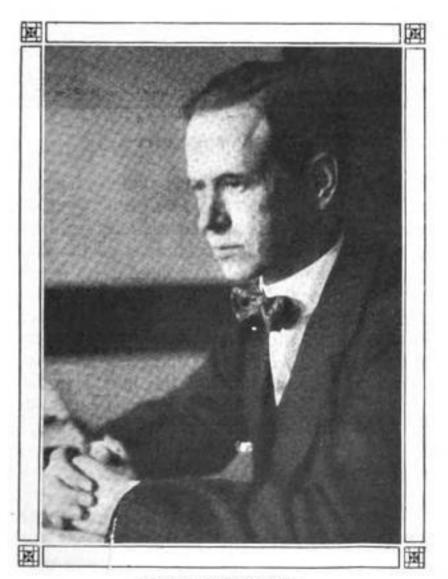
GUS KARGER

PRESIDENT TAFT'S PERSONAL PRESS AGENT
WHO HAS GIVEN OUT MR. TAFT'S NEWS
FOR YEARS



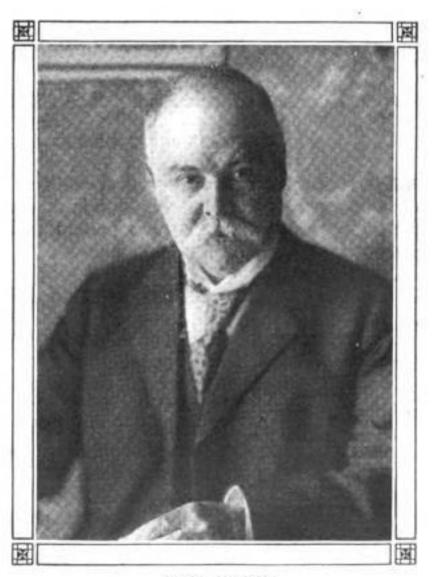
WILLIAM F. McCOMBS

THE AMATEUR POLITICIAN FROM PRINCETON
WHO MANAGED GOVERNOR WILSON'S
CAMPAIGN



MEDILL McCORMICK

THE CHICAGO MILLIONAIRE NEWSPAPER OWNER
WHO ESTABLISHED THE ROOSEVELT
PRESS BUREAU



FRED DUBOIS

THE SKILFUL OLD-TIME POLITICIAN AND WASHINGTON POLITICAL AGENT WHO INFLATED
THE CLARK BOOM

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GEORGE HENRY PAINE THE PRESS AGENT OF THE ROOSEVELT CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK CITY

of a traveling candidate in practical publicity the local pride which blossoms forth in the local interview when a candidate is present in his home town.

Gus Karger, Presidential Press Agent ·

September came. And now the President of the United States, seeking renomination, swung in an orbit of forty-one days around the United States. With him traveled his own personal agent of publicity, Gus Karger, Washington dentally finance the machinery for doing so. correspondent of the Times-Star of Cincinnati, the newspaper of the President's half-brother, Charles P. Taft.

President Roosevelt had been his own master publicity agent. President Taft, succeeding him, had no facility of address to newspapers or their representatives. The giving out of information drifted naturally into the hands of the Washington agent of his newspaper brother. And Karger, beginning with Taft's very earliest

back in Washington. But, long before, the campaign publicity bureaus were blossoming out into pamphlets and miscellaneous literature. For years, now, the national committee of the main parties have promoted their candidates for the presidency by great publicity campaigns, growing greater each election time. But in the 1912 election direct popular choice of candidates had arrived; the presidential preference primary was here: and candidates, not parties, must introduce themselves directly to the voters - and inci-

Amateur Politics from Princeton

Woodrow Wilson's publicity bureau had been among the first to start. There was a New York lawyer, William F. McCombs, who, as a graduate of Princeton, ran an association of alumni which worked to secure employment for forthcoming Princeton graduates. In this capacity he had a wide acquaintance with Princeton men

throughout the United States. He wrote McCombs was a conservative at heart - the West was told. and questioned many of them on the matter of their support of Woodrow Wilson He sat in the Lawyers Club in for the presidency. They caught at the old Equitable Building, where the idea. It was evident that a camwealth met legal intrigue every paign and a publicity bureau could noon at luncheon in New York. be financed. and spoke with little cheer of So, by August, Wilson publicity was William Jennings Bryan of Negoing forth from McCombs' office in New braska. In spite of public recon-York. At that time and throughout the ciliations between Wilson and fall it was very largely a campaign of Bryan themselves, the radical dispamphlets. Wilson's speeches were trust of the Wilson campaign mansent out; magazine articles, of ager increased. which several had appeared, In the middle of the camwere distributed wholesale, paign the Wilson speeches until one, at least, had a softened; radicalism was soft-pedaled; and it was general political information that a definite issue between a radical and temporizing campaign had been met by the decision of the Governor to abide by the advice of his New York-Princeton manager and to hold back and preserve the conservative Eastern Democratic vote. The warmth of radicalism passed; the West went other

GEORGE W. PERKINS

THE EX-PARTNER OF J. P. MORGAN; HE IS ROOSEVELT'S CHIEF FINANCIAL BACKER

circulation of half a million in reprints sent out from the Wilson headquarters to the voter.

Then the campaign turned from the pamphlet to the newspaper. A bureau was established at the beginning of the year, in Washington, under the direction of a Washington newspaper man. Tom Pence. Here, in a bureau of three rooms, with a dozen people, the Wilson news was fed out to Washington newspaper correspondents and a list of papers every day, on mimeograph sheets. Some seven hundred of these mimeograph stories were sent out every day; and every week, from Washington and New York, to six thousand weekly papers was sent a small eightpage sheet to clip from.

McCombs, the head of the appeal to the people, was an amateur in politics—quite obviously so. One of his first acts was to send out pieces of literature into the wronged and indignant West with the brand of a Wall Street office number openly printed on its envelops. The suspicions aroused by this were confirmed by rumor.

ways; and more and more Wilson faded from the newspapers.

With the Professional Stage Managers

In the meanwhile, something very different was under way. In the late fall the keenersensed among the Washington newspaper men began to see the traces of a sly, old-fashioned, professional politician's game: the first pumping up of a great popular movement for Champ Clark from a little corner of an obscure Washington hotel. The hound-dog song — that chant of the home-spun political hero in the political melodrama, "From Missouri," was started across the land; anonymously sent envelops - sometimes containing unsigned typewritten sheets, sometimes printed pamphlets fell in from nowhere, bearing attacks on Woodrow Wilson to the voter and to the Democratic politician.

Then, at the beginning of the year, the Hearst

chain of newspapers rose up and discharged their broadsides at Wilson from the Atlantic to the Pacific — appealing principally to the class prejudices of foreign-born voters. Champ Clark headquarters appeared in a considerable establishment in the Ebbitt House at Washington, under the direction of ex-Senators Dubois and Pettigrew, noted Washington political agents and close friends of James J. Hill in their home territory, the Northwest. Around them a corps of sleek, silent, thin-lipped men, with the faces of good poker-players, directed two shifts of typewriters, clacking out letters day and night.

Under the enormous favoring publicity of the Hearst papers, these men worked an old-fashioned letter-writing campaign to local party leaders. They paid almost no attention to feeding mimeograph copy to Washington correspondents for newspapers. It was to selected lists that they wrote at first; but gradually, as they pumped popular enthusiasm into the campaign, they enlarged their lists, until at the end they were pouring forty thousand letters into South Carolina alone. And all the while, from the Capitol, the Democratic congressmen and House employees were working from Washington or as traveling agents on their home ground for the Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives. Money was plentiful and easy. And the hound-dog song of the professional son of the soil swelled grandly from hundreds of thousands of rough and unsuspecting throats.

The Solid South for Underwood

With this campaign of Clark's, with few misunderstandings or disputes, the campaign for Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, the Democratic leader of the House, marched side by side. It carved out for its special field the block of States east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio, the old South of the Civil War — the one sure Democratic section of the country — in which until the very end of his campaign Clark did virtually no work.

The operations of this campaign were under Senator Bankhead of Alabama; its active conduct under Dr. T. M. Owens, Alabama's State historian and Bankhead's brother-in-law. It filled the South, carefully and systematically, with pamphlets showing the strength of the South's own candidate in other sections of the country, because of his leadership of his party's accomplishments in Congress. The country newspapers of the South, over five hundred of them, carried to their readers nearly nine hundred thousand four-page supplements containing the history and achievements of Underwood—

**pelements being printed and the news-

papers paid for carrying them by the Underwood management. And throughout the South, from one end to the other, the barber-shops and livery-stables and hotels and courthouses bloomed with great lithographs of Underwood sent from his headquarters — all made, for uniformity's sake, from two photographs, and all bearing underneath, to complete the trademark of this campaign: "Oscar W. Underwood, Democracy's Best Asset."

The Underwood campaign covered 'in this way only a small section of the United States; but it covered it very thoroughly. A force of forty people sent out its mail; in many cases its literature went to the entire voting population of cities and towns; and in Georgia it expended, in addition, large sums of money in political work before the election. In its way, like the campaign of Clark, it was very effective. But still the modern publicity campaign had not arrived. For it was to develop in the Republican party. The man to open it was Senator La Follette.

La Follette and His Backers

Gifford Pinchot, a master and promoter of political publicity, second — if to anybody only to Theodore Roosevelt in the United States, was back of this campaign, and Medill McCormick, one of the owners of the great Chicago Tribune, Gilson Gardner, Washington correspondent, brought it in direct touch with the great Scripps-McRae chain of people's newspapers, and the still greater agency of the United Press, with its four hundred and fifty newspapers. Henry Beach Needham and Herbert Quick were feeding in La Follette literature to the big national weekly press. Senator La Follette himself was appearing monthly before the readers of the American Magazine in his autobiography. He had, as well, a weekly of his own, which was widely circulated in the rural West. In addition, a Washington headquarters was established in August, in charge of Walter L. Houser of Wisconsin.

No man in the world has a clearer notion of the effort and money required to make an effective direct appeal to the people than Senator La Follette. He was the greatest single pioneer in this direct campaigning. Before his publicity campaign opened, it was decided that at least seventy-five thousand dollars must be guaranteed.

Charles R. Crane, the multimillionaire foundryman and reformer of Chicago, put up the largest guaranty, pledging himself for twenty thousand dollars. Mr. Crane has long been a friend of Senator La Follette.

Congressman William Kent. for many years close to Mr. Crane in Chicago, gave ten thousand dollars more; Gifford Pinchot and his brother Amos each gave ten thousand; and Rudolph Spreckels, the sugar refiner who financed the graft prosecution in San Francisco, was another large contributor.

Through the fall and early winter theLa Follette publicity campaign continued at its height. It occupied a dozen rooms, and had some forty or fifty employees. Descriptive pamphlets and speeches of La Follette were sent out by the tens of thousands. Half a million of one document, a record of La Follette's work as Governor of Wisconsin and senator. were sent forward to voters, distributed generally by express to local workers and from them



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THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND GIFFORD PINCHOT, TWO GREAT EXPERTS IN PUBLICITY

to the people. Much matter was mailed out under government frank, one part of it being a million copies of one speech by Congressman Morse on Wisconsin legislation.

In February the La Follette publicity campaign came to an abrupt and spectacular stop in the collapse of Senator La Follette, at Philadelphia, while giving out his political confession of faith to a great annual gathering of the publishers of the country. But before that time his campaign was dying for an odd reason. He was, as a matter of fact, not getting publicity. La Follette's name was gradually retiring from the front to the rear pages of the newspapers. This was fatal. One qualification the candidate of the liberals in the Republican party must have: he must be able

to keep his name continually on the front page of the dailies.

And then Theodore Roosevelt arose.

Roosevelt, the Great Impressionist in News

No one, except old Washington newspaper men, recalls what Theodore Roosevelt, as President, accomplished in turning the operations of

the national government from a dark professional secret to a matter of full-throated publicity. In the days before his presidency a veil of mystery kept the Chief Executive from newspaper reporters; facts were filtered grudgingly out through senators in the confidence of the administration. Even Roosevelt followed this tradition at first.

It would not do. The senators gave the news the twist that pleased themselves, and not the new Pres-Roosevelt, ident. schooled in publicity for twenty years in New York and Washington and Albany, called in the reporters, and, from that time on through his two

founder.

M terms, ruled the newspapers of the country from their front pages. He was the great impressionist in national news; every day he threw the color that he wanted on the minds of the newspaper-reading public. Congress and national affairs was not a great enough field. With the cooperation of such kindred craftsmen as Gifford Pinchot, great ethical and social pageants were staged - cross-country conservation excursions; great congresses to improve the country and factory life; and governors of great States were led down in moral chains to portentous conferences and extended interviews with the newspapers. The democracy of the

When Roosevelt left the White House, according to a story common in Washington, one of the great newspaper men of the country, who had little liking for him, exclaimed: "We'll take that man off the front page forever!" He was wrong.

printing-press had come; and Roosevelt was its

Immediately there came the grand scenic tour to Africa, eagerly followed by the papers, with carefully planned publicity. There was always thorough method. A speech delivered in a little village on the Upper Nile, upon the very emergence from the jungle, was written in camp two weeks before and forwarded to the American press. A two-word cablegram, and it was given to America practically sim-

ultaneously with its delivery on the Nile. Then came the wild home-coming; the tumult of the New York campaign of 1910; and then silence. No more head-lines. For a year Roosevelt was banished from the first page.

February—La Follette's boom exploded! The seven governors in waiting upon Roosevelt! And gradually the old, familiar name rising again into the first page head-lines. The men behind La Follette turned toward another leader. Medill McCormick was at Oyster Bay, and the decision came. Roosevelt would run.

"Go back to Washington right off," said Roosevelt to

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SENATOR JOSEPH M. DIXON ROOSEVELT'S FIGHTING WESTERN MANAGER

McCormick, "and get your publicity bureau started."

A hundred-thousand-dollar guaranty fund was necessary in advance—before the bureau could be started. It was readily secured. George W. Perkins, the former insurance man and banker, Frank A. Munsey, the publisher, and many other men of great property, interested in the liberal movement in the Republican party, found the money. Rooms were secured in the Munsey Building in Washington, and a real press bureau was started.

There were three main fields for the development of a modern publicity campaign: the daily press, the country weeklies, and the direct appeal to the voter by pamphlets and letters.

Now, a campaign for publicity in American newspapers for new movements, especially on economic lines, has tremendous difficulties. With all due respect to the American press,

erty dependent on the business advertisement, a thing peculiarly sensitive to attacks on established property rights. This influence bears especially on the city press. The country press in Republican territory has been, from the time of the Civil War, tied fast to the party machine by the county printing contracts and by cessions of country postmasterships to the editor.

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Now, Roosevelt had, in the first place, a somewhat better equipment for publicity within his immediate touch than La Follette. Pinchot came to him; Gilson Gardner and the McRae papers; the United Press carried his news strongly; Henry Beach Needham now pressed his cause in the national weeklies; the Outlook was Roosevelt's own personal organ. Then, in the daily field, he had Medill McCormick and the Chicago Tribune, Frank Munsey's papers in Boston, Baltimore, and Washington, the North American in Philadelphia, and the Evening Mail of New York, in which George W. Perkins is supposed to hold a financial in-

terest. That was about all. Roosevelt had fifty or three hundred copies by the duplicating more than La Follette; but comparatively it was not much. Whole areas of the country were without a friendly daily or week paper.

Yet this was a situation quickly met. At once, in the latter part of February, Roosevelt exploded his constitutional amendment speech at Columbus. From that time on he was established in the head-lines, nailed permanently to the front page of the daily newspapers of the country. For Roosevelt not only knows news; he creates it.

So much for the daily press. There remained that great organ of publicity, the country press, v. hich every practical politician has played upon continuously for a quarter of a century. Mc-Cormick hastened back from Oyster Bay to Washington and sent out queries asking country editors if they wanted a full news service on the Roosevelt campaign. There are some eighteen thousand newspapers in the country. Re-

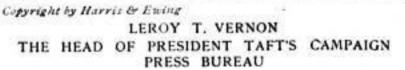
newspapers are, first of all, property - and prop- turn postal cards were sent out to about fifteen hundred dailies and six thousand weeklies; about three fourths of them wrote back taking it. The press bureau that would furnish this had already been organized.

Senator Dixon of Montana, a fighting Western politician, was in charge of the Roosevelt headquarters. Oscar King Davis, one of the best-known Washington correspondents, re-

signed his position with the New York Times and took charge of the publicity campaign. Four other men helped him in his preparation of matter, reading exchanges, bringing together figures and writing. But practically all the "copy" was his own. There were, in headquarters of the eight or ten rooms, from twenty-five to as many as sixty people at different times, receiving news and meeting visitors, but mostly engaged in the work of transcribing or mailing publicity.

The nature of the work was this. Every day a bulletin of from half to three quarters of a column long was written, and multiplied into two hundred and

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process of neostyle or mimeograph machines. These bulletins, in appearance like typewritten manuscript, were dealt out to the Washington correspondents. Each morning and afternoon the newspaper men, hunting singly or in squads, according to their habit, came to Davis' office, took their copy, and asked their questions. And so the big dailies were provided for.

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The Boiler-Plate Campaign

By Saturday of each week the printed matter for the weeklies was completed and printed on its sheets. Generally it was two or three columns long. Then, after the first rush was past, came the "boiler-plate" campaign.

A great number of the country newspapers of the United States, as most people know, print a large percentage of the matter from already stereotyped plates, now furnished by two great concerns with their main headquarters in New York and Chicago. For many years, in all kinds of political campaigns for elections, this plate matter has been furnished free to country The editor editors by political committees. gets news and composition free, the politician gets free advertising. So, in this national campaign for the nomination, plate matter was naturally used by most of the headquarters, in proportion as they could afford it. For it is a very expensive form of publicity. Each page of it costs one dollar and a half, for plates and expressage. Half a page a week — the service of both the Roosevelt and Taft publicity bureaus — would run the cost of this plate matter to seven hundred and fifty dollars a week for every thousand papers served. And both services ran above two thousand papers for a considerable time.

There is no deception about any of this material furnished to the newspapers; there could not be. At the head of every piece of matter furnished is printed the source it came from. The country editors all know exactly what they are printing. In many cases — in about ten per cent, according to the figures of one bureau the editors getting it demanded or suggested payment of money for printing it. But these requests were not heeded.

The matter furnished was interviews with prominent sympathizers, attacks and counterattacks on candidates, and, most important after the campaign was started, the daily estimates of the delegates chosen to the national convention — a matter very difficult to follow with the great number of little conventions throughout the enormous area of this country.

Then, after the newspapers, came the voter himself. From the Rooseveit standpoint, especially, it was a campaign from the "grass roots up." The voter was the thing. And pamphlets went out by the hundreds of thousands, in one case by the million. The Columbus speech of Roosevelt, and later his speech at Carnegie Hall in New York, was mailed out under government frank by hundreds of thousands of copies. The machinery of reaching the voter direct was growing to tremendous proportions - both in weekly and daily newspapers; and here, too, documents and cost.

North Dakota is Bombarded

The first thing for the Roosevelt men was to show clearly the re-formation of the general forces of the liberal wing of Republicanism behind Roosevelt instead of La Follette. The first occasion was the presidential primaries of North Dakota. These came in the middle of March.

soon after the Roosevelt bureau was getting into working order.

Bang! One hundred thousand letters went from Gifford Pinchot to the voting population of North Dakota; one hundred thousand letters from Gilson Gardner; a hundred thousand copies of several of the pamphlets — including the chief pamphlet of the Roosevelt campaign, Judson Welliver's "Catching Up with Roosevelt," printed first in Munsey's Magazine. was a first spurt. Roosevelt headquarters worked day and night, folding and addressing the mail. Their stamp bills ran into the thousands of dollars. La Follette, refusing to be forced out of the campaign, fought back with great discharges of literature of his own.

Between the bureaus, North Dakota was flooded with mail. The farmers, busy with their spring work, had less time than in the winter for miscellaneous reading, and visitors to the rural post-offices waded deep in discarded political literature. La Follette won — and won again in Wisconsin. But then he stopped. The main contest with Roosevelt was not his. It was to be President Taft's.

From the Columbus constitutional speech Roosevelt danced through the head-lines from theoretical discussion to attacks upon the Taft administration, and the old-time Republican machine which stood behind him; called loudly for the direct choice of the presidential candidate by popular primary, and dared the Taft campaign management to secure State laws to provide this everywhere. Taft immediately was driven to a big publicity bureau of his own.

He opposed it at first; he hesitated to get into the business of publicity, which the new movement of American politics had compelled. But by the last of February a publicity bureau, the biggest and most elaborate of the campaign, was under operation in the Taft headquarters at the Raleigh Hotel. Le Roy T. Vernon, the enterprising young correspondent of the Chicago News, took charge.

In general, the plan and methods of publicity were the same as in the Roosevelt bureau; but with the Taft campaign lay the natural sympathies and affiliations of a large share of the lay the interests of the Republican machine, and the Republican congressmen seeking reelection. William B. McKinley, being the manager of the Republican Congressional Committee as well as of the Taft campaign, tied the two campaigns closely into one.

Franking Cords of Literature

The Taft headquarters in the Raleigh Hotel, with its force of some twenty-five people, had to do with receiving and handling visitors and letters and news. But the mailing of pamphlet publicity took place from the office building of the Representatives, opposite the Capitol, and it was assisted, to the limit of their power, by the Republican congressmen.

Never in the history of campaigning has mailing under special government frank been carried to a greater height than in this campaign of individual candidates for the presidential nomination; and for no candidacy was it carried so far as in the campaign for Taft. The Taft shipping-room quarters in the House building was a tremendously busy plant. The minority room, a big chamber on the third floor, was filled with clerks and stenographers folding and addressing mail; from the room in "standpat row" — the near-by offices of the conservative Republican congressmen — came the clack of typewriters and the noise of the mimeograph machines. It was like a floor in a mail-order house. The cords and tons of franked matter were stacked in rooms and corridors; trucked out and carried down elevators; and dumped into the second-class mail. The printing was paid for by the interested parties, but the United States paid for the carrying of it in the Dozens of extraneous speeches were read into the Congressional Record for franking purposes; and millions of copies of government pamphlets were thrown across the country under congressional franks. The more this campaign of direct publicity progressed, the more enormous its proportions were seen to become.

A \$70,000 Expense Account in New York

In the last week of March came the contest in New York State, under its much-discussed imitation of a primary law. Here, as elsewhere, the Republican machine was practically against Roosevelt. With one or two exceptions, the daily papers were hostile. The Roosevelt organization decided to confine its campaign practically to New York County — the island of Manhattan and the Bronx.

It was necessary under the New York laws to get the Roosevelt delegates' names upon the ballot by a special petition. It was practically necessary to create a special organization to oppose the Republican organization of the county — which was committed in advance to the delegates of Taft. A great body of literature, also, was circulated.

A little more than seventy thousand dollars for expense account was filed by the Roosevelt committee in New York for this work — more than half of it given by three men: George W. Perkins, Frank A. Munsey, and Alexander S.

Cochran, a rich young carpet manufacturer of Yonkers. The regular county committee reported on expenditures of only five thousand dollars for Taft. As in Washington, the work for Taft was done directly through the party machinery; its cost was not lessened, its items were merely shifted. The actual and entire cost of the fight in New York County for the presidential nomination, if it were known, would be far nearer a hundred and fifty thousand than a hundred thousand dollars. The cost of work for Taft may have been slightly less than for Roosevelt, under the conditions; but it was not greatly less.

After New York, and after the presidential primaries of North Dakota and Wisconsin, came very soon the primaries in Illinois. There was short time to prepare for these after their calling; and, largely for this reason, the sudden strain from literature in transit upon the Washington post-office was as severe as any in the campaign. Roosevelt was now roaring through the West—speaking ten and twenty times a day. Crowds at the stations, day and night, yelled him to the back platform and made him talk. The cost in Illinois was not so large as in some other States, for much of the publicity was done by local candidates; but still it was great.

A Million and a Quarter Postal Cards

Roosevelt won in Illinois. And now the special trains of both factions were gridironing the State of Pennsylvania, where primaries came next. The big newspapers were solid against Roosevelt, with one chief exception of the Philadelphia North American. It was necessary in some sections to resort to advertising to get a hearing; and both parties began to use display advertising to some extent. Pamphlet literature poured in on the voter from every side.

Just before the campaign ended, the Roosevelt management found everywhere through the State that names not chosen by them were appearing on the ballots, bearing the words "for Roosevelt" after them. These names would split Roosevelt's vote and very likely cost him the election. At once a million and a quarter postal cards were printed and sent out to every voter in the State, with instructions in the proper way to vote for Roosevelt. The postage alone on this was twelve thousand dollars; the printing and addressing brought the cost above twenty thousand dollars. Exact figures are not known to any one in these campaigns; but the Taft and Roosevelt campaigns in Pennsylvania could not have cost their backers less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This campaign direct from the individual candidate voter was growing every day in magnitude.

The Duel of the Presidents

Nebraska's primaries went for Roosevelt, and Oregon's. And now the fight for Massachusetts was on — the greatest tumult in the campaign. Roosevelt was baiting Taft from the stump — down the front pages of Taft's own newspapers. The President, obviously flustered, was pushed bodily on to the stump by his managers, and the campaign duel of the Presidents, the most striking spectacle in recent political history, began.

In Massachusetts the fight arrived on territory where political publicity had passed already to a height unequaled in the United States. Long since it had gone from mere reading matter to its logical consummation in the display advertisement and the billboard. William L. Douglas, the shoemaker Governor, was a pioneer in this field. In 1904 he spent tens of thousands of dollars in billboard and full-page newspaper advertising; carried, as a Democratic candidate, a Republican State against the enthusiasm of a presidential year; and increased his shoe business forty per cent the next season. It was splendid advertising; whether he lost or won, he won, anyway, in the shoe business. The bills for display and billboard advertising of the two candidates for Mayor of Boston in 1910 undoubtedly ran over one hundred thousand dollars, and the present Governor, E. N. Foss, another Democratic candidate on a rock-bound Republican coast, pounded himself into election and reëlection on the "cost of living" issue with long, bony fingers pointing across full newspaper pages to empty pocketbooks; brawny arms poised to strike for freedom; and in pamphlets explaining his administration direct to the voters of the State. His expenditure for publicity, in various single campaigns, has reached over twenty-five thousand dollars, in some cases nearly fifty thousand dollars. Being elected Governor in Massachusetts, even as a people's candidate, is a rich man's prerogative.

Last Word in Politics - Display "Ads"

The two weeks' campaign in Massachusetts rose to a fury of noise and black type. The Boston Journal, Munsey's newspaper, was the only Roosevelt daily of size in the entire State. It was distributed free by tens of thousands through the State — in the barber-shops, upon the door-steps of houses. In other newspapers display advertising began to appear stating Roosevelt's cause. The Taft campaign, an ele-

phant in skirts, followed suit, inviting one and all to telephone Charlie Dugan, Congressman "Gussie" Gardner's secretary, and get in touch with the "Taft Independent Club" under Dugan's management. Then it was that Thomas W. Lawson, the man who brought advertising into Wall Street, arose; rebuked the levity of the Taft managers; spoke solemnly of the crisis in the republic; and appealed, six columns wide, to the "wives, mothers, and sweethearts of Massachusetts" for Roosevelt. All kinds of estimates of the cost of this advertising campaign were made. The best-informed sources credited the Roosevelt and Taft managers with spending about twenty thousand dollars apiece, and Lawson with spending fifty thousand dollars on his own account.

Meanwhile both the Taft and the Roosevelt headquarters were flooding Massachusetts with literature. The Roosevelt management sent in two hundred and fifty thousand copies of the Welliver article on Roosevelt and bales of franked matter; the Taft bureau flooded the State with their franked pamphlets. At the height of the campaign, the machinery of the Boston post-office was overstrained under the load, and the Boston press complained that the city's mail was being held up.

The speaking campaign on the voters was going forward. Roosevelt attacked Taft. Taft answered in kind. And towns and cities that had not greeted a President or an ex-President for half a century came out and listened in audiences of thousands and tens of thousands. They would hear nothing else. The ordinary spell-binder spoke to knots of fifteen and twenty-five. The only thing that interested voters was the principals in the fight and the advertising. On the day before the primary, Roosevelt scampered across the State in special trains and automobiles, speaking in not fewer than twenty-five places.

Massachusetts went as it was destined to go. The silk-hat and limousine vote, bound together in the Taft leagues, swung heavily for Taft; the factory vote went strongly for Roosevelt. As everywhere, property and the established political machine was for the President; and protestants and workingmen for Roosevelt. The State at last split nearly even between the candidates. The campaign could not, at the lowest estimate, have cost less than two hundred thousand dollars.

Maryland and Ohio and New Jersey

With the face-to-face meeting of the candidates in the Massachusetts campaign, the personal duel between Taft and Roosevelt was under way. It was taken up by their press bureaus in Washington. Davis brought forth allusions to Taft's unfortunate similes comparing himself to "a man of straw" and "a rat in a corner." Vernon retorted in kind. Savage sarcasm appeared in the daily interchange of mutual charges in the press bulletins handed out from the two publicity headquarters to the Washington correspondents.

Meanwhile the fight of the principals was carried before the primaries of Maryland. Maryland went for Roosevelt by a fair margin. California went overwhelmingly for him, and Taft, fighting for his last ditch, went back to defend his home State, Ohio.

Up and down the State Taft and Roosevelt ranged in their special trains. In seventy-three of the eighty-eight counties Taft spoke. Both he and his opponent traveled fifteen hundred or two thousand miles. Finally Ohio went heavily to Roosevelt. New Jersey followed suit. It had been a savage, continuous, personal campaign of three months between the Republican leaders.

In all of these States expenses ran into the tens of thousands of dollars. Publicity organizations and special trains at five hundred dollars a day — these things feed on thousand-dollar bills like fire on prairie-grass. The total cost of covering the United States for the individual candidates in this campaign directly to the voter were huge. Exactly what they were can not be told; there is no one who can know. But that it runs into the millions of dollars no practical politician doubts.

The Cost of One Campaign

The nearest to the actual knowledge in this matter comes from Senator La Follette, whose statement, at this time of writing — in the last of May — is the only one of its kind which seems likely to be made. In all, the expenditures have reached to a little under sixty thousand dollars. But this, of course, was for what proved to be one of the minor and probably the least expensive of the main publicity campaigns in either party.

The cost of the four larger Democratic campaigns — for Wilson and Clark and Underwood and Harmon - must certainly have in each conditions. But, no matter how good individual case run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, counting activities both from headquarters and in the various States. Of the four, Wilson's was obviously least heavily financed.

But the high point of expense came with the tial primary.

leading candidates of the Republican party. On the face of events, Roosevelt had most necessity for expenditure. The Republican machine and the press, both weekly and daily, were almost solidly against him. Very obviously it would require a tremendous outlay of both energy and money to take Roosevelt over their heads to the voter.

The first step in this was carrying Roosevelt personally, and setting him face to face with the voting population. Before this campaign of three months was over he had traveled some eighteen or twenty thousand miles — three quarters of the distance around the world; and had spoken four or five hundred times.

To this was added the much greater expense of publicity. And following Roosevelt came Taft, probably at least duplicating his expenditures.

A Million for Two Candidates

The exact cost of this will never be known. Three things, though, are clear: The first is a general agreement of practical politicians that the actual cost of the Taft and Roosevelt campaigns to the voters in the United States could not possibly have been under a million dollars.

The second is that these expenses — being incurred for individual candidates and not by parties — must be provided for by individual backers.

The third is that these backers are, in practice, rich individuals or interests. The contributions of small sums, which were received at the headquarters of the Roosevelt cause — by far the most popular of the causes with the small contributor — amounted to only about fifty dollars a day — an inconsiderable sum compared to the expenses.

Now, everybody who reads understands what this means. It means simply the underwriting of presidential candidates for hundreds of thousands of dollars—exactly as a bond issue is underwritten before it is offered to the general public.

This has been done, in many cases, with excellent motives. In the case of Roosevelt, campaigning against the machinery of a whole party. it was, it may be argued, necessary, under existing motives may have been, it is not a practice that can be continued. The people of the United States before another year will enact laws to govern and limit the expenses of the presiden-

THE COORDINATION TEST, WHICH SHOWS THE DEGREE OF SURETY WITH WHICH THE BRAIN DIRECTS A PENCIL HELD IN THE HAND

O one who has had to do with children, whether as parent, teacher, aunt, or mere observer of the human procession, can have failed to notice how extraordinarily rapid is their mental growth. It is not so much that they learn readily. As a matter of fact, they do not learn anything like as quickly as a well-trained adult working in his own special field. The cleverest of star pupils, for example, can not master in hours the amount of detailed fact that a broker picks up with one rapid glance down the financial column, or that a whist-player knows ten minutes after he has picked up his hand. But the growing child, as he masters new facts, also takes on new mental powers. He becomes perpetually a new creature. The adult, learning new things, remains the same old person as before.

TO A GIVEN POINT

Just by way of illustration, show a picture to a child of three. He says, "Man, saw, boards,

A SCIENTIFIC BY EDWIN T.

house." He recognizes each several object as clearly as he ever will; but he stops there. The same child at seven, confronted with the same picture, will say, "A man is sawing a board. Another man is chopping. Two more are driving nails in a house." The child of seven, in short, has passed from the recognition of objects to an insight into what is being done. But a boy or girl of fifteen will describe the same picture as four men building a house. The youth sees beyond both the being and the doing to the underlying meaning of both. Beyond that stage he never will go, though he live to a hundred years.

Or, again, offer to a little child, to a feebleminded person, or to a normal adult with his eyes shut, two blocks of wood, one twice as large as the other, but with the smaller loaded so that both are of the same weight. Ask any of these persons which is heavier, and he will answer correctly that neither is. But put the same question to a normal adult with his eyes open, and he will inevitably say that the smaller block is the heavier. The obligation to make that particular mistake is the ear-mark of a certain stage of mental evolution.

All this is quite independent of any formal training. At a certain age, any proper child will tell you that a table is "something you eat off of." A year later he will say, "Something with a flat top and four legs." He may be a very wise child, who knows a thousand objects by name; or he may be a very ignorant one, who knows only a few; but the moment his mind reaches a certain growth-stage, he turns from thinking about what he does with things to thinking about what they are in themselves. Each time the growing mind takes on a new point of view, a new way of handling its old material, the child enters a new stage of existence, as distinct, and often almost as definite, as when, after crawling for weeks on all fours like a beast, he suddenly gets up on his hind legs to walk like a man.

On the basis of this essential idea, the great French psychologist, Binet, devised the so-called Binet-Simon scale for measuring inherent native intelligence, irrespective of the results of training. He prepared a series of convenient and accurate tests, thoroughly standardized by trial on thousands of children in various countries, of such a nature that they

STUDY OF FOOLS

BREWSTER

enable a trained observer to get down underneath everything that the individual has been taught and measure the fundamental quality of his mind. A school examination is supposed to show what a child knows. The Binet test reveals what he is, and to a surprising extent prophesies what, in after life, he is to become.

How Many Figures Can You Carry in Your Head?

You, for example, my reader, if I say to you, "Two, nine, six, four, three, seven, five," can immediately repeat the series without error, though in ten seconds you will have completely forgotten the whole thing. That involves recalling seven digits. The kind of person who reads this magazine can probably carry eight, and possibly nine. Whoso of us can go much beyond ten has a pretty unusual quality of mind, and I, for one, wish I had his salary. An average adult or a normal child of twelve should go seven figures. At ten a child should miss seven, but hold six. Below eight years, he breaks down at five; at four, he handles three; at three, two. The length of a series - figures, letters, names, anything you will of the sort is a test of a person's control over his attention and the inherent grip of his memory, as rigid as the number of keys he can stretch on a piano is of the size and flexibility of his hand. Moreover, this ability is quite independent of any practice in learning by heart. It really is a test of the condition of one's brain protoplasm.

So it is with other tests of the Binet-Simon scale. At five years a child should be able to copy a figure of a square, but not of a diamond. That arrives two years later. Below seven, he will not notice that the outline of a "lady" lacks arms. Up to eleven, you can tell him that you have locked yourself in your room and can't get out because you left the key on the outside, and he will believe you. At fourteen, given any time by the clock, he should be able to say what time it would be if the hands were interchanged.

Locating the Age of a Person's Mind

One need not go on. Some fifty or sixty tests have been worked out in such detail, and so



carefully standardized, that they afford a scale of native mental capacity that enables us to locate minds between three and thirteen years of age, with something the same approach to the accuracy with which we match colors against a standard color scale.

The application of this Binet-Simon test and of others like it, some of which have already been touched upon in an earlier issue of this magazine, makes it possible to study the human mind in a fashion in which it has never been studied before. The place where such study was first taken up in a large way in this country, and where it has been carried in certain directions further than anywhere else in the world, is the Training School for Backward and Feeble-Minded Children, at Vineland, New Jersey, fifty miles south of Philadelphia.

Here, amid almost ideal surroundings, mostof these four hundred subnormal persons of both sexes and every age live, most of them for their entire lives. They work contentedly at tasks so carefully fitted to their interests and capacities that they know the joy of labor without the alloy of weariness. Recreations and amusements are accurately adjusted to their power to enjoy, as these by no means always are in the world outside. Supervision, such as would be impossible with normal human beings, protects them from the smaller ills of life and

from the consequences of their own mistakes. With no future before them, there is no painful training to fit them for selfsupport. In an artificial environment, built to fit their peculiar necessities, these four hundred backward children form probably the happiest community of like size on earth.

But we are concerned here with a brilliant piece of scientific work. The presence of these four hundred subnormal persons, subject during every moment of their lives to the observation of experts, gives a unique opportunity for the study of certain problems of human nature. The normal child develops so rapidly that it is difficult to catch him at any particular age. "When you put your finger on him, he isn't there." But the simple - minded, slow-witted imbecile is a subject made, as it were. to hand for scien-

investiga-

tific

tion. The Vineland Training-School is already athlete, quite able to hold his own on track or beginning to affect our ideas of normal human diamond against most college boys. He looks, nature in something the same way that recent in short, like a distinctly promising youth, of study of the cold-blooded animals has opened up new realms in human physiology and medicine.

The school has, I say, been foremost in the country to take up certain important lines of investigation, as New Jersey has been the first State of the Union to appropriate funds for the support of such work. The head of the institution, Mr. Edward R. Johnstone, a man both of extraordinary insight and of great executive

capacity, began, four years ago, to develop and equip a department of scientific research. Today there is in charge a professional psychologist, Henry H. Goddard, Ph.D., with three laboratory and two field assistants, who give their entire time to the work. There is a board of fourteen consulting physicians; and shortly there is to be, in addition, a biochemist with a special laboratory.

> Of the studies of this group of investigators along a dozen different and important lines, I can touch here upon only one — the results obtained from the Binet tests. In addition to various other examinations of all sorts, each pupil, at least once in six months, has his ultimate mental capacity checked up by means of the Binet scala.

Here, for example, is a young fellow of twenty strong, well set up, openfaced, altogether a distinctly pleasing personality. He has been working hard all day breaking up new land, and has come in at night, comfortably weary, gloriously hungry, and ready for bath and supper. Question him about his occupations, interests, companions, and he answers promptly and intelligently. Inquiry shows that leads the school orchestra, takes part in theatricals, does CHARLIE A — AGE THIRTY-THREE YEARS — TESTS EIGHT YEARS beautiful work MENTALLY. HE IS PHYSICALLY PERFECT, BUT IS CAPABLE OF at two handi-DOING ONLY THE CRUDEST KIND OF INDUSTRIAL WORK. crafts, and in ad-

HE CAN NOT BE TAUGHT TO READ OR WRITE dition is a crack whom almost any parent might be proud.

But take him into the laboratory and put him through the Binet tests, and he breaks down at thirteen. He was a likely baby. His mind developed normally during early boyhood. At eight or nine it began to slow down. At twelve it stopped. No matter how long that man lives, he will never be more than twelve years old.

Meanwhile, he will do everything that a child



of twelve can do, and do it with a man's strength. He can accomplish almost any sort of routine task,—care for stock, lay bricks, work at tailoring, perform any mechanical operation as well as anybody, - provided somebody else plans his work. But he can not plan for himself, and he can not take responsibility — naturally not, since he is only twelve.

He has had ten years of the most painstaking, as well as the most thoroughly scientific, education to be had anywhere in America — and it hasn't made a particle of difference. He knows more than a child of twelve, because he has had twice as many years to learn it in: but his learning is all on the twelve-year-old level. All the range and grasp and interests of the thirteen-yearold mind are forever to him a closed book.

So long as this man is kept in charge of kindly persons who treat him as the twelve-year-old he really is, not the man he appears to be, and so long as he is given no task beyond those which careful tests show that he can do with ease and pleasure, he is happy, docile, affectionate. But let him out into the grown-up world, and at once he is in six different kinds of FLORENCE M - NINE YEARS OLD - TESTS SEVEN trouble. He can not make a living at a man's work, because he is only a little boy;

while, on the other hand, nobody will look common as argon and radium. out for him like a little boy, because everyworld is not adapted to such as he; and all sorts and conditions of men. They were therefore, according to his natural or ac- tried, for example, in the first and second quired energy, he drifts into pauperism or crime. With the forethought of his twelve years, he becomes responsible for a family which he can not possibly support. In a in my room," said the first teacher, "but not panic of childish jealousy or fear, he is as many." As a matter of fact, of sixteen pupils power to regulate them.

Yet this man is very close to a "normal" individual. According to Dr. Osler, the minds of the ablest professional men stop growing at forty. After that, these especially original persons work and learn, but no longer develop. It is notorious that the general run of educated persons can not really learn a new language or master a musical instrument much

> after twenty. Their minds "Oslerize" at about half the age of those of the finest grade. Apparently the great mass of mankind Oslerizes between fourteen and twenty-one — a fact which seems always, in some sort, to have been recognized both in law and custom.

A mind that sticks at thirteen is just able to make a living at the lowest grades of labor, and barely to take care of itself in the world. Below thirteen, but above eight, comes the newly recognized "moron," who is neither an imbecile nor a normal man, but on the line between the two. True imbeciles never become older than seven. The mind of an idiot has Oslerized before three.

> This plastic time of the mind is perhaps the most important of all differences among various individuals and races of men. It appears also, now that we have an infallible means of discovering the moron, that this heretofore unrecognized type of human being is as

YEARS MENTALLY. SHE IS A TYPE OF BACK-

WARD PATIENT WHO IS ALMOST CERTAIN

TO BECOME NORMAL

Students trained at the Vineland School in body takes him for a man. The outside the Binet tests are now applying them to grades in a large boys' school in a city of the Middle West.

"You will find a few feeble-minded children dangerous as a frightened horse. He has all the tested during the first forenoon, only two had impulses of a grown man, with a child's the same mental as bodily age. Four had begun to slow down, and were two years younger



ALL THESE BOYS ARE APPARENTLY NORMAL, BUT THE BINET TESTS SHOW THAT THEIR MINDS STOPPED GROWING WHEN THEY WERE CHILDREN. THEY CAN NOT MAKE A LIVING, BE-CAUSE THEY HAVE THE MINDS OF CHILDREN; ON THE OTHER HAND, NOBODY WILL LOOK AFTER THEM LIKE CHILDREN, BECAUSE EVERYBODY WILL TAKE THEM FOR YOUNG MEN CAPABLE OF LOOKING AFTER THEMSELVES

they had made virtually no progress for at least four years. Meanwhile they had learned their lessons after a fashion, and had been promoted. But they had done it all by mere rote, with no more real understanding than a dog that has been taught to say its prayers.

up again, amounts to a little more than three per cent of the school population. The moral The moment this extraordinarily accurate and delicate test of mental growth reveals the earliest premonitory signs of Osleritis,— and this sometimes occurs as early as three years,- the child should at once turn his back alike on "cultural subjects" and the three R's, and put in the short and precious time that remains on training that will help him to

than they should have been. Two had lost earn his living. The kind of brain that stay three years, while the minds of the remaining young to forty can take its bread-and-butter eight had already so completely Oslerized that subject late or early. The kind that stiffens at twelve must be taken in hand forthwith.

Only One Normal Boy Among a Hundred Delinquents

The Vineland-trained psychologists have This, to be sure, is a very exceptional case. taken the Binet-Simon scale into the juvenile Commonly, the number of pupils whose minds courts. Here is the result of testing one hunlag so far behind their birthdays that there dred delinquents, chosen entirely at random, is no possible chance that they will ever catch just as they came to the detention home in a fair-sized city of the Middle Atlantic States. One, ten years old in body, was also ten years old in mind. He was the only normal child in the whole hundred. Also, though among the youngest of the group physically, he was among the oldest mentally. Six boys of thirteen years tested only ten. Twenty-six of fourteen tested also ten. Twenty of fourteen years tested nine. Eighteen of fifteen and sixteen years averaged under nine. One youth, fifteen in body, had only a seven-year-old brain. One brain, eight just twelve; fourteen were eleven; fourteen and two tenths years of age, found itself in a more were ten; twelve were only nine; one seventeen-year-old body.

Or, to turn from figures to individual reports:

James — eleven years old physically; eight years old mentally. With crowd of boys who set fire to

haystack. All the boys escaped being caught but James. Said he was only watching the fire and did not know why the other boys ran.

Maurice — fifteen years old physically; nine and a fifth years old mentally. Playing craps with six other boys; only boy caught. Said: 'Didn't know why the other fellows ran thought they were running to a fire." Boy was arrested by officer on beat.

Obviously, these youths have been entirely misunderstood by parents, teachers, and criminal authorities. They are not criminals. though they are being rapidly converted into such. They are children, who always will remain children so long as they live; and they have a child's ideas of moral responsibility.

TWO FIGURES USED FOR TESTING MENTAL DEVELOPMENT. A CHILD IS ALLOWED TO RUN HIS PENCIL THROUGH THIS MAZE (REPRODUCED HALF THE ACTUAL SIZE,) AND THE NUMBER OF TIMES HE TOUCHES THE BORDER IS A MEASURE OF HIS MEN-TAL AGE, VERY LITTLE CHILDREN SEE OBJECTS AS WHOLES AND DO NOT ANALYZE; UP TO THE AGE OF SEVEN, A CHILD MAY FEEL THAT THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE FIGURE OF THE WOMAN, BUT WILL NOT BE ABLE TO TELL WHAT IT IS

Out of Fifty-six Wayward Girls, Only Four Were Mentally Normal

Fifty-six wayward young women from another institution tell the same story. They averaged in age of body between eighteen and nineteen years. Virtually all of them were apparently normal persons, of the sort one finds at work everywhere in factory, shop, and household. All of them, at last accounts, were out on probation.

Yet, of these fifty-six young women, only four were more than twelve years old. Eleven were

just twelve; fourteen were eleven; fourteen more were ten; twelve were only nine; one of them was only eight. Naturally, they have been acting out their grown-up impulses like the irresponsible children that they are. In a well-conducted institution they might all be

happy and useful. Out in the world — one can imagine.

Or, if one does not want to imagine, I select such cases from the fifty-six as are both psychologically interesting and morally somewhat passable.

No. 1. This girl is sixteen years old and tests eight. Father dead. Mother married him on his deathbed so that she might receive his pension. Had had three children by him. Mother died o f tuberculosis: was intemperate and immoral. One child died at eighteen of tuberculosis. Aunt and grandmother died in almshouse. Girl's history: Ugly disposition. Very troublesome, quarrelsome, slow and dull. Generally needed much direction in work. Lived an immoral life for a year. Was committed to the Reformatory for larceny.

In the test she could not make change by taking nine cents out of a quarter, nor could she put the words "Philadelphia," "money," "river" into two sentences. She saw nothing absurd in the story about the unfortunate painter who fell and broke his neck, but was taken to the hospital, where they did not think he would get well. Nor the other one about the three brothers—"I have three brothers, John, Henry, and myself."

No. 2. This girl is twenty years old and tests eleven. Father drinking man; never provided for family. Mother shiftless and ignorant. Girl's history: Placed in eleven different places on probation from April, 1905, to May, 1906. Was then kept in Industrial School until March, 1908. Was again placed out, with about the same result. Arrested for larceny and immorality,

which she admitted. Bad temper — moody, careless of dress and person. Said by employer to be "boy crazy."

She could not arrange the test weights as is usually done by nine-year-old children. She could not put

three words in a single sentence.

No. 3. Nineteen years old, tests ten. Father drank, but has no court record. Hard-working, industrious man. Mother has absolutely no control over children. Chronic victim of nervous prostration. Girl's history: Was wild for three years. Easily influenced. Will do anything for any one she likes. Good worker, neat, and willing. Especially good at scrubbing and cleaning, but can not work without much supervision. She could not repeat a sentence of twenty-six syllables, give a word that rhymes with "day" or "spring" or "mill," nor repeat seven figures.

No. 4. Nineteen years old, tests nine. Father and mother both heavy drinkers. At time child was committed, father was in Home of Correction and mother in prison. Mother especially hard character, having been arrested no less than twenty-seven times. Father plainly below normal mentality. Girl's history: School work very poor; was a runaway. Would steal little things. Was immoral. Very childish. Needs constant supervision in work and behavior. Extremely fond of boys. Could not be trusted to do an errand; would never go directly back. Once, when told to cut only the end pieces from loaf of bread, she cut up whole loaf. When asked why she did it, said, "Why, how could I get the end piece unless I did cut it all up?" Follows a beaten track, never remembering from one day to another what she is to do.

She failed to pass the reading test, taking sixty-five minutes to do what should have been done in twentyfive minutes. She could not tell how much money it would take to buy three one- and three two-cent

stamps.

No. 5. Nineteen years old, test nine. Father intemperate, abusive. Never supported family. Mother intemperate, never kept house for family. One brother in City Orphanage. Two brothers intemperate and worthless. One sister married to worthless colored man. Girl's history: Immoral, often staying out all night. Smoking cigarettes, swearing, etc. Stubborn, wilful, and thoughtless. Likes little children and is fond of playing with dolls. School work sometimes learned rather quickly; other times work was very poor, and seemed to go backward rather than forward.

Our Enormous Importation of Feeble-Minded Immigrants

Of one hundred girls newly admitted to another reformatory, only one had reached a "Binet age" of twelve, and she was not thirteen. Yet in bodily age they averaged close to twentyone, while several of them were nearly thirty. Out of the hundred, only six had confined their misdoings to larcenies and assaults — and two of those were married women. There is abundant reason to believe that virtually all women

of the class into which these delinquents inevitably drift are either morons or high-grade imbeciles, who are not fully responsible for their acts. Nearly a third of our criminals are morons, and at least as many of our paupers and alcoholics, not to mention a host of unreasonable and incompetent persons, cranks and visionaries of all sorts, who do not seem to be able to adjust themselves to the grown-up world, because they are too young to understand what is for their own interests.

There are at least fifty thousand unrecognized morons at large in the United States, in addition to three times as many obvious imbeciles and degenerates. We are importing these in enormous quantities. Most of our immigrants of late years have been of the thirteen-, fourteen-, and fifteen-year-old class — people who are, at best, just outside the feeble-minded group, and along with whom have come vast numbers of eleven- and twelve-year-olds. Besides these, a few morons come, by accident, out of good stock. For the brain is like any other organ, and may be crippled in all sorts of mysterious ways by illness or malnutrition.

Feeble-Mindedness Due to Heredity in Two Out of Three Cases

But at least two thirds of our feeble-minded persons are so for the very sufficient reason that their parents were so before them. Two feeble-minded parents always have all their children feeble-minded — and they commonly have about twice as many of them as normal persons do. A feeble-minded and a normal parent will have about half their offspring of one sort and half of the other, the precise proportion depending on the more remote ancestry. We are simply breeding morons to order, and using them to dilute the general intelligence of the nation.

It turns out that the kind of brain that becomes old at ten and twelve, or the kind that begins to stiffen at twenty, or the kind that keeps its gristle well into middle age, are all definite, inheritable "unit characters," peculiar qualities of family stocks that pass along from parent to child, like musical talent or red hair. Considering that one sort of brain is always good for a five-figured salary, while another can never earn a living wage, the Binet-Simon scale gets down pretty close to the bottom of our whole economic and social problem.

A new Detective Burns story will appear in the August number of McClure's Magazine.



MISS MILHOLLAND RIDING IN THE SUFFRAGE PARADE IN NEW YORK CITY ON MAY 4, 1912

THE SPOKESMAN FOR SUFFRAGE IN AMERICA

THE most effective spokesman of the suffrage cause in America is Inez Milholland. Under twenty-five years of age, with a well-trained mind, a forceful and attractive personality, and a clear perception of the difficulties before her, Miss Milholland is succeeding in impressing

upon numbers of substantial and influential people, who have treated this newest worldwide propaganda with indifference, the leading arguments of the cause she has so ardently espoused.

When she rises before an audience of four or

five hundred men, there is a shock of agreeable surprise. Young, of immediately attractive appearance, and self-possessed, she instantly centers attention. Her earnestness, her conciseness, and her power of clear and logical statement carry her along.

"The chief reason why women want to vote," she begins, "is this: that we are weary of the chaos, misery, and pain in the life about us, and are eager and willing and, we think, considerably able to help usher in a new order of life. We want the vote, not for the sake of the vote itself, but as a means to an end. That end is the care and preservation and upbuilding of the lives of men and women and children. I am very glad of this chance to explain to you why we believe that we women are specially able to contribute to this end. Women are the mothers of the race, and as such are admittedly more concerned than any one else with all that goes to protect life. They know how much it costs to produce life."

There is a total absence of the sledge-hammer method of argument. Instead, there is a sympathetic recognition of the fact that most of her audience are considering her proposals perhaps for the first time; an implied admission that heretofore men have dealt fairly with women and an assumption that they will continue to do so; no demands, no denunciations, no ranting — a quiet, even statement, the more effective because her gestures and phrases continue to convey a flattering sense of appreciation for the attention of her auditors.

The result is undeniably effective; and it is a result which only a person with a strong sense of the dramatic, a real knowledge of the technique of persuasion, and a compelling enthusiasm for a cause could possibly attain. She has held scores of audiences by the hour. Few public speakers in this country are achieving an equal success.

Of the English suffragettes Miss Milholland says: "They are the most splendid women in the world. America, through ignorance, has totally misjudged them. They have rioted only because they had to. It is a recognized method in England of bringing any question into the sphere of practical politics. They have stoned public buildings and starved in jail only because they had to. It is because they had the pluck to do these things that woman suffrage is to-day one of the great overshadowing political issues in England.

"As far back as 1848 there was a suffrage movement in England. Economic conditions were beginning then to become severe, and the suffrage movement, like every great movement, is the result of change in economic conditions. The increasing numbers of women in the industrial world (one fifth of all the women of the world are engaged in gainful occupations) is the direct cause of the growth of the movement of votes for women. Votes for women means protection for women who are compelled to enter the competitive struggle for existence or else starve. But it was not until seven or eight years ago that the leaders realized that they were not making headway. They went to the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

"'Kick up a row,' he said; those were his very words. It was the only possible means of making the cause a public issue, of forcing it upon the attention of the country and the Cabinet. One Premier after another had sent delegations of women away with the statement that votes for women was not a practical issue. But such an attitude was not possible when a million people, largely women, gathered in Hyde Park in a great demonstration, and when thousands upon thousands marched to the House of Parliament, many women with a stone wrapped in paper upon which their plea for a vote was written. A stone was the only messenger they had to put their case before the Premier.

"The entire aspect of the situation began to change. Woman suffrage was in every one's mind. There began to be pressure upon the government to quell the riots from merchants whose shop-windows had been broken; insurance companies who had had to indemnify the merchants backed up the demand; tax-payers complained of the crowding of the jails. Innumerable strong influences were thus set to working indirectly for the cause. Every single extension of suffrage in English history has been accompanied by violence and bloodshed; the suffragettes in England have been unique in that they have used no more violence than absolutely necessary, and in that the women themselves have been the only ones to give their lives for the cause — not those whom they have attacked.

"Then, with the rising strength of the movement, they began to encounter grossly unfair treatment. The newspapers of England practically boycotted all suffrage news. After a time women arrested in demonstrations were treated as third-class prisoners in the jails, whereas from time immemorial the English law has said that political prisoners are first-class prisoners. The difference in these classifications is tremendous. Prisoners of the first class may have books to read, better food to eat, and are exempt from hard labor. But upon prisoners of the third class all the worst hardships of prison life fall. The suffragettes had the stoicism to meet this ignominy by refusing to eat if



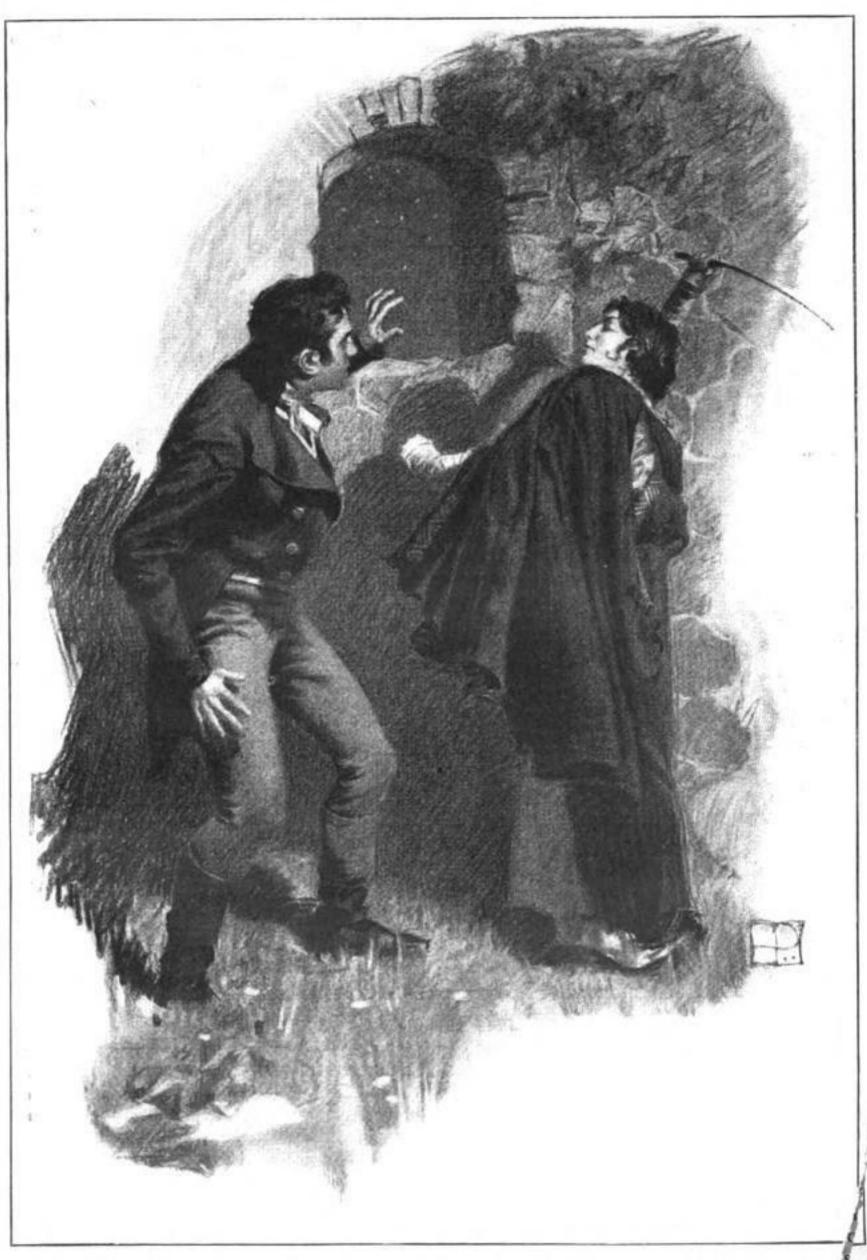
INEZ MILHOLLAND

of deliberate starvation has been partly successful. It is by such methods alone that they can win, and the American public has little appreciated the courage, the determination, the self-sacrifice, the real political wisdom of the English propaganda."

Miss Milholland is a graduate from Vassar. After leaving college, she determined to read law. The faculty of Harvard were willing to admit her, but the trustees of the university would not open the law courses to women.

imprisoned under the third class, and this plan Columbia University, too, refused to admit a woman to the law classes. But New York University took a different position, and in June of this year she completed her course there. She intends to practise law in New York City.

> "I am trying to discharge my own individual debt to society," declares Miss Milholland, "by improving the conditions of life for women and children. And that is all. The most effective and feasible method of accomplishment is to give women the ballot."



"'LET ME PASS — I WARN YOU!' FOR A MINUTE THEY FRONTED EACH OTHER, EYE TO EYE."

THEN BARNABAS SHOOK HIS HEAD, AND IN THAT VERY INSTANT SHE RAISED

HER WHIP AND STRUCK HIM ACROSS THE CHEEK".

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY

JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

What happened in preceding instalments.—Barnabas Barty, a country bred youth, son of the retired exchampion pugilist of England, is left a fortune £700,000. He makes up his mind to go to London and become a gentleman and sets forth on his journey. His first adventure is to assist a young girl who has been thrown from her horse while riding in the wood; his second is to knock down Sir Mortimer Carnaby, a court gallant, who interferes between him and the lady; his third is to form a friendship with a young lord, Viscount Horatio Bellasis, who informs him that the lady whom he rescued in the wood is the Lady Cleone Meredith. Barnabas announces his intention of marrying her. It turns out that the Viscount has the same thing in mind. The two therefore agree to be friendly rivals. They are stopping together at a neighbouring inn when the Viscount's servant overhears Sir Mortimer Carnaby plotting with another gallant, named Chichester, to win Lady Cleone for himself. On the strength of this the Viscount determines to be off to London at once in pursuit of Carnaby; but Barnabas on a sudden intuition decides to remain where he is.

The Patient Reader may Learn Somewhat of the Gentleman in the Jaunty Hat.

ORD! but this is a great day for the old Cow, sir," said the landlord, as Barnabas yet stood staring down the road. "We aren't had so many o' the quality here for years. Last night the young Vi-count; this morning, bright and early, Sir Mortimer Carnaby and friend; then the Vi-count again, along o' you, sir; an' now you an' Sir Mortimer's friend — you don't be noways acquainted wi' Sir Mortimer's friend, be you, sir?"

"No," answered Barnabas; "what is his

name?"

"Well, Sir Mortimer hailed him as Chichester, sir, and, 'twixt you an' me, sir, he be one o' your fine gentlemen as I aren't nowise partial to; an' he's ordered dinner and supper."

"Has he?" said Barnabas. "Then I think

I'll do the same."

"Aye, aye, sir — very good."

"In the meantime, could you let me have pen, ink, and paper?"

"Aye; sir - surely, in the sanded parlour;

this way, sir."

Forthwith he led Barnabas into a long, low, paneled room, with a wide fireplace at the farther end, beside which stood a great, high-backed settle with a table before it. There Barnabas sat down, and wrote a letter to his father, as here follows:

My dear Father and Natty Bell:

I have read somewhere in my books that Adventures are to the Adventurous, and, indeed, I have already found this to be true. I have already thrashed a friend of the Prince Regent, and somewhat spoiled a very fine gentleman, and am like to be necessitated to spoil another before the day is much older: from each of whom I learn that a Prince's friend may be an arrant Knave.

Furthermore, I have become acquainted with the son of an Earl, and, finding him also a man, have formed a friendship with him, which I trust may endure. Within the next few hours I confidently expect other and perchance weightier happenings to overtake

me. So much for myself.

Now, as for you and Natty Bell; it is with deep affection that I think of you — an affection that shall abide with me always. Also you are both in my thoughts continually. I remember our bouts with the muffles, and my wild gallops on unbroken horses with Natty Bell; surely he knows a horse better than any, and is a better rider than boxer, if that could well be. Indeed, I am fortunate in having studied under two such masters.

Furthermore, I pray you to consider, this absence of mine will only draw us closer together, in a sense. Indeed, now, when I think of you both, I am half minded to give up this project and come back to you. But my destiny commands me, and destiny must be obeyed. Therefore I shall persist unto the end; but, whether I succeed or no, remember, I pray of you, that I am always

Your lover and friend,

BARNABAS.

P. S. Regarding the friend of the Prince Regent, I could wish now that I had struck a little harder, and shall do so next time, should the opportunity be given. B.

Having finished his letter, in which, it will be seen, he made no mention of the Lady Cleone, though his mind was yet full of her, Barnabas, sanded it, folded it, affixed the wafers, and had taken up his pen to write the superscription when he was arrested by a man's voice speaking in a lazy drawl just outside the open lattice behind him:

"Now, 'pon my soul and honour, Beatrix, so much offended virtue for a stolen kiss! Begad,

you were prodigal of 'em once."

"How dare you? Oh, coward that you are!" exclaimed another voice, low and repressed, yet vibrant with bitter scorn. "You know that I found you out - in time, thank God!"

"Beatrix?" said Barnabas to himself.

"In time — ha! And pray who'd believe it? You ran away from me — but you ran away with me first! In time? Would your father believe it — that virtuous old miser? Would any one who saw us together believe it? No, Beatrix; I tell you, all the world knows you for mv — "

"Stop!"

A moment's silence, and then a soft, gently amused laugh.

"Lord! Beatrix, how handsome you are! Handsomer than ever, begad! I'm doubly fortunate to have found you again. Six years is a long time, but they've only matured you refined you. Yes, you're handsomer than ever — upon my life and soul, you are!"

But here came the sudden rush of flying draperies, the sound of swift, light footsteps, and Barnabas was aware of the door behind him being opened, closed, and bolted, and thereafter the repressed sound of a woman's passionate weeping. Therefore he rose from the settle and, glancing over its high back, beheld — Clemency.

Almost in the same moment she saw him, and started back to the wall - glanced from Barnabas to the open lattice, and covered her face with her hands. And now, not knowing what to do, Barnabas crossed to the window, and, being there, looked out; and thus espied again the languid gentleman strolling up the lane, with his beaver hat cocked at the same jaunty angle, and swinging his betasseled stick as he went.

"You — you heard, then!" said Clemency,

almost in a whisper.

"Yes," answered Barnabas, without turning; "but, being a great rascal, he probably — lied."

"No, it is — quite true; I did run away with him. But oh, indeed, indeed, I left him again before — before ——"

"Yes, yes," said Barnabas a little hurriedly, aware that her face was still hidden in her chancing presently to look about him, he found hands, though he kept his eyes studiously averted. Then all at once she was beside him; her hands were upon his arm, pleading, compelling; and thus she forced him to look at her, and, though her cheeks yet burned, her eyes met his, frank and unashamed.

"Sir," said she, "you do believe that I that I found him out in time — that I — escaped his vileness. You must believe — you

shall!" And her slender fingers tightened on his arm. "Oh, tell me — tell me you believe!"

"Yes," said Barnabas, looking down into the troubled depths of her eyes; "yes, I do believe."

The compelling hands dropped from his arm, and she stood before him, staring out blindly into the glory of the morning; and Barnabas could not but see how the tears glistened under her lashes; also he noticed how her brown, shapely hands gripped and wrung each other.

"Sir," said she suddenly, "you are a friend

of - Viscount Devenden."

"I count myself so fortunate."

"And, therefore, a gentleman."

"Indeed, it is my earnest wish."

"Then you will promise me that, should you ever hear anything spoken to the dishonour of Beatrix Darville, you will — deny it."

"Yes," said Barnabas, smiling a little grimly; "though I think I should do - more than that."

Now, when he said this, Clemency looked up at him suddenly, and in her eyes there was a glow no tears could quench; her lips quivered, but no words came, and then, all at once, she caught his hand, kissed it, and so was gone, swift and light and shy as any bird. And in a while, happening to spy his letter on the table, Barnabas sat down and wrote out the superscription with many careful flourishes; which done, observing his hat near by, he took it up, put it on, and went out into the sunshine. Yet, when he had gone but a very little way, he paused, and, seeing he still carried the letter in his hand, thrust it into his breast, and so remained staring thoughtfully toward the spot, green and shady with trees, where he and the Viscount had talked with the Apostle of Peace. And with his gaze upon the spot he uttered a name, and the name was:

"Beatrix."

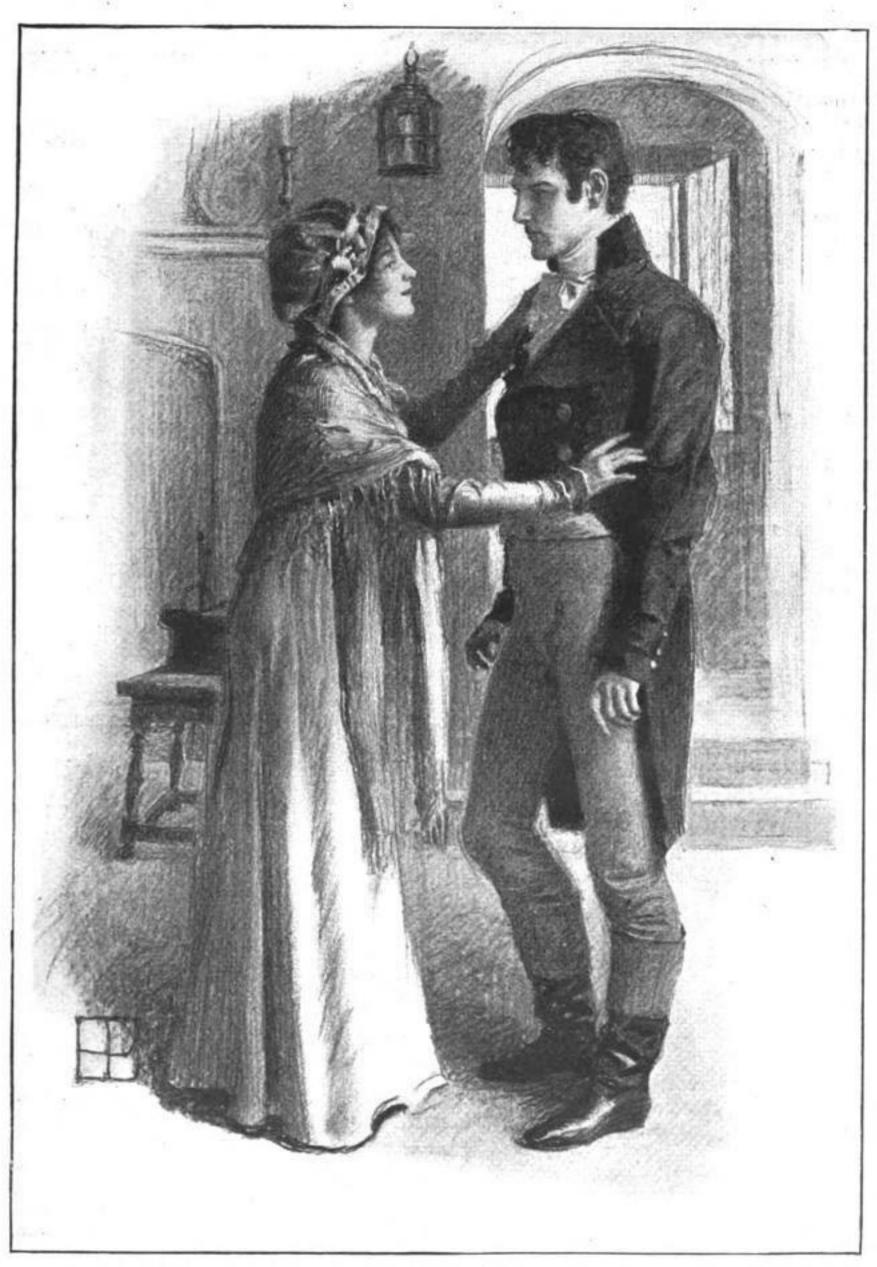
CHAPTER XVI

In Which Barnabas Engages a Man Without a Character

BARNABAS walked on along the lane, head on breast, plunged in a profound reverie, and following a haphazard course, so much so that, that the lane had narrowed into a rough carttrack that wound away between high banks gay with wild flowers and crowned with hedges.

Now as he walked he noticed a dry ditch — a grassy and most inviting ditch; therefore Barnabas sat him down therein, leaning his back against the bank.

"Beatrix!" said he again, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he became aware of the



"BEING A RASCAL," SAID BARNABAS, "HE PROBABLY LIED." . . . 'NO, IT IS — QUITE TRUE," SHE ANSWERED; "I DID RUN AWAY WITH HIM""

"priceless wollum." Taking it out, he began turning its pages idly enough, and eventually paused at one headed thus:

THE CULT OF DRESS

But he had not read a dozen words when he was aware of a rustling of leaves, near by, that was not of the wind, and then the panting of breath drawn in painful gasps; and therefore, having duly marked his place with a finger, he raised his head and glanced about him. As he did so, the hedge almost opposite was burst asunder, and a man came slipping down the bank, and, regaining his feet, stood staring at Barnabas and panting. A dusty, bedraggled wretch he looked, unshaven and unkempt, with quick, bright eyes that gleamed in the pale oval of his face.

"What do you want?" Barnabas demanded.

"Everything!" the man panted, with the ghost of a smile on his pallid lips; "but — the ditch would do."

"And why the ditch?"

"Because they're - after me."

"Who are?"

"Gamekeepers!"

"Then you're a poacher?"

"And a very clumsy one; they had me once — close on me now!"

"Then — hum! — get into the ditch," said Barnabas.

Now the ditch, as has been said, was deep and dry, and next moment the miserable fugitive was hidden from view by reason of this and of the grasses and wild flowers that grew luxuriantly there; seeing which, Barnabas went back to his reading.

It is permitted [solemnly writes the Person of Quality] that white Waistcoats be worn — though sparingly, for caution is always advisable, and a buff Waistcoat, therefore, is recommended as safer. Coats, on the contrary —

Thus far the Person of Quality, when:

"Hallo theer!" roared a stentorian voice. "Hallo theer! Oho! hi! Waken oop, will 'e!"

Once more Barnabas marked the place with his finger, and, glancing up, straightway espied Stentor, somewhat red-faced, clad in a velveteen jacket, and with a long-barrelled gun on his shoulder.

"Might you be shouting at me?" enquired Barnabas.

"Well," replied Stentor, looking up and down the lane, "I don't see nobody else to shout at, so let's s'pose as I be shouting at ye. Bean't deaf, be ye?"

"No, thank God."

"'Cause, if so be as y'are deaf, a can shout a tidy bit louder nor that, a reckon."

"I can hear you very well as it is."

"Werry good, then, if you are sure as you can 'ear me, I'd like to ax 'e a question — though, mark me, I'll shout it, ah, an' willin'; if so be you're minded, say the word!" But, before Barnabas could reply, another man appeared, being also clad in velveteens and carrying a long-barrelled gun.

"Wot be doin', Jarge?" he enquired of Stentor, in a surly tone. "Wot be wastin' time for?"

"W'y, lookee, I be about to ax this 'ere deaf chap a question, though ready — ah, an' willin' — to shout it if so be 'e gives the word."

"Stow yer gab, Jarge," retorted Surly, more surly than ever. "You be a sight too fond o' usin' that theer voice o' your'n!" — saying which, he turned to Barnabas.

"Did ye see ever a desprit poachin' wagabone run down this 'ere lane, sir?" he enquired.

"No," answered Barnabas.

"Well, did ye see ever a thievin' wastrel run oop this 'ere lane?" demanded Stentor.

"No," answered Barnabas.

"But we seen 'im run this way," demurred Surly.

"Ah! — he must ha' run oop or down this 'ere lane," said Stentor.

"He did neither," said Barnabas.

"Why, then p'r'aps you be stone blind as well as stone deaf?" suggested Stentor.

"Neither one nor the other," answered Barnabas; "and now, since I have answered all your questions, suppose you go and look somewhere else?"

"Look, is it? Look wheer, d'ye mean?"

"1 mean — go!"

"Go!" repeated Stentor, round of eye. "Then s'pose you tell us — wheer!"

"Anywhere you like; only - be off!"

"Now you can claw me!" exclaimed Stentor, with an injured air, nodding to his gun.

And he strode off, muttering, after his companion. Hereupon Barnabas once more opened his book; yet he was quite aware that the fugitive had thrust his head out of the ditch, and, having glanced swiftly about, was now regarding him from the corners of his eyes.

"Why do you stare at me?" he demanded.

"I was wondering why you took the trouble and risk of shielding such a thing as I am," answered the fugitive.

"Hum!" said Barnabas. "Upon my soul, I don't know."

"No," said the man, with the ghostly smile upon his lips again; "I thought not." Now, as he looked at the man, Barnabas saw that his cheeks beneath their stubble were hollow and pinched, as though by the cruel hands of want and suffering. And yet, in despite of all this,

was not old; moreover, there was a merry twinkle in the eye and a humorous curve to the wide-lipped mouth that appealed to Barnabas.

"And you are a poacher, you say?"

"Yes, sir; and that is bad, I confess, but, what is worse - I was, until I took to poaching, an honest man without a shred of character."

"How so?"

"I was discharged - under a cloud that was never dispelled."

"Hum!" said Barnabas. "And what were

you by profession?"

"My calling, sir, was to work for, think for, and shoulder the blame for others - generally. fools, sir. I was a confidential servant — a valet. sir. And I have worked, thought, and taken the blame for others so very successfully that I must needs take to poaching, that I may live."

and of the grizzled hair at his temples, the face in the world, though the blackest rascal, the slyest rogue, may thrive and prosper, the greatest of valets, being without a character, may go in rags and starve — and very probably

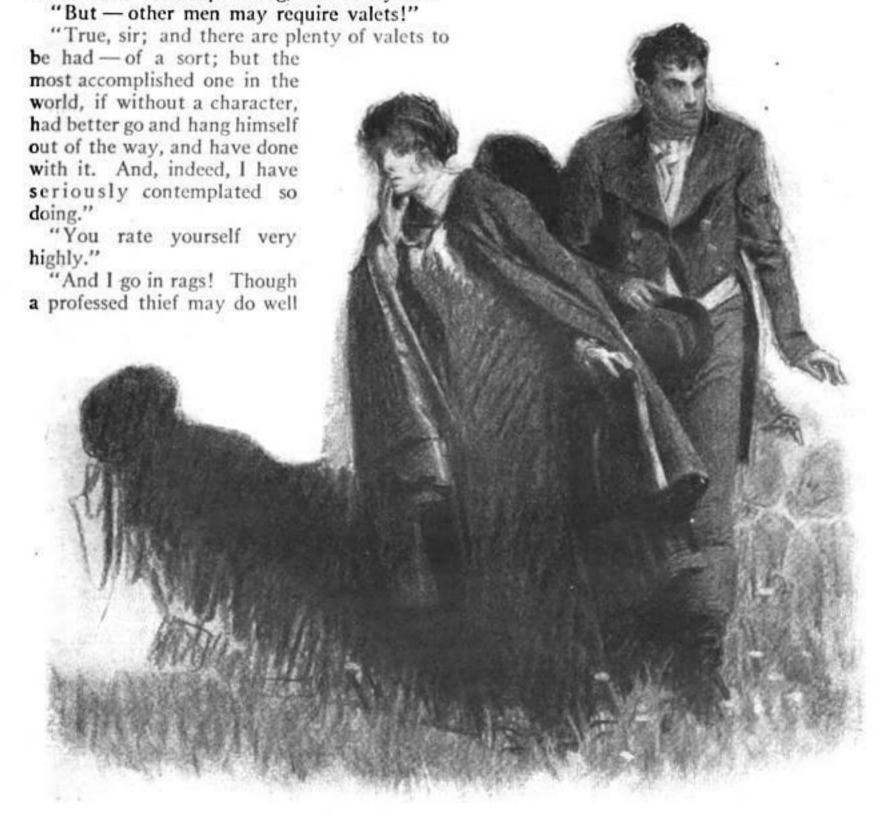
"Hum!" said Barnabas.

"Now, to starve, sir, is unpleasant; thus I, having a foolish though very natural dread of it, poach rabbits that I may exist. I possess, also, an inborn horror of rags and dirt; therefore I exchanged this coat and breeches at a farmhouse, the folk being all away in the fields, and, though they are awkward, badly made garments, still, beggars — and ——"

"Thieves!" added Barnabas.

"And thieves, sir, can not always be choosers, can they?"

"Then you admit you are a thief?"



"AS HE STOOD THERE WITHIN A YARD OF HER, UPON THE QUIET BROKE A SMALL, SHARP SOUND. EVEN AS BARNABAS TURNED TO FRONT THIS MENAGE, THE MOON WENT OUT"

Here the fugitive glanced at Barnabas with a wry smile.

"Sir, I fear I must. Exchange is no robbery, they say; but my rags were so very ragged, and these garments are at least wearable."

"You have, then, been a — great valet?"

"And have served many gentlemen in my time."

"Then you probably know London and the Fashionable World?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, with a sigh.

"Now," pursued Barnabas, "I am given to understand, on the authority of a Person of Quality, that to dress properly is an art."

The Fugitive nodded.

"Yes, indeed, sir — though your Person of Quality should rather have called it the greatest of all the arts."

"Why so?"

"Because by dress it is possible to make something out of nothing!"

"Explain yourself."

"Why, there was the case of young Lord Ambleside — a nobleman remarkable for a vague stare and seldom saying anything but 'What!' or 'Dey-vil take me!' — though I'll admit he could curse almost coherently — at times. I found him nothing but a lord — and very crude material at that; yet in less than six months he was made."

"Made?"

"Made, sir," nodded the fugitive. "I began him with a cravat — an entirely original creation, which drew the approval of Brummell himself, and consequently took London by storm — and continued him with a waistcoat."

"Not a - white one?" Barnabas enquired.

"No, sir; it was a delicate pink embroidered with gold, and of entirely new cut and design, which was the means of introducing him to the notice of royalty itself; the Prince had one copied from it and wore it at a state reception. And I finished him with a pair of pantaloons which swept the World of Fashion clean off its legs and brought him into lasting favour with the Regent. So my lord was made. And eventually I married him to an heiress."

"You married him?"

"That is to say, I dictated all his letters and composed all his verses — which speedily brought the affair to a happy culmination."

"You seem to be a man of varied gifts."

"And one - without a character!"

"Nevertheless," said Barnabas, "I think you are the very man I require."

"Sir?" exclaimed the fugitive, staring. "Sir?"

"And therefore," continued Barnabas, "you may consider yourself engaged."

"Engaged, sir — engaged!" stammered the man.

"As my valet," nodded Barnabas.

"But, sir, I told you I was - a thief!"

"Yes," said Barnabas; "and therefore I have great hopes of your future honesty."

Now hereupon the man, still staring, rose to his knees, and with a swift, appealing gesture stretched out his hands toward Barnabas, and his hands were trembling all at once.

"Sir!" said he. "Oh, sir, d'ye mean it? You don't — you can't — know what such an offer means to me. Sir, you're not jesting with me?"

"No," answered Barnabas, calmly serious of eye; "no, I'm not jesting; and, to prove it, here is an advance of wages." And he dropped two guineas into the man's open palm. The man stared down at the coins in his hand, then rose abruptly to his feet and turned away, and when he spoke again his voice was hoarse.

"Sir," said he jerkily, "for such trust I would thank you — only words are too poor! If, as I think, it is your desire to enter the World of Fashion, it becomes my duty, as an honest man, to tell you that all your efforts, all your money, would be unavailing, even though you were introduced by Barrymore, or Hanger, or Norfolk, or Brummell himself."

"Ah," said Barnabas; "and why?"

"Because you have made a fatal beginning."
"How?"

"By knocking down the Prince's friend and favourite — Sir Mortimer Carnaby."

CHAPTER XVII

In Which Barnabas Parts Company with the Person of Quality

For a long moment the two remained silent, each staring at the other, Barnabas still seated in the ditch and the man standing before him, with the coins clutched in his hand.

"Ah!" said Barnabas at last. "Then you were in the wood?"

"I lay hidden behind a bush and watched you do it, sir."

"And what were you doing in Annesley Wood?"

"I bore a message, sir — for the lady."

"Ah!" said Barnabas. "The lady - yes."

"Who lay watching you also."

"No," said Barnabas; "the lady was unconscious."

"Yet recovered sufficiently to adjust her habit and to watch you knock him down."

"Hum," said Barnabas, and was silent a while. "Have you heard such a name as Chichester?" he enquired suddenly. "No, sir."

"And did you deliver the letter?"

"I did, sir."

"And she - sent back an answer?"

"Yes, sir."

"The gentleman who sent the letter was tall and slender, I think, with dark hair, and a scar on his cheek?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when you came back with her answer, he met you down the lane yonder, and I heard you say that the lady had no time to write."

"Yes, sir; but she promised to meet him at a

place called Oakshott's Barn."

"Ah!" said Barnabas. "I think I know it."

"At sunset, sir."

"How came you to be carrying his letter?"

"He offered me five shillings to go and bring her answer."

"Did you know the lady?"

"No, sir, but he described her."

"He seemed to know her well, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir."

"And she — promised to meet him — in a very — lonely place?"

"At Oakshott's Barn, sir."

Once again Barnabas stared down at his book, and was silent so long that his new servant wondered, grew fidgetty, coughed, and at last spoke. "Sir," said he, "what are your orders?"

Barnabas started and looked up.

"Orders?" he repeated. "Why, first of all, get something to eat, then find out a barber, and wait for me at the Spotted Cow."

"Yes, sir." The man bowed, turned away, took three or four steps, and came back again.

"Sir," said he. "I have two guineas of yours, and you have never even asked my name."

"True," said Barnabas.

"Supposing I go and never come back?"

"Then I shall be two guineas the poorer, and you will have proved yourself a thief; but, until you do, you are an honest man, so far as I am concerned."

"Sir," said the fugitive hoarsely, but with a new light on his face, "for that, if I were not your servant, I — should like to — clasp your hand; and, sir, my name is John Peterby."

"Why, then," said Barnabas, smiling all at at length, his eyes still intent. once, "why, then, John Peterby, here it is!" "Sir," said Barnabas, yet lear

So for a moment their hands met, and then John Peterby turned sharp about, and strode away down the lane, his step grown light and his head held high.

But, as for Barnabas, he sat there in the ditch, staring at nothing; and as he stared his brow grew black, and ever blacker, until, chancing at last to espy the "priceless wollum" where it lay beside him, he took it up, balanced it in his

hand, then hurled it over the opposite hedge; which done, he laughed sudden and harsh, and clenched his fists.

"God!" he exclaimed. "A goddess and a satyr!" And so sat staring on at nothingness again.

CHAPTER XVIII

Barnaby Returns a Coat-Button

THE sun was getting low as Barnabas parted the brambles and, looking about him, frowned. He stood in a grassy glade or clearing — a green oasis hemmed in on every side with bushes. Before him was Oakshott's Barn, an ancient structure, its rotting thatch disheveled, its doors gone long since, its aged walls cracked and scarred by years — a very monument of desolation; upon its threshold weeds had sprung up, and within its hoary shadow breathed an air damp, heavy, and acrid with decay. It was, indeed, a place of solitude, full of the "hush" of leaves, shut out from the world, close hidden from observation, a place apt for the meetings of lovers. And therefore, leaning in the shadow of the yawning doorway, Barnabas frowned. Evening was falling, and from shadowy wood, from dewy grass and flower, stole wafts of perfume, while from some thicket near by a blackbird filled the air with the rich notes of his languorous song; but Barnabas frowned only the blacker, and his hand clenched itself on the stick he carried — a heavy stick that he had cut fom the hedge as he came.

All at once the blackbird's song was hushed, and gave place to a rustle of leaves that grew nearer and nearer. Yet Barnabas never moved, not even when the bushes were pushed aside and a man stepped into the clearing — a tall, elegant figure, who, having paused to glance sharply about him, strolled on again towards the barn, swinging his tasseled walking-cane, and humming softly to himself as he came. He was within a yard of Barnabas when he saw him, and stopped dead.

"Ah!" he exclaimed softly; and thereafter the two eyed each other in an ominous silence.

"And who the devil are you?" he enquired at length, his eyes still intent.

"Sir," said Barnabas, yet leaning in the doorway, "your name, I think, is Chichester?"

"Well?"

"Permit me to return your coat-button!"
And Barnabas held out the article in question;
but Mr. Chichester never so much as glanced at it.

"What do you want — here?" he demanded, soft of voice.

"To tell you that this dismal place is called Oakshott's Barn, sir."

"Well?"

"To warn you that Oakshott's Barn is an unhealthy place — for your sort, sir."

"Ha!" said Mr. Chichester, his heavy-lidded eyes unwinking. "Do you threaten?"

"Let us rather say — I warn!"

"So you do threaten?"

"I warn," repeated Barnabas.

"To the devil with you and your warning!"

All this time neither of them had moved or raised his voice; only Mr. Chichester's thin, curving nostrils began to twitch all at once, while his eyes gleamed between their narrowed lids. But now Barnabas stepped clear of the doorway, the heavy stick swinging in his hand.

"Then, sir," said he, "let me advise - yes, let me advise you to hurry from this solitude."

Mr. Chichester laughed. "Ah, so that's it!" "Yes," nodded Barnabas, shifting his gaze to Mr. Chichester's right hand - a white, beringed hand, whose long, slender fingers

toyed with the seals that dangled at his fob;

"so pray take up your button and go!"

Mr. Chichester glanced at the heavy stick, at the powerful hand, the broad shoulders, and resolute face of him who held it, and — laughed again, and laughing bowed.

"Your solicitude for my health — touches me, sir — touches me. My thanks are due to you, for my health is paramount. This place, as you say, is dismal; I wish you good evening!" Saying which, Mr. Chichester turned away. But in that same instant, swift and lithe as a panther, Barnabas leapt and, dropping his stick, caught that slender, jeweled hand, twisted it, and wrenched the weapon from its grasp. Mr. Chichester stood motionless, white-lipped and silent, but a devil looked out of his eyes.

"Ah!" said Barnabas, glancing down at the pistol he held. "I judged you would not venture into these wilds without something of the sort. The path, you will notice, lies to your left. It is a winding path; I will go with you, therefore, to see that you do not lose your way and wander - back here again."

Without a word, Mr. Chichester turned, and, coming to the path, followed it, walking neither fast nor slow, never once looking to where Barnabas strode behind. On they went having opened the gate, Mr. Chichester passed through into the highroad, and then for one moment he looked at Barnabas — a long, burning look that took in face, form, and feature; and so, still without uttering a word, he went upon his way, while Barnabas, leaning upon the gate, watched him until his figure had merged into the dusk and was gone.

Then Barnabas sighed, and, becoming aware

of the pistol in his hand, smiled contemptuously, and was greatly minded to throw it away, but, changing his mind, slipped it into his pocket instead - for he remembered the devil in the eves of Mr. Chichester.

CHAPTER XIX

IT was dark among the trees, but away to the left, though as yet low down, the moon was rising, filling the woods with mystery — a radiant glow wherein objects seemed to start forth with a new significance: here the rugged bole of a tree, gnarled, misshapen, there a wide-flung branch, strangely contorted, and there again a tangle of twigs and strange, leafy shapes that moved not. And over all was a deep quietude.

Yes, it was dark among the trees, yet not so black as the frown that clouded the face of Barnabas as he strode on through the wood, and so betimes reached the ancient barn of Oakshott. And lo! even as he came there, it was night; and, because the trees grew tall and close together, the shadows lay thicker than ever, save only in one place, where the moon, finding some rift among the leaves, sent down a shaft of silvery light that made a small pool of radiance amid the gloom. Now, as Barnabas gazed at this, he stopped all at once, for, just within this patch of light, he saw a foot. It was a small foot, proudly arched, a shapely foot and slender, like the ankle above; indeed, a haughty and most impatient foot, that beat the ground with angry little taps; and yet, in all and every sense surely and beyond a doubt the most alluring foot in all the world. Therefore Barnabas sighed and came a step nearer, and in that moment it vanished; therefore Barnabas stood still again, and there followed a moment's silence; then:

"Dear," said a low, thrilling voice, "have you come — at last? Ah, but you are late; I began to fear-" The soft voice faltered and broke off with a little gasp, and, as Barnabas stepped out of the shadows, she shrank away, back and back to the mossy wall of the barn, and leaned there, staring up at him with eyes wide and fearful. Her hood, close drawn, served but to enhance the proud beauty of her face, pale under until the path ended in a five-barred gate. Now, the moon, and her cloak, caught close in one white hand, fell about her ripe loveliness in subtly revealing folds. Now in her other hand she carried a silver-mounted riding-whip. And because of the wonder of her beauty Barnabas sighed again, and because of the place wherein she stood he frowned; yet, when he spoke, his voice was gentle:

"Don't be afraid, Madam — he is gone."

"Gone!" she echoed faintly.

"Yes; we are quite alone; consequently you have no more reason to be afraid."

"Afraid, sir? I thought — why, 'twas you who startled me."

"Aye," nodded Barnabas. "You expected him!"

"Where is he? When did he go?"

"Some half hour since."

"Yet he expected me — he knew I should come; why did he go?"

Now hereupon Barnabas lifted a hand to his throat and loosened his neck-cloth.

"Why, then," said he slowly, "you have perhaps — met him hereabouts — before tonight?"

"Sir," she retorted, "you haven't answered me. Why did he go — so soon?"

"He was — forced to, Madam."

"Forced to go - without seeing me - without one word! Oh, impossible!"

"I walked with him to the cross-roads, and saw him out of sight."

"But I — I came as soon as I could. Ah, surely he gave you some message — some word for me?"

"None, Madam!" said Barnabas evenly; but his hand had clenched itself suddenly on the stick he again held.

"But I — don't understand!"— with a helpless gesture of her white hands. "To hurry away like this - without a word! Oh, why - why did he go?"

"Madam," said Barnabas, "it was because I asked him to."

"You — asked him to?"

"I did."

"But why - why?"

"Because, from what little I know of him, I judged it best."

"Sir," she said softly, "sir - what do you mean?"

"I mean that this is such a very lonely place for any woman and — such as he!"

Now, even as Barnabas uttered the words, she advanced upon him with upflung head and eyes aflame with sudden passionate scorn.

"Insolent!" she exclaimed. "So it was you. You actually dared to interfere?"

"Madam," said Barnabas, "I did."

motionless save for the pant and tumult of her bosom; fierce-eyed and contemptuous of lip.

"And remained to insult me - with impunity."

"To take you home again," said Barnabas; "therefore pray let us be gone."

"Us? Sir, you grow presumptuous."

"As you will," said Barnabas; "only let us go."

"With you?" she exclaimed.

"With me."

"No; not a step, sir! When I choose to go, I go alone."

"But to-night," said Barnabas, gentle of voice, but resolute of eye, "to-night — I go with you."

"You!" she cried. "A man I have seen but once — a man who may be anything — a — a thief — a ploughman — a runaway groom, for aught I know!"

Now, watching him beneath disdainful, drooping lashes, she saw Barnabas flinch at this, and the curve of her scornful lips grew more bitter.

"And now I'm going — alone! Stand aside and let me pass!"

"No, Madam."

"Let me pass — I warn you!"

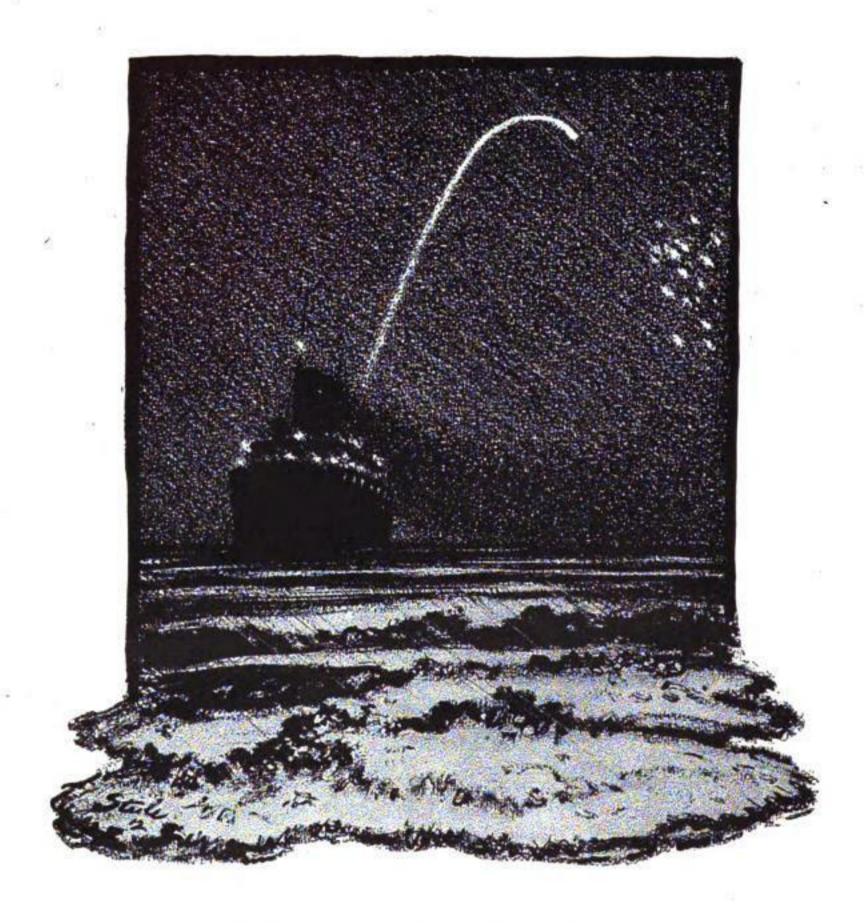
For a minute they fronted each other eye to eye, very silent and still, like two antagonists that measure each other's strength; then -Barnabas smiled and shook his head. And in that very instant, quick and passionate, she raised her whip and struck him across the cheek. Then, as she stood panting, half fearful of what she had done, Barnabas reached out and took the whip, and snapped it between his hands.

"And now," said he, tossing aside the broken pieces, "pray let us go."

"Why, then," sighed Barnabas, "I must carry you again."

Once more she shrank away from him, back and back to the crumbling wall, and leaned there. But now, because of his passionless strength, she fell a-trembling, and because of his calmly resolute eyes and grimly smiling mouth fear came upon her; and therefore, because she could not fly from him, because she knew herself helpless against him, she suddenly covered her face from his eyes, and a great sob burst from her.

Barnabas stooped and, looking at her bowed head and shrinking figure, knew not what to do. And as he stood there within a yard of her, debating within himself, upon the quiet broke a sudden sound — a small, sharp sound, yet Very straight and proud she stood, and full of infinite significance — the snapping of a dry twig among the shadows - a sound that made the ensuing silence but the more profound — a breathless quietude which, as moment after moment dragged by, grew full of deadly omen. And now, even as Barnabas turned to front these menacing shadows, the moon went out.



HIS BIG STORY

RV

EDWARD HUNGERFORD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

A DSIT, the veteran manager of the Banner, came into Stanwix's office with the matrix of a half-page advertisement in his hand.

"I've broken an office rule and taken a big ad with a promise to trade it out," said he.

City Desk did not urge him on.

"It's one of them liquor-cure ads," he continued. "They've rigged up an institute in porters of the town."

Harlem, and they'll take the worst soak we have on our staff and straighten him out just to show us what they can do. It's a good idea. You get the right man and send him up."

Stanwix looked at Adsit and said:

"I'll see if I can find a man."

"It'll be a joke on the papers and the reporters of the town." But Stanwix did not look again at Adsit, and only repeated:

"I'll see if I can find a man."

He kept his eyes on his desk work, and Adsit "guessed" it was getting "some warmer," murmured something about a waiting engagement, and hurried downstairs. When Stanwix heard the door slam behind him, he rang for Mulligan, the head office-boy.

"Get Mr. Leavy for me," he ordered of him. Mulligan's face fell. He was plainly puzzled.
"You fired him only half an hour ago," he said. "He's gone."

But City Desk did not care to discuss office ethics or discipline with Mulligan, and he repeated:

"You'll have to find him; I want him brought here."

Mulligan, pulling on his coat, showed his disgust at the errand. Mulligan was a reader of character, and he had read nothing good in Leavy. Now it was his duty to find him after his tenth discharge from the Banner's staff.

Mulligan's instinct led him straight to the nearest saloon, where Leavy was tightening the debauch that had already cost him his place upon the Banner. Protesting and bewildered, he was hauled back to Stanwix, and the upshot of the whole business was that Leavy's reincarnation was the Banner's recompense for the flaming ad that adorned the rear of the third section the following Sunday.

The institute kept its promise, and in four weeks Leavy was back at his old desk in the city room, fit for work again, the craving for liquor gone from his soul. He could hardly believe that true of himself. Drink? Why, it had been the curse of his life ever since he could remember. Drink had stretched out its arm and kept him from being a great reporter. When he was sober, and sometimes in the early days when he was a little drunk, he was a good reporter. He was a news-getter by instinct, a writer by gift, and in his head had been laid the foundations of brilliancy. Then, just as he had begun to build firmly upon these foundations, the old craving would come upon him, and he would go down, down, down into the gutter again.

Now he was back and hard at it; but his mind had been exhausted by each onslaught, and he realized that never again could he key himself to the brilliant tensions of the old days — of the times when he was "police" and could beat the inspector at Mulberry Street almost every time; of the stormy nights when the old fire chief had the department in hard with his irascible temper, and Leavy, of the Banner, could get him every time in the middle of a "four-alarm,"

cursing at smoke-eaters and buffs alike — could make him tell, just in time to catch an edition, his opinion of the blaze, what caused it and the like.

Those were certainly golden days. Now, after Stanwix and the institute had placed him squarely upon his feet, he was safe, but he felt himself to be only a mental shadow of his former self. He drifted into routine and simple work, and tried to forget a past that had its achievements as well as its downfalls. His craving for liquor was completely gone. Once, when he was passing a saloon, he thought that he would step inside for a single drink, just to know again how it tasted. But an unseen hand reached down and held him back as he stepped upon the threshold of the place, and he staggered back and on to a park bench across the way, and cried like a little child — cried because he could not be a man, be tempted and resist like a real man. When it was quite over, he slowly retraced his steps to the Banner office, and buried his head in his hands, thanking God for having stopped him on that threshold.

Stanwix saw him, yet saw him not; for Stanwix had a bit of flimsy tissue in his hand that was causing him more worry than Leavy ever had. It had chanced to be one of those nights when one good story crowds upon the heels of another, and City Desk had depleted his reserves at an alarming rate. On top of it all came the message from Hog Island Light that was the culmination of Stanwix's woe. His eye caught sight of Mulligan, and his finger beckoned the boy.

"I want one of the old men," said Stanwix sharply. "I have a chase out into the night for him."

Mulligan saw that there was a tip of a big story in the office, and his eye caught sight of Leavy — poor old Leavy, who had handled the big stories in the past, only to get the poor stuff in the present.

"Mr. Leavy's there," returned Mulligan.
"No one else?"

"I guess Mr. Leavy can cover the story," said Mulligan.

So it was that Mulligan nominated Leavy, and Leavy was hurried in to Stanwix's desk.

"I've a big story here, Mr. Leavy," said the City Desk, "and I want it covered in a big way. Hog Island Light reports that a steamer has come ashore four miles to the east, and as far as they can see she is in a bad way. It's a wicked night down there and they can't give details."

"I'll get down there after them."

"Easier said than done; but it's up to you.

for Heathmere from Flatbush Avenue."

The reporter got a lift into his coat from Mulligan, and hurried down the stairs into the December night to catch his train down the island. All the way to Heathmere he tried to plan his story. But it did not seem to plan, and he realized that his old talent for phrasing, his skill and happiness in the sharp use of words, was entirely gone from him. He tried to lay out his opening paragraph, his first sentence even; but that failed him.

"If you had a drink within you, you might turn the trick," flashed a suggestion from his inner to his outer soul. The more resolutely he tried to put the suggestion out of his mind, the more insistent it became. It was with him when the train stopped, and he did not forget it as he entered the little depot and got an additional wire from Stanwix telling him to hurry the details of the ship that was lying helpless in the storm on Hog Island reef.

"You'd better arrange to stay here for me to-night," Leavy remarked casually to the operator, who was beginning to shut up shop. "There's a big fellow gone ashore across the bay, and I'll want to send to my office when I get back from there. They can't get much at New York."

The operator came out of his office and laughed at him.

"You get details!" he said. "Who do you suppose you could get to take you across the bay on a night like this?"

"Got to get some one," said Leavy doggedly. But Stanwix had given Leavy a thick roll of bills from an emergency fund in the corner of his desk, and money talked that night at Heathmere station. The operator finally said that he knew only one man who might be counted upon to make the trip in a winter's gale.

"Crazy Joe Richards - that's your man. If he doesn't see liquor he won't be near so crazy as he might be." The operator did not notice the sign of pain that crossed the reporter's face, and he continued: "He's got a staunch little eight horse-power,— one of them automobile engines stuck in a launch,—and I guess that it's worth my while to stay here for you, if I have to stay all night."

The two put their heads together, routed out stay back of your cylinders." Cap'n Joe, whose Little Rufus was the best motor-boat within ten miles, and, while Joe put his wonderful engine in readiness, Leavy made a run to the depot for a last word from Stanwix.

All these details were taking time - and time is the biggest thing of an evening to a city

You've got twenty minutes to catch a train already, and they were not even started upon the hard part of their assignment. He ran back to the Little Rufus, which Cap'n Joe now had ready, and only halted just before he reached the stringpiece of the wharf.

> There was a tiny saloon at the pier, and its lights burned brightly through the wet, which was beginning to change to heavy snow. Leavy felt that he must have the whisky now, and it took a good deal of the real man within him to withstand that temptation. He might even have prayed a bit; he certainly did not risk trying to cross that threshold to see if a hand should again reach down from the unseen to stop him.

> "Cut loose, Joe," he ordered, "and you hammer that old engine as you never hammered it before. There's enough in it for you to buy you another Little Rufus. What's the chart to the outer reef, and how many miles?"

> "Four an' a fraction. Clean sailin' just as soon as we're past the clam-boat down at the end of the inlet thar."

> Cap'n Joe was silent then, for he was pushing the tiny launch free from the friendly embrace of the ice-coated piles of the dock, and was occupied, too, in sparking his engine. As soon as they were well under way, and the put-put came in quick rhythm, he spoke to the reporter.

> "Are we carryin' a licker cargo?" he asked. "Whisky's a mighty good thing on a night like this, an' there ain't a man 'long here that would have been enough of a fool to hev started out in this nasty bay 'thout gasolene in his tank and s'mother licker in a flask."

But Leavy shook his head.

"We're not lickering to-night, Joe," he said. "Neither you nor I have any business monkeying with the fire-water when we're in for serious business."

Cap'n Joe reached for his steering-wheel to put his craft about.

"I wuz a fool to leave my cabin 't all tonight," he muttered. .

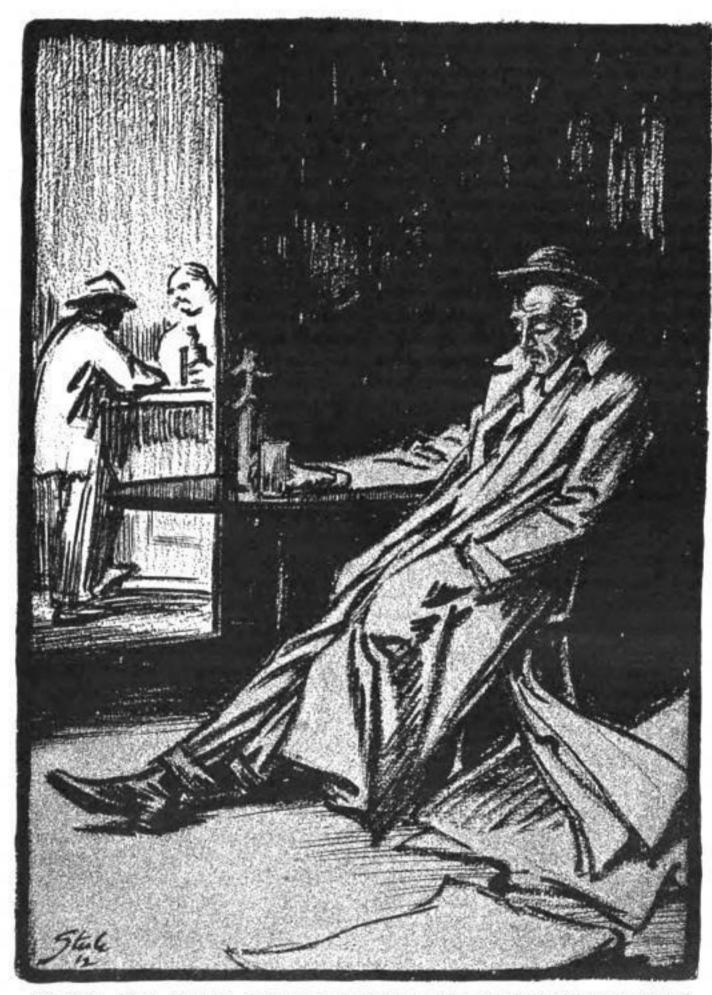
Leavy was quick as a cat, and he shot across the cockpit and caught the Cap'n's hand away from the tiny wheel.

"None of that monkey business," he said. "You're only engineer on the Little Rufus tonight, and I'm the commander. You'll take orders, Joe, and you'll take them quick. You

And the owner of the Little Rufus, after a look at his passenger, slunk back into the stern of the launch and busied himself with his engine, silent save for an occasional steering direction which he shot to the man at the wheel. Leavy kept a careful lookout, but he paper like the Banner. It was after nine o'clock felt that such a thing was all but farcical. For

out here, hardly half a mile from shore, the half-witted seafaring man the father in this exveil that made them in a world of their own, point and nook and cranny of the bay, even a little sea world, darting forward like a blind stealing about it in the night as they were;

snow was rain again, and formed a thick gray pedition. Cap'n Joe must have known each man running in the dark. Leavy had a land- for not once did he falter in his directions.



"DRINK? WHY, IT HAD BEEN THE CURSE OF HIS LIFE EVER SINCE HE COULD REMEMBER. DRINK HAD STRETCHED OUT ITS ARM AND KEPT HIM FROM BEING A GREAT REPORTER"

lubber's knowledge of navigation, and once in nasty gusty fashion, he would unfold a chart of the bay and try to figure out their course. Still, he felt that he was the child and the

"P'int her port. Thar's a wreck of a sailin'a while, when the wind blew less sharply in its schooner right under our keel now, an' if we was six foot to the west we might poke one o' her old spars into us."

Then Leavy would trim the course of the

Little Rufus neatly, and, even if he had doubts as to the absolute accuracy of Cap'n Joe's bearings, he felt satisfied that the old man knew his business quite as well as the reporter knew his own. But did he know his own? Even out here on the Great South Bay, already battling with an arm of the sea, with the damp salt air filling his lungs and choking him, with the gray fog splashing into his very face, the Little Rufus being tossed on the waves like chips in a sawmill, he could not even begin to form his story — the story that was to mean so much to Stanwix, so much to the Banner, so very, very much to Leavy. Perhaps he was foolish not to have stopped in at the little grog-shop on the wharf. What would a single drink have mattered, with a big story in prospect? He began to wonder if a great story in the Banner, the kind of thing that Stanwix would shove to the front page and that would be talked about in Park Row for a week-if the glory of such achievement would not be worth the price of his soul, a tiny flame that had almost been extinguished long ere this, and which now burned only as a candle-like fragment of its former brilliancy.

Such a story might be worth the price — a man's mind spilled out in the hidden tragedy of its tumbling words and sentences and paragraphs.

They could not see the black hulk of the Tunic from the sandy beach of the outer reef—she was close inshore; but they could catch some of the noises that came from her decks,-men cursing, freight already going overboard in last efforts to set her free again, and these sounds made a low note that sounded above the roar of the sea.

"She must have been sliding along near full speed," was the bayman's calculation. "Pretty risky business, that, with the fog a-layin' low here till a couple o' hours ago."

"They take risks on some of these bigger lines," said Leavy; "they've got to ---"

But what else he meant to say Cap'n Joe never knew, for at that moment he went sprawling on the clean, hard beach. The bayman hurried to him with his lantern, as Leavy pulled himself to his feet and said:

"Stubbed my toe on a piece of driftwood."

The lantern swung back and close to the sand with a suspicious alertness. The reporter's eyes followed its feeble light. Then he saw that he had stumbled over a small box. Joe was already on his knees, trying to open the box.

night's work for me.'

"You'll have another night's work," the Banner man reminded him, "getting me back to Heathmere. We'll get the worst of our run then."

Cap'n Joe swore inwardly for ever having made such a bargain. He set his lantern down on the beach, and began to pry at the hidden treasure. Leavy hurried on to where he saw a bright fire blazing on the beach. The life-savers had started the fire after their two hours or so of work had brought most of the passengers off the ship. These folk, soaked to the skin, tried desperately to warm themselves by the fire, and, while the men chattered in a jargon, the children and some of the women cried pitifully — a language that needs no translator. Some of the other women sat stolidly looking into the fire; they had not fully appreciated what it all meant, this shipwreck at the gateway of a strange land. There were some returning Americans in the ship's company, and it was from these that Leavy slowly gathered his story — an immensely human story.

There was something about the big ship lying just there, behind the blanket of rain, that struck the reporter as intensely pathetic. He remembered when the Tunic had made her maiden trip. It was in his cub days on the Banner, and he had gone down with the other men from Ship's News to welcome the newest product of the wonderful builders of the Clyde. He had been much impressed with her at that time. He had marveled at the completeness of the ship — her bridge and navigating-room forward and aloft, spick and span; still more so at the shining engines buried deep in her heart, an intricate mass of levers and rods and wheels to a landsman, who could only dimly realize that they were capable of working incessantly, day and night, for a week at a time, and pushing an inert ten or twelve thousand tons of metal through the angry seas at express speed.

The Tunic was no longer an inspiring sight, unless inspiringly forlorn and pathetic. She was foundered on the North Atlantic. In a little while they would come and take her rusty engines from her silent heart, and they would be worth only their weight in junk metal. They would strip her of all her fine fittings, like ghouls plundering the dead. They would leave the skeleton of the ship to pound itself to pieces on the beach.

What a chance for a story! If only he could set the feeble engines of his brain vibrating once more!

There was a way, and he knew the way.

If he only had a drink,—two drinks at the "It's salvage." said he. "'Twill be a good most, - how they would loosen his thoughts, be the motive power that should compose what he vowed would be not only the biggest story that he had ever written, but the biggest story that ticking wires had carried into the Banner office in many and many a month. It would be an easy enough matter to beg a drink on a raw night like this, with the wind and wet chilling a man, body and soul alike.

He drew closer to the shivering group around the fire, when a tall, familiar figure loomed out of the indistinct, rain-shielded mass: Nichols — Nichols of the Report, the worst news thief in town. Up to that moment Leavy had indulged himself in the idea that he was the only one of the crowd that had managed to get out to the storm-swept reef. It had not occurred to him that there were other power-boat men at Heathmere who might be as foolhardy as Cap'n Joe under sight of a city desk's roll of yellow bills.

"Hello, Leavy," was Nichols' greeting. didn't think there was another man fool enough to come out here to-night."

Leavy said little except a formal greeting.

"It's a good story," continued Nichols, "but it lacks bigness. They poke a ship ashore every little while with a big death list, and here's everybody safe."

Somehow the story had not lost value to Leavy because of that, but he kept his mouth shut.

"If we were fools to come out here to-night," Nichols said craftily, "we'd be worse fools to cross the Great South again in this wind and fog and rain."

"I got out here; I guess I can get back."

Nichols came close to Leavy and laid his hand on the other's wrist.

"That isn't really it," he whispered. "There's more than space for both of us if we stick it out here till dawn. It will be after that before they get wind of this over at Heathmere and all the bay thieves come trooping across. There's salvage enough here to be worth a year's salary to both of us. You can tell your office that you couldn't get back in the storm, and it won't matter. It isn't a big story, and we control the situation, so there's no danger of any other fellow getting it."

Leavy loosened his hand from Nichols' grasp. His big story — Stanwix beaten — he down here on his honor — his big story — the human story of the big ship foundered!

"I wouldn't think of such an idea," he said quickly.

And when Nichols began to argue, Leavy turned from him.

"I'm going to do my level best to get my story in to-night," he said.

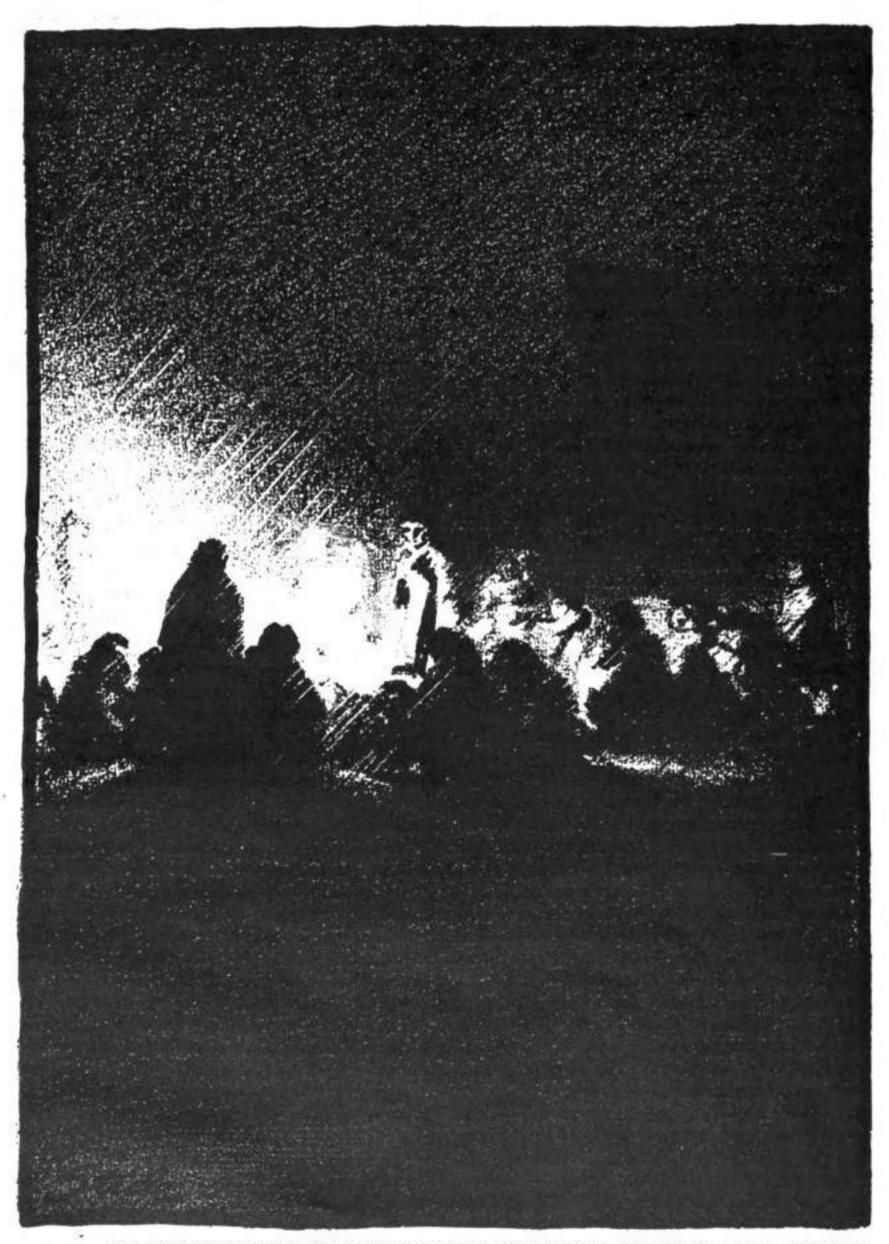
ripped a string of oaths after the Banner man. What use was it working for a rag, when one found a chance to make a heap of money elsewhere? Who was going to look out for a man who did not look out for himself? Now Leavy was going back, - just a reformed drunk at that, but soaked full with a lot of silly sentiment about loyalty to his paper and all that,—and that meant that Nichols must go across the bay in the fog and snow again, and lose the best chance to pick up plunder that ever had come to his greedy fingers.

If Leavy stayed as an odious figure in Nichols' mind, Nichols quickly disappeared from Leavy's. The Banner man was only thinking how he could get Cap'n Joe, the Little Rufus, and a bottle of whisky together in quick conjunction; for it was close to midnight, and Stanwix would be crazy for more news from Hog Island reef than the sighting station at the lighthouse, four miles distant, could possibly get for him.

He dimly remembered where he had left Cap'n Joe; his memory had not played tricks with him to-night, as it sometimes did these days, and he soon found the man, whose lantern was all but obscured by the enveloping fog. Cap'n Joe was stretched prostrate on the beach, with the litter from half a dozen water-soaked boxes spread about him. When Leavy called his name, the sailor did not answer. Then the reporter threw himself down on the wet beach and put his face close to the man's.

He breathed; better than that, he breathed liquor. The smell of the drink on the sleeping man's lips was intoxicating to the reporter. He rolled Cap'n Joe over as he might have rolled a great log, and an uncorked bottle went slipping down the shelving beach toward the water. In an instant Leavy was after the bottle. Precious salvage was that, and not a second was lost before he raised it to his lips and the good red liquor went rolling down his dry and thirst-parched throat. How it cleared his mind, that liquor of a foreign and unknown vintage! He had only wanted a single drink, and after he had had a generous one he threw the bottle back on the sand and congratulated himself that, if he had needed a drink, nowadays he knew when to stop. But it was not five minutes after that he went back and hunted One drink might not be out the bottle. enough!

There was no use bothering Cap'n Joe now. The bayman was helplessly drunk, and, while Leavy felt that it was not quite as fair and square as he would have liked, this leaving a man sleeping and marooned on the reef, yet he With that he hurried away into the inky would wake with plenty of company in the blackness beyond the beach fire. Nichols morning, and Stanwix would manage to



"HE DREW CLOSER TO THE SHIVERING GROUP AROUND THE FIRE, WHEN A TALL, FAMILIAR



FIGURE LOOMED UP-NICHOLS OF THE 'REPORT,' THE WORST NEWS THIEF IN TOWN"

straighten the business out afterward. So he left Cap'n Joe, after he had dragged him up under a shelving bank where he would be safe, and started out to find the Little Rufus.

How Leavy found the motor-boat that inky night at Hog Island reef has never been satisfactorily explained; but it is a fact that some time along about midnight the Little Rufus set sail in the dark from Hog Island reef across the Great South for Heathmere. Leavy had an engineer, too. He had come across a man at the little wharf on the bay side of the reef who wanted passage to the mainland. The man explained to the reporter that it was most urgent — a woman was dying; would not the correspondent take him across?

Leavy's first impulse was to say "no." He could not be bothered with passengers, when he was so near desperation, and might sink the craft before they ever reached Heathmere. He turned to leave. But the man, who spoke only French, again pleaded with the reporter. A sister was dying; was that a time for refusal?

The refusal was again on Leavy's lips, but like a flash he changed it, and in French asked the stranger:

"Can you run an automobile engine?"

The Frenchman ceased crying and stroked his pointed black beard for a moment. Could he run an automobile engine! Why, it was his garage that was accounted the finest in Paris, and his fad was the designing of racing-cars and -boats.

Leavy looked at him a moment doubtingly. A man in such desperation would probably lie in order to get passage to the shore. But then, there was the possibility that the Frenchman told the truth, and that possibility was certainly to be preferred to the probability of blowing the high-powered engine of the Little Rufus to smithereens and landing in the cold waters of the bay.

"Very well; I'll let you tackle it," said Leavy. "You'll have to keep her up to the notch."

He took another drink as the Little Rufus pushed off into the bay, and still another as her engine began its quick, nervous vibrations. They seemed, to his inexperienced ear, to sound true, and perhaps the Frenchman he had back there was not such a liar, after all. He covertly watched his engineer, and derived some satisfaction from the way he seemed to be handling the cylinders. Then he fastened the steering-wheel into place, stretched himself upon the floor of the Little Rufus, and drew forth a pencil and a wad of copy-paper.

all. Now it was plain sailing, mentally; the liquor had loosened things a good deal Here was his first sentence, the first paragraph, the introduction to the intensely human story by which the reporter hoped to thrill New York for the last time in his misspent life. The liquor was good; it set his mind afire, and now the words and sentences came tumbling out of it like people from a burning house, and went romping down in fine, straight lines across his copy-paper. The Little Rufus was well away from the shelter of the reef and tossing wildly in the wind-caught surface of the bay; but the reporter might have been back in the dingy old city room of the Banner, for all he cared.

The story was forming itself, not slowly, but instantly, as the creation of a mind accustomed to work at high tension. It was a good story, as newspaper stories go, and Leavy felt that it was good as he penciled it. The motor-boat went into rougher water, and tossed more furiously. A comber broke over her gunwale and sprinkled the copy-paper as Leavy wrote upon it. He did not stop. A larger wave broke over the little launch, and the Frenchman began to pray aloud. Leavy's pad was drenched. Then he pulled himself to his feet, and took his bearings from the chart and another drink from the bottle.

For a moment the gale lulled. As it freshened for a new attack it brought to Leavy's ears the put-put of another motor, and the reporter delayed for a moment his return to his story. He stood at the tiny nickeled wheel while out of the blackness a fog-blanketed form of another launch loomed, crossed the bows of the Little Rufus, and swept into blackness again. It was over in a moment, but Leavy heard some one in the boat shout:

"Where the devil are you going?"

That was Nichols' voice, and Nichols was making toward Heathmere with the story of the shipwreck for the Report. Leavy went to the stern of the little launch.

"How does that engine behave?" he asked the Frenchman.

"Oh, pretty well for an American make," said the other, with more than a sign of contempt in his glance at the tiny mechanism. "Now, with us it is different, so different, my dear sir; we take the ---"

But Leavy cut him short, saying:

"We'll argue the merits at another time. You saw that boat slide across our path? Well, it's up to us to get into port ahead of them, and if we're out of our bearings we'll try theirs. It's your trick to pound that engine. We're not making the time we've got to make, and we're The story! That was the main thing, after going to pound in, if we skip over the island



"JOE WAS ALREADY ON HIS KNEES, TRYING TO OPEN THE BOX. 'IT'S SALVAGE,' SAID HE. "TWILL BE A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK FOR ME"

of Long Island Sound."

this wild-eyed American journalist that was convincing and spoke more than human tongues, so the engineer fussed at the cylinders again. Leavy was again throwing the words and sentences helter-skelter upon the ocean-sprayed pages of his copy-pad.

The engines of the Little Rufus throbbed as even Cap'n Joe had never suspected they were capable of throbbing. They were in hands, now, that knew how to control, a trained mind

when we strike it, and land plumb in the middle that had conceived many such as they. The put-put of the other boat came more loudly to Which, recited in half French, half English Leavy's ears. A voice spoke from it, but the to a Parisian never before across the Atlantic, reporter did not hear it. He was in the heart was high Greek; but there was something about of his big story, and the wild, rough world was shut out of the intensity of his mind. The put-put of the other grew fainter, and the shouts and calls more distant; even the chuckling of the speed-crazed engineer was unheard: for Leavy was on the last page of his copy. After that the deluge — after a last period had been implanted and a round pencil ring made about it, let come what may, let the worst happen; let ——

Leavy went sliding forward along the smooth

floor of the launch at a terrible rate until his poor, tired head crashed against the head of the cockpit. The Frenchman spilled forward against the hot engine, and ripped out a yell that must have been heard all the way back to Hog Island reef. The Little Rufus rammed her nose into Long Island mud, and was ashore hard and fast.

When Leavy had collected his senses and the pages of his story, he found that he had no time to waste. He began to wade to shore, and the Frenchman started to follow, but then decided that he had risked enough, and stayed with the launch. Leavy plunged knee-deep into marsh and bog, and all but fell as he crossed there in the dark. Then he felt the slimy surface rise, climbed upon the land again, went poking forward blindly in a muddy field of stubble until he reached a wire fence, crossed it, and stood in a country road.

Leavy stood in the road, wet and shivering, while he tried to get his bearings. For a long time there was no sound save that of the heavy storm until he caught in the distance the wild shriek of a locomotive. Then he knew that they could not be far from the railroad, and up the railroad was Heathmere.

Still, it is probable that the Banner might never have had Leavy's big story on its flashy first page, in the morning, if Patsy Connor's uncle had not died that week out on Frog Point. Patsy, driving home from the wake at one o'clock in the morning, with Mrs. Patsy asleep on his shoulder, trusted implicitly to his old mare to keep to the road. He, too, was almost asleep, when the mare went back on her haunches and a man began speaking out of the dark to him.

In spite of the fact that he had left his revolver home, Patsy kept threatening that if the stranger did not loosen his mare's bridle instantly he would shoot. But Stanwix's fat roll talked again, and when the mare once more moved forward her load was heavier.

When they were nearing the Heathmere depot, Leavy quit drinking from the long bottle. He felt that he was not so much up against impossibilities as he had been when the Little Rufus foundered on a mud-bank; for the operator had stuck to his word and the light still burned in his little office.

Leavy had felt unconscionably sleepy during the past fifteen minutes - which was not strange, with all the exposure and strain that his weakened frame had withstood for hours. Sleep all but overpowered him as they drove up to the little depot, but he made a final effort to rouse himself as he half staggered into the tiny telegraph office. The operator had been their calling above their very lives.

dozing, but he was quickly wakened and staring at the reporter.

Leavy was shouting his instructions at him. A wire into the Banner office, - it was decent of him to have the line cleared, - and the reporter's hand went deeper into his inner pocket and brought forth a thick, water-soaked roll of paper. There was the story, and there was a twenty-dollar bill for a bonus if there were no delays in the sending.

Then Leavy went caroming across the waiting-room of the depot, which was lighted only by the light that came through the tiny wicket window where the operator was calling New York, calling the Banner, now reeling in line upon line, page upon page, of Leavy's story. The rattle of the telegraph instrument was music in his ears as he sank to sleep, body and mind alike exhausted to the point of stupor.

Nichols of the Report had passed close enough to the stranded Little Rufus to see the predicament of his competitor, and he was still chuckling at the thought of Leavy stuck in a mudbank while he was scurrying toward the depot at Heathmere. In his wake were two more reporters from lesser papers, trying to pick up such crumbs as he might see fit to drop to them —for they had never even started across the bay.

"Mighty lucky to get an operator this time of night in this hole," said Nichols; "most generally I have to fall back on long distance, and that knocks all the prettiness out of a story."

One of the others answered him:

"It would have taken more than prettiness out of your story, for the storm has knocked out the 'phones, and the operator here has not been able to get New York since six o'clock."

Nichols stumbled and all but fell over a man asleep on the floor in the dark.

"Who's that?" he asked.

The two younger men bent over him.

"'Tisn't much of any one," one of them reassured him; "it's old Leavy, the lush of the Banner. I'd have thought Stanwix would have known better than send him down here to-night. I'll bet they're crazy up in that office just now."

And so they were crazy around City Desk crazed as only a city room can become crazed when a big story, a big exclusive story, is coming in over the wire: boys snatching copy from the operators' typewriters; page after page of an epic, written by a master of the craft, going aloft to the linotypes - whirling in the presses - off in the crisp and wintry morning to the sleeping city, hours before the Report, or any of the other sheets without traditions like the Banner's, without men who carry the glory of

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

THE MENACE IN THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY

OUT of the tumult and shouting of the presidential campaign one thing can be understood clearly. We must have restraining laws on the new processes of democracy which are now so rapidly being introduced in the United States.

We are in the midst of the greatest revolt against representative machinery in government, the greatest impulse toward the direct decision of the individual voter, since the time of Andrew Jackson. A deep and, generally speaking, well-earned popular distrust has been aroused against the perversion of representative government, to the representation of special instead of general public interests. And the popular answer has been the placing of fundamental political decisions in the hands of the individual voter.

A DOUBLE-BARRELED CAMPAIGN FOR THE PRESIDENCY

The direct primary is probably the most vital, certainly the most conspicuous, of the results of this new swing toward pure democracy. Nothing in recent years has been so striking as the pre-convention campaign for the presidential nomination during this spring, described in Mr. Turner's article in this magazine. But no one who has seen it believes that it is yet a finished process. It is, as a matter of fact, just half of a new system of choosing candidates.

The presidential primary this year has been carried on under laws hastily thrown together for immediate use. The old-established political interests — all hostile to them — have tried. both in their framing and in their operation, to discredit them. The laws are unfinished them impracticable.

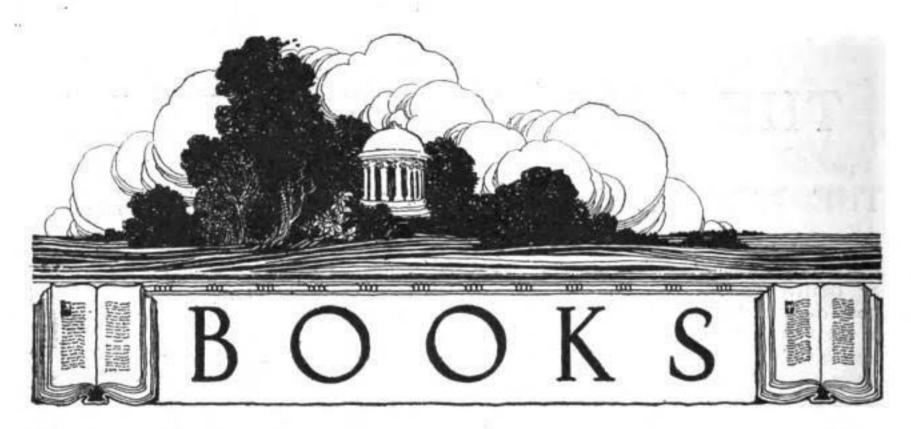
As they stand, they suggest a great new danger to the republic. The machinery of publicity which is required to carry presidential candidates before the fifteen millions of voters in the United States is necessarily elaborate; under present conditions it is extremely expensive. It is involving the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars for promoting individual candidates.

THE NOMINATION TO THE HEAVIEST ADVERTISER

Hundreds of thousands of dollars spent by a party organization is one thing; hundreds of thousands by individuals as candidates, or by their personal backers, is another, entirely different. The national primary resolves itself into a huge advertising campaign; and in advertising political as well as commercial — Napoleon's cynical belief that "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions" is too apt to be true to make for comfortable reflections in a democracy. Our country — having created individual aggregations of wealth, huge beyond the dreams of previous history — can scarcely afford to create a new instrument which can be used by wealth to rake political power into its already tremendous pile of possessions. We can not afford to make the presidency the property of multimillionaires, or men backed by great financial aggregations. .

Fortunately, it is not necessary that it should be. The West has already, in State affairs, gone through the experience with direct primaries which the nation is now undergoing. The use of money is curbed by practical laws by which the State limits expenditures, especially for candidates for nomination, and carries, by State publication, the publicity of every candidate, rich or poor, to the voter. Some such policy must be adopted at once by the nation.

The extravagance of the present pre-convention campaign has many particular excuses; it sometimes purposely distorted so as to make can not be charged rightly that the mere power of money determined its result; but its warning is quite clear. Any system of promoting or underwriting a Chief Executive, for great sums, is not one which the nation can afford to make permanent. The presidential preference primary must be governed at once by a rigid corrupt practices act.



WE are drifting into the summer months with a group of novels that are not inherently sunshiny; their shadows are sharply defined and deep. We grope our way through a maze of verbiage trustfully but with inner questionings. What, for instance, is the real accomplishment in "Julia France and Her Times"? (Macmillan.) There is no doubt that Mrs. Atherton had a very real purpose in writing this story—apparently a defense of equal suffrage—but with all the evidence in her enthusiastic propaganda fails to be other than an ineffectual means to an already articulated ending.

Julia Edis, a West Indian girl, was tropical, impressionable, and pitifully young when she was married by her grim and superstitious mother to the heir presumptive to an English dukedom. This gallant gentleman was a paranoiac whose disease advanced gradually to an acute stage. During his mental dissolution his wife grew in vigor and independence of thought. Unable to get a divorce, she was finally forced to leave him, and found stimulus and relaxation in the company of two Irish girls who had seized upon the equal suffrage movement as an escape from their own matrimonial annoyances. She became an ardent militant suffragist; was beaten, insulted, imprisoned. She was content in the midst of conflict until suddenly there reappeared an American whom she had met shortly after her marriage. Chaos again; she loves him! Throwing suffrage to the winds, she fled to her West Indian home; he followed; her husband thoughtfully died. Almost instantly she became Mrs. Daniel Tay, and, with the weak excuse of joining her husband in municipal reform work, she goes to live in San Francisco.

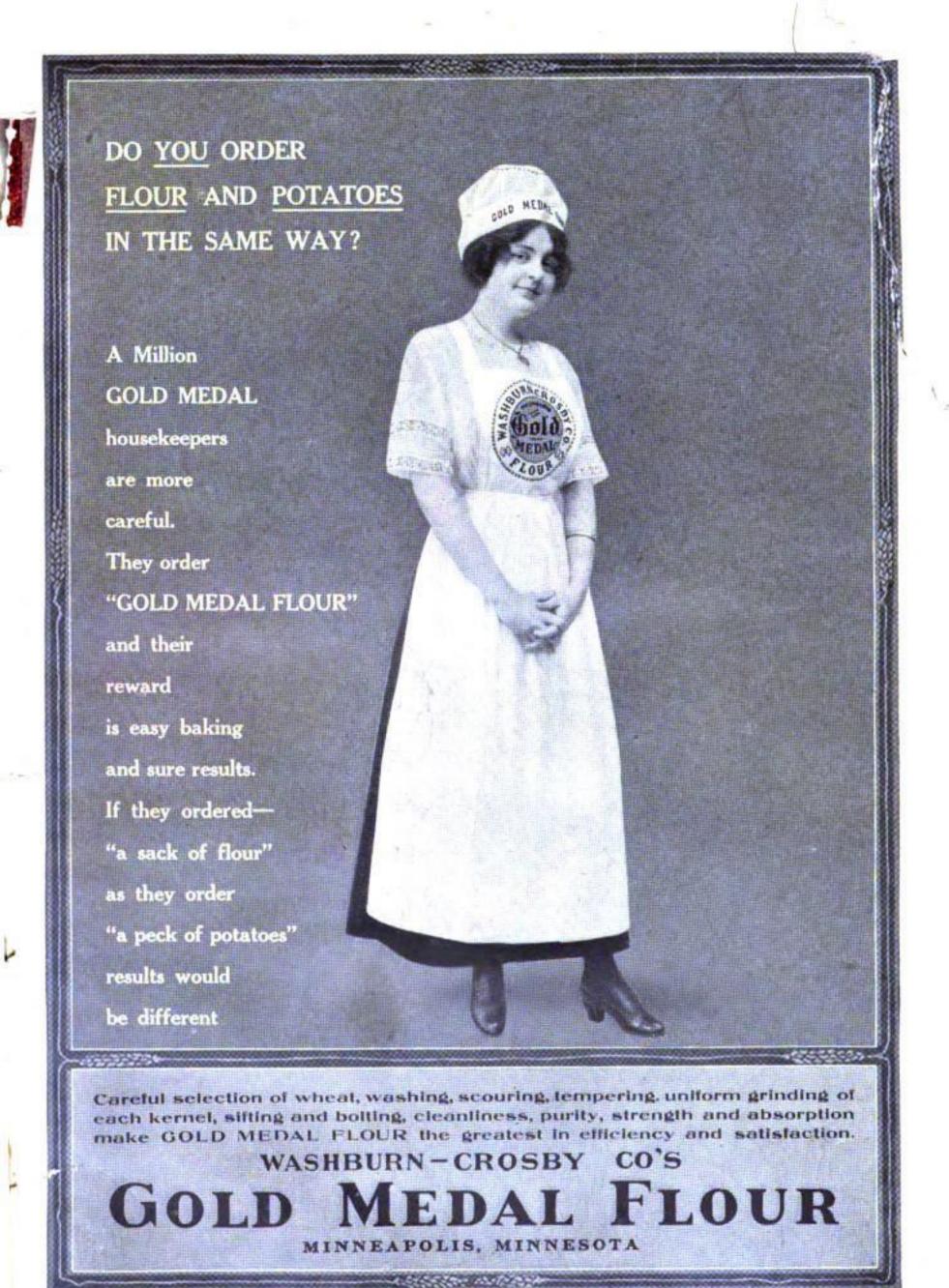
Mrs. Atherton is sincere and intense in her espousal of the cause of the militant suffragist, but she fails to make this story a convincing tract because of its bold anticlimax. From Mrs. Atherton we expect erratic brilliance, and we get it in "Julia France." It is a matter of regret that as a fictional enterprise the martyrdom of the militants goes so hopelessly astray; but, despite this spot of flimsy construction, the story has a vigorous physique and will have a cordial reception.



"Alexander's Bridge" (Houghton, Mifflin), by Willa Sibert Cather, is the story of a great engineer who has reached the crisis in his life when success and responsibility have begun to fret and weary a restless, energetic nature inherently impatient of restraint. Alexander tries to shake himself free, to go back to the time when life was at its highest, most adventurous pitch. He rebels against life, and life defeats him. The story is a love story, for it is in his relations with two women, Winifred, his wife, and Hilda, a young Irish actress, that Alexander learns to know himself. His pursuit of Hilda, begun in a spirit of adventure, grows into a destroying obsession. It yields him intoxicating moments of delight, in which he recaptures the sense of youthful freedom and power; but it torments him more and more with the consciousness of an ever-growing breach in his own inner integrity. The situation is developed with a dramatic skill that holds one's absorbed attention throughout. It is a story of brilliant and unusual power.



Drawn by CHARLES DANA GIBSON



Eventually-GOLD MEDAL FLOUR-Why Not Now?

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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CAMPAIGNING FOR BABIES' LIVES

BY CONSTANCE D. LEUPP

"For nations are gathered out of nurseries." - CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THIRTY years ago a cry of terror rang through France. It originated with the statisticians and the savants, resounded among the statesmen and the sociologists, was caught up by the politicians and the common citizens: the French race was dying out.

From England a little later arose a similar cry; Germany echoed it; tomorrow America will join the chorus: for we are awaking to the consciousness that it is to immigration and not to the native birth-rate that we owe our increase. Immigration has served so far to disguise the startling symptom among us; for everywhere the birth-rate of the Caucasian peoples is on the decline.

Following the first widening circles of alarm came a saner studying of the facts. Here and there some one began to figure out the meaning of this terrifying phenomenon: in Paris a doctor began; in the French provinces a mayor set to work; in a manufacturing center in England a doctor-mayor applied himself; in New York City, Yonkers, Rochester, Cleveland, and Chicago a dozen doctors and social workers trained their energies full upon the problem.

Each was busy in his own local field, and for a number of years each community struggled separately over the stubborn facts and figures. Courtery of the N. Y.

Division of Child Hygiene

Then, one by one, each looked up and took stock of what the others were doing. And behold! through the welter of statistical contradictions and technicalities emerged one fact on which all agreed: Whatever the cause and result of the declining birth-rate, the strategic point at which to attack the problem of the decrease in population was not there; hope for the future lay in cutting down the tremendous baby death-rate.

For the figures indicated that of all the babies born one third died before they reached the age of five years; that the deaths of babies under one year composed from one fifth to one fourth of the total death-roll; that, in the terms of an insurance company, the "risk" of being a young baby equaled the risk of being an octogenarian, but with this significant difference—that the death-rate at eighty is normal and natural, while, of the deaths of babies, fully one half are unnecessary. What gain, then, in more babies born merely to die?

Perhaps no one would have known where to begin to remedy matters had not two historic events given the clue. Twice. and only twice in recent times,



Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beats

AT ONE OF THE FREE CLINICS FOR SICK BABIES ORGANIZED BY THE NEW YORK BOARD OF HEALTH. THE MOTHERS ARE GIVEN PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS IN THE CARE OF THEIR BABIES

had the infant mortality-rate shown a marked decrease.

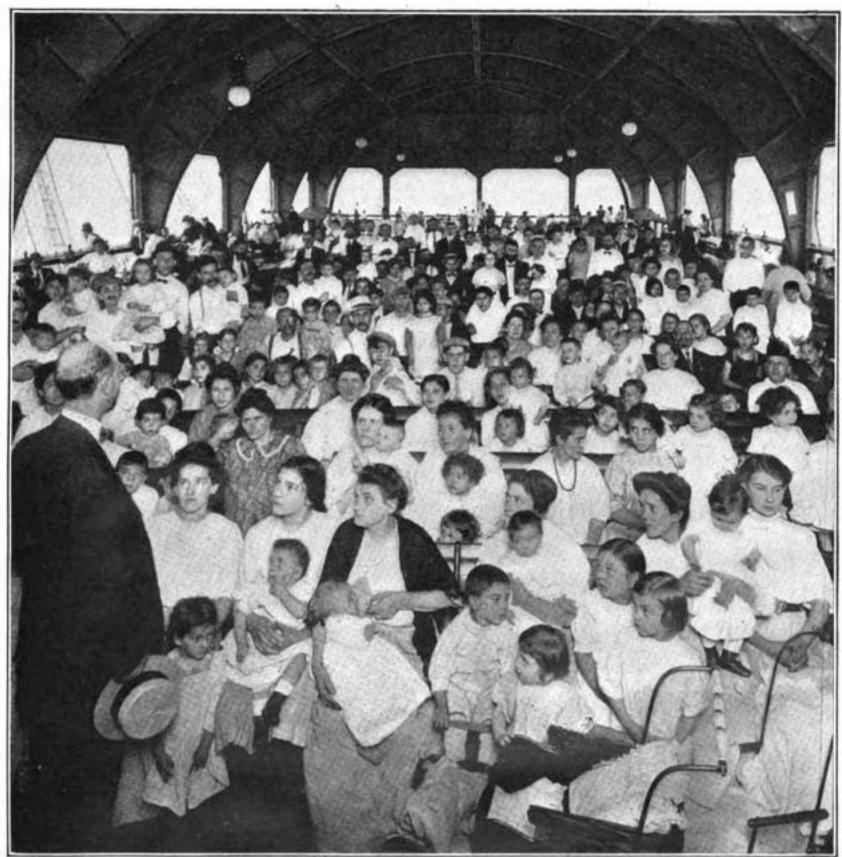
First, when the Civil War in this country caused a cotton famine in England, and the mills of Lancashire shut down, throwing thousands of operatives out of work, as the total death-rate remained at that figure during the time that among the shivering and starved population shot up, the baby death-rate dropped steadily to a figure unprecedentedly low even for prosperous times.

A few years later, when, during the Franco-Prussian War, the German army was bivouacked about Par's and privation and disease pushed up the death-rate of the French capital, the same strange phenomenon was observed: the babies throve on the hardships which killed even an ill-neurished, poverty-stricken mother,

off the adults; simultaneously, in those suburbs of the city from which in piping times of peace the rich little Parisians drafted their wetnurses, the baby death-rate dropped from thirty-five per cent to seventeen per cent, and communication with the city was cut off.

The answer to the riddle in each case was the same: in prosperous times the young mothers went out to work; in hard times, when there was no work, they stayed home and nursed their babies.

Thus the first commandment for the baby rescuers was established: better a thousand times the natural food and care of a mother,



Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals

ONE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE NEW YORK BOARD OF HEALTH, ADDRESSING A DR. McADAM, MOTHERS' MEETING AT ONE OF THE RECREATION PIERS

Paris took the lesson of the siege to heart, and his mother's affections. to-day, to offset her small birth-rate, she has the smallest baby death-rate of any large city in Europe — a fact that is due to the work of one man and his disciples.

Dr. Budin's Legacy

As Dr. Pierre Budin sat in his office at the maternity hospital one day, there came to him a woman of the people in whom he recognized a patient of the previous year. It had been his pleasure then to place in the arms of the young

tnan a plentiful supply of artificial food com- mother a particularly fat and promising little bined with neglect. How to teach this fact to son, and her delight in her first-born had been ignorant mothers, then, was the first problem. pathetic. Now he was soon to have a rival in

> "How is le petit Jacques?" inquired the kindly, spectacled doctor.

"He is dead," said the young woman dully.

The doctor's brow contracted. One more baby brought into the world only to die: to cause the mother, first suffering, then a little short-lived joy, finally a grief that never dies. And besides the mother, there was the State to consider.

For to Dr. Budin it was an old, old story. Every day these women came to him for their confinements, and when he recognized them as Digitized by Google



former patients, he always asked about last year's baby. During the years he had come to dread the response, for too often came this answer, "Il est mort." Had it been diphtheria, then, or pneumonia? Ah, no; the little life had flickered out during the dog-days of summer. The heat, combined with the ignorance of the mothers, had done it.

Suddenly the doctor had an inspiration. He made some simple preparations, and then to each mother who went out of the hospital with her month-old baby in her arms he said:

"Come back next Wednesday, and bring the baby for me to see."

Thus, twenty years ago, Dr. Pierre Budin established his consultations de nourrissons, which were destined to serve as models for babysaving work the world over.

"The only equipment that is necessary," said he, "is a pair of scales and the services of a devoted doctor."

Each week the babies were weighed and examined, and the mothers were advised as to feeding and care. Not to cure sick babies, but to keep well babies well, became the motto of the consultations.

Some years later, his biographer tells us, Budin was "struck down on the field of honor and of duty." As he was going to a conference on infant mortality at Marseilles, he contracted pneumonia, and died, leaving to his assistants and pupils this letter: My dear Friends:

France. I count on you to spread by your own efforts now, and later through your pupils, the necessary propaganda in favor of the consultations with young mothers.

BUDIN.

When his confrères gathered to discuss the subject of a fitting memorial to the devoted man, there arose a woman who had been his patient and his pupil, with a suggestion which received the unanimous indorsement of the meeting: for she pleaded, not for a useless statue, but for a modest building in which to carry on his work.

So it was decided. Subscriptions came in fast, and the result was the Foundation Budin, which in Paris has reduced the list of little victims of the dread summer disorders from 35,000 to 17,000.

At number 91 in the Rue Falguière stands the gleaming little building, all white paint and glass, in and out of which all day long pour streams of doctors, students, midwives, mothers, and even young girls, going to lectures and consulting the library. Here come the women of the people, with their young babies, into the "laughing garden of the mothers," and to the consultations. All are welcome; sick babies only are excluded, for fear of contagion.

Once a week the mothers come with their babies into the main reception-room; four by four, they pass into the smaller weighing-room,



t. olograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals

where each receives a basket into which to drop her child's clothing. Each baby is then weighed, inspected, and redressed, and the mother carries it into the next room, where the doctor looks at the card record, listens to the mother's account of the week's history, gives advice, and prescribes any change in feeding that he may deem wise. If artificial food is necessary, the best pasteurized and modified milk is supplied.

In this way, each mother is taught how to care for her own child and how to keep it well; and each becomes a teacher in her neighborhood. Artificial food is never advised or provided unless absolutely necessary; for this was the doctrine of the master.

"If one simply says to the women of the people, 'Come, get milk; we will give it to you of good quality, pasteurized and free,' they will wean their babies, for they will have no more interest in nursing them."

All over France now, wherever the consultations have been established, the baby's archenemy has been held at bay; for in those communities the summer list of baby deaths has been cut fairly in two.

So much for people who live in crowded cities; hear now what a miracle was accomplished in a country town.

A Town Where Babies Do Not Die

A generation ago the little commune of Villiers-le-Duc elected as mayor a Monsieur Morel, who became so interested in the welfare of the future citizens that he took up the study of medicine in order to equip himself to be as useful to them as possible. Like Budin, he was an experimentalist by nature, and after some false starts he finally worked out a series of orders beginning thus:

Every woman with child, whether married or not, having her home in the village, and not in possession of sufficient means to allow her to take upon herself the expense of the measures necessary to secure her own life and that of the child about to be born, shall have the right to require the help of the village authorities.

Then followed a carefully worked out series of directions about the care of the child, and a clause making it compulsory to notify the authorities in the event of any illness of the baby, whether contagious or not. There were directions about how to apply for free medical aid and nursing, rules for the loan of the village sterilizing apparatus and bottles, fortnightly use of the communal baby-weighing machines; and as a triumph of astuteness came the final statement:

Every nurse bringing up her own child or a child intrusted to her, whether at the breast or by the bottle, who shall produce the child in a good state of health at the age of one year, shall have a grant of two and one half francs a month, dating from the time when she first began to nurse the child.

The result of this extraordinary assumption of responsibility by the authorities is unprecedented in the history of baby-saving work today. For, in the ten years during which the regulations were in force, not a single baby died in the town of Villiers-le-Duc and not a woman died in childbirth.

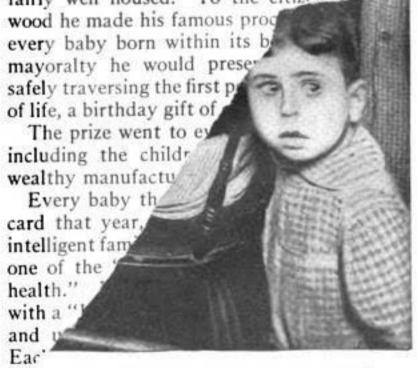
The great success of this unique experiment lay not only in encouraging the mother to nurse her child, but even more in making this possible by giving her instruction and care for two months before the baby's birth.

"For," said M. Morel quaintly, "the mother's milk is the private property of the babe, and whoever deprives the babe of this, the sole right it possesses, is not only a thief but a scoundrel."

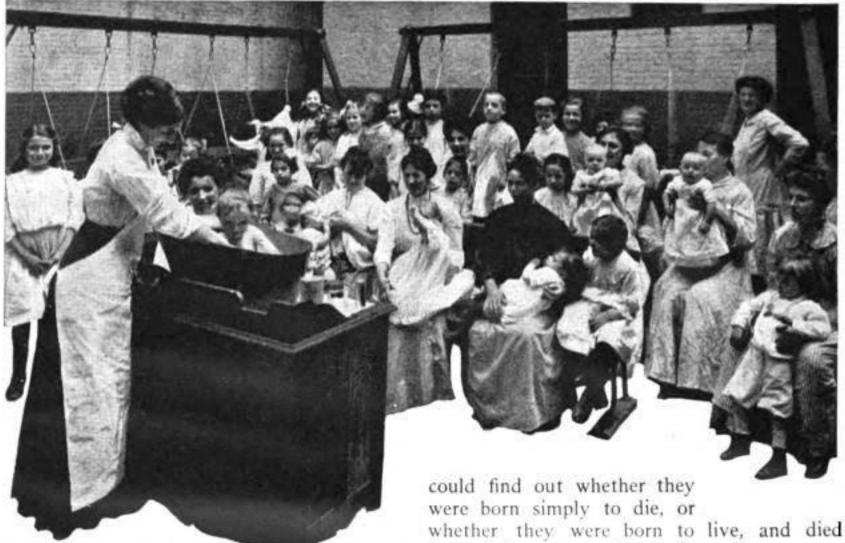
Some years later another mayor who was also a doctor, fired by the record of Villiers-le-Duc, sought to perform the same kind of service for his town. This time it was an Englishman to whom the paternal French methods were out of the question; the town which he proposed to use as a laboratory for his experiment was a manufacturing center, and presented an infinitely more complex problem than the agricultural commune whose record he strove to emulate.

The "Mayor of Babies"

Benjamin Broadbent of Huddersfield, known in England as the "Mayor of Babies," began his task, when he came into office, by selecting Longwood, a section of the town where the larger part of the population was poor but fairly well housed. To the citizens



bae babies are still put in swaddlingto discourage this custom Digitized by Google



ONE OF THE VISITING NURSES OF THE NEW YORK BOARD OF HEALTH, SHOWING A CLASS OF MOTHERS AND YOUNG GIRLS THE RIGHT WAY TO BATHE A BABY

Photograph of Teeste Tarbox Beals.

advised at regular intervals, summoning the medical officer when necessary.

Prior to the mayor's experiment, the infant mortality rate of Longwood had averaged for a number of years 139 deaths to 1,000 births. During the experimental year 112 babies were born; 4 of them died, 1 removed from the town and could not be traced, and the other 107 received the prize. Thus in one year the may-6.3 scheme reduced the death-rate to 44 to 1,000, assuming that the lost baby died, or 36, assuming that it \subseteq eu - a tremendous reduction in either case.

What the spectacular birthday offer actually contributed to this gratifying result was simply this: it enabled the authorities to know, and know at once, just when and where each baby was born. The English law granted an interval of six weeks for the registration of births, and the mayor had been struck by the frequency with which the birth and death were registered together; the authorities did not know of the baby's arrival until too late.

"The first week is the most fatal week," said Broadbent, "and the first month, and the first three months. We felt that we must get in first, and not let death seize the baby before we had even tried to help. Then I thought we' year of age. The "infant mortality rate" means the number of deaths under one year to 1,000 births.

through ignorance and lack of care."

Armed with his success in Longwood as an argument, and aware that the birthday offer which he had made from his own private pocket-book would shortly exhaust the resources of a millionaire, Broadbent went to Parliament the following year with a private bill which should make it a punishable offense for the attendant physician or midwife not to notify the authorities of the birth of every child within three days. By this time the Huddersfield experiment had attracted so much attention in England that the bill passed, notwithstanding a hesitancy to give authority to so novel an idea. The law is now optional for every town in the kingdom.

Normal Death-Rate Trebled in American Towns

The ex-mayor has demonstrated to his own satisfaction that an infant mortality rate of 70 to 1,000 births should be normal for an industrial town. This is particularly interesting to Americans, in view of the prevailing rates in our great New England textile towns. In 1909 Fall River had a record of 190 baby deaths to 1,000 births*; Lawrence nearly matched it with a record of 172.

In the United States, meanwhile, a city here

^{*}The figures used throughout this article indicate the deaths of babies under one year of age; while the death-rate under two is also very high, the infant mortality rate (figured in relation to the birth-rate, not, as is the total death-rate, in proportion to the population) is commonly accepted as the record of deaths under one Digitized by Google

and there was making desultory, hysterical attempts in summer to save the babies that were already ill. A few towns, notably Rochester, went to work with a determined sanity. New York City, with the most difficult problem of all on her hands, epitomizes the mistakes and the triumphs of the campaign on this side of the Atlantic.

In 1880 the infant mortality rate of New York was 288.9; in 1911, in spite of the constant growth and increasing congestion of the city, it had been reduced to 120. No one person with a definite program brought about the great change. A hundred forces working unconsciously together, hundreds of persons and dozens of organizations working separately, making mistakes, acknowledging their errors, and gallantly taking a fresh start—these are the elements that constitute the record of New York's battle for the babies.

The city was flooded with a heterogeneous foreign population, each colony formed of families direct from the rural districts of the old country, with scant knowledge of the restraints of city life. In the Italian colony, the babies, swaddled according to the national custom,

and vegetables from the push-cart. foods were accepted at their face value, and while the mother was busy the baby sucked a "pacifier," and reaped therefrom a crop of adenoids and enlarged tonsils. If it was more convenient, the child was weaned without compunction, and fed on the dirty milk from the corner grocer's. Many a tenement home has no ice-chest, and the milk, after standing around exposed to the dirt and flies for hours, was administered in a bottle far from clean. When the baby cried, he was fed; for a limited imagination can conceive of only one reason for a child's discontent, with the result that among ignorant parents a baby is overfed ten times to once that he is starved. If he got any water, it was unboiled and unfiltered. Superstition and unsanitary habits were fostered by

the midwife, a European

institution which has

flourished and degenerated to an alarming



AT MRS. PALISI'S, AN ITALIAN FAMILY WHERE THE BABIES ARE STILL PUT IN SWADDLING:

CLOTHES, THE VISITING NURSES TRY TO DISCOURAGE THIS CUSTOM

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were actually registered in mortality statistics. When the first dog-days struck the city, the babies went down before the heat. All the elements that make unendurable the living conditions of a great city's poor were registered in the sudden upward shoot of the curve of baby deaths. So perpendicularly does this "curve" run up with the first heat, so suddenly does it drop with the return of cool fall days, that it has earned for itself the classic name of the "Eiffel Tower."

Foundling Death-Rate Sometimes One Hundred Per Cent

Politics-ridden hospitals and mismanaged foundling asylums were the refuges provided in the name of charity for sick and deserted babies. In the foundling asylums, even under the kindest care, it was no uncommon thing for every one of the children to die before it had outgrown babyhood. In other words, they had a one hundred per cent death-rate.

Only one man recognized at this time — what is now admittedly a platitude among child-saving experts — that babies can never be raised wholesale. But institutions were not seeking light, for when Dr. Abraham Jacobi called attention to the high mortality rate in a famous foundling home, he was expelled from the board for his indiscretion.

Meanwhile, what were the city authorities doing about it all? Just this: Beginning with 1876, a corps of doctors from the Department of Health was mustered out each summer to go a-visiting through the tenements in search of sick babies. And to this policy of dipping out the Atlantic with a teaspoon they faithfully adhered until four years ago. In 1908, with the establishment of the Division of Child Hygiene, a great change came over the attitude of the city fathers in regard to their own measure of responsibility in letting the babies fall ill. Meanwhile private individuals and associations cleared the way.

Two Young Mothers Start a Great Movement

Twenty-three years ago, two young mothers who were familiar with conditions in the tenement districts were preparing milk for their own children according to the newly invented process of sterilization, when one of them suddenly said:

"Why can't we manage to supply the children of the poor with sterilized milk this summer?"

Inquiries resulted in the discovery of a Jewish doctor who in connection with his practice on the East Side had had the same happy thought, and was attempting, as far as his limited means permitted, to supply sterilized milk to his young patients. The three enthusiasts joined forces in collecting money and devising apparatus. And thus Mrs. Isaac and Mrs. Felix Adler and Dr. Koplik established in New York City the first pure-milk depot in the United States.

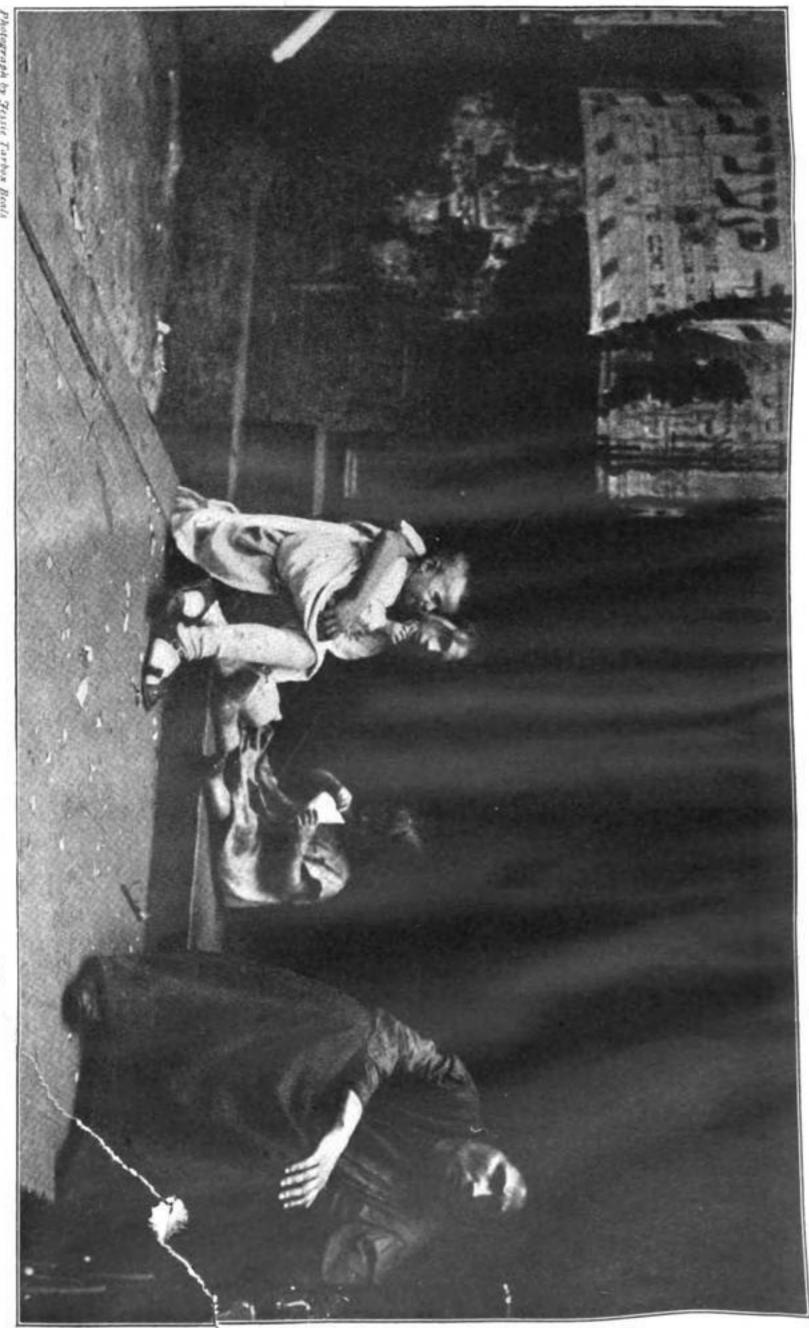
At the corner of Essex and Broome streets it stands now, an adjunct of the Good Samaritan Dispensary. In a large, airy room, surrounded by great copper sterilizers, sits the blue-and-white-clad resident deity, the matron who has had charge since the depot opened that first summer with its original provision of stoves and laundry boilers.

Newer depots with more modern equipments have sprung up since; controversies have raged over the relative value of sterilized, pasteurized, and raw milk; yet the Good Samaritan has not lost a particle of its popularity. The doctors of the neighborhood who have since moved away to other parts of the city still refer their little patients from uptown back to Essex and Broome streets to have their modified milk prescriptions put up. The pioneer depot stands to-day a monument to the first three people in America to realize that, if babies must be artificially fed, they should have milk of the safest and best.

Cows' Milk for Calves, Not Babies

If babies must be artificially fed. Too ready acceptance of the necessity marked off the American from the European method of going about the baby-saving. Budin explained the danger involved in making it too easy for the mother to feed her baby artificially, and into this error the American cities, led by New York, unfortunately fell. Excellent as has been their work, and successful their effort to raise the whole standard of city milk supplies, the fact remains that milk depots which are merely milk depots have served to demoralize the mothers. The lesson taught by the siege of Paris and by the Lancashire cotton famine has been strengthened and driven home by every subsequent study and investigation — that cow's milk, which nature constituted to suit the four stomachs of a seventy-pound calf destined to graduate to a ration of grass and hay, can not even in its pristine purity and by any formula of modification be made entirely suitable for the one small stomach of a seven-pound baby which must learn later to cope with a varied diet. English experiments have shown that, other things being equal, fifteen bottle-fed babies die to every one nursling.

In the twenty-three years since the Good Samaritan was established, policy and administed by Google



Photograph by Teasie Turbox Beals

SNAPSHOT TAKEN ON THE YIDDISH EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK. THE GIRL WITH THE BABY IS ONE OF THE THOUSANDS OF "LITTLE MOTHERS" AMONG THE POOR WHO HAVE BEEN SAID TO BE THE REAL REASON FOR THE HIGH BABY DEATH-RATE. A NEW MOVEMENT HAS BEEN STARTED FOR GIVING THESE TEN- AND TWELVE-YEAR-OLD GIRLS EXPERT TRAINING IN NURSING

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tration of milk depots have changed accordingly, until, in the remarkable record of 1911, the results of the change are plainly visible.

Four years after the pioneer came the famous chain of stations established throughout the city by Nathan Straus. The Diet Kitchen Association had been distributing milk, in addition to its other activities, since 1873. In 1890 it began to devote itself altogether to this work. A few years later the Bureau of Charities started a series of stations in neglected Brooklyn—a work which was afterward taken over by the Children's Aid Society. A few other associations and settlements followed suit.

Slowly, year after year, it became evident that there was more to the matter of saving young babies' lives than the supply of clean milk, upon which New York and other American cities had placed such emphasis. Knowledge of the foreign demonstrations that in every possible case the child should be raised on the natural food of its mother's breast came to the workers in this country; and this theory was gradually accepted by them, until last summer, when the New York Milk Committee and the Department of Health between them opened forty-six depots committed to the Budin doctrine, and added thereto the very important American contribution of the visiting nurse. In one year the trick was turned. Milk was used frankly as a bait to lure the mothers into the weekly consultations; but, as far as possible, it was given to the mother herself to drink.

To teach the mothers how to modify and prepare the milk according to the doctor's prescription, the nurse went directly to the home and gave her lesson in the tenement kitchen, using only the implements she found there, or such as could be bought from the push-cart.

When she had allayed suspicion and made friends with the family, she took pains to explain again and again, and in detail, just why pickles and cucumbers, swaddling-clothes and cognac, are bad for babies; she taught the need of fresh air and regular hours for feeding and sleep, the practical ends to be gained from the daily bath and general cleanliness; she taught when a doctor was needed and when to get one. She distributed far and wide the baby hygiene posters published by the Department of Health in the simplest phrasing of four languages.

"Can you make the mothers understand?" the writer asked doubtfully; and a nurse answered briefly: "Come visiting with me tomorrow and see for yourself."

In Mrs. Godoni's Kitchen

What we found was impressive - and hope-

ful. In the disorder of Mrs. Godoni's kitchen lay a tiny baby asleep in a large arm-chair. Flies swarmed in the room, but a netting enveloped the improvised bed; the baby had just had his morning bath, and, though his little gown was coarse, it was extraordinarily fresh and clean. On a table stood a large soap-box containing his wardrobe; the nurse made a dive, fished from the box a fat roll of coarse lace, and triumphantly waved it aloft.

"The swaddling-cloth," she explained.

"You'll notice it's in the bottom of the box and that it's never been unrolled!"

Mrs. Godoni was an old pupil, and an apt one. She hung on the words of her visitor, and bowed us to the door with grave courtesy.

"Now," said the nurse, "I'll show you a less promising family next door"; and she led the way into the Fratelloni tenement.

As we entered, Mrs. Fratelloni with a guilty air was hastily wiping the mouth of round-eyed Tessa. The nurse advanced without ceremony, seized the baby, and took one whiff.

"You've given her watermelon again, Mrs. Fratelloni!" she exclaimed threateningly.

"Na; only da rind to suck-a," answered our hostess innocently, opening her hand and displaying assorted bits of perfectly green fruit.

"To-morrow," said my guide grimly, "I hope and pray that Tessa will be sick. It is only when I have a chance to say 'I told you so' to a mother like that, and prove I am right by nursing the baby well again, that I win any attention in the future."

Live Babies, \$50; Dead Babies, \$200

Down the crowded street at that moment came a procession of carriages, headed by a resplendent white hearse drawn by horses clad in white net and tassels. The procession halted at the little church on the block below. Drawn up at the curb, surrounded by an admiring crowd of neighbors, stood three open carriages heaped high with floral offerings. The pomp and sordid splendor marked the progress of a baby's funeral and brought to mind the words of the dean of American baby-savers, Dr. Jacobi: "Half a million babies born and dead cost at least a hundred million dollars utterly lost to the private and national treasuries."

I turned to my guide and asked:

"What is the per capita cost, at your milk station, of keeping the babies alive?"

"Fifty dollars a year," said the nurse.

Meanwhile, five y ears ago one of the private charitable societies had sent a corps of nurses visiting and teaching through the tenements of the nine teenth ward, and so success-

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SHOWING THE MOTHER IN AN EAST SIDE TENEMENT HOW TO GIVE HER BABY A SPONGE BATH

fully did this reduce the local deathrate that the newly established Division of Child Hygiene of the city health department adopted the same policy the following year. Each year the plan was enlarged, and in 1911 the whole city was covered in this way.

As soon as the hot weather began, the nurses connected with the public schools were sent visiting. They taught general hygiene exactly as the milkdepot nurses did; they had the social resources of the city at their fingers' ends; they referred cases of desticharitable tution to the societies, sent sick babies away to country homes and floating hospitals, and concentrated all their attention on keeping well babies well. They organized classes of mothers, and turned them over to the doctor to teach in parks and play-grounds, on roofs and recreation piers.

In 1910, out of every 1,000 babies born, 134 died within the year. In 1911 the death-rate had dropped to 120, registering the rescue of some 1,200 lives in one year.

Of the 16,987 babies under the care of the visiting nurses, but 238 died (a rate of 14 to 1,000), while among the 11,644 little patrons of the milk stations, there were but 294 deaths (a rate of 25 to 1,000); to appreciate the full significance of these figures, one must bear in mind that the 28,631 babies under special care were those among whom the mor-

> tality was ordinarily highest. For the first time, the summer death curve did not shoot upward with the hot weather; the Eiffel Tower was overthrown!

But the master stroke of the New York campaign is yet to be told. This is the organization of the Little

Mothers' Leagues. The plan originated in the Division of Child Hygiene. "In a book of John Spargo's," said Dr. Baker, chief of the division, "I came upon the statement that the real reason for our high baby death-rate was the little mother. The little mother! That pathetic figure, a girl of ten or a dozen Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals years, deprived of her heritage of Google

childhood, forced . into the position of foster-mother to the family baby. I pondered this discouraging thought for a while, and then I decided that there was no such thing as the elimination the little mother so long as we have the poor. The thing to do was to convert her from a menace into an ally: train her to care for the family baby now, and the training will not be amiss when she becomes a mother in actuality. Among our foreign population it is much easier to teach the children than the adults, anyway; and so we thought out the Little Mothers' Leagues."

In the cool basement rooms of the East Side school-houses the experiment began during a summer vacation. All the girls of the upper grades were welcomed, whether there happened to be babies in the family just then or not. The doctor lectured, and the nurse, provided with ammunition in the way of bath-tub, feeding-bottles, sponges, alcohol-lamps, etc., borrowed a baby from her audience and demonstrated. Between them, they taught hygiene of the home, bathing and clothing of the baby, the importance of fresh air, care of milk, improvised icing, cleansing of bottles and nipples, preparation of barley water, etc.

The idea took hold, and soon twenty thousand tenement children were attending weekly classes. Each child carries with her a cherished note-book entitled "What I Have Done for the Little Mothers' League," and in it she records her triumphs in the neighborhood.



Photograph by Fessee Turbox Beals
A SLEEPING ARRANGEMENT FOR TENEMENT BABIES
RECOMMENDED BY THE BOARD OF HEALTH

Here are some of the records:

One day I walked in the street and I saw a woman giving a baby a lolypop which had been sucked some time by her elder son. I went over and told her that lolypops or any such food was the same as giving the child some poison. She asked me how I knew and I told her I had learned it at the Little Mothers' League. She took the subject under consideration and threw the lolypop away.

One day when I was on the pier with my little brother a man who took care of a baby gave it a bottle of coffee. I saw the bottle was dirty and told him the baby would get sick. He said to me, "Mind your business." I said I belong to the Little Mothers' League and know how to take care of babies. The next time I saw the baby sleeping with a lolypop

in his mouth, the flies were flying on it, but my little brother was covered with a veil and I fanned him. The next week I saw the baby and he looked sick. I told the father to go to the doctor. Now he took my advice and when he came back he said the baby had summer complaint, but in three weeks the baby was well again. I think the father will never give the baby those things.

One day as I was walking in the street I saw a baby in a carriage fast asleep and a empty bottle in its mouth. So I saw the mother from the child and I told her nipples is a real death for a child. When the baby is having its sleep, the nipple should be in a glass of borax water ready for its meal. The mother from that child thanked me very much.

One East Side League last summer spent its treasury of four dollars, made up entirely of penny dues, on restoring a sick baby to health. Frequently a member will bring her mother to a meeting to settle a point of family dispute. In the Italian quarter the ice-cream-sandwich man bitterly complains that business is ruined.

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At each meeting a complete lesson is given, explaining in full how to cope with some one constantly recurring crisis of baby life. Then come questions and answers, and last an original play, turning upon the dramatic rescue of a sick baby by a Little Mother.

No one who visits a League meeting can come away unmoved by the pathos of these little girls, who should be playing with dolls, burdened with the cares of vicarious motherhood. On the other hand, those who have invested years in the task of breaking through the ignorance and superstition and doubt which make this such uphill work, greet the idea of reaching in through the younger generation as the promptings of little less than genius. For these little girls are the mothers of the future, and in their hands rests the fate of the next generation.

Last fall an extra appropriation to the Division of Child Hygiene enabled Dr. Baker to go to the New York Milk Committee, whose excellent work was financed entirely by private contributions, and say: "You have demonstrated what these milk stations will do for New York. We are convinced that baby lives are too important to be left any longer to the spasmodic generosity of the subscribing public. We will undertake the milk depots and the instructive nursing, and leave you free to experiment further."

The Milk Committee has taken up its stand once more this summer on the firing-line of experimentation, and is training the attention of its skilled staff full upon the question of prenatal care and education. For in New York's record of thirty years the extent to which the baby's foes have been overthrown are as follows:

Deaths from contagious diseases reduced . . 70 per cent Deaths from respiratory diseases reduced . . 38 per cent How far have we come, then, toward insuring this dangerous business of being a baby? Is New York City, the laboratory and experiment station of the nation, following all the paths that lead through the wilderness of civilization to an irreducible minimum of baby deaths?

With intelligent philanthropy leading the van, and the Division of Child Hygiene generously supported, a residuum of seemingly unnecessary deaths still remains.

"Widowers' Houses"

Visit the Little Mothers' League and hear the doctor's directions about "putting the baby to sleep in a cool, darkened, airy room"; then, after the class, follow the children out into the blazing East Side street with its ceaseless riot of noise and smells. Get one of the little mothers to take you into the three-room tenements in which she lives with her father and mother and five other children. Note the two-foot "airshaft," acting like a giant culture-tube for the propagation of disease. Note the bedroom without any window. If you chance to discover that the owner of this particular tenement is the famous philanthropist who contributes so largely to the baby-saving charities, you will have disclosed beneath the cloak of charity one of the weapons with which the economic foe still strikes below the belt.

As a "stint" which New York City has set herself to do, her baby-saving campaign has been magnificent.

After all, the threat of the unconquered enemy is not merely a question of baby lives. It is a menace to the integrity of the family and of the nation.



Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Bea/s



"'AGNES, WHATEVER HAPPENS, YOU MUST PITY, AND - AND, IF YOU CAN, UNDERSTAND ME'"

TWO WIVES

BY

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES

AUTHOR OF "GREAT FRENCH MYSTERIES," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT EDWARDS

MRS. BARLOW, the prettiest and the happiest and the best dressed of the young wives of Summerfield, was walking toward the Catholic church. She was going to consult the old priest as to her duty to an unsatisfactory servant; for Agnes Barlow was a conscientious as well as a pretty and a happy woman.

Foolish people are fond of quoting a foolish gibe: "Be good, and you may be happy; but you will not have a good time." The wise, however, soon become aware that if, in the course of life's journey, you achieve goodness and happiness, you will almost certainly have a good time too.

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So, at least, Agnes Barlow had found in her own short life. Her excellent parents had built one of the first new houses in what had then been the pretty, old-fashioned village of Summerfield, some fifteen miles from London. There she had been born; there she had spent delightful years at the big convent school over the hill; there she had grown up into a singularly pretty girl; and there, finally,—it had seemed quite final to Agnes,—she had met the clever, fascinating young lawyer, Frank Barlow.

Frank had soon become the lover all her friends had envied her, and then the husband whose income was becoming steadily larger and larger, and who was still — so he was fond of saying and of proving in a dozen dear little daily ways — as much in love with her as on the day they were married. They lived in a charming house called the Haven, and they were the proud parents of a fine little boy, named Francis after his father, who never had any of the tiresome ailments which afflict other children.

But strange, dreadful things do happen, even in this delightful world! So thought Agnes Barlow on this pleasant May afternoon; for, as she walked to church, this pretty, happy, good woman found her thoughts dwelling uncomfortably on another woman, her sometime intimate friend and contemporary, who was neither good nor happy.

This was Teresa Maldo, the lovely half-Spanish girl who had been her favorite schoolmate at the convent over the hill.

Poor, foolish, unhappy, wicked Teresa! Only ten days ago Teresa had done a thing so extraordinary, so awful, so unprecedented, that Agnes Barlow had thought of little else ever since. •She had eloped, gone right away from her home and her husband, and with a married man!

Teresa and Agnes were the same age; they had had the same upbringing; they were both — in a very different way, however — beautiful; and they had each been married, six years before, on the same day of the month. But how different had been their subsequent fates!

Teresa had at once discovered that her husband drank. But she loved him, and for a while it seemed as if marriage would reform Maldo. Unfortunately, this happy state of things did not last: he again began to drink; and people soon bad reason to shake their heads over the way Teresa Maldo flirted.

Men, you see, were so sorry for this lovely young woman, blessed (or cursed) with what old-fashioned folk call "the come-hither eye," that they made it their business to console her for such a worthless husband as was Maldo! No wonder Teresa and Agnes drifted apart; no

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wonder Frank Barlow soon forbade Agnes to go on accepting Mrs. Maldo's invitations.

But an odd thing had happened about a fortnight ago. And it was to this odd happening that Agnes Barlow's mind persistently recurred each time she found herself alone.

About three days before Teresa Maldo had done the mad and wicked thing of which all Summerfield was still talking, she had paid a long call on Agnes Barlow.

The unwelcome guest had stayed a very long time; she had talked wildly and rather strangely; and Agnes, looking back, was glad to remember that no one else had come in while her old schoolfellow was there.

When, at last, Teresa Maldo had made up her mind to go (luckily, some minutes before Frank was due home from town), Agnes accompanied her to the gate of the Haven, and there the other had turned round and said such odd things.

"I came to tell you something!" she had exclaimed. "But, now that I see you looking so happy, so pretty, and—forgive me for saying so, Agnes—so horribly good, I feel that I can't tell you! But, Agnes, whatever happens, you must pity, and—and, if you can, understand me—"

Yes, it was now painfully clear to Agnes Barlow that Teresa had come that day to tell her once devoted friend of the wicked thing she meant to do; and more than once pretty Mrs. Barlow had asked herself uneasily whether she had been wanting in sympathy during those two long hours — whether she could have done anything to stop Teresa on her downward course.

But no; Agnes felt her conscience clear. How would it have been possible for her even to discuss so shameful a possibility as that of a woman leaving her husband with another man?

Agnes thought of the two sinners with a touch of fascinated curiosity. They were said to be in Paris, and Teresa was probably having a very good time — a wildly amusing, exciting time.

She even told herself, did this pretty, happy, good young married woman, that it was strange, and not very fair, that vice and pleasure should always go together! It was just a little irritating to know that Teresa would never again be troubled by the kind of worries that played quite an important part in Agnes' own blameless life. Never again, for instance, would Teresa's cook give her notice, as Agnes' cook had given her notice that morning — it was about that matter she wished to see Father Ferguson, for it was through the priest she had heard of the impertinent Irish girl who cooked so well, but who had such an independent manner and who would not wear a cap!

Yes, it certainly seemed unfair that Teresa would now be rid of all domestic worries — that

henceforth the woman who had sinned would live in luxurious hotels, motoring and shopping all day, going to the theater or to a music-hall each night.

The few acquaintances Mrs. Barlow met on her way smiled and nodded, but, as she was walking rather quickly, no one tried to stop her. She had chosen the back way to the church because it was the prettiest way, and also because it would take her by a house where a friend of hers was living in lodgings.

And suddenly the very friend in question his name was Ferrier — came out of his lodgings. He had a tall, slight, active figure; he was dressed in a blue serge suit, and, though it was still early spring, he wore a straw hat.

Agnes smiled a little inward smile. She was, as we already know, a very good as well as a happy and pretty woman. But as pretty a woman as was Agnes Barlow meets with frequent pleasant occasions of withstanding temptation, of which those about her, especially her dear parents and her kind husband, are curiously unknowing. And the tall, well-set-up masculine figure now hurrying toward her with such eager steps played a considerable part in Agnes' life, if only by constantly providing her with occasions of acquiring merit.

Agnes knew very well — even the least imaginative woman is always acutely conscious of such a fact — that, had she not been a prudent and a ladylike as well as (of course) a very good woman, this clever, agreeable, interesting young man would have made love to her. As it was, he (of course) did nothing of the kind. He did not even try to flirt with her, as our innocent Agnes understood that much-tried verb; and she regarded their friendship as a pleasant interlude in her placid, well-regulated existence, and as a most excellent influence on his more agitated life.

The man lifted his hat. He smiled down into Agnes' blue eyes. What very pretty, nay, what beautiful eyes they were! Deeply, exquisitely blue, but unshadowed, as innocent of guile as are a child's eyes.

"Somehow, I had a kind of feeling that you would be coming by just now," he said in a rather hesitating voice; "so I left my work and came out on chance."

Now, Agnes was very much interested in Mr. Ferrier's work. Mr. Ferrier was not only a writer — the only writer she had ever known he was also a poet. She had been pleasantly thrilled the day he had given her a slim little book on each page of which was a poem. This gift had been made when they had known each other only two months, and he had inscribed it: of appreciation of his poem. "From G. G. F. to A. M. B."

Mr. Ferrier had a charming studio flat in Chelsea, that odd, remote place where London artists live, far from the pleasant London of the shops and theaters which was all Agnes knew of the town near which she dwelt. But he had spent the last two summers in Summerfield, and he was a geat deal at the Haven.

When with Mr. Ferrier — and they were much together during the long week-days — Agnes Barlow made a point of often speaking of dear Frank and of Frank's love for her—not, of course, in a way that any one could have regarded as silly, but in a natural, simple way.

How easy, how very easy, it is to keep this kind of friendship — friendship between a man and a woman — within bounds! And how terribly sad it was to think that Teresa Maldo had not known how to do that easy thing! But then, Teresa's lover had been a married man, separated from his wife, and that doubtless made all the difference. Agnes Barlow could assure herself in all sincerity that, had Mr. Ferrier been the husband of another woman, she would never have allowed him to become her friend to the extent that he was now.

Mr. Ferrier — Agnes, naturally, never allowed herself to think of him as Gerald — held a newspaper in his hand. It was an evening paper in which his verses were often printed.

"I was really on my way to the Haven," he observed, "for there are a few verses of mine in the P. M. G. which I am anxious you should read. Shall I go on and leave it at your house, or will you take it now? And then, if I may, I will call for it some time to-morrow. Should I be likely to find you in about four o'clock?"

"Yes, I'll be in then, and I think I'll take it now." And then — for she was walking very slowly, and Ferrier, with his hands behind his back, kept pace with her — Agnes could not resist looking down at the open sheet.

The poem was called "My Lady of the Snow," and it told in very pretty, complicated language of a beautiful, pure woman whom the writer loved in a desperate but respectful way.

She grew rather red. "I must hurry on, for I am going to church," she said a little stiffly. "Good evening, Mr. Ferrier. Yes, I will keep the paper till to-morrow, if I may. I should like to show it to Frank. He hasn't been to the office to-day, for he isn't very well, and he will like to see an evening paper."

Mr. Ferrier lifted his hat with a rather sad look and turned back toward the house where he lodged. And as Agnes walked on she felt disturbed and uncomfortable. Her clever friend had evidently been grieved by her apparent lack

She went into the church, knelt down and

said a prayer. Then she got up and walked through into the sacristy. Father Ferguson was paragraph. It was headed "Suicide of a Lady almost certain to be there just now.

Agnes Barlow had known the old priest all her life. He had baptized her; he had been chaplain at the convent during the years she had to be parish priest at Summerfield.

with a strange priest; and yet, kind to her.

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never felt quite so good as she did when she was by herself or Father Ferguson was always very

He pointed with shaking finger to a small at Dover," and Agnes read the few lines with bewildered and shocked amazement.

Teresa Maldo, whom she had visioned only a few minutes ago as leading a merry, gloribeen at school there; and now he had come back ously careless life with her lover, was dead. She had thrown herself out of a bedroom When with Father Ferguson, Agnes somehow window in a hotel at Dover, and she had



"IN THE POCKETS OF HER HUSBAND'S COAT SHE HAD FOUND THREE LETTERS. EACH OF THEM, WRITTEN IN A WOMAN'S SLOPING HAND, WAS A LOVE LETTER SIGNED 'JANEY'"

been killed instantly, dashed to pieces on the stones below!

Agnes stared down at the curt, cold little paragraph with excited horror. She was six-and-twenty, but she had never seen death, and, as far as she knew, the girls with whom she had been at school were all living. Teresa — poor unhappy, sinful Teresa — had been the first to die, and by her own hand.

The old priest's eyes slowly brimmed over with tears. "Poor, unhappy child!" he said, with a break in his voice. "Poor, unfortunate Teresa! I did not think — I should never have believed that she would seek — and find — this terrible way out."

Agnes was a little shocked at his broken words. True, Teresa had been very unhappy, and it was right to pity her; but she had also been very wicked; and now she had put, as it were, the seal on her wickedness by killing herself.

"Three or four days before she went away, she came and saw me," the priest went on in a low, pained voice. "I did everything in my power to stop her, but I could do nothing — she had given her word!"

"Given her word?" repeated Agnes wonder-

ingly.

"Yes," said Father Ferguson; "she had given that wretched, that wickedly selfish man her promise. She believed that if she broke her word he would kill himself. I begged her to go and see some woman,— some kind, pitiful, understanding woman,— but I suppose she feared lest such a one would dissuade her to more purpose than I was able to do."

Agnes looked at him with troubled eyes.

"She was very dear to my heart," the priest went on. "She was always a generous, unselfish child, and she was very fond of you, Agnes."

Agnes' throat tightened. What Father Ferguson said was only too true. Teresa had always been a very generous and unselfish girl, and very, very fond of her. She wondered remorsefully if she could have done or said anything that day poor Teresa had come and spoken such strange, wild words—

"It seems so awful," she said in a low voice, "so very, very awful to think that we may not even pray for her soul, Father Ferguson."

"Not pray for her soul?" the priest repeated.
"Why should we not pray for the poor child's soul? I shall certainly pray for Teresa's soul every day till I die."

"But — but how can you do that, when she killed herself?"

He looked at her, surprised. "And do you really so far doubt God's mercy? Surely we may hope — nay, trust — that Teresa had time to make an act of contrition?" And then he

muttered something — it sounded like a line or two of poetry — which Agnes did not quite catch; but she felt, as she often did feel when with Father Ferguson, at once rebuked and rebellious.

Of course there might have been time for Teresa to make an act of contrition. But every one knows that to take one's life is a deadly sin. Agnes felt quite sure that if it ever occurred to herself to do such a thing she would go straight to hell. Still, she was used to obey this old priest, and that even when she did not agree with him. So she followed him into the church, and side by side they knelt down and each said a separate prayer for the soul of sinful Teresa Maldo.

As Agnes Barlow walked slowly and soberly home — this time by the highroad — she tried to remember the words, the lines of poetry, that Father Ferguson had muttered. They at once haunted and eluded her memory. Surely they could not be

Between the window and the ground, She mercy sought and mercy found?

No, Agnes was sure that he had not said "window," and yet window seemed the only word that would fit the case. And he had not said "she mercy found"; he had said "he mercy sought and mercy found"— of that Agnes felt sure, and that, too, was odd.

Then she suddenly bethought herself, with more annoyance than the matter was worth, that in her agitation she had left Mr. Ferrier's paper in the sacristy. She did not like the thought that Father Ferguson would probably read those pretty, curious verses, "My Lady of the Snow."

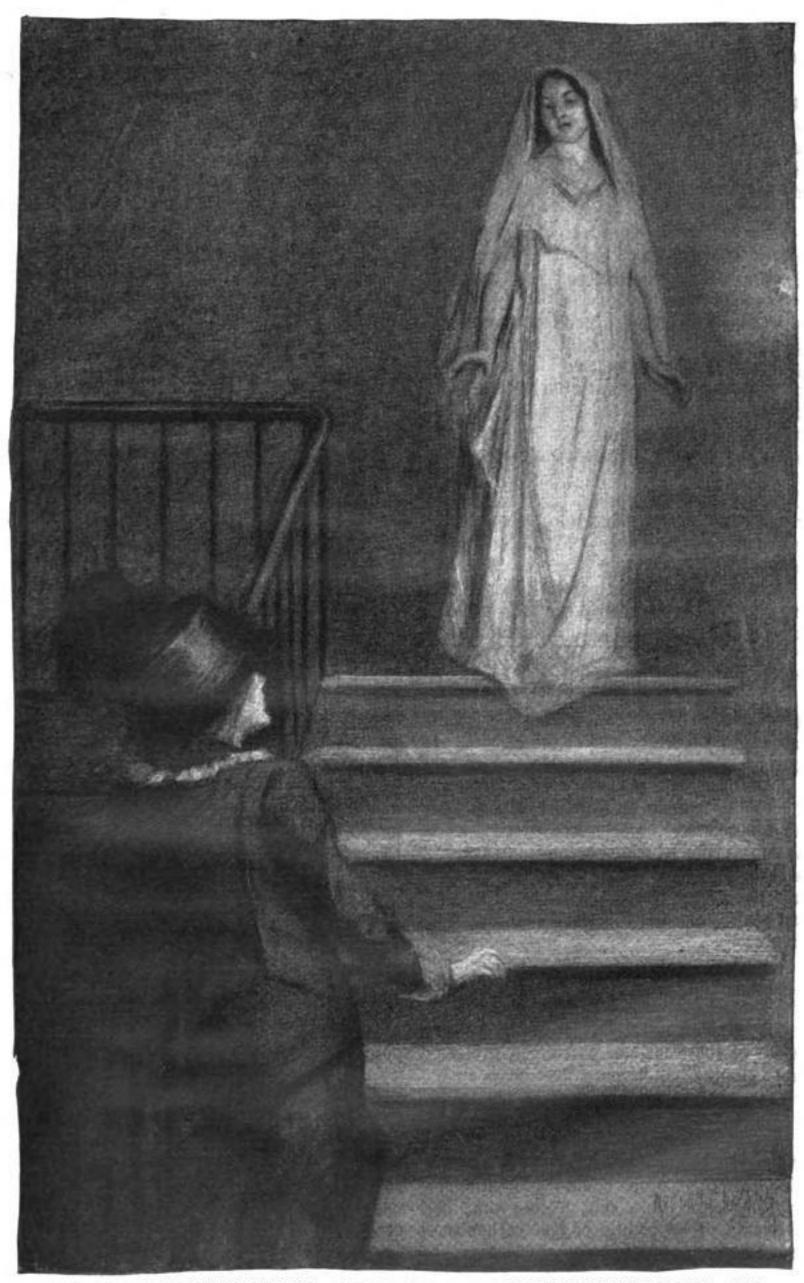
Also, Agnes had actually forgotten to speak to the old priest of her impertinent cook!

П

We find Agnes Barlow again walking in Summerfield; but this time she is hurrying along the straight, unlovely cinder-strewn path which forms a short cut from the back of the Haven to Summerfield station; and the still, heavy calm of a late November afternoon broods over the rough ground on either side of her.

It is nearly six months since Teresa Maldo's elopement and consequent suicide, and now no one ever speaks of poor Teresa, no one seems to remember that she ever lived, excepting perhaps Father Ferguson, and he never mentions her.

As for Agnes herself, life had crowded far too many happenings in these six months for her to give more than a passing thought to Teresa. An awful, and to her an incredible, thing had



"SHE STARED UP WITH FEARFUL, FASCINATED EYES AT THE IMMOBILE FIGURE, AND HER GAZE TRAVELED STEALTHILY UP TO THE WHITE, PASSIONLESS FACE, DRAINED OF ALL EXPRESSION SAVE THAT OF WATCHFUL CONCERN AND UNDERSTANDING TENDERNESS."

happened to Agnes Barlow. The roof of her snug and happy house of life had failen in, and she lay, blinded and maimed, beneath the fragments which had been hurled down on her in one terrible moment.

Yes, it had all happened in a moment — so she now reminded herself, with the dull ache that never left her.

It was just after she came back from Westgate with little Francis. The child had been ailing for the first time in his life, and she had taken him to the seaside for six weeks.

There, in a day, it had turned from summer to winter, raining as it rains only at the seaside; and suddenly Agnes had made up her mind to go back to her own nice, comfortable home a whole week before Frank expected her back.

Agnes sometimes acted like that — on a quick impulse; she did so to her own undoing on that dull rainy day.

When she reached Summerfield, it was to find her telegram to her husband lying unopened on the hall table of the Haven. Frank, it seemed, had slept in town the night before. Not that that mattered, so she told herself gleefully, full of the pleasant joy of being again in her own home: the surprise would be the greater and the more welcome when Frank did come back.

Having nothing better to do that first afternoon, Agnes had gone up to her husband's
dressing-room in order to look over his summer
clothes before sending them to the cleaner. In
her careful playing-at-housewifely fashion, she
had turned out the pockets of his cricketing
coat. There, a little to her surprise, she had
found three letters, and idle curiosity as to
Frank's invitations during her long stay away —
Frank was deservedly popular with the ladies of
Summerfield and, indeed, with all women —
caused her to take the three letters out of their
envelopes. . . .

In a moment — how terrible that it should take but a moment to shatter the fabric of a human being's innocent house of life! — Agnes had seen what had happened to her — to him. For each of these letters, written in the same woman's sloping hand, was a love letter signed "Janey"; and in each the writer, in a plaintive, ladylike, but insistent and reproachful way, asked Frank for money.

Even now, though nearly seven weeks had gone by since then, Agnes could recall with painful vividness the sick, cold feeling that had come over her — a feeling of fear rather than anger, of fear and desperate humiliation.

Locking the door of the dressing-room, she had searched eagerly — a dishonorable thing to do, as she knew well. And soon she had found other letters — letters and bills: bills of meals at restaurants, showing that her husband and a companion had constantly dined and supped at the Savoy, the Carlton, and Princes. To those restaurants where he had taken her (Agnes) two or three times a year, laughing and grumbling at the expense, he had taken this — this person again and again in the short time his wife had been away.

As to the further letters, all they proved was that Frank had first met "Janey Cartwright" over some law business of hers, connected—even Agnes saw the irony of it—in some shameful way with another man; for, tied together, were a few notes signed with the writer's full name, of which the first began:

Dear Mr. Barlow:

Forgive me for writing to your private address [etc., etc.]

The ten days that followed had seared Agnes' soul. Frank had been so dreadfully affectionate. He had pretended — she felt sure it was all pretense — to be so glad to see her again, though sometimes she caught him looking at her with cowed, miserable eyes.

And then, on the last of those terrible ten days, Gerald Ferrier had come down to Summerfield, and both she and Frank had pressed him to stay to dinner. He had done so, though aware that something was wrong, and he had been extraordinarily kind, sympathetic, unquestioning. But as he was leaving he had said a word to his host: "I feel worried about Mrs. Barlow" — Agnes heard him through the window. "She doesn't look the thing, somehow! How would it be if I asked her to go with me to a private view? It might cheer her up. Perhaps she would lunch with me afterward?" And Frank had eagerly assented.

Since then Agnes had gone up to London, if not every day, very nearly every day, and Mr. Ferrier had done his best, without much success, to "cheer her up."

Though they soon became more intimate than they had ever been, Agnes Barlow never told Ferrier what it was that had turned her from a happy, unquestioning child into a miserable woman; but, of course, he knew.

And gradually Frank had come to know that she knew, and, manlike, he spent less and less time in his now uncomfortable home. He would go away in the morning an hour earlier than usual, and then, under pretext of business keeping him late at the office, he would come back after having dined, doubtless with "Janey," in town.

Soon Agnes began to draw a terrible comparison between these two men — between the husband who had had all her heart, and the friend whom she now acknowledged to herself — for hypocrisy had fallen away from her — had lived only for her, and for the hours they were able to spend together, during two long years, and yet who had never told her of his love, or tried to disturb her trust in her husband.

Yes, Gerald Ferrier was all that was noble — Frank Barlow all that was ignoble. So she told herself with trembling lips a dozen times a day, taking fierce comfort in the knowledge that Ferrier was noble. But she was destined even to lose that comfort; for one day, a week before the day when we find her walking to Summerfield station, Ferrier's nobility, or what poor Agnes took to be such, suddenly broke down.

They had been walking together in Battersea Park, and, after one of those long silences which bespeak great intimacy between a man and a woman, he had asked her if she would come back to his rooms — for tea.

She had shaken her head, smilingly. And then he had turned on her with a torrent of impetuous, burning words — words of ardent love, of anguished longing, of eager pleading. And Agnes had been frightened, fascinated, allured.

And that had not been all.

More quietly he had gone on to speak as if the code of morality in which his friend had been bred, and which had hitherto so entirely satisfied her, was, after all, nothing but a narrow counsel of perfection, suited for those who were sheltered and happy, wretchedly inadequate to meet the needs of the greater number of human beings who were, as Agnes now was, humiliated and miserable. His words found an echo in her sore heart. But she had not let him see how they moved her. On the contrary, she had rebuked him, and for the first time they had quarreled.

"If you ever speak to me like that again," she had said coldly, "I will not come again."

And again he had turned on her violently: "I think you had better not come again! I am but a man, after all!"

They parted enemies; but the same night Ferrier wrote Agnes a very piteous letter, asking pardon on his knees for having spoken as he had done. And his letter moved her to the heart. Her own deep misery — never for one moment did she forget Frank and Frank's treachery — made her understand the torment that Ferrier was going through.

For the first time she realized what so few of her kind ever realize, that it is a mean thing to take everything and give nothing in exchange. And gradually, as the long, solitary hours wore themselves away, Agnes came to believe that if she did what she now knew Ferrier desired her to do — if, casting the past behind her, she started a new life with him — she would not only be

doing a generous thing by the man who had loved her silently and faithfully for so long, but she would also be punishing Frank, hurting him in his honor, as he had hurt her in hers.

And then the stars that fight in their courses for those lovers who are also poets fought for Ferrier.

The day after they had quarreled and he had written her his piteous letter of remorse, Gerald Ferrier fell ill. But he was not too ill to write. And after he had been ill four days, and when Agnes was feeling very, very miserable, he wrote and told her of a wonderful vision which had been vouchsafed to him.

In this vision Ferrier had seen Agnes knocking at the narrow front door of the lonely flat where he lived solitary; and through the door had slipped in his angelic visitant, by her mere presence bringing him peace, health, and the happiness he was schooling himself to believe must never come to him through her.

The post which brought her the letter in which Ferrier told his vision brought also to Agnes Barlow a little registered parcel containing a pearl-and-diamond pendant from Frank.

For a few moments the two lay on her knee. Then she took up the jewel and looked at it curiously. Was it with such a thing as this that her husband thought to purchase her forgiveness?

If Ferrier's letter had never been written, if Frank's gift had never been despatched, it may be doubted whether Agnes would have done what we now find her doing — hastening, that is, on her way to make Ferrier's dream come true.

At last she reached the little suburban station.

One of her father's many kindnesses to her each year was the gift of a season ticket to town; but to-day some queer instinct made her buy a ticket at the booking-office instead.

The booking-clerk peered out at her, surprised; then made up his mind that pretty Mrs. Barlow — she wore to-day a curiously thick veil — had a friend with her. But his long, ruminative stare made her shrink and flush. Was it possible that what she was about to do was written on her face?

The train steamed into the station, and she got into an empty carriage, for the rush that goes on each evening Londonward from the suburbs had not yet begun.

And then, to her surprise, she found that it was the thought of her husband, not of the man to whom she was going to give herself, that filled her sore heart.

Old memories — memories connected with Frank, his love for her, her love for him — became insistent. She lived again, while tears

forced themselves through her closed eyes, through the culminating moment of her marriage day - the start for the honeymoon, a start made amid a crowd of laughing, cheering friends, from the little station she had just left.

How infinitely kind and tender Frank had been to her!

And then Agnes reminded herself, with tightening breath, that men like Frank Barlow are always kind to women.

In her ears there sounded Ferrier's quick, hoarsely uttered words: "D'you think I should ever have said a word to you of all this — if you had gone on being happy? D'you think I'd ask you to come to me if I thought you had any chance of being happy with him - now?" And she knew in her heart that he had spoken truly. Ferrier would never have tried to disturb her happiness with Frank; he had never so tried during those two years when they had seen so much of each other, and when Agnes had known, deep down in her heart, that he loved her, though it had suited her conscience to pretend that his feeling was only "friendship."

The train glided into the fog-laden London station, and very slowly Agnes Barlow stepped down out of the railway carriage. She felt oppressed by the fact that she was alone. During the last few weeks Ferrier had always been standing on the platform waiting to greet her, eager to hurry her into a cab — to a picture gallery, to a concert, or of late, oftenest of all, to one of those green oases which the great town still leaves her lovers.

But now Ferrier was not here; he was ill, solitary in the lonely rooms which he called home. Agnes Barlow hurried out of the station.

Hammer, hammer, hammer went what she supposed was her heart. It was a curious, to Agnes a new sensation, bred of the fear that she would meet some acquaintance to whom she would have to explain her presence in town. She could not help being glad that the fog was of that dense, stifling quality which makes every one intent on his own business rather than on that of his neighbors.

Then something happened which scared Agnes. She was walking, now very slowly, out of the station, when a tall man came up to her. He took off his hat and peered insolently into her face.

before," he said.

She stared at him with a great, unreasonable fear gripping her heart. No doubt this was some business acquaintance of Frank's. "I — I don't think so," she faltered.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Don't you remember,

two years ago at the Pirola in Regent Street? I don't think I can be wrong."

And then Agnes understood. "You are making a mistake," she said breathlessly, and quickened her steps.

The man looked after her with a leering smile, but he made no further attempt to molest her.

She was trembling — shaken with fear, disgust, and terror. It was odd, but such a thing had never happened to pretty Agnes Barlow before. She was not often alone in London; she had never been there alone on such a foggy evening, an evening which invited such approaches as those she had just repulsed.

She touched a respectable-looking woman on the arm. "Can you tell me the way to Flood Street, Chelsea?" she asked, her voice faltering.

"Why, yes, Miss. It's a good step from here, but you can't mistake it. You've only got to go straight along, and then ask again after you've been walking about twenty minutes. You can't mistake it." And she hurried on, while Agnes tried to keep in step behind her, for the slight adventure outside the station became retrospectively terrifying.

At last the broad thoroughfare narrowed to a point where four streets converged. glanced fearfully this way and that. Which of those shadowy masculine figures hurrying past, intent on their business, would direct her rightly? Within the last half hour Agnes had grown horribly afraid of men.

And then, with more relief than the fact warranted, across the narrow roadway she saw emerge, between two parting waves of fog, the shrouded figure of a woman leaning against a dead wall.

Agnes crossed the street.

And then suddenly there broke from her, twice repeated, a low, involuntary cry of dread.

"Teresa!" she cried. And then, again, "Teresa!" For in the shrouded figure before her she had recognized, with a thrill of incredulous terror, the form and lineaments of Teresa Maldo.

But there came no answering cry; and Agnes gave a long, gasping, involuntary sigh of relief as she realized that what had seemed to be her dead friend's dark, glowing face was the face of a little child — a black-haired beggar child, with large startled eyes wide open on a living world.

The tall woman whose statuesque figure had "I think I've had the pleasure of meeting you so strangely recalled Teresa's supple, powerful form was holding up the child, propping it on the wall behind her.

> Still shaking with the chill terror induced by the vision she now believed she had not seen, Agnes went closer still to the melancholy group.

Even now she longed to hear the woman



"'OH, MY DARLING,' HE WHISPERED, 'I KNOW I'VE BEEN A BEAST-BUT I'VE NEVER LEFT OFF LOVING YOU'"

speak. "Can you tell me the way to Flood I've walked all the way from Essex; it's taken Street?" she asked.

The woman looked at her fixedly. "No, that I can't," she said listlessly. "I'm a stranger here." And then, with a passionate energy which startled Agnes, "For God's sake, give me something, lady, to help me to get home! shaken her head and passed on. She had

me - oh! so long, with the child - though we've had a lift here and a lift there - and I haven't a penny left. I came to find my husband; but he's lost himself - on purpose!"

A week before, Agnes Barlow would have

always held the theory, carefully inculcated by her careful parents, that it is wrong to give money to beggars in the street.

But in a flash she recalled a sermon of Father Ferguson's in which the preacher had advanced the astounding theory that it were better to give to nine impostors than to refuse the one just man; nay, more, he had reminded his hearers of the old legend that Christ sometimes comes in the guise of a beggar to the wealthy.

She took five shillings out of her purse, and put it, not in the woman's hand, but in that of the little child.

"Thank you," said the woman dully. "May God bless you!" That was all. And Agnes went on, vaguely comforted.

And now at last she reached the quiet, unbeautiful Chelsea Street where Ferrier lived. The fog had drifted toward the river, and in the lamplight Agnes Barlow was not long in finding a large open door above which was inscribed: "The Thomas More Studios."

Agnes walked timorously through into the square, empty, gas-lit hall, and looked round her with distaste. The place struck her as very ugly and forlorn, utterly lacking in what she had always taken to be the amenities of flat life — an obsequious porter, a lift, electric lights.

How strange of Ferrier to have told her that he lived in a building that was beautiful!

Springing in bold and simple curves, rose a wrought-iron staircase, filling up the center of the narrow, towerlike building. Agnes knew that Ferrier lived somewhere near the top.

She waited a moment at the foot of the staircase. She was gathering up her strength, throwing behind her everything that had meant life, happiness, and — what had been so much to such a woman as herself — personal repute.

But, even so, Agnes did not falter in her purpose. She was still possessed, driven onward by a passion of jealous misery,

But, though her spirit was willing, ay, and more than willing, for revenge, her flesh was weak; and as she began slowly walking up the steps she started nervously at the grotesque shapes cast by her own shadow, and at the muffled sounds of her own footfalls. Half way up the high building the gas-jets burned low, and Agnes felt aggrieved. What a mean, stupid economy on the part of the owners of this strange, unnatural dwelling-place!

How dreadful it would be if she were to meet any one she knew — any one belonging to what she was already unconsciously teaching herself to call her old, happy life! As if in cruel answer to her fear, a door opened, and an old man, clad in a big shabby fur coat and broad-brimmed hat, came out.

Agnes' heart gave a bound in her bosom. Yes; this was what she had somehow thought would happen. In the half light she took the old man to be an eccentric acquaintance of her father's.

"Mr. Willis?" she whispered hoarsely.

"My name's not Willis," he said gruffly, as he passed her on his way down, and her heart became stilled. How could she have been so foolish as to take that disagreeable old man for kindly-natured Mr. Willis?

She was now very near the top. Only a story and a half more, and she would be there. Her steps were flagging, but a strange kind of peace had fallen on her. In a few moments she would be safe, forever, in Ferrier's arms. How strange and unreal the notion seemed!

And then — and then, as if fashioned by some potent incantation from the vaporous fog outside, a tall gray figure rose out of nothingness, and stood, barring the way, on the steel floor of the landing above her.

Agnes clutched the iron railing, too oppressed rather than too frightened to speak. Out in the fog-laden street she had involuntarily called out the other's name. "Teresa?" she had cried. "Teresa?" But this time no word broke from her lips, for if she spoke she feared that the other would answer.

Teresa Maldo's love, the sisterly love of which she had been so little worthy, had broken down the gateless barrier which stretches its dense length between the living and the dead. What she, the living woman, had not known to do for Teresa, the dead woman was able to do for her — for now Agnes measured, in a flash, the depth of the gulf into which she had been about to throw herself.

She stared up with fearful, fascinated eyes at the immobile figure swathed in gray, cere-like garments, and her gaze traveled stealthily up to the white, passionless face, drained of all expression save that of watchful concern and understanding tenderness.

Suddenly she turned round, and then with swift, terror-hastened steps she leaped down the iron stairway to the deserted hall, and so out into the street.

Into the fog she plunged, not even sparing a moment to look back and up to the dimly lighted window behind which poor Ferrier stood, as a softer, a truer-natured woman might have done. Violently she put all thought of her lover from her, and as she hurried along with tightened breath, the instinct of self-preservation alone possessing her, she became more and more absorbed in measuring the fathomless

depth of the pit in which she would by now missed — God alone knew with what relief have been engulfed had it not been for Teresa

Her one wish now was to get home — to get home — to get home — before Frank got back.

But the fulfilment of that wish was denied her - for as Agnes Barlow walked, crying softly as she went, in the misty darkness along the road that led from Summerfield station to the gate of the Haven, there fell on her ear the rhythmical tramp of well-shod feet. She shrank near to the hedge, in no mood to greet or to accept greeting from a neighbor.

The walker was now close to her. He struck a match. "Agnes?" It was Frank Barlow's voice — shamed, eager, questioning. "Is that you? I thought — I hoped you would come home by this train."

And as she gave no immediate answer, as he their otherwise cloudless married life.

the prim, cold accents to which his wife had accustomed him of late, he hurried forward and took her masterfully into his arms. "Oh, my darling," he whispered huskily, "I know I've been a beast — but I've never left off loving you and I can't stand your coldness, Agnes; it's driving me to the devil! Forgive me, my pure

And Frank Barlow's pure angel did forgive him, and with a spontaneity and generous forgetfulness which he will ever remember. Nay, more; Agnes - and this touched her husband deeply - even gave up her pleasant acquaintance with that writing fellow, Ferrier, because Ferrier, through no fault of his, was associated, in both their minds, with the terrible time both would give so much to wipe out, obliterate from

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY

JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

What happened in preceding instalments.—Barnabas Barty, son of the retired ex-champion pugilist of England, being left a fortune of £700,000, decides to go to London and become a gentleman. He sets forth on foot; while crossing through a wood, he encounters Lady Cleone Meredith, who has been thrown from her horse, and goes to her assistance. In doing so, he quarrels with Sir Mortimer Carnaby, the King's favourite. At the inn where he stops with his friend the Viscount Horatio Bellasis, Barnabas learns that Sir Mortimer Carnaby is plotting to marry Lady Cleone for her fortune and that she has consented to meet his go-between, a profligate courtier named Chichester, in a lonely spot at sundown. Barnabas arrives at the rendezvous first, forces Chichester to retire, and, when Lady Cleone comes, offers to escort her back to her guardian. Lady Cleone, resenting his interference, strikes him with her riding-whip.

whisper that came and went intermittently, that grew louder and louder, and so was gone again; but in place of this was another sound — a musical jingle like the chime of fairy bells, very far and faint and All at once Barnabas knew that his companion's fear of him was gone - swallowed up - forgotten in the terror of the unknown. He heard a slow-drawn, quivering sigh, and

Barnabas and the Lady Cleone Listen to a Prophecy then, pale in the dimness, her hand came out to him, crept down his arm, and, finding his T TPON the quiet stole a rustle of leaves — a hand, hid itself in his warm clasp; and her hand was marvellous cold, and her fingers stirred and trembled in his. Came again a rustling in the leaves, but louder now, and drawing nearer and ever nearer. And ever, as it came, Barnabas felt her closer - until her shoulder touched his, until the fragrance of her breath fanned his cheek, until the warmth of her soft body thrilled through him - until, loud and sudden in the silence, a voice rose, a rich, deep voice:

"'Now is the witching hour when graveyards yawn'— the witching hour — aha! Oh, poor, pale ghost, I know thee by thy nightblack hair and sad, sweet eyes, I know thee. Alas, so young — and dead! while I? — alas, so old and much alive! Yet I, too, must die some day — soon, soon, beloved shadow. Now, harkee. Oysters! — and away we go!

"Many a knight and lady fair
My oysters fine would try;
They are the finest oysters, sir,
That ever you did buy.
Oysters! who'll buy my oysters, oh!"

The bushes rustled again, and into the dimness leapt a tall, dark figure, that sang and capered among the shadows. In that moment the moon shone out again, shone down upon a strange, wild creature, bare-headed and bare of foot. A very tall man he was, with curling grey hair that hung low upon his shoulders, and upon his coat were countless buttons of all makes and kinds, that winked and glittered in the moonlight, and jingled faintly when he moved. For a moment he stood motionless and staring, then, laying one hand to the gleaming buttons on his bosom, bowed with an easy, courtly grace.

"Who are you?" demanded Barnabas.

"Billy, sir — poor Billy; Sir William, perhaps, but mum for that; the moon knows, but can not tell — then why should I?"

"And what do you want — here?"

"To sing, sir, for you and the lady, if you will. I sing for high folk and low folk; but most of all I sing for Her!"

"Who is She?"

"One who died many years ago. Folk told her I was dead — killed at sea — and her heart broke. I put off the shoes from my feet, and shall go barefoot to my grave. Folk tell me that poor Billy's mad — well, perhaps he is, but he sees and hears more than folk think — the Wise Ones tell him things. They tell me you came here to-night — oh, Youth, oh, Impulse! — hasting, hasting to save a wanton from herself."

"Fool!" exclaimed Barnabas, turning upon the speaker in swift anger; for my lady's hand had freed itself from his clasp, and she had drawn away from him.

"Fool?" repeated the man, shaking his head.

"Nay, sir. I am but mad, folk tell me; yet the Wise Ones make me their confidant. They tell me that she — this proud lady — is here to aid an unworthy brother, who sent a rogue instead."

"Brother!" exclaimed Barnabas, with a sudden light in his eyes.

"Who else, sir?" demands my lady, very cold and proud again all at once.

"But," stammered Barnabas, "but — but I thought ——"

"Evil of me!" says she.

"No; that is - I - I - forgive me!"

"Sir, there are some things no woman can forgive; you dared to think ——"

"Of the rogue who 'came instead,'" said Barnabas.

"Ah! — the rogue?"

"His name is Chichester," said Barnabas.

"Chichester!" she repeated incredulously. "Chichester?"

"A tall, slender, dark man, with a scar on his cheek," added Barnabas.

"Do you mean he was here — here to meet me — alone?"

Now at this she seemed to shrink into herself, and all at once sank down, crouching upon her knees, and hid her face from the moon.

"My lady!"

"Oh!" she sighed. "Oh! that he should have come to this!"

"My Lady Cleone!" said Barnabas, and touched her very gently.

"And you — you!" she cried, shuddering away from him. "You thought I — Oh, shame! Ah, don't touch me!"

But Barnabas stooped and caught her hands, and sank upon his knees; and thus, as they knelt together in the moonlight, he drew her so that she must needs let him see her face.

"My lady," said he reverently, "my thought of you is this: that, if such great honour may be mine, I will marry you — to-night."

But hereupon, with her two hands still prisoned in his, and with the tears yet thick upon her lashes, she threw back her head and laughed. Thereat Barnabas frowned blackly and dropped her hands — then caught her suddenly in his long arms and held her close.

"By God!" he exclaimed, "I'd kiss you, Cleone, on that scornful, laughing mouth; only — I love you — and this is a solitude. Come away!"

"A solitude," she repeated, "yes. And he sent me here to meet a beast — a satyr; and now — you! You drove away the other brute — oh, I can't struggle — you are too strong — and nothing matters now!" And so she sighed and closed her eyes.

Then, gazing down upon her rich, warm beauty, Barnabas trembled, and loosed her, and sprang to his feet.

"I think," said he, turning away to pick up his cudgel, "I think — we had — better — go."

But my lady remained crouched upon her knees, gazing up at him under her wet lashes. "You didn't—kiss me!" she said wonderingly.

"You were so - helpless!" said Barnabas.



"WHEN, HAVING VAULTED OVER, BARNABAS WOULD HAVE HELPED HER, CLEONE LOOKED OVER . AND PAST HIM, AND DESCENDED UNAIDED, PROUD AND SUPREMELY DISDAINFUL"

"And I honour you because it was — your brother!"

"Ah! but you doubted me first!"

"Forgive me," said Barnabas humbly.

"Why should I?"

"Because I love you."

Again she was silent, while one slender hand plucked nervously at the grass.

"Are you so sure of me?" she enquired at last.

"No - only of myself."

"Ah! You mean to - force a promise from me — here?"



"'GO BACK!' SHE WHISPERED. 'YOU MUST - OH, YOU MUST! HE HAS KILLED MEN BEFORE NOW'"

"Love!" she exclaimed. "So soon! You have seen me only once."

"Yes," he nodded; "it is therefore to be due season."

Barnabas stood leaning upon his stick, a tall, impassive figure; his voice was low, yet it thrilled in her ears; and there was that in his steadfast eyes before which her own wavered and fell; yet, even so, from the shadow of her hood she must needs question him further:

"When?"

"When you are - my - wife."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it is night, and you are solitary; expected that I shall worship you also - in I would not have you fear me again. But I shall come to you two months from now, one day when the sun is in the sky and friends are within call. I shall come and ask you then."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then I shall wait."

"I think I shall - refuse you."

"Indeed, I fear it is very likely."

"Why?"

"Because of my unworthiness; and therefore I would not have you kneel while I stand."

"And the grass is very damp," she sighed.

So Barnabas stepped forward with hand outstretched to aid her; but, as he did so, the wandering singer was between them, looking from one to the other with his keen, bright eyes.

"Stay!" said he. "The Wise Ones have told me that she who kneels before you now — coveted for her beauty, besought for her money — shall kneel thus in the time to come; and one, even I, poor Billy, shall stand betwixt you and join your hands thus, and bid you go forth trusting in each other's love and strength. Hush! The Wise Ones grow impatient for my song; I hear them calling from the trees, and must begone. But harkee! they have told me your name. Barnabas? Aha! that minds me — at Barnaby Bright we shall meet again, all three of us, under an orbed moon — at Barnaby Bright:

"Oh, Barnaby Bright, Barnaby Bright, The sun's awake, and shines all night!"

And so he bowed, turned, and danced away. And now my lady sighed and rose to her feet, and, looking at Barnabas, sighed again — though, indeed, a very soft little sigh this time. As for Barnabas, he yet stood wondering and looking after the strange creature, and pondering his wild words. Thus my lady, unobserved, viewed him at her leisure — noted the dark, close-curled hair, the full, well-opened, brilliant eye, the dominating jaw, the sensitive nostrils, the tender curve of the firm, strong mouth. And she had called him a ploughman — a runaway footman — and had even —! She could see the mark upon his cheek — how red it glowed! Did it hurt much, she wondered?

"Mad, of course; yes, a madman, poor fellow!" said Barnabas thoughtfully.

"And he said your name is Barnabas."

"Why, to be sure, so he did," said Barnabas, rubbing his chin as one at a loss —"which is strange, for I never saw or heard of him before."

"So, then, your name is - Barnabas?"

"Yes. Barnabas Bar — Beverley."

"Beverley?"

"Yes, Beverley. But - we must go."

"First tell me how you learned - my name?"

"From the Viscount-Viscount Devenden."

"Then you know the Viscount?"

"I do; we also know each other as rivals."

"Rivals? For what?"

"Yourself."

"For me? Sir, sir, what did you tell him?"

"That I should probably marry you some day."

"You told him - that?"

"I did. I thought it but honourable, seeing he is my friend."

"Your friend! Since when, sir?"

"Since about ten o'clock this morning."

"Sir, are you not a very precipitate person?"

"I begin to think I am — and my name is Barnabas."

"Since ten o'clock this morning! Then you knew — me first?"

"By about an hour."

Swiftly she turned away, yet not before he had seen the betraying dimple in her cheek; and so they came to the edge of the clearing.

Now, as he stooped to open a way for her among the brambles, she must needs behold again the glowing mark upon his cheek, and her glance fell and her lips grew very pitiful.

"I fear — I — does your cheek pain you very

much - Mr. Beverley?"

"Thank you, no - and my name is Barnabas."

"I did not mean to - to ---"

"No, no — the fault was mine; I fear I frightened you — and, indeed, the pain is quite gone," he stammered, holding aside the brambles for her passage. Yet she stood where she was, and her face was hidden in her hood. At last she spoke, and her voice was very low:

"Quite gone, sir?"

"Quite gone - and my name - "

"I'm very glad — Barnabas."

Four words only, be it noted; yet on the face of Barnabas was a light that was not of the moon as they entered the dim woodland together.

CHAPTER XXI

In Which Barnabas Undertakes a Mission

THEIR progress through the wood was slow, by reason of the undergrowth; yet Barnabas noticed that, where the way permitted, she hurried on at speed, and, moreover, that she was very silent and kept her face turned from him.

"Are you afraid of these woods?" he asked.

"No."

"Of me?"

"No."

"Then - I fear you are angry again."

"I think Barnab - your name - is hateful!"

"Strange!" said Barnabas. "I was just thinking how musical it was, as you say it."

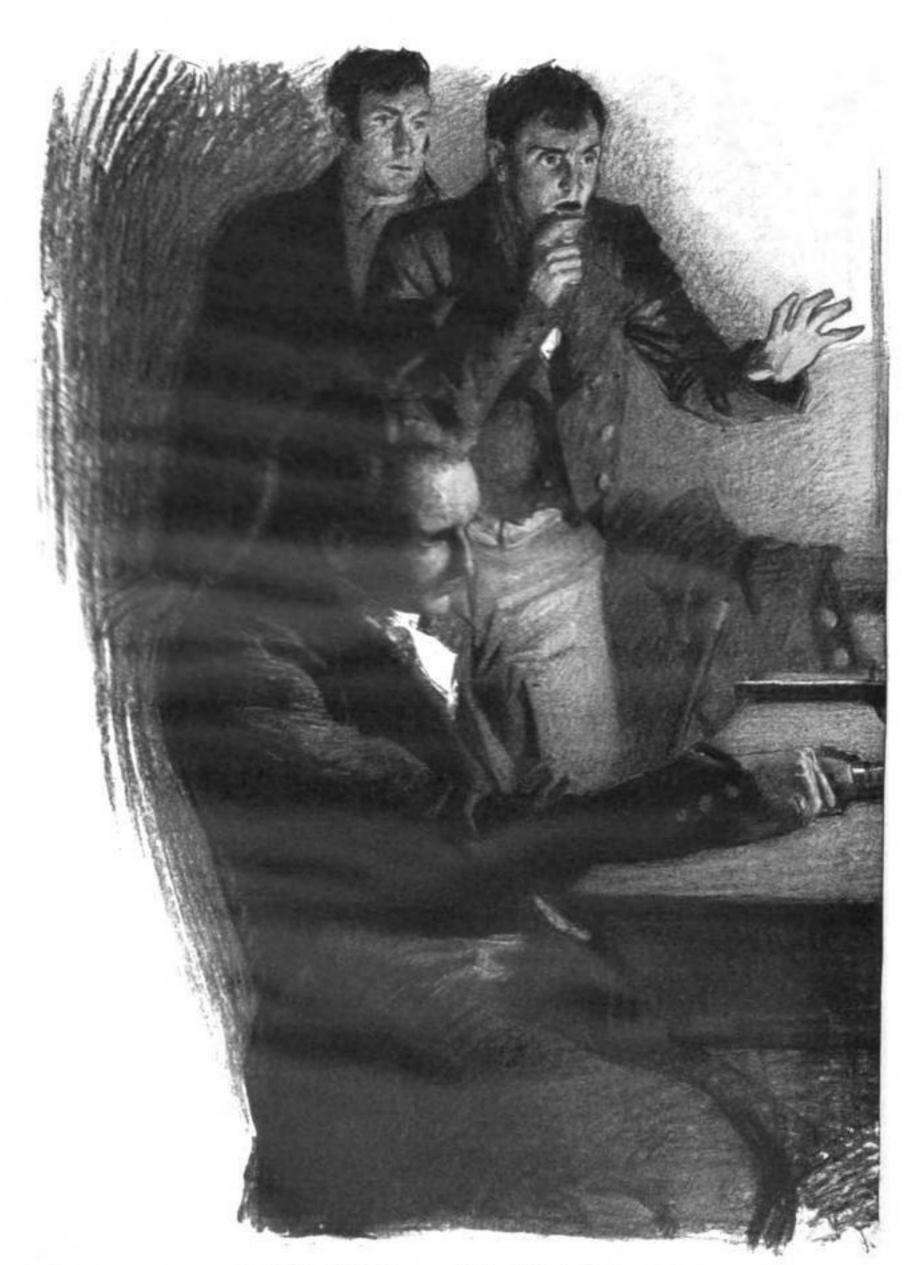
"Pray how did you know," she demanded, "that I was to be at Oakshott's Barn to-night?"

"From my valet."

"But how did - your valet - know?"

"He was the man who brought you the letter — from Mr. Chichester."

"It was written by my - brother, sir."



THIS IS MURDER! CRIED DALTON. . . . 'SIR,' SAID BARNABAS, 'I AM NO DUELLIST, AS I EARNESTLY ENDEAVOUR TO TAKE



TOLD YOU, AND THIS EQUALIZES OUR CHANCES. FOR IF I AM TO DIE TO-NIGHT, I SHALL MOST MR. CHICHESTER WITH ME'"

"He was the man who gave you your brother's letter in Annesley Wood."

"Yes — I remember — in the wood."

"Where I found you lying quite unconscious."

"Where you found me — yes."
"Lying — quite unconscious."

"Yes," she answered, beginning to hasten her steps again. "And where you left me without telling me your name — or even asking mine."

"For which I blamed myself — afterwards," said Barnabas. "I came back to try and find

you."

"Really?" said she. "Did you, indeed, sir?"

"But I was too late, and feared I had lost you."

"Why, that reminds me — I lost my handkerchief."

"Oh!" said Barnabas, staring up at the moon.

"Yes; I was — hoping — that you had seen it, perhaps?"

"On a bramble-bush," said Barnabas.

"Then - you did find it, sir? Where is it?"

"In my pocket."

"Then why couldn't you say so before?"

"Because I wished to - keep it there."

"Please give it to me!"

"Why?"

"Because no man shall have my favours to wear until he has — my promise also."

"Then, since I have the one, give me the other."

"Mr. Beverley, you will please return my handkerchief." And, stopping all at once, she held out her hand imperiously.

Barnabas sighed and perforce gave the handkerchief into her keeping. And now it was she who smiled up at the moon. After they had gone some way in silence, he spoke:

"Have you met — Sir Mortimer Carnaby — often?" he enquired.

"Yes," she answered; then, seeing his scowling look, added: "oh, very often indeed, sir!"

"Ha!" said frowning Barnabas. "Is he one of the many who have — told you their love?" "Yes."

"Hum!" said Barnabas, and strode in gloomy silence. Seeing which, she smiled in the shadow of her hood, and grew angry all at once.

"And pray why not, sir?" she demanded haughtily. "He is, at least, a gentleman, and a friend of the Prince—"

"And has an excellent eye for horse-flesh --and women," added Barnabas.

Now, when he said this, she merely looked at him once, and thereafter forgot all about him; whereby Barnabas gradually perceived that his offence was great, and would have made humble atonement, yet found her blind and deaf. But they reached an uncommonly high stile — an

awkward stile at any time, more especially at night. Nevertheless she faced it resolutely, even though Barnabas had ceased to exist. When, therefore, having vaulted over, he would have helped her, she looked over him and past him, and descended unaided, confident of herself, proud and supremely disdainful; and then—because of her pride, or her disdain, or her long cloak, or all three—she slipped, and, to save herself, must needs catch at Barnabas, and yield herself to his arm; so, for a moment, she lay in his embrace, felt his clasp tight about her, felt his breath upon her cheek. Then he had set her down and was eying her anxiously.

"Your foot - is it hurt?" he enquired.

"Thank you, no," she answered, and, turning, hurried on faster than ever.

"Dear lady," said he very gently, "if I offended you a while ago, forgive me — Cleone."

"Indeed," said she, looking away from him, "it would seem I must be always forgiving you — Mr. Beverley."

"Why, surely it is a woman's privilege to forgive, Cleone — and my name ——"

"Oh, I forgive you!" she sighed.

"Yet you still walk very fast."

"It must be nearly nine o'clock."

"I suppose so," said Barnabas, "and you will, naturally, be anxious to reach home again."

"Home!" she said bitterly. "I have no home."

"But ---"

"I live in a gaol — a prison! Yes, a hateful prison — guarded by a one-legged gaoler and governed by a one-armed tyrant — yes, a tyrant!"

"Can you possibly mean old Jerry and the Captain?"

Here my lady paused in her quick walk, and even condescended to look at Barnabas.

"Do you happen to know them too, sir?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps you don't believe me when I say he is a tyrant?"

"Why, I'm afraid - not," he admitted.

"I'm nineteen!" said she, standing very erect.

"I should have judged you a little older," said Barnabas.

"So I am — in mind and — experience. Yet here I live, prisoned in a dreary old house, with nothing to see but trees, and toads, and cows, and cabbages; and I'm watched over and tended from morning till night, and am the subject of more councils of war than Buonaparte's army ever was."

"What do you mean by councils of war?"

"Oh! Whenever I do anything my tyrant disapproves of, he retires to what he calls the 'roundhouse,' summons the Bo'sun, and they

argue and talk over me as though I were a hostile fleet; and they march up and down, forming plans of attack and defence, till I burst in on them; and then — and then — Oh, there are many kinds of tyrants, and he is one. And so to-night I ran away to meet —" She stopped suddenly, her head drooped, and Barnabas saw her white hands clench.

"Your brother," said he.

"Yes, my — brother." But her voice faltered, and she went on through the wood very slowly now. And so at last they came out of the shadows into the soft, clear radiance of the moon, and Barnabas saw that she was weeping; and she, because she could no longer hide her grief, turned and laid a pleading hand upon his arm.

"Pray think of him as kindly as you can," she sighed; "you see — he is only a boy — my brother!"

"So young?" said Barnabas.

"Just twenty; but younger than his age — much younger. You see," she went on hastily, "he went to London a boy, and — and he thought Mr. Chichester was his friend, and he lost much money at play, and — somehow put himself in Mr. Chichester's power. He is my half-brother really, but I — love him so, and I've tried to take care of him. I would have you think of him as generously as you can."

"Yes," said Barnabas, "yes." But now she stopped again, so that he must needs stop too, and when she spoke, her soft voice thrilled with a new intensity:

"Will you do more? You are going to London. Will you seek him out — will you try to — save him from himself? Will you promise me to do this — will you?"

Now, seeing the passionate entreaty in her eyes, feeling it in the twitching fingers upon his arm, Barnabas suddenly laid his own above that slender hand and took it into his warm clasp.

"My lady," said he solemnly, "I will." As he spoke he stooped, until she felt his lips warm upon her palm, a long, silent pressure; and yet her hand was not withdrawn.

"But it will be difficult," she sighed, as they went on together. "Ronald is very headstrong and proud; it will be very difficult!"

"No matter," said Barnabas.

"And - dangerous, perhaps."

"No matter for that, either," said Barnabas.

"Does it seem strange that I should ask so much of you?"

"The most natural thing in the world," said Barnabas.

"But you are a stranger — almost!"

"But I - love you, Cleone."

After this there fell a silence between them;

and so, having crossed the moonlit meadow, they came to a tall hedge beyond whose shadow the road led away, white under the moon. Close by, the ways divided, and here stood a weather-beaten finger-post. Beneath this hedge they stopped, and neither looked at the other.

"Sir," said she softly, "we part here; my home lies yonder. Do you start for London —

soon?"

"To-night," nodded Barnabas.

"Sir," said she, after a pause, "I would thank you, if I could, for — for all that you have done for me."

"No, no!" said Barnabas hastily.

"Words are poor things, I know, but how else may I show my gratitude?" And now it was Barnabas who was silent; but at last:

"There is - a way," said Barnabas.

"How - what way?"

"You might - kiss me - once, Cleone."

Here she must needs steal a swift look at him.

"I only ask," he continued heavily, "for what I might have — taken."

"But didn't!" she added, with lips and eyes grown suddenly tender.

"No," sighed Barnabas. "Nor shall I ever — until you will it so."

Now, as she gazed at him she saw again the mark upon his cheek, and looking sighed; indeed, it was the veriest ghost of a sigh, yet Barnabas heard and straightway forgot all things save her warm beauty, the red allurement of her mouth and the witchery of her drooping lashes; therefore he reached out his hands to her, and she saw that they were trembling.

"Cleone," he murmured, "oh, Cleone!"

But even while he spoke she recoiled from his touch, for, plain and clear, came the sound of footsteps on the road near by. Sighing, Barnabas turned thitherwards, and beheld advancing towards them one who paused, now and then, to look about him as though at a loss, and then hurried on again. A very desolate figure he looked, quaintly pathetic because of his grey hair, and the empty sleeve that flapped helplessly to and fro with the hurry of his going. Being come to the finger-post, he paused to look wistfully on all sides, and Barnabas could see that his face was drawn and haggard. With a sudden hopeless gesture, he leaned his arm against the battered sign-post and hid his face there.

"Oh, my dear!" he cried in a strangled voice, "why did you leave me? Oh, my lass!"

Then all at once came a rustle of parting leaves, the flutter of flying draperies, and Cleone had fled to that drooping, disconsolate figure, had wreathed her protecting arms about it; and so, all moans and sobs and little tender cries, had drawn her tyrant's head down upon her gentle bosom and clasped it there.

CHAPTER XXII

In Which the Reader is Introduced to an Ancient Finger-Post

"Why, Cleone!" exclaimed the Captain, and folded his solitary arm about her. "My dear, dear lass!"

"No!" she cried. "I'm a heartless savage — an ungrateful wretch! I am, I am! And I hate myself!" And here, forthwith, she stamped her foot at herself.

"No, no, you're not — I say no! You didn't mean to break my heart. You've come back to me, thank God!"

"Dear," she sighed, brushing away her tears with the cuff of his empty sleeve, "dear, I'm a cat — yes, a spiteful cat, and I must scratch sometimes, but ah! if you knew how I hated myself — after! And I know you'll go and forgive me again; and that's what makes it so hard to bear."

"Forgive you, Clo'— aye, to be sure! You've come back to me, you see, and you didn't mean to leave me solitary and ——"

"Ah, but I did — I did! And that's why I am a wretch! and a cat! and a savage! I meant to run away and leave you for ever and ever!"

"The house would be very — dark without you, Cleone."

"Dear, hold me tighter — now listen! There are times when I hate the house, and the country, and — yes, even you. And at such times I grow afraid of myself — hold me tighter! At such times I long for London — and — and — ah, but you do love me, don't you?"

"Love you — my own lass!" The Captain's voice was very low, yet eloquent with yearning tenderness; but even so his quick ear had caught a rustle in the hedge, and his sharp eye had seen Barnabas standing in the shadow. "Who's that?" he demanded sharply.

"Why, indeed," says my lady, "I had forgotten him; 'tis a friend — of yours, I think. Pray come out, Mr. Beverley."

"Beverley!" exclaimed the Captain. "Now, sink me! what's all this? Come out, sir, I say; come out and show yourself!"

So Barnabas stepped out from the hedge, and, uncovering his head, bowed low:

"Your very humble obedient servant, sir."

"Ha? By Thor and Odin! So it's you again, is it, sir? Pray what brings you still so far from the Fashionable World? What d'ye want, sir — eh. sir?"

"Briefly, sir," answered Barnabas, "your ward."

"Eh - what - what?" cried the Captain.

"Sir," returned Barnabas, "since you are the Lady Cleone's lawful guardian, it is but right to tell you that I hope to marry her some day."

"Marry!" exclaimed the Captain. "Marry my — damme, sir! but you're cool — I say cool and devilish impudent—and—and—oh, gad, Cleone!"

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"My dear," said she, smiling and stroking her tyrant's shaven cheek, "why distress ourselves? We can always refuse him, can't we?"

"Aye, to be sure — so we can," nodded the Captain. "But oh! sink me — I say, sink and scuttle me — the audacity of it! I say, he's a cool, impudent, audacious fellow!"

"Yes, dear; indeed, I think he's all that," said my lady, nodding her head at Barnabas very decidedly; "and I forgot to tell you that, beside all this, he is the — gentleman who — saved me from — my folly to-night, and brought me back to you."

"Eh? eh?" cried the Captain, staring.

"Yes, dear; and this is he also who—"
But here she drew down her tyrant's grey head
and whispered three words in his ear. Whatever she said, it affected the Captain mightily,
for his frown changed suddenly into his youthful smile, and, reaching out impulsively, he
grasped Barnabas by the hand.

"Sir," said he, "you must come in and sup with us — my house is near by. Good English beef and ale, sir."

Barnabas hesitated and glanced toward Cleone. But her face was hidden in the shadow of her hood; wherefore his look presently wandered to the finger-post near by, upon whose battered sign he read the words:

TO HAWKHURST - TO LONDON

"Sir," said he, "I would, most gratefully, but that I start for London — at once." Yet, while he spoke, he frowned blackly at the fingerpost, as though it had been his worst enemy.

"London!" exclaimed the Captain. "So you are still bound for the Fashionable World?"

"Yes," sighed Barnabas; "but I ——"

"Pish, sir - I say, fiddle-de-dee!"

"I have lately undertaken a mission. This mission is important and I must begone." And here again Barnabas sighed.

Then my lady turned and looked at Barnabas, and, though she uttered no word, her eyes were eloquent; so that the heart of Barnabas was uplifted.

"Why, then, so be it, young sir," said the Captain. "It remains only to thank you,—which I do most heartily,— and to bid you good-bye." "Until we meet again, Captain."

"Eh — what, sir? Meet when?"

"In two months' time," answered Barnabas.

"Eh?" exclaimed the Captain. "What's all this?"

"In two months' time, sir, I shall return to ask Cleone to be my wife," Barnabas explained.

"And," said my lady, smiling at the Captain's perplexity, "we shall be glad to see him sha'n't we, dear? And shall, of course, refuse How Bamabas Saved His Life - Because He was Afraid him — sha'n't we, dear?"

"Refuse him? Yes — no — egad! I don't know," said the Captain, running his fingers through his hair."

"Good-bye, sir!" says my lady, very seriously, and gave him her hand. "Good-bye."

"Till 'Barnaby Bright,'" said Barnabas. At this she smiled, a little tremulously.

"May heaven prosper you in your - mis-

sion," said she, and turned away.

"Young sir," said the Captain, "always remember my name is Chumley, - John Chumley, plain and unvarnished,—and, whether we refuse you or not, John Chumley will ever be ready to take you by the hand. Farewell, sir!"

So tyrant and captive turned away and went down the by-road together, and his solitary arm was close about her. But Barnabas stood there until a bend in the road hid them; then he, too, sighed and turned away. Yet he had gone only a little distance when he heard a voice calling him, and, swinging round, he saw Cleone standing under the finger-post.

"I wanted to give you — this," said she, as he came striding back; and she held out a folded paper. "It is his - my brother's - letter. Take it with you; it will serve to show you what a boy he is, and will tell you where to find him."

So Barnabas took the letter and thrust it into his pocket. Yet she stood before him, and now once again their glances avoided each other.

"I also wanted to — ask you — about your cheek," said she at last.

"Yes?" said Barnabas.

"You are quite sure it doesn't - pain you, Mr. Bev -

"Must I remind you that my name -

"Are you quite sure - Barnabas?"

"Quite sure - yes, oh, yes!" he stammered.

"Because it - glows very red!" she sighed, though indeed she still kept her gaze averted. "So will you please — stoop your head a little?"

Wonderingly Barnabas obeyed, and even as he did so she leaned swiftly towards him, and for an instant her soft, warm mouth rested upon his cheek. But before he could stay her she was off and away, and her flying feet had borne her out of sight. Then Barnabas sighed and would have followed; but the ancient fingerpost barred his way with its two arms pointing:

TO HAWKHURST-TO LONDON

So, obeying the directing finger, he set off Londonwards.

CHAPTER XXIII

On went Barnabas, swift of foot and light of heart, walking through a world of Romance, and with his eyes turned up to the luminous heaven. Yet it was neither of the moon nor the stars nor the wonder thereof that he was thinking, but only of the witchery of a woman's eyes and the thrill of a woman's lips upon his cheek. It was of this that he was thinking as he turned into that narrow by-lane where stood the Spotted Cow. As he advanced he espied some one standing in the shadow of the great tree, who, as he came nearer, stepped out into the moonlight; and then Barnabas saw that it was none other than his newly engaged valet. As they faced each other, Barnabas observed something else: John Peterby's lips were compressed and in his eve was anxiety, the which had, somehow, got into his voice when he spoke, though his tone was low and modulated:

"Sir, if you are for London to-night we had better start at once; the coach leaves Tenterden within the hour."

"But," says Barnabas, "I have ordered supper here, Peterby."

"Which, under the circumstances, I have ventured to - countermand, sir."

"Oh?" said Barnabas. "Pray, what circumstances?"

"Sir, as I told you, the mail ——"

"John Peterby, speak out. What is troubling you?"

But now, even while Peterby stood hesitating, from the open casement of the inn near at hand came the sound of a laugh - a soft, gentle, sibilant laugh which Barnabas immediately recognized.

"Ah!" said he, clenching his fist, "I think I understand." But, as he turned towards the inn, Peterby interposed.

"Sir," he whispered, "sir, if ever a man meant mischief, he does. He came back an hour ago, and they have been waiting for you ever since."

"They?"

"He and the other."

"What other?"

"Sir, I don't know."

"Is he a very - young man, this other?"

drinking together, and — I've heard enough to know that they mean you harm."

But here Master Barnabas smiled with all the

arrogance of youth, and shook his head.

"John Peterby," said he, "learn that the first oh, 'gad!" thing I desire in my valet is obedience. Pray, stand out of my way!" So, perforce, Peterby stood aside; yet Barnabas had scarce taken a dozen strides ere Clemency stood before him.

"Go back," she whispered; "go back!"

"Impossible," said Barnabas; "I have a mission to fulfill."

"Go back!" she repeated in the same tense whisper. "You must - oh, you must! I've heard he has killed a man before now ----"

"And yet I must see and speak with his companion."

"No, no — ah! I pray you ——"

"Nay," said Barnabas, "if you will, and if need be, pray for me." So saying, he put her gently aside and entered the inn.

"I tell you, I'll kill him, Dalton," said a soft,

deliberate voice.

"Undoubtedly! The light's excellent; but, my dear fellow, why?"

"I object to him - strongly, for one thing, and --- " The voice was hushed suddenly, as Barnabas set wide the door and stepped into the room, with Peterby at his heels.

Mr. Chichester was seated at the table with a glass beside him, but Barnabas looked past him to his companion, who sprawled on the other side of the hearth — a sleepy, sighing gentleman, very high as to collar, very tight as to waist, and most ornate as to waistcoat; young he was certainly, yet with his first glance Barnabas knew instinctively that this could not be the youth he sought. Nevertheless he took off his hat and saluted him.

"Sir," said he, "pray what might your name be?"

Instead of replying, the sleepy gentleman opened his eyes rather wider than was usual, and stared at Barnabas with a growing surprise, then, without changing his lounging attitude, spoke:

"Oh, 'gad, Chichester, is this the - man?" "Yes."

"But, my dear Chit! Surely you don't propose to - This fellow! Who is he? What is he? Look at his boots - oh, 'gad!"

Hereupon Barnabas resumed his hat, and, advancing, leaned his clenched fists on the table, and from that eminence smiled down at the speaker; that is to say, his lips curled and his teeth gleamed in the candle-light.

"Sir," said he gently, "you will perhaps have the extreme condescension to note that my boots are strong boots, and very serviceable

"Yes, sir, he seems so; and they have been either for walking or for kicking an insolent

puppy."

"If I had a whip, now," sighed the gentleman, "if I only had a whip, I'd whip you out of the room. Chichester, pray look at that coat -

But Mr. Chichester had risen, and now, crossing to the door, he locked it, and dropped the

key into his pocket.

"As you say, the light is excellent, my dear Dalton," said he, fixing Barnabas with his unwavering stare.

"But, my dear Chit, you never mean to fight the fellow — a — a being who wears such a coat, such boots! Observe that hat! Good 'gad! Take your cane and whip him out — positively, you can not fight this bumpkin."

"None the less, I mean to shoot him — like a cur, Dalton." And Mr. Chichester drew a pistol from the pocket of his driving-coat, and fell to examining flint and priming with a practiced eye. "I should have preferred my regular tools, but I dare say this will do the business well enough. Pray snuff the candles."

Now, as Barnabas listened to the soft, deliberate words, as he noted Mr. Chichester's assured air, his firm hand, his glowing eye and quivering nostrils, a sudden deadly nausea came over him, and he leaned heavier upon the table.

"Sirs," said he, speaking with an effort, "I have never used — a pistol — in my life."

"One could tell as much from his boots!" murmured Mr. Dalton, snuffing the candles.

"You have another pistol, I think, Dalton. Pray lend it to him. We will take opposite corners of the room, and fire when you give the word."

"All quite useless, Chit; he won't fight."

"No," said Barnabas, thrusting his trembling hands into his pockets —"not in a corner!"

Mr. Chichester shrugged his shoulders, sat down, and, leaning back in his chair, stared up at pale-faced Barnabas, tapping the table-edge softly with the barrel of his weapon.

"Not in the corner — I told you so, Chit.

Oh, take your cane and whip him out!"

"I mean," said Barnabas, very conscious of the betraying quaver in his voice—"I mean that, as I'm - unused to - shooting, the corner would be - too far."

"Too far? - oh, 'gad!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton. "What's this?"

"As for pistols, I have one here," continued Barnabas; "and, if we must shoot, we'll do it here — across the table."

"Eh-what? Across the table! But oh, 'gad, Chichester! this is madness!" said Mr. Dalton.

"Most duels are," said Barnabas, and as he spoke he drew from his pocket the pistol he had

er in the other

taken from Mr. Chichester earlier in the evening, and, weapon in hand, sank into a chair, thus facing Mr. Chichester across the table.

"But — but this is murder — positive murder!" cried Mr. Dalton.

"Sir," said Barnabas, "I am no duellist, as I told you, and it seems to me that this equalizes our chances; for I can no more fail of hitting my mai at this distance than he of shooting me dead across the width of the room. And, sir, if I am to — die to-night, I shall most earnestly endeavour to take Mr. Chichester with me."

There was a tremour in his voice again as he spoke, but his eye was calm, his brow serene, and his hand steady as he cocked the pistol, and, leaning his elbow upon the table, levelled his weapon within six inches of Mr. Chichester's shirt-frill.

But hereupon Mr. Dalton sprang to his feet with a stifled oath: "I tell you, it's murder murder!" he exclaimed, and took a quick step towards them.

"Peterby!" said Barnabas.

"Sir?" said Peterby, who had been standing rigid beside the door.

"Take my stick," said Barnabas, holding it out towards him, but keeping his gaze upon Mr. Chichester's narrowed eyes. "It's heavy, you'll find, and should this person presume to interfere, knock him down with it."

"Yes, sir," said Peterby, and took the stick accordingly.

"But — oh, 'gad!" exclaimed Dalton. "I tell you, this can't go on!"

"Indeed, I hope not," said Barnabas, "but it is for Mr. Chichester to decide; I am ready for the count when he is."

But Mr. Chichester sat utterly still, his chin on his breast, staring at Barnabas under his brows, one hand tight clenched about the stock of his weapon on the table before him, the other hanging limply at his side. So for an interval they remained thus, staring into each other's eyes in a stillness so profound that it seemed all four men had ceased breathing. Then Mr. Chichester sighed faintly, dropped his eyes to the muzzle of the weapon so perilously near, glanced back at the pale, set face and unwinking eyes of him who held it, and sighed again.

"Dalton," said he, "pray open the door and order the chaise." And he laid the key upon the table.

"First," said Barnabas, "I will relieve you of that — encumbrance"; and he pointed to the pistol yet gripped in Mr. Chichester's right hand.

Without a word Mr. Chichester rose and, leaving the weapon upon the table, turned and walked to the window, while Mr. Dalton, having unlocked the door, hurried away to the stableyard and was heard calling for the hostlers. "Peterby," said Barnabas, "take this thing and throw it into the horse-pond; yet — no, give it to the gentleman who just went out."

"Yes, sir," said Peterby, and, taking up the pistol, he went out, closing the door behind him.

Mr. Chichester still lounged in the window and hummed softly to himself; but as for Barnabas, he sat rigid in his chair, staring blankly at the opposite wall. So the one lounged and hummed, and the other glared stonily before him, until came the grind of wheels and the stamping of hoofs. Then Mr. Chichester took up his hat and cane, and, humming still, crossed to the door and lounged out into the yard. Came a jingle of harness, a sound of voices, the slam of a door, and the chaise rolled away down the lane farther and farther until the rumble of its wheels died away in the distance.

Now presently, as Barnabas sat there, it seemed to him that one spoke a long way off, whereupon, turning, he beheld Clemency.

"You — are not hurt?" she enquired anxiously.

"Hurt?" said Barnabas. "No, Mistress Clemency — not hurt, I thank you."

"I saw it all — through the window; and yet I — don't know why you are alive!"

"I think because I was so very much — afraid!" said Barnabas.

"Sir," said she, with her brown hands clasped together, "was it for — If it was for — my sake that you — quarrelled and ——"

"No," said Barnabas; "it was because of—another." Now, when he said this, Clemency stared at him wide-eyed, and in that moment flushed painfully and turned away, so that Barnabas wondered.

"Good-bye!" said she suddenly, and crossed to the door, but upon the threshold paused. "I — did — pray for you!" she said, over her shoulder.

"Ah!" said Barnabas, rising, "that explains it, perhaps — you prayed for me, and behold, I am alive."

"Good-bye!" she repeated, her face still averted.

"Good-bye!" said Barnabas. "And will you remember me in your prayers — sometimes?"

"My prayers? Why?"

"Because the prayers of a sweet, pure woman may come between man and evil — like a shield."

"I will," said she very softly; "oh, I will!"
And so, with a swift glance, was gone.

Being come out of the inn, Barnabas met his valet, John Peterby.

"Sir," he enquired, "what now?"

"Now," said Barnabas, "the Tenterden coach, and London."



THE MILLIONAIRE OF EPHEMERA CITY

ΒY

WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

seascape tinkled gorgeously among the rocks to infest her teeming slums: all the joys and Ephemera gazed on these benefits with the milky eye of premature old age. She was hope's forgotten hobo, the city that never was, the oversurveyed, over-exploited victim of land-boomers who had looked upon her vainly ere shaking her abundant dust from their feet. Ephemera City was a dead one. Ten years ago a railroad had promised to use her as a seaport terminus. Upon the strength of the rumor, Ephemera had gone into a fever of expectation and broken out

PHEMERA CITY sat on the edge violently into corner lots. Surveyors and exof a bluff like a blasted bulb which ploiters had planned out a city to be as great had withered with the frost and and as fabulous as Atlantis - municipal cencould not answer to the call of ters, boulevards to the foot-hills, ocean prome-Spring. A perfectly good Sorolla nades, free baths for the poor who were destined below and the perpetual calm of southern terrors of metropolitan life were planned for California bathed the sun-browned hills; yet Ephemera City. The farming population paid the bill, the railroad never came, the exploiters disappeared like the morning mist.

> So stood Ephemera among her forty weedgrown boulevards, her forty houses huddled in a group, expiring in each other's arms, as it were. Twenty of the houses were inhabited by those too poor or too hopeful to move. The other twenty, tottering, deserted, and skeletonized, gave the appearance of famished wolves already half devoured by the cannibal pack; for

it was customary, in Ephemera, to look upon an empty house merely as a firewood-bearing product.

It was late afternoon of a dusty, still, honeysweet day when the Forlorn Hope came riding into Ephemera. Young Ike McCumber, lolling plumply under the sign, "Hams, Magazines, Groceries, Real Estate & Peach Bloom 5c. Cigar,"—posted for the benefit of passers-by who seldom passed,— was pondering the question of how to make \$147 pay the interest on his mortgage as well as taxes on his vast acreage of corner lots. Young Ike was the first to behold the approaching phenomenon on horseback. But as aforesaid phenomenon progressed down Grand Avenue the village uttered a gasp which yied with the Pacific's surf below. Widow Crawford, in the act of committing assault with a deadly weapon upon a red hen, paused in her baleful labor; Rafael Banderilla, last and drunkenest descendant of the Crown Governors, removed his sombrero from his bald brown head and swayed perceptibly; Nelse Battle, attempting to back a mule into the rickety door of Battle Bros. Livery Stable, stopped in the midst of a complicated oath-figure, permitting his long-eared adversary to escape into the mesa; and pretty Goldie Stewart, engaged in sprinkling the only flower-bed in town, turned the watering-can upon her foot in the confusion of the moment.

This disturber of Ephemera's calm was a middle-aged man wearing corduroy coat, riding-breeches and puttees, a cropped mustache, and diamond-flashing eye-glasses, suggestive of the plutocracy. He drew up his sleek bay horse in front of Coog's Hotel, where he remained in the saddle long enough to examine the fly-specked windows and fading sign. Then he dismounted and opened the warped front door.

Now it happened that Mr. H. W. Coog, Proprietor, had gone down to the rocks to fish for pompano, as was his daily custom. So the well-dressed stranger, standing in the narrow sun-bleached hall and calling "Hey!" several times, at last noticed this sign hanging to the newel-post of the stairs:

Take No. 15 at Head of Stairs H. W. Coog, Prop.

The stranger smiled a cynic smile and mounted to room 15.

Ike McCumber, given to adventurous dreams of long duration, sat on the same box, scrutinizing the same ocean, when the equestrian gentleman interrupted his reverie by touching him lightly on the arm.

"Hey?" exclaimed lke, jumping like an evil conscience.

"Excuse me," said the elegant person; "I see you advertise cigars. Could I get a good one here?"

"You bet your life," exclaimed Ike, rising to the emergency. "We carry the Peach Bloom fivecenter—the same kind I'm a-smokin' right now."

"I think I'll take a quarter's worth of gingersnaps," said the stranger evasively.

Ike dipped into a bin of petrified sweets which clicked noisily one against another with a sound peculiar to poker-chips. While the grocer was thus engaged the customer took stock furtively. A few full barrels, several empty ones, some bins labeled "Flour," "Coffee," "Oatmeal," an Eiffel Tower of canned salmon, flanked by assorted tomatoes, peaches, and sardines, in the show-case a fossilized cheese, a stock of shoes, and a round bushel of Peach Bloom 5c. Cigars.

"So this is Ephemera City!" said the traveler, seating himself on one of the crates outside and gnawing at a molasses-colored disk.

"That's what she is!" answered lke.

"Not doing so well as expected, what?" suggested the stranger.

"Well, Mister," said Ike, "seems to me about all Ephemery City needs is capital — and that's about the only thing she hasn't got. There's possibilities in this place. Just look at the climate and the view."

"I see them," responded the stranger, with a perfectly expressionless expression.

"With a few thousand dollars," said Ike, "you could turn this place into a swell re-sort, like Coronado or Capitola. I've always thought it would be a good scheme to paint my grocery and Coog's Hotel and Battle Brothers' Livery Stable a bright sky-blue, so they would be seen for miles out to sea. We could build an auto road from the county pike — only thirty miles or so; then we could make a board walk and bath-houses and a bathin' beach ——"

"How the devil could you make a bathing beach out of that?" inquired the quiet individual, pointing to the crag-strewn surf below.

"Maybe the U. S. Government would undertake to blast it out."

"They might — they weren't afraid to build the Panama Canal," observed the stranger, biting a ginger-snap to conceal a grin.

Ike reflectively plucked a spear of dry grass from the crop which grew over the sidewalk.

"Whom do you regard as the land-baron of this municipality?" asked the man with the puttees.

"The which?"

"Who owns the most real estate in these city

"I guess I do," said Ike. "I got enough buildin' propity here to put me in the Astor class if the railroad should ever come. When pa died he left me a quarter-section part-planted with dried-up lemon trees. From the propity I got from ma I own the strip along the shore-front — what hasn't went for taxes. Coog and Banderilla and Pratt and Pinkus and the Portugees owned a lot, too, in them days; but they didn't hold on, the way I did. Y' see, I'm the father of this town, as y' might say."

"A pretty young father."

"I was twenty at the time the boom came. I had some ideas about Greater Ephemery. Folks around here couldn't see me at first; they're a kind o' short-sighted lot. I said to 'em, 'We don't want to make the same mistake the fellers who first built Chicago and N'York made. They didn't have any imagination. They laid out the town so there wasn't any room to grow up to.'"

"You didn't make that mistake," said the

stranger.

"Guess not"—pointing pridefully to a vista of greasewood receding to the foot-hills. "There's City Heights and the Western Addition out there. I own most o' that. Mc-Cumber Park's over there. That's mine"—pointing to a desert stretch to the north. "I got seventy-five choice residence sites along the strip we planned to call Lakeside Drive."

"Where's the lake?"

"It's there," said lke, indicating a distant dusty hollow. "All it needs is water, that's all."

"It's restful, restful," mused the equestrian, gazing out to sea, where a little white sail flapped indolently in the blue calm. He cleared his throat.

"How much would you take for your interest in Ephemera real estate — the whole thing, hands down?"

Earth seemed suddenly to recede from Ike's feet. He was about to say, "One thousand dollars," when the stranger cut in:

"Take this as confidential, please. I'll give you fifteen thousand for the job lot, sight unseen, no questions asked, on the spot."

Ike gulped. The Fiend of Frenzied Finance, ever his familiar spirit, tweaked him by the ear, asking, "Why?"

"Why?" echoed the grocer.

"I like the view," said the worldly person.

"Gimme time to think --- "

"I leave at ten o'clock to-morrow morning," said the other sharply. "I've given you the best offer you'll ever get for this property, and I've got to know before I leave."

His magnificent leather puttees bore him away in the general direction of Coog's Hotel. "Railroad comin'!" whispered the familiar Fiend in McCumber's ear.

Ike "batched" alone out back of his store. His usual menu consisted of canned salmon, not because he preferred this variety of fish, but because he had an over-supply in stock. But to-night he permitted himself the luxury of a can of peaches and a box of lemon wafers. As he ate he went over a bundle of deeds, yellow with age. High-sounding tracts of land, wonderful building sites, great parks and boulevards — fifteen thousand seems a paltry sum for dreams like these!

"I don't want that real-estate dude to play me for a sucker," he said to himself several times.

At half past seven he put on his store suit and derby hat. It was the hour to pay court to Goldie Stewart.

It's a great thing for a young man slightly under thirty, with an offer of fifteen thousand dollars under his hat, to have a girl like Goldie within easy proposing distance. Ike had been worrying considerably concerning the devotions of a lemon-rancher named Trasker, whose horse



had been tied frequently of late to the gate- manoeuver which was promptly countered by post of the ancient structure where the crossgrained old invalid, Jeremiah Stewart, sojourned with his daughter. Ephemera had smiled a superior smile when the pair, a year ago, had come to town from the still more hopeless municipality of Utopia Landing. They offered Mr. Coog, as landlord, ten dollars a month for a battered ruin with a sea-view porch. Mr. Coog thought them insane, and Ephemera indorsed his opinion when Miss Goldie appeared one morning in a pair of enormous blue overalls and proceeded to mend the roof and patch the wabbly supports of the veranda. Later, with her pretty face and sun-touched tresses showing above this same workmanlike attire, she had painted the house a neat buff, weeded the yard, filled the walk with clean shorepebbles, and covered the bareness of the place with nasturtiums, geraniums, and climbing vines. The rough work thus accomplished, she reigned merrily in a walking-skirt of khaki cloth. Mr. Coog showed his appreciation of the improvements in the usual landlordly manner — by attempting to raise the rent — a

Goldie's threatening to move.

There came a sound of hammering as Ike entered the Stewart yard. Old Man Stewart, lean and tragic, sat in his swathing of quilts, gazing grimly out to sea.

"Good evenin', Mr. Stewart!" said Ike.

"Huh!" grunted the old man.

"How d'ye feel to-night?"

"None of your business," answered the invalid, with a glare.

Ike, who was used to this, passed around to the side-yard.

Goldie, a wisp of blond hair falling over her eyes, was setting a strip of chicken-wire around a bed of young lettuce.

"Oh, Ike, hold that old post, will you, while I nail down this end?"

"Chickens?"

"Yes. Widow Crawford's come in here every few minutes if I don't watch 'em. The widow says she can't afford two dollars' worth of chicken-wire to keep 'em home. She gave a peddler seven dollars last week for a string of glass pearls as big as marbles."



HE SAID, 'MY BILL IS ONE MILLION ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY THOUSAND DOLLARS!"

"The old lady needs a sensible daughter like you," said Ike, bending over her hair.

"Wait a minute," said the girl, with a laugh.

"I'll give you a flower for that."

Goldie plucked a fiery nasturtium and pinned it to the lapel of his coat.

His blush was brighter than the posie. "Miss Goldie — some way or other, when you do them things so pretty, I feel like a darned Rube."

"I'm sorry it makes you feel that way," she

said, stepping back.

"How's your pa to-day?"

"A little better - but I don't know. It's mental, you know. The doctor sent him here to get away from Utopia, where he's had such bad luck; but he's continually asking to go back."

"You don't want to go back, I guess."

"Utopia? No! I can do something with this place."

They sat together on a pile of boards under

the dwarfed cypress. "Miss Goldie, if you'd only consider it,

there's one thing ---"

She turned the glory of her gaze directly upon him. Ike began to flounder. There must be some book, "Roberts' Rules of Order" or the "Arabian Nights," that would tell him how to do this thing painlessly.

"Miss Goldie, there's somethin'—hold on, I mean, there's an important matter - 1 want to ask you ----''

"Ob, Ike!"

The summons came in a tense, raw tenor from the street not many yards away. Ike scrambled to his feet and beheld, standing in the road, a tall man whose drooping horseshoe mustache, shiny cutaway coat, and roll-brim straw hat gave him the appearance of a rather frivolous undertaker. This was Mr. Coog, clad in the costume which he considered fitting to his worldly position. Mr. Coog beckoned three times, his celluloid cuffs rattling.

"Ike," he whispered, as soon as the younger man joined him in the middle of the road, "you

saw that feller stoppin' at my hotel?"

"Yep." He swallowed his emotion manfully. "His name's Cromwell — D. R. Cromwell!"

Mr. Coog said this with vast significance. "I seen the name on a leather case in his room.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Aw, Ike, you know as well as me! That feller offered me five thousand dollars for my lots!"

"What for?" asked Ike, with assumed stupidity.

"He's been all over town," continued Mr. Coog. "I seen him talkin' to Sam O'Brien and Widow Crawford and the Battle boys. He's on the way to talk with Banderilla now!"

"What's he doin' it for?" whispered lke, gazing at Coog with a wild surmise.

"I'll show you what for!" said Coog, dramatically drawing a copy of the Los Angeles Globe from his pocket and thrusting the following head-line before Ike's eyes:

EPHEMERA CHOSEN

RAILROAD TO BUILD NEW TERMINUS AT COAST CITY

IMPROVEMENTS EXPECTED SOON

"Are you goin' to sell out for five thousand?" asked lke, after a solemn hush. "It's plain to see that this Cromwell is a real-estate man tryin' to buy ahead of the boom. Prob'ly this town'll be worth ten or twelve millions when the railroad comes in — he thinks he can get it off of us for twenty-five thousand."

"We better stand out," said Coog dubiously.

"You bet we better! He's goin' to come around to my store to-morrow mornin' to get my answer. We'll all of us meet him there with some estimates on the value of our propity, and show him we're as good business men as him."

"I think you re right, boy," said Coog. "With the propity you hold in the Western Addition and Grand Avenue and Lakeside Drive you'll be richer than Senator Stanford. We'll trust in you," added the hotel man, as he wrung the other's hand. "You're the only business genius we got, and the way you're fixed I reckon you're the millionaire of Ephemery City!"

As soon as Coog departed, Ike whistled over the Stewarts' back fence. "Good night, Miss Goldie!" he said softly. But the girl to whom he had almost proposed had gone into the house with her future suspended, as it were, in mid-air.

Ike trotted down the road like an infantry version of Paul Revere, spreading the alarm from door to door. Lights burned late that night in Ephemera. As Ike was entering Widow Crawford's gate he saw the Man of Mystery dismounting in front of Stewart's.

"He'll be fooled if he tries to buy anythin'

from them!" he chuckled to himself.

Breathless from exertion, Ike at last repaired to the little room back of his store. But it was not to sleep. Till the gray of dawn he sat opening deeds and adding up row after row of figures, a computation as long and complex as the annual report of the Bank of England.

He was estimating his wealth.

П

The mysterious Mr. Cromwell arose at the hour of nine, clothed himself in equestrian habit, and rattled down the carpetless stairs leading from room 15 to the empty, dusty



" 'HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE THE WIFE OF A MILLIONAIRE?' "

dining-room. At the end of an enormously long table whose golden-oak finish was growing gray around the edges, he observed the strip of red table-cloth, the plate, the knife and fork which announced the hospitality of Coog's Hotel. A cloud of flies circled vulture-like, expectant. From the ceiling right above his head a blue-rose-strewn strip of wall-paper sagged like the canopy of a royal pavilion.

Finally the door opened from the kitchen, and Rafael Banderilla, last descendant of the Crown Governors, made entrance. His right hand bore a cup of coffee, pallid with condensed milk and gently spilling as he walked. In his left he held aloft something in the nature of beef, and a platter of that onion-charged mixture known to the trade as "German fried."

"Good morning, Mr. Banderilla," said Mr. Cromwell, turning an apprehensive eye upon the repast.

"Good morn, Señor." Mr. Banderilla wiped his brown aristocratic hands upon his calico apron. "Been thinking over that thousand I offered you?" "Muchas gracias, Señor! I no can take."

"Can't take? What's the matter?"

"Ten o'clock Señor McCumbero see you; then

— I tell you with him."

"Why wait? A thousand dollars is a lot of money, isn't it?"

"De Banderilla family are used to money," said the Don, proudly turning on his carpetslippers. Cromwell sat chewing beef like a thwarted lion.

At ten o'clock, consulting his flat gold watch dramatically, Mr. Cromwell drew up his sleek steed before McCumber's Grocery, where he dismounted and tied. He rather overdid his air of jaunty unconcern as he entered the door and beheld the entire male population of Ephemera City gathered in a crescent formation and staring at him fixedly: one-eyed Sam O'Brien, the Battle Brothers, five members of the Portuguese colony down the road, Mr. Coog of Coog's, Seth Pratt, who collected ocean curios for a living, Rafael Banderilla, Oscar Pinkus, who carried the mail, and, centrally located in the throng, Mr. Isaac McCumber, wearing his

store clothes and derby hat in an every-day manner heretofore unknown in the village.

"Ah, a reception, I see!" said Cromwell, nervously pulling at his riding-gloves.

Ike McCumber stood in the limelight in front of the cigar-counter. He hooked his left thumb in the arm-hole of his waistcoat, an attitude suggestive of financial prowess.

"Well, friend," began lke, in a tone he had practised overnight, "you thought last night you was goin' to get all the real estate in Ephemera for next to nothin'. I don't blame you for wantin' to buy dirt-cheap, because business is business. But we happen to know what you want o' this land, and we don't propose to sell ourselves out o' house and home for any twenty-five thousand dollars."

"It's all I'll pay," said Cromwell sharply.

"I happen to know how real estate will jump when big improvements begin. Why, man, this very corner my grocery's on is worth three or four times what you offered me for the whole kaboodle."

"Have you any objections to my — er — locating here?"

"No, siree — not a bit. We'd be proud and happy to have rich folks like you improving the town."

"I'm far from being rich folks, but I certainly could improve the town," said Cromwell.

Ike rather admired the slyness with which he concealed his wealth.

"And now, Mr. McCumber, what do you value your holdings at this morning?"

McCumber pulled from his store coat a large sheet of wrapping-paper covered with fine calculations.

"I got it all down here," he said. "I calculated it all at about the rates they charged for Los Angeles lots at the time o' the first railroad boom. The way I figure, my bill is about this way: two hundred and fifty residence lots on City Heights averagin' fifteen hundred dollars a lot, \$375,000; fifty-one lots on the shore-front at three thousand dollars a lot, \$153,000; ninety-five lots in the Western Addition at two thousand dollars, \$190,000; McCumber Park and all residence sites convergin' on McCumber Park, \$463,000."

"I see you haven't charged me up with the parcel you call Lakeside Drive," said the stranger, lighting a cigarette.

"I'm just comin' to that," announced Ike.

"Lakeside Drive bein' in a way a disappointment
on account of the dry condition of the lake, I ar,
willin'to throw that in at a bargain — say \$9,000."

"Have you taken the trouble to add up these little—items?" asked the stranger softly.

"The sum total o' this," said lke, slightly

inflating his chest, "is one million one hundred and ninety thousand dollars."

"And no cents?"

"And no cents."

"I don't think I need waste my time here," said Cromwell, turning slightly pink. "When I came I didn't expect to encounter any such — lofty ideal. I may be back after you've toned down a bit. Meanwhile, here's my card."

"Darwin Cromwell, M.D., Hotel Victoria, Los Angeles," Ike read as the equestrian departed.

"I didn't think that species of paranoia called *cornerlotitis* had penetrated so far!" said Dr. Cromwell to himself, as he galloped away.

"Well, I guess, boys, he'll have to be movin' the Hotel Victoria down here if he wants to talk to us!" said the Millionaire of Ephemera City to his townsmen.

"He'll be back all right," said Mr. Coog.

"Did y' see how red he got when he found we was on to his game?"

"You bet he'll be back!" said Ike. "We'd 'a' looked like a bunch o' mummies, wouldn't we, sellin' out for a dime to the first bidder. We'll wait till the railroad actually gets here; then we'll unload when the stock's high."

The villagers greeted this speech with tremendous applause, after the manner of villagers when the village plutocrat speaks.

Although no concrete offer of wealth came to Ephemera that day or that week, it was plain to see the gaudy change that had come over Ike McCumber's ego. He was no longer the plaintive, philosophical storekeeper good-naturedly waiting for something to turn up. He was the local millionaire, and he wished to be saluted as such. He knew he was a rich man, and if he for a moment forgot it, he had the exact figures on a strip of wrapping-paper in his inside pocket.

As a side-line to groceries, real estate, and magazines, lke carried a small stock of haberdashery, dating from the Pleiocene and utterly unsalable in Ephemera. Among these treasures was a pink shirt and a crimson necktie which he had always coveted. He added these now to his wardrobe of leisure, overlooking the fact that the shirt was a size too small and the tie a permanent collar-climber. From stock he also borrowed a pair of patent-leather shoes, elegant and uncomfortable. He took to wearing his Sunday clothes habitually. In ransacking a trunk for his father's gold-filled watchchain with which to festoon his person, he came across the hundred and forty-seven dollars which he had hoarded toward paying the interest on the mortgage. He slipped this into his pocket.

That day he shook hands a great deal. He was a sort of national hero in the eyes of his neighbors; for, although they counted them-

was wealthy according to the standards of the world. He could go anywhere, do anything.

"Boys," he confided to twelve assembled natives in front of Coog's Hotel, "I'm one o' them kind that only wants a chance. When the railroad knuckles under and we're all of us settled for life, I want you to stand by me like I stood by you ---"

"Anythin' you want, Ike!" said Sid Battle from out the throng.

"Thanks, Sid!" said Ike, again shaking hands. "Maybe v' think I'm ambitious, but I got the money and the talents to do it. I want to be U. S. Senator from California!"

"Viva McCumbero!" shouted Mr. Banderilla, laying his sombrero upon his high Castilian heart.

"Hurrah for Ike!" shouted the male chorus in unison. Again there were handshakes all round.

"When d've think the railroad'll come over with their proposition?" asked Coog, as of an oracle.

"They can't wait long," answered lke, toying with his watch-chain. "Of course there'll be a lot o' politics and engineerin'. Then they'll have to settle on a location for a freight-yard, and all that. Meanwhile it's up to us to get in and do a little advertisin' on our own hook show the world that Ephemery's on the map procession, but I want you boys to foller -

selves well-to-do in the imminent bonanza, Ike you boys. Charley Suttle, up to Madriz, has got an automobile. I've wrote to Charley offerin' to hire it for a couple o' days. We'll begin by havin' a taste o' high life. It's all on me. To-morrow afternoon I'll give you boys a free joy-ride, to be follered by a free party at my store and-"

> "Where you gotta da mon'?" asked Portuguese Frank, with the caution of his race.

> "I got the money all right!" said Ike, patting the gold pieces in his pocket. "And this party's only goin' to be a preliminary to the real thing. Next mornin' we'll get into that devil-wagon and ride right up to Los Angeles. I know a real-estate man up there named Rothchild." (Rothchild held the mortgage on Ike's store, but he overlooked this detail.) "Rothchild's a plunger, and he'll be glad and anxious to put Ephemery on the market and



"I DON'T WANT THAT REAL ESTATE DUDE TO PLAY ME FOR A SUCKER, HE SAID TO HIMSELF!

advance us ten or fifteen thousand toward expenses.'

The inhabitants cheered till the gulls rose

screaming from the rocky beach.

"And that ain't all," Ike continued. His loving subjects lifted him to a chair as his voice assumed the clarion ring of prophecy. "I tell you, boys, we've vegetated in this hole long enough. With the money Rothchild advances us I'll blow you fellers as you never was blew before. There'll be a special train a-waitin' for us at the depot — French chef to cook the grub, nigger to mix the drinks, steam piana to play the latest pop'lar tunes then whoosh! off we go to N'York to join the millionaires and show 'em that Ephemery City folks knows how to enjoy their money. Waldorf-Astoria, Folly-Berjerry, Hippodrome, Newport, Flatiron Buildin', Atlantic City - boys, we're goin' to do it like gentlemen!"

A city the size of Ephemera can not well be said to surge, but its people gave as near an imitation of surging as twelve men and thirteen dogs can render under stress of intense excitement.

The addition of a gilt watch-chain and pinkish shirt should have enhanced the lover's charm; but you never can tell. Goldie Stewart, who was whitewashing the stones that bordered the path when Ike McCumber called, turned upon him a face as pale and relentless as the cobbles she decorated. This aspect, added to the fact that he had just seen his rival, the lemon-rancher, riding away, caused lke to totter slightly on the apex of his pride. And yet, he had come with a purpose. He could now make Goldie an offer that was an offer!

"How would you like to be the wife of a millionaire?" he began tactfully.

"You're getting your pretty new shoes all over whitewash," said she, swinging a brush laden with purity's emblem.

"Haven't you heard, Goldie?"

"Yes, I've heard."

"Ain't it great?"

"No," she replied, looking at him for the first wet kalsomine. time; "I don't think it's great."

"But look! I'm a millionaire. can offer you everything on God's footstool, " you'll have me.

"You think so?" asked Goldie.

"I know so! We'll have an auto with a front on it like a box-car. You can have a French countess to do your hair every mornin'; you won't need to get up till noon, and when you do you can sit in a pink plush bedroom eatin' oysters, while a golden phonograph plays to you from the works of Caruso. I'll take you to N'York, little girl - in a special train!"

"They all seem to want to go to New York in a special train," said Goldie reflectively.

"Won't you have me, girlie? Don't you like

me any more?"

"Excuse me, Ike — we couldn't marry. Not

"Haven't you got any use for me, Goldie?"

"I did have, Ike. A whole lot. When you came around Saturday night I knew you had something to say, and I'd have answered different then. I always liked you, because you were a strong, natural sort of man-kid. You seemed just like this town, a great hunk of possibilities needing a manager."

"We don't belong to this place any more,

you and me."

"I do, dear boy. I made this place a home for me and father. It's only rented, but I sometimes think it's the only real home in Ephemera City. I wouldn't leave it — no, not even in a special train. I love that old blue sea down there, and I hate pink plush boudoirs. I hate oysters, too, and — ugh! — New York!"

"I thought that was the regular way to spend

your money."

"I don't want to spend my money; I'd rather

spend my life."

"Goldie, I don't want to say anythin' against Utopia Landin', because you came from there — but it's an awful hopeless place, and maybe it's made you sort o' resigned to livin' without money. But Ephemery's different — it's alive, and we got to keep up with the times."

"By going to New York and blowing your money before you've got it," said Goldie, with a melancholy smile. "Ike, how do you know

the railroad's coming here?"

"Everybody knows it. Why, the news has been printed in the Los Angeles papers."

"Who offered it?"

"Now, little girl, you mustn't ask questions. I don't think women ought to fool with that stuff. It's depressin' enough as it is to know that I ain't got anything you want."

Goldie whitened the tip of her finger in the

"Good-by," said Ike mournfully.

"Please, Ike, talk to me before you do anything about selling," she pleaded, taking his hand. There was a white daub on the big boy's lip as he strode away. It came from a whitekalsomined finger.

Great victories breed riotous rejoicing. The taking of Mafeking nearly wrecked London, and the self-made boom in real estate all but spoiled the battered face of Ephemera City. Shortly after noon, Charley Suttle's blunt red automobile disturbed the sleeping dust of the village

and stopped amid diabolical back fires in front of McCumber's Grocery. Charley, as per orders, had brought over two jugs of something, and his face was already illumed with the joyrider's flush. The male householders of the village, assembled at the counter, took something for the general prosperity of the place, and the ride began. A five-passenger touringcar has been known to carry fifteen adults at a time. As there were no officials of the Automobile Club present to record the feat, you will have to take my word for it when I declare that Charley's patient machine bore nineteen all at once on that fateful afternoon.

After numerous punctures, potations, repairs, toasts, and tributes, the cortège arrived at Wilbur's Road House, at Maduro Fork, where the favorites of fortune continued to order something at Ike McCumber's expense until Rafael Banderilla arose to propose the health of that valiant commander, Admiral Cervera. In the midst of his eulogy, mostly delivered in bad Spanish, he fell back like a wounded matador, and wept on the shoulder of one-eyed Sam O'Brien. After which, consoler and consolee slept peacefully. A member of the Portuguese colony and a Battle brother disappeared down the road singing, "There's no place like home," although obviously pointed in the wrong direction.

Considerably lightened of its burden, the red automobile bumped down the road at the unheard-of pace of ten miles an hour. Henry, fattest of the Battles, sat on two of the Portuguese, who were saying things in their native tongue which might have been either abuse or poetry. Several Ephemerides, clinging to the running-board, engaged in the delights of Comanche college yells. Only Ike McCumber maintained throughout the poise of the man of affairs.

"Often thought o' runnin' one m'self," he confided to Charley, who was at the wheel.

"Teach y' now!" said the obliging chauffeur, unceremoniously turning the wheel over to lke.

They were now reentering the main thoroughfare of Ephemera City. Nobody can tell clearly what happened, but there was a deathly crash as the car plowed through the rickety pillars of Coog's Hotel, spun around on its hind quarters, coughed, and stopped with its hood planted upon Mother Earth.

"Busted!" shouted Charley Suttle. "That car's worth a thousand dollars - paid four hundred for it myself."

"It's on me," said lke lightly. "What's the use o' fussin' over wear and tear on the machine? Come on to the store and we'll have supper."

The feast at the store was conducted on the general principles of an Indian potlatch. There were Lucullan feats performed upon canned salmon, peaches, crackers, and ginger-snaps. The place was foggy with the fumes of Peach Bloom 5c. Cigars, with which the guests filled their pockets as they proposed McCumber of California for the United States Senate. The generous host then proceeded to give away his stock, most of which was accepted by the thrifty members of the Portuguese colony, who made several trips, bearing away shoes, cigars, and canned goods, and even enlisted the services of their wives and children.

It was after one o'clock when the young grocer, singing "Auld Lang Syne" to himself, carefully locked the front door without closing it, and went to bed. The place in front presented the appearance of a treasure-ship after a visit from the gallant crew of Sir Henry Morgan. A pyre of cigar-butts smoldered amid empty cans and broken boxes in the middle of the floor. Tapioca kernels lay like hail amid the wreckage. A show-case was cracked, and a shoe hung by a string from the ceiling-lamp.

"Har! Har! wake up!" The light that made California famous was flooding into the little back room and afflicting lke's aching eyes.

"Who's there?"

"Coog!" The answer fell doomfully.

Ike groaned and opened the door. stood in the light, somber as midnight. his hand dangled a copy of the Los Angeles Globe.

"This came last night," he growled, "while we was off in that automobile makin' premature darn fools out of ourselves."

The hotel man aimed a long, accusing finger at the head-line which he held an inch from the sufferer's nose:

UTOPIA INSTEAD OF EPHEMERA RAILROAD MAKES FINAL DECISION

UTOPIA LANDING TO BE SITE FOR NEW BIG TERMINUS Harbor Dredging to Begin at Once

"That's the worst!" groaned lke, holding his painful temples.

"No, it ain't!" said the gloomy Coog. "Charley Suttle's goin' to soak you a thousand for bustin' his auto. Guess I'll have to put in a little bill myself for the damage y' done to the front o' my hotel."

"I ain't got it," wailed Ike.

"That's funny talk for our boy millionaire to be puttin' up. If you'd felt poor like that day before yesterday you wouldn't advised us to hold on to our miserable lots here instid of unloadin' 'em on that man Cromwell, who offered us more'n we'll ever git again. You're a grand little Rockefeller, you are!"

"What in Jeerusalem did Doc Cromwell "What good are want of Ephemery lots, if the railroad wasn't road ain't comin'?" goin' to build here?" inquired the ex-financier, "He doesn't care a "What!"

"Ask me nothin'," said Mr. Coog, closing the door from the outside.

Toward sunset Ike rose slowly and put on his second-best suit. He took one look at the devastation in the store, then he went out to the side door and sat on a box, far from the gaze of the crowd. He had squandered his stock, spent his savings, and wrecked Charley Suttle's car. Rothchild would be down on him for his interest in a few days. It was settled. He would lock up, pull his hat over his eyes, and take to the open road forever.

Goldie Stewart was building a new roof to her chicken-coop when he passed, looking neither to right nor left. The rat-tat-tat of her hammer ceased.

"Oh, Ike!" Her voice was not loud, but it claimed attention.

"Yes, ma'am!" said Ike, meekly drawing near.

"Pass me up that bundle of shingles, will you?" Her mouth was full of shingle-nails as she reached down for the load. Rat-tat-tat. She

"Dear boy," she said suddenly, "where are

you going?"

drove three nails into place.

"I don't know," said Ike thickly. "Goldie, I'm ruined — busted. The railroad ain't comin' here."

"Yes, I've he wed "If I the de"If I the court.
Yhere is nothing to say," they repeated sadly; "we will carry out the decision of the Supreme Court."

They were very sad, and grieved, and polite.

Meanwhile rumor ran riot through the newspapers. This hundred million dollar corporation of corporations had been split open by the government; there were more than

two hundred separate companies in it. One moment it was said that there would be thirty-four new concerns to satisfy the decision of the court that there had been thirty-four concerns in which competition had been unnaturally led; the next, it was stated that there would

"What good are they to him, now the railroad ain't comin'?"

"He doesn't care anything about the railroad."
"What!"

"Who do you think he is, anyhow?"

"He's a real-estate man buyin' ahead o' the railroad."

"Oh, my land! If I'd only known that was what the town was banking on! This man is Dr. Darwin Cromwell, the nerve specialist. We've known him for years. He attended father at Utopia when he broke down."

"Well, what 'n thunder does he want here?"

"He thinks Ephemera is the best place for nerves on the Coast ——"

"I guess he was sure of it when I asked a

million and a half for my lots."

"He wants to build a sanatorium here and improve the town. There's only one piece of your property he really needs — that's the one you called Lakeside Drive."

"Lord! and that's the one I offered to throw

into the bargain for \$9,000!"

"Better write to him quick and close it," said Goldie, beginning again to nail shingles.

Rat-tat-tat!

"Goldie!"

"Yes?"

"Can't I help?"

"There's another hammer in the woodshed."

"There's another hammer in the woodshed."

the settled rate papers, called the reporters to his desk, and handed out to each his sheet of type-written flimsy the first statement of the Standard Oil, prepared by its secretary, the Shakespearean scholar, Mr. Folger.

The management had decided, it said, that the Supreme Court's decision demanded that the Standard Oil Company be divided into thirtyfour separate companies — the main

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, PAUSING IN HIS CHASE OF LONG LIFE ACROSS THE GOLF LINKS. IN RECENT LITIGATION LAWYERS OPPOSED TO THE OIL TRUST ASSERTED THAT MR. ROCKEFELLER IS NOW WORTH \$900,000,-000, AN INCREASE OF \$100,000,000 SINCE THE "DISSOLUTION" OF THE TRUST. HE STILL OWNS ONE QUARTER OF ALL THE STOCKS OF THE THIRTY-FOUR COMPANIES INTO WHICH THE TRUST WAS DIVIDED

New Jersey company and thirty-three others. Stockholders on the company's books September 1 would each be given his fraction of shares in the thirty-three companies about December 1, to add to his existing stock in the old company, the Standard Oil of New Jersey.



THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES. CHIEF JUSTICE WHITE, SITTING IN THE CENTER, WROTE THE DECISION WHICH COMPELLED THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY TO SPLIT UP INTO THIRTY-FOUR PARTS

THE GREATEST KULLING IN WALL STREET

BY

ALBERT W. ATWOOD

N May 15 of last year the Supreme Court of the United States, in stiff black gowns assembled, arose and gave out this final judgment:

"Seven men and a corporate machine have seized unlawfully the second greatest mineral into mountainous private fortunes. For the safety of the Republic, we now declare that this dangerous conspiracy must be ended by November 15."

Immediately a great noise of talking ran across the continent, and over the whole world. That band of bold and strident legal thinkers, the public prosecutors for the United States, had destroyed the greatest single menace to the country! The great secret power of Wall Street had been smashed!

From one place alone no sound emerged. On that day, and that week, and that month, nothing was heard from the office of the Standard Oil Company — that strange rectangular stone building that stands in lower Broadway like a substantial county jail tilted up on one end.

For twenty-five years it has stood there, alproduct of this country, and are converting it ways the same. Above its entrance lies, as plainly as if painted, its old motto — "Hush, hush!" Alone of the office buildings in New York, there is no directory of its tenants in its entrance corridors; its halls are dark and silent; and even on many of the ground-glass doors leading into its scores of offices there is not one word of lettering to show what man or corporation works within.

> The seven men were growing old; one of them was dead — since the government started suing them. John D. Rockefeller was anxiously

Rockefeller, more anxiously and urgently, was know anything about it - least of all Wall hunting escape from death across the world. Street. Of all the great corporations of the More and more the management of the Stand- country, this one had never made a report, even ard Oil was coming into the hands of their aging to the six thousand stockholders who owned associates - the men who had been lieutenants it. It was run in silence by the aged men,

man of sixty-five; E. T. Bedford, a ruddy, side-whiskered type, like the factory owner in the New England melodrama; C. M. Pratt, a refined, studious man who looks like a member of the faculty of a Massachusetts college; and H. C. Folger, Jr., the secretary of the old Standard Oil Company - a lean, delicate, thin-bearded man of fifty-five, whose passion is the study of Shakespeare.

The aging men in the Standard Oil building bo cree of the de-"T" the court. here is nothing to say," they repeated sadly; "we will carry out the decision of the Supreme Court."

They were very sad, and grieved, and polite.

Meanwhile rumor ran riot through the newspapers. This hundred million dollar corporation of corporations had been split open by the government; there were more than

two hundred separate companies in it. One moment it was said that there would be thirty-four new concerns to satisfy the decision of the court that there had been thirty-four concerns in which competition had been unnaturally stifled; the next, it was stated that there would

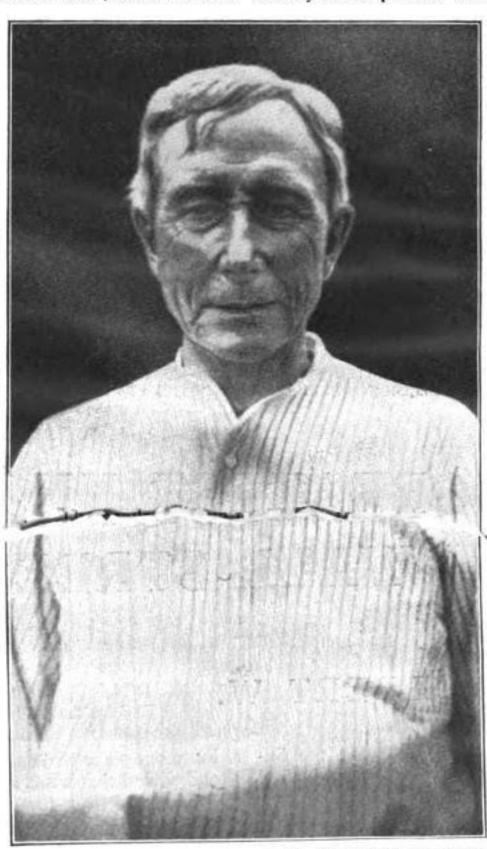
and deliberately studying long life; William be five. The truth was that no one could in the '70's: John D. Archbold, a round-faced exactly like a private bank in a country town.

> For the next month no further sound; nothing from 26 Broadway. On July 15, just two months after the Supreme Court's decision, a single word was given out to say that no statement could be expected for a month.

Two weeks later, on the last day of July, the pressagent of the Standard Oil, a stately old playwright and ex-dramatic critic, employed at a big salary to see that as near nothing as possible gets into the newspapers, called the reporters to his desk, and handed out to each his sheet of typewritten"flimsy"the first statement of the Standard Oil, prepared by its secretary, the Shakespearean scholar, Mr. Folger.

The management had decided, it said, that the Supreme Court's decision demanded that the Standard Oil Company be divided into thirty-

four separate companies — the main New Jersey company and thirty-three others. Stockholders on the company's books September 1 would each be given his fraction of shares in the thirty-three companies about December 1, to add to his existing stock in the old company, the Standard Oil of New Jersey.



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, PAUSING IN HIS CHASE OF LONG LIFE ACROSS THE GOLF LINKS. IN RECENT LITIGATION LAWYERS OPPOSED TO THE OIL TRUST ASSERTED THAT MR. ROCKEFELLER IS NOW WORTH \$900,000,-000, AN INCREASE OF \$100,000,000 SINCE THE HE STILL "DISSOLUTION" OF THE TRUST. OWNS ONE QUARTER OF ALL THE STOCKS OF THE THIRTY-FOUR COMPANIES INTO WHICH THE TRUST WAS DIVIDED

of the stock. The value of Standard Oil stock \$98,338,300; that is, 983,383 shares of \$100 each. had gone down from over \$800 a share — It was felt to be certain that the stock would be reached in the early 1900's — to about \$675, increased to some even figure — if for nothing when the courts' last decision came; now, else than to get an even fraction. It might be when this announcement was given out, the raised a few shares to make an even million

time of chaos and utter dissolution had come. Nobody knew — except the soundless men on the inside — what would happen when the end came.

Standard Oil stock had never been listed on the New York Stock Exchange. It was the will of John D. Rockefeller, the owner of a quarter of it, that it should not be. He was against speculation; he was against publicity. But now a few brokers began to set to work to study the one chief source of public knowledge of the Standard Oil finances in the world—the eleven and a half million slippery and reluctant words of testimony which the United States had forced from it in four and a half years of litigation.

Small stockholders in a few cases were selling. But mostly they held on and waited in a kind of daze;

higher levels before the government brought the suit.

Their wonder now became: "What fractions shall we get? How will they divide the stock of the small companies?" The main hold-

It was not pleasant news to the small owners ing company had a curious issue of stock stock slid down \$40 more a share. The shares — or it might be made five million shares

-because five million hundreddollar shares would represent much closer the real value of the property than one million.

The latter, so the rumor went, was the plan that vounger influences desired. But not John D. Rocketeller, the chief owner. There must be no inflation of his company. While newer trusts had pumped hundreds of millions of wind and water into their capital stock, and sold it for the public's money, he had seen the Standard Oil created out of the earnings of that first fateful \$700 he had saved to create it, with the aid of his associates in the Cleveland Baptist Sunday-school, in the late '50's. It was not the public's money or property; it was his money, his property, and those of his associates — a private business enterprise, as all nor-



FRANK B. KELLOGG, THE GOVERNMENT LAWYER WHOSE TIRELESS EFFORTS RESULTED IN THE TAKING OF MORE THAN ELEVEN MILLION WORDS OF TESTIMONY IN THE STANDARD OIL SUIT. AS CHIEF FACTOR IN BRING-ING IT ABOUT, MR. KELLOGG NATURALLY THINKS THE "DISSOLUTION" OF THE TRUST HAS BEEN A GOOD THING FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, DE-SPITE THE ADVANCE OF \$200,000,000 IN THE PRICE OF ITS STOCK

many of them, of course, had bought at mal business was in the '50's and the '60's. There would be no inflation of the Standard Oil. The aging management agreed, and the old company lawyers. John Rockefeller's advice was best — as it always had been.

Nothing more for four months from the secret

offices. Nothing from Secretary Folger; no more flimsy from the ex-dramatic critic employed to peddle silence to the newspapers. Reporters went up the elevators, through the quiet corridors, into the soft-carpeted offices with their old-fashioned dark desks; were let in by the deferential negro attendants to the presence

of the managers. There was nothing to be said. The Standard Oil Company was working sadly and desperately to carry out the full intent of the law.

On November 15, the last day of legal grace, the second announcement came. The stockholders were notified that on December 1 they would be given their fractions. And then on that first day of December came the deluge. Each and all of the six thousand received their fractions their little nine hundred and eighty three thousand three hundred and eightythirds.

It was a day of madness in respectable families all over the United
States. Here in the registered mail came the
assorted package of
strange paper mysteries
which had been confined
in one share of that unknown aggregation called
the Standard Oil:

One BESSES of Swan & Finch Company; face value to cents.

One \$\frac{71}{983}\frac{43}{383}\$ of Washington Oil Company; face value 7 cents.

One 1985 of Borne-Scrymser Company; face value 20 cents.

One 983383 of Colonial Oil Company; face value 25 cents.

And so on through all the nine hundred

and eighty-three thousand three hundred and eighty-thirds up to the 249995 of the Standard Oil of California with its face value of twenty-five dollars and forty-two cents.

There were three hundred stockholders who had one share of stock; many more had three and five and ten apiece. More than half of the six thousand stockholders had less than fiftyone. Half stunned, the little stockholder looked over his assortment.

What was this? Yesterday he had one share

of stock, a tangible thing worth nearly \$700. To-day he had thirty-four mathematical mysteries, which would require a corps of bookkeepers to follow around. Nothing, absolutely nothing, was known of Standard Oil; but what in the name of Bedlam was a quarter's worth of Borne-Scrymser?

With one accord the little stockholders gathered up their thirty-four assorted engravings and hunted up the nearest family banker or brokerage firm. They wanted a holding of stock, not a mixture of s mall "shin-plasters." Their natural desire was to sell.

The brokers had not handled Standard Oil; it was not listed upon any Stock Exchange. The more they learned of it, as their customers came in, the less they wanted it. It cost \$4.39 simply to make one transfer of the thirty-four different fractions of stock contained in one share of the old Standard Oil. A broker's usual business is to sell hundred-dollar shares of stock to customers at a commission of twelve and one half cents a share. They could not handle this business on such a basis -obviously. It was a nuisance to handle

at all the few shares that would come from the ordinary broker's clients. So the business in Standard Oil very quickly drifted into the hands of specialists.



JAMES A. MOFFETT, THE SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY. HE HAS PROVED A TOUGH WITNESS FOR LAW-YERS TRYING TO BRING OUT FACTS DAMAGING TO THE TRUST IN RECENT LITIGATION

special business, among them Pouch & Company, in which F. T. Bedford, son of E. T. Bedford, one of the big figures in the Standard Oil, is partner. A second was Smithers & Company, a strong Wall Street house, whose friendly relations with members of the "inside" Oil group were not unknown to other Stock Exchange brokers.

Various other brokerage firms, big and little, came into this new special business. But these three strong firms, close to the inside interests in Standard Oil, did, and still do, a larger business in the stock than all the rest combined. They had the knowledge and the customers.

Meanwhile, one by one. the time of dividends came on. Certificates for seven cents were insane enough; but declaring dividends on them rose to the mathematical height of idiocy. The Chesebrough Manufacturing Company sent out a dividend of ten per cent; and every owner of one share of Standard Oil was given his portion of it -2100 cents. The company was forced to pay each single share its dividend in a three-cent check — a net dead loss of 150 of a cent, and a matter of distraction in book keeping.

six hundred of them for three cents. It to the public.

The fact is that a year ago, when the Supreme cost a two-cent stamp and an envelop to Court spoke, there was just one brokerage firm send each one of these and a two-cent in all the world recognized as specialists in stamped envelop for returning a receipt; Standard Oil — Ackermann & Coles of New and, after that, in many cases the cost of York. Ackermann, the senior partner, had been following up and mailing out requests for a previously an employee of the "trust." In the return of the receipts. A single three-cent divinext few months other firms came into this dend cost in postage charges as high as eight

and ten cents. The threecent dividend checks were not cashed; their holders tore them up or tacked them on the wall as souvenirs. And more and more the disgust of the small stockholders grew; and more and more they let their holdings go.

The buyers were principally, at first, the Stock Exchange firms engaged in taking up the Standard Oil "splinters," as they were called, and piecing them together in entire shares of stock. It was simply a private sale of property - a sale, of course, from the small man who knew nothing to the specialist who knew much more. And the profits to the broker were correspondingly large.

On December 26 the offices of the various companies shifted around: many of them crossed the corridor; several of them crossed many States. Henceforward they could be operated separately. But still no more information came from inside about the different concerns — whose names and business, even, had been unknown to the stockholder. small Early in January, annual meetings were held—of the Standard Oil of Ohio, the Standard Oil

The Galena Signal Oil Company, sending Nebraska, the Standard Oil of New Jersey, out its dividends, had twelve hundred sepa- the Colonial Oil Company. But no informarate checks of less than ten cents each - tion was given, or apparently would be given,



HENRY C. FOLGER, JR., ALTHOUGH ONE OF THE GREATEST COLLECTORS OF SHAK-SPEARIANA IN AMERICA, FINDS TIME TO BE AN ACTIVE MANAGER OF THE STANDARD OIL INDUSTRY. UPON HIM AND A FEW OTHERS FELL THE ACTUAL DETAILS OF THE "DISSOLUTION"



Then all at once the full force of the new situation began to dawn upon the small stockholders. Not only were they utterly without information concerning the new companies, but the majority owners, who ran them, were not going to give them any information — not the slightest of what property the companies owned, or what business they did, or what profits they were making. And then the great main "killing" in the stock began.

The most conspicuous corporation in the Standard Oil, next to the main New Jersey "holding" corporation itself, was the Standard Oil of Indiana, the million-dollar company on which Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis placed his sensational fine of \$29,000,000 for railroad rebates. It was the great refining and distributing corporation of the central part of the country. Every one who had read the testimony in the government suit knew that this company had an enormous surplus, and that it had paid as high as 850 per cent dividends in a single year. Unfortunately, there was no likelihood that a small stockholder would ever learn these facts himself. The only way he could do so would be to go to some reference library, and unearth them from a copy of the eleven million words of testimony in the government suit. And, incidentally, there are very few public reference libraries in the country that own these documents.

Even in December, just still hunt was going on for fractional shares of Standard Oil of Indiana. The holders of these "splinters" were selling them as low as \$1,400 a Gradually the stock worked up, by hundreds of

\$4,000. Nothing whatever had been given out by the management concerning the company nothing of its business or profits or plans.

Suddenly on February 6 an announcement was given to the newspapers: The stock of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana was to be increased from \$1,000,000 to \$30,000,000. That was all. It was not said how the new \$29,000,ooo stock would be distributed — whether it would be given away to stockholders, or paid for by them at \$100 a share. The stock leaped up and down by hundreds of dollars a jump. Eight days later it was announced that the stock would be given away to stockholders twenty-nine new shares for every old one. The stock rose to \$7,000 a share.

Stock multiplication followed leisurely in one company after another, and is still going on, generally with no notice at all, and no statement whatever of what the earnings and profits were; in no case was notice of plans for extra dividend given until after the stock had risen, because of quiet buying, to well toward its final price.

In March the Standard Oil Company of Nebraska put out a stock dividend of thirtythree and one third per cent. Nothing was known concerning this company, except the information forced out by the government that in 1906 its earnings were about thirteen per The stock slid up in three months, under quiet buying, from \$115 to \$350 a share. In June the Standard Oil Company of California made known without any flourish of trumpets that its capital stock would be increased from \$25,000,000 to \$50,000,000. Before this information was let out the price of the stock had risen from around \$140 a share to nearly \$200.

The Kentucky Company Runs Wild

In March the little Standard Oil of Kentucky, a million-dollar marketing company, suddenly went wild. It was quoted at \$175 a share; stories of fabulous assets, immense increases in stock, started floating about. One morning it opened at \$710 a share; the next sale was at \$900; the third at \$1,000. The following day the price fell to about \$400, where it still remains. No one knows whether the comafter dissolution took place, a pany will increase its stock, or pay big dividends, or anything about what it is worth. Somewhere between \$150 and \$1,000 a share, no doubt, but who outside the silent men can tell?

By this time Standard Oil — traded at first in quiet over telephone — was bawled loudly in the market on the "curb." An orgy of speculation was on by small brokers and traders, like dollars a share, until late in nothing of its kind in recent years. The slow-January it was selling at about moving \$600 and \$700 stock, handled only by one firm of specialists, was scattered now into thirty-four little fragments — every one a field for the blindest gambling.

The brokers early in the field — especially the three big firms closest to the Standard Oil — and their clients were the first great profit-takers. One house was credited with buying three hundred shares of Standard Oil in one short period after the Supreme Court decision, at a total cost of some \$60,000 less than what the fragments of stock are worth now. But that was only a beginning.

The Waiter Who Bought Rothschild's Stock

Stories of the speculator's strikes from time to time came up out of this mysterious jumble of hundreds of millions of dollars. One man, a waiter in a New York restaurant, bought several shares of Prairie Gas & Oil stock, receiving, curiously enough, his brokers say, the identical certificate that had been sold by Baron Rothschild. In a few days the waiter cleared up several thousand dollars on the Rothschild stock.

Frank V. Strauss, a publisher of theatrical programs, was a heavy winner. He bought Standard Oil of Kentucky for \$425; it immediately sailed to \$1,000 a share, at a "paper" profit to Strauss of \$34,500. Before he could "cash in" more than a part of it, the stock had dropped again. But he made a small fortune on this and other Standard Oil stocks.

A customer walked into a broker's office, laid down \$3,000, and said: "I want to buy something which is an out-and-out gamble."

"All right!" said the broker. "I'll buy you Standard Oil of New Jersey."

He had hardly finished speaking, when a boy handed him a bulletin saying that a rumor was abroad that the company would declare a dividend of one hundred per cent. The next quotation on this stock showed a jump of \$40 a share; the second a decline of \$20 from that.

It was not all velvet, this speculation. The story of the Colonial Oil shows the possibilities of mistake for the inside buyer. The government testimony showed that in 1906 Colonial Oil was doing a large and profitable business in South Africa and Australia. As high as \$500 a share was given for its stock on this basis. Later it was found that its big business had been transferred during the six years' interval to another corporation; and the stock slid down again to \$125 a share.

\$200,000,000 for the "Insiders"

But all this speculation was the froth on the crest of the big main wave. Underneath, the

men who really knew were quietly feeding on the stock that was being disgorged by the little stockholders. By the middle of March this matter was made a scandal in the newspapers. Criticism arose to such a point that the Standard Oil press-agent broke the silence again and gave out another sheet of flimsy to the newspapers.

Adventurous spirits — a very few of them - had climbed into that tower of silence at 26 Broadway, to ask what they should do about their stocks. The most they got was the non-committal advice either to keep all their stock or to sell it all. It was information that had been seldom and privately given. But now the warmth of public opinion penetrating even this dark place brought out a statement denying that the big "insiders" of the company were speculating in the stock, and giving all stockholders the advice to hang on to their holdings.

It was March 16 when this The big "melons" came out. had been cut - including the thirty-time multiplication of the Indiana company; the market had already received its warnings from the great advance in prices which had been made, and the sensational "killing" in the stocks had nearly all taken place. By the end of March, in three months' time, \$200,000,000 had been added to the value of the stocks for the men who now held them—the biggest "killing" on a single stock in so short a time in the history of the financial district about Wall Street.

Who were these men who made it? Who were those who bought the small holdings? To this latter question there is only one answer given by those who watched closest the transfer as it occurred. They were





mostly men with the information of the "inside" - men connected with the Standard Oil, buying largely through the three big firms which from the first have been connected, directly or indirectly, with Standard Oil.

That the great "insiders" the half dozen central owners of the stock — had bought during the time of the big rise is denied. If they had been buying they certainly would not have bought in their own names. It would involve an entirely unnecessary risk of action against them by the Supreme Court.

The general theory given out by brokers to inquirers is that most of the buying had been for men in charge of various companies, the active managers under the great owners, who knew intimately the value and possibilities of their properties.

The "insiders" really took a negative part in the transaction. The United States government had forced more than two hundred million dollars upon them; they kept their mouths shut and took It was simply a forced sale of gold dollars for fifty cents.

The United States government did not create new physical property, of course. The surplus which the companies divided had all the time been in the companies — the vast accumulations of a decade waiting until it could be distributed without general pubwicked and baneful "trust" innocent business organization. Immediately upon this certification by the Supreme Court, the hidden millions were released for distribution; and a half of corporations,



ALFRED C. BEDFORD, VICE-PRESIDENT AND TREASURER OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY. HE IS A NEPHEW OF E. T. BEDFORD, ONE OF THE OLD GUARD IN THE COMPANY. THREE MEM-BERS OF THE BEDFORD FAM-ILY ARE ACTIVE IN OIL TRUST AFFAIRS

the "insiders" could know in just what corporations they were concealed.

The Wiping Out of the Small Stockholder

Now, of this \$200,000,000 distribution, a quarter was disbursed to John D. Rockefeller, even if he bought no new stock, and a quarter more to the half dozen men and estates who held, with him, a little more than half of the great property. But comparatively little came to the small stockholders of fifty shares and under, who made up more than half of the stockholders of the great corporation a year ago. Automatically, by the action of the United States, they were wiped out of the ownership of lic clamor. The United States the property of Standard Oil. And as, for one merely certified that now the reason or another, knowledge of the present stockholdings of various concerns has leaked had been converted into an out, this fact has been clearly indicated.

In one company the extent of the falling off has been definitely shown. This Standard Oil subsidiary sent out, in January, sixty-one hundred checks for dividends. In April, when the next dividend was declared, the number of they lay somewhere in a score stockholders had decreased by two thousand.

The specialists in Standard Oil stocks on Wall and no one in the world but Street all agree on this eliminating of small



J. I. C. CLARKE, THE GENIAL AND DIGNI-FIED DEAN OF AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS AND EX-MANAGING EDITOR OF NEW YORK CITY NEWSPAPERS, WHO IS EMPLOYED, AT WHAT IS REPUTED TO BE AN ENORMOUS SALARY, TO KEEP UNFAVORABLE NEWS ABOUT THE OIL TRUST OUT OF THE PAPERS

stockholders. In many companies, they say, six and seven hundred stockholders dropped out immediately. The great stockholders, even if they have not bought stock, have certainly not sold.

But the speculation or even the dropping of shares by the small stockholder is not the main consideration in any real estimate of the whole transaction. All this happened, it is true, but the action of the United States went further than this. Even if the small stockholder had retained his holdings, whatever voice he could have had in the properties was automatically taken away from him by the action of the government.

Immediately upon the dissolution of the main holding company, it was decided, for self-evident reasons, that nothing less than one full - especially the half dozen inshare of any stock should have a vote in any of terests which own a majority the concerns. Now, the ownership of one share control - consider the Standof Washington Oil would have required the ownership of fourteen hundred shares of the old Standard Oil stock — an investment of a million dollars. Five hundred shares of the old stock would have been needed to own one share of Borne-Scrymser, an investment of \$350,000; nearly a hundred shares to own one share of Standard Oil of Indiana. There was only one

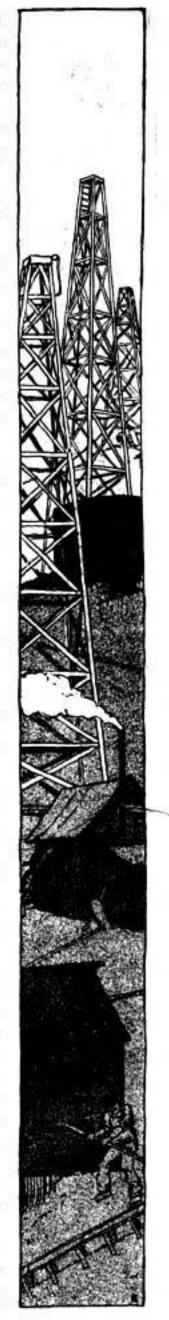
possible result: In most of the new concerns, a full half of the stockholders of the old Standard Oil Company were at once deprived of their vote; in many of the new concerns, four fifths of them lost their voting power.

How the sale of stock, and the deprivation of small stockholders of their voting rights, have together acted to concentrate the power of the "insiders" over the Standard Oil properties, is well shown by the great Standard Oil Company of Indiana, in which the most spectacular "killing" took place. A year ago it had controlling it the six thousand stockholders of the Standard Oil; this spring it had fewer than nine hundred and fifty stockholders eligible to vote: five sixths of its voting stockholders had disappeared.

So, then, the immediate effect of the government's action is this: It has eliminated the small stockholders, and has concentrated the ownership and control of the Standard Oil Company more than years of normal commercial development could have done.

John D. Rockefeller holds in his name, as is shown by figures of as recent date as this spring, one quarter of the stock in all of the Standard Oil properties: six other individuals and estates hold a little over a quarter more; around them is a larger group of great holders of stock; and further down come the associates and active managers who are directing the business. These men ard Oil as much their private property as a family horse.

Their attitude was clearly shown by the testimony of John D. Rockefeller, given in New York the last of May, in the suit over the control of the Waters-Pierce distributing





company. Upon the dissolution of the Standard Oil, he showed, the great holders kept together as a matter of course. Archbold and Pratt and Bedford and Folger and James A. Moffett simply arranged the management under whatever names suited them - themselves retiring quite largely from public management and giving the ostensible control into agents' hands. It was a process too obvious and commonplace for Mr. Rockefeller to follow in any detail; he merely signed the proxies asked for by the inner group's managers. It was the same old private property in a different form.

Now, being private property, it will be managed as such. The secrecy will be greater than ever. There are now thirty-four different companies; nobody except the "insiders" know what is in them, what they earn or what they are to do. Nobody will know, from present indications, except in the few cases where special reasons have brought out meager information.

It is common rumor in Wall Street, just at this time of writing, that there are now ten companies of the thirty-four which have outlived the purposes for which they were created, and are bound sooner or later to die; that in some of the remaining twenty-four lie fabulous assets and possibilities. Who knows the ten? Who knows the great bonanzas in the twenty-four? Only the "insiders."

There is only one way of Standard Oil properties, and that is to buy all thirty-four of them — and this is now, to all practical intents and purposes, impossible.

courts and of our present law,

the great dissolver of monopolies — now that the great artificial stockholder created in the so-called holding company, like the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, is destroyed. But every one who has watched great modern combinations knows that this is not true. When once these combinations are bound together, they are not unbound by the death of any individual, except to be tied up in still greater combinations. The Standard Oil Company will not be dissolved commercially, because it can not be; its controlling owners will not let it scatter, for the simple reason that they are not fools.

The Standard Oil Company, commercially speaking, was not merely an aggregation of miscellaneous concerns; it was a carefully adjusted single machine for handling and refining the oil of America. Its value depended upon a nice adjustment and economy of its parts which was the wonder of the commercial world.

The owners of the property understand perfectly well that the dissolution which the Supreme Court has contemplated would be commercial suicide. For the owners of a Standard Oil refinery to let control of a pipe-line carrying its oil pass into the hands of other men would mean destruction. They never will do such a thing, because the moment they did it their property would lose its value.

The aging men at the head of the Standard Oil may all soon die; their heirs may be as idle or as prodigal as can be conceived: but at the center of the Standard Oil will sit — as in all great enterprises of the kind — the new social organism which the development of our great corporations is creating, the "inside" group of ownership and control. It will change in personnel; men will come in and go out of it: but the thing itself is immortal; it is a necessity of great modern business.

Failure of the Northern Securities Decree

The present campaign is the second spectacular action of its kind by the government of the United States. The smashing of the Northern Securities Company seven years ago was the first great attempt to change the face of economic nature by Supreme Court decree.

The outcome is well known. Within four safe public buying into the months after the decree, the value of the stocks in the two railroads concerned had risen \$150,-000,000. A great part of this profit went to the men in the inner group. Since then great holders of this stock have died; their stocks have been willed away. But the entire control of the two It is the theory of the railroads still lies exactly where it lay under the Securities Company - in the Hill-Morgan of course, that death will be group of "insiders." The individuals changed, and will change again. The group remains; the erties to fight their own propvalue of the property demands it.

Since then a variety of other government actions have taken place — all with the same result. The great Tobacco Company's dissolution, and now the still more spectacular smashing of the Standard Oil, have both come to the same conclusion. The artificial stockholder the corporation holding other corporation stocks — is killed. By doing this the government has forced the operations of great concerns more and more into the "inside" group, and made possible the distribution of tens of millions more to the multimillionaires.

And Now the Division of the Profits

The "insiders" in the Standard Oil are now busy dividing their huge profits along the line made possible by the law of the land, enforced by the Supreme Court. They have, to this time, increased the face value of the securities in their various concerns to more than three and a quarter times the face value of the stock in the old Standard Oil Company. And it is well understood that this is only a part of the increase in the stock which will finally be issued.

So far as can be calculated now, this threefold issue of stock seems likely to pay dividends well in excess of those paid on the old Standard Oil shares. It is not impossible that twice as much money will be distributed in dividends. The dividends on the Standard Oil stock have been held down for years to \$40,000,000 a year, while the earnings in 1906 and 1907 are known to have been over \$80,000,000, and a Standard Oil official has said that since then the earnings of one year reached \$100,000,000. Now that there is no danger of prosecution for declaring great dividends on the stock, the property can distribute what it really earns.

It will also earn very much more than it has. A year and a half ago the Standard Oil Company issued bitter public complaints that the flood of newly found petroleum was so great that the markets of the world were glutted and that prices must inevitably be smashed to pieces. This year the price of kerosene has gone up twenty-five and thirty per cent; the price of gasolene thirty-five and forty-five per cent. The only reason for this is that the private owners of little group, smaller and Standard Oil have strengthened their grip on the oil and oil-refining machinery of the country greatly over what it was a year or two ago.

How can the government move to prevent this rise in prices now? Formerly it could attack the Standard Oil corporation and dis-Now whom will it attack? Will it compel the private owners of all these prop- agement around Wall Street.

erties against one another? Can any law, as J. Pierpont Morgan has queried, be framed to compel a man to compete with himself?

No one can predict what profits the private owners of the Standard Oil will take and divide, through their various corporations, in the next few years. To John D. Rockefeller alone —with total holdings of \$80,000,000 or \$100,000,000 a year — will come \$20,000,000 or \$25,000,000 every year; that is, \$55,000 or \$65,000 a day from this one great factory of money. And all these tens of millions go out again each year, seeking the position of "inside" management and control of the other great industries of the United States.

Meanwhile the national uproar over the Standard Oil is passing. John D. Rockefeller, with his sly, mysterious face, pursues his quest of long life across the golf fields. William Rockefeller hunts fiercely across the earth to escape fatal disease. In the old Standard Oil building the silence remains unbroken. The sound of the soft footfalls of the aging men on the old-fashioned carpets and goes; subdued voices murmur in their meetings of committees, as they divide their millions; and over the entrance hangs the old sign:

"Hush! Hush! Shut your mouth and carry on your business!"

And automatically, all over the United States, corporate property slides into the private hands of the men with the knowledge of the "inside": a smaller as the great industrial operations of the country more and more converge and consolidate under natural economic laws, and more and more are coördinated under the control of the central group of man-





"CLARA VAVRIKA WAS TYING A WINE-COLORED RIBBON ABOUT HER THROAT WHEN JOHANNA APPEARED WITH HER COFFEE"

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

AUTHOR OF "ALEXANDER'S MASQUERADE," "THE TROLL GARDEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

HE trans-continental express swung along the windings of the Sand River Valley, and in the rear seat of the observation car a young man sat greatly at his ease, not in the least discomfited by the fierce sunlight which beat in upon his brown face and neck and strong back. There was a look of relaxation and of great passivity about his broad shoulders, which seemed almost too heavy until he stood up and squared them. He wore a pale flannel shirt and a blue silk necktie with loose ends. His trousers were wide and belted at the waist, and his short sack-coat hung open. His heavy shoes had seen good service. His reddish-brown hair, like his clothes, had a foreign cut. He had deep-set, dark blue eyes under heavy reddish eyebrows. His face was kept clean only by close shaving, and even the sharpest razor left a glint of yellow in the smooth brown of his skin. His teeth and the palms of his hands were very white. His head, which looked hard and stubborn, lay indolently in the green cushion of the wicker chair, and as he looked out at the ripe summer country a teasing, not unkindly smile played over his lips. Once, as he basked thus comfortably, a quick light flashed in his eyes, curiously dilating the pupils, and his mouth became a hard, straight line, gradually relaxing into its former smile of rather kindly mockery. He told himself, apparently, that there was no point in getting excited; and he seemed a master hand at taking his ease when he could. Neither the sharp whistle of the locomotive nor the brakeman's call disturbed him. It was not until after the train had stopped that he rose, put on a Panama hat, took from the rack a small valise and a flute-case, and stepped deliberately to the station platform. The baggage was already unloaded, and the stranger presented a check for a battered sole-leather steamer-trunk.

"Can you keep it here for a day or two?" he

asked the agent. "I may send for it, and I may not."

"Depends on whether you like the country, I suppose?" demanded the agent in a challenging tone.

"Just so."

The agent shrugged his shoulders, looked scornfully at the small trunk, which was marked "N. E.," and handed out a claim check without further comment. The stranger watched him as he caught one end of the trunk and dragged it into the express room. The agent's manner seemed to remind him of something amusing. "Doesn't seem to be a very big.place," he remarked, looking about.

"It's big enough for us," snapped the agent,

as he banged the trunk into a corner.

That remark, apparently, was what Nils Ericson had wanted. He chuckled quietly as he took a leather strap from his pocket and swung his valise around his shoulder. Then he settled his Panama securely on his head, turned up his trousers, tucked the flute-case under his arm, and started off across the fields. He gave the town, as he would have said, a wide berth, and cut through a great fenced pasture, emerging, when he rolled under the barbed wire at the farther corner, upon a white dusty road which ran straight up from the river valley to the high prairies, where the ripe wheat stood yellow and the tin roofs and weather-cocks were twinkling in the fierce sunlight. By the time Nils had done three miles, the sun was sinking and the farm-wagons on their way home from town came rattling by, covering him with dust and making him sneeze. When one of the farmers pulled up and offered to give him a lift, he clambered in willingly. The driver was a thin, grizzled old m in with a long lean neck and a foolish sort of beard, like a goat's. "How fur ye goin'?" he asked, as he clucked to his horses and started off.

"Do you go by the Ericson place?"

"Which Ericson?" The old man drew in his reins as if he expected to stop again.

"Preacher Ericson's."

"Oh, the Old Lady Ericson's!" He turned and looked at Nils. "La, me! If you're goin' out there you might 'a' rid out in the automo-That's a pity, now. The Old Lady Ericson was in town with her auto. You might 'a' heard it snortin' anywhere about the post-office er the butcher-shop."

"Has she a motor?" asked the stranger absently.

"'Deed an' she has! She runs into town every night about this time for her mail and meat for supper. Some folks say she's afraid her auto won't get exercise enough, but I say that's jealousy."

"Aren't there any other motors about here?" "Oh, yes! we have fourteen in all. But nobody else gets around like the Old Lady Ericson. She's out, rain er shine, over the whole county, chargin' into town and out amongst her farms, an' up to her sons' places. Sure you ain't goin' to the wrong place?" He craned his neck and looked at Nils' flute-case with eager curiosity. "The old woman ain't got any piany that I knows on. Olaf, he has a grand. His wife's musical; took lessons in Chicago."

"I'm going up there to-morrow," said Nils imperturbably. He saw that the driver took him for a piano-tuner.

"Oh, I see!" The old man screwed up his eyes mysteriously. He was a little dashed by soon broke out again.

"I'm one o' Mis' Ericson's tenants. Look after one of her places. I did own the place myself oncet, but I lost it a while back, in the bad years just after the World's Fair. Just as well, too, I say. Lets you out o' payin' taxes. The Ericsons do own most of the county now. I remember the old preacher's fav'rite text used to be, 'To them that hath shall be given.' They've spread something wonderful - run over this here country like bindweed. But I ain't one that begretches it to 'em. Folks is entitled to what they kin git; and they're hustlers. Olaf, he's in the Legislature now, and a likely man fur Congress. Listen, if that ain't the old woman comin' now. Want I should stop her?"

chug-chug of a motor vibrating steadily in the stranger would be received. clear twilight behind them. The pale lights the car swam over the hill, and the old man the restive tramp of a horse coming toward him slapped his reins and turned clear out of the road, ducking his head at the first of three ang-y and stood behind a thicket of wild plum bushes snorts from behind. The motor was running t that grew in the sandy bed. Peering through a hot, even speed, and passed without turning the dusk, he saw a light horse, under tight rein, an inch from its course. The driver was a stal-, descending the hill at a sharp walk. The rider wart woman who sat at ease in the front seat was a slender woman — barely visible against

and drove her car bare-headed. She left a cloud of dust and a trail of gasoline behind her. Her tenant threw back his head and sneezed.

"Whew! I sometimes say I'd as lief be before Mrs. Ericson as behind her. She does beat all! Nearly seventy, and never lets another soul touch that car. Puts it into commission herself every morning, and keeps it tuned up by the hitch-bar all day. I never stop work for a drink o' water that I don't hear her a-churnin' up the road. I reckon her darter-in-laws never sets down easy nowadays. Never know when she'll pop in. Mis' Otto, she says to me: 'We're so afraid that thing'll blow up and do Ma some injury yet, she's so turrible venturesome.' Says I: 'I wouldn't stew, Mis' Otto; the old lady'll drive that car to the funeral of every darter-in-law she's got.' That was after the old woman had jumped a turrible bad culvert."

The stranger heard vaguely what the old man was saying. Just now he was experiencing something very much like homesickness, and he was wondering what had brought it about. The mention of a name or two, perhaps; the rattle of a wagon along a dusty road; the rank, resinous smell of sunflowers and ironweed, which the night damp brought up from the draws and low places; perhaps, more than all, the dancing lights of the motor that had plunged by. He squared his shoulders with a comfortable sense of strength.

The wagon, as it jolted westward, climbed a pretty steady upgrade. The country, receding the stranger's non-communicativeness, but he from the rough river valley, swelled more and more gently, as if it had been smoothed out by the wind. On one of the last of the rugged ridges, at the end of a branch road, stood a grim square house with a tin roof and double porches. Behind the house stretched a row of broken, wind-racked poplars, and down the hill-slope to the left straggled the sheds and stables. The old man stopped his horses where the Ericsons' road branched across a dry sand creek that wound about the foot of the hill.

> "That's the old lady's place. Want I should drive in?"

> "No, thank you. I'll roll out here. Much obliged to you. Good night."

His passenger stepped down over the front wheel, and the old man drove on reluctantly, Nils shook his head. He heard the deep looking back as if he would like to see how the

> As Nils was crossing the dry creek he heard down the hill. Instantly he flashed out of the road

the dark hillside - wearing an old-fashioned lightly in the saddle, with her chin high, and seemed to be looking into the distance. As she passed the plum thicket her horse snuffed the air and shied. She struck him, pulling him in sharply, with an angry exclamation, "Blazne!" in Bohemian. Once in the main road, she let him out into a lope, and they soon emerged upon the crest of high land, where they moved along the sky-line, silhouetted against the band of faint color that lingered in the west. This horse and rider, with their free, rhythmical gallop, were the only moving things to be seen on the face of the flat country. They seemed, in the last sad light of evening, not to be there accidentally, but as an inevitable detail of the landscape.

Nils watched them until they had shrunk to a mere moving speck against the sky, then he crossed the sand creek and climbed the hill. When he reached the gate the front of the house was dark, but a light was shining from the side windows. The pigs were squealing in the hog corral, and Nils could see a tall boy, who carried two big wooden buckets, moving about among them. Half way between the barn and the house, the windmill wheezed lazily. Following the path that ran around to the back porch, Nils stopped to look through the screen The kitchen door into the lamp-lit kitchen. was the largest room in the house; Nils remembered that his older brothers used to give dances there when he was a boy. Beside the stove stood a little girl with two light yellow braids and a broad, flushed face, peering anxiously into a frying-pan. In the dining-room beyond, a large, broad-shouldered woman was moving about the table. She walked with an active, springy step. Her face was heavy and florid, almost without wrinkles, and her hair was black at seventy. Nils felt proud of her as he watched her deliberate activity; never a momentary hesitation, or a movement that did not tell. He waited until she came out into the kitchen and, brushing the child aside, took her place at the stove. Then he tapped on the screen door and entered.

"It's nobody but Nils, Mother. I expect you weren't looking for me."

Mrs. Ericson turned away from the stove and stood staring at him. "Bring the lamp, Hilda, and let me look."

Nils laughed and unslung his valise. "What's the matter, Mother? Don't you know me?"

Mrs. Ericson put down the lamp. "You must be Nils. You don't look very different, anyway."

"Nor you, Mother. You hold your own. Don't you wear glasses yet?"

"Only to read by. Where's your trunk, Nils?"

the dark hillside — wearing an old-fashioned "Oh, I left that in town. I thought it might derby hat and a long riding-skirt. She sat not be convenient for you to have company so lightly in the saddle, with her chin high, and near threshing-time."

"Don't be foolish, Nils." Mrs. Ericson turned back to the stove. "I don't thresh now. I hitched the wheat land onto the next farm and have a tenant. Hilda, take some hot water up to the company room, and go call little Eric."

The tow-haired child, who had been standing in mute amazement, took up the tea-kettle and withdrew, giving Nils a long, admiring look from the door of the kitchen stairs.

"Who's the youngster?" Nils asked, dropping down on the bench behind the kitchen stove.

"One of your Cousin Henrik's."

"How long has Cousin Henrik been dead?"
"Six years. There are two boys. One stays
with Peter and one with Anders. Olaf is their
guardeen."

There was a clatter of pails on the porch, and a tall, lanky boy peered wonderingly in through the screen door. He had a fair, gentle face and big gray eyes, and wisps of soft yellow hair hung down under his cap. Nils sprang up and pulled him into the kitchen, hugging him and slapping him on the shoulders. "Well, if it isn't my kid! Look at the size of him! Don't you know me, Eric?"

The boy reddened under his sunburn and freckles, and hung his head. "I guess it's Nils," he said shyly.

"You're a good guesser," laughed Nils, giving the lad's hand a swing. To himself he was thinking: "That's why the little girl looked so friendly. He's taught her to like me. He was only six when I went away, and he's remembered for twelve years."

Eric stood fumbling with his cap and smiling. "You look just like I thought you would," he ventured.

"Go wash your hands, Eric," called Mrs. Ericson. "I've got cob corn for supper, Nils. You used to like it. I guess you don't get much of that in the old country. Here's Hilda; she'll take you up to your room. You'll want to get the dust off you before you eat."

Mrs. Ericson went into the dining-room to lay another plate, and the little girl came up and nodded to Nils as if to let him know that his room was ready. He put out his hand and she took it, with a startled glance up at his face. Little Eric dropped his towel, threw an arm about Nils and one about Hilda, gave them a clumsy squeeze, and then stumbled out to the porch.

During supper Nils heard exactly how much land each of his eight grown brothers farmed, how their crops were coming on, and how much live stock they were feeding. His mother watched him narrowly as she talked. "You've got better looking, Nils," she remarked abruptly, whereupon he grinned and the children giggled. Eric, although he was eighteen and as tall as Nils, was always accounted a child, being the last of so many sons. His face seemed childlike, too, Nils thought, and he had the open, wandering eyes of a little boy. All the others had been men at his age.

After supper Nils went out to the front porch and sat down on the step to smoke a pipe. Mrs. Ericson drew a rocking-chair up near him and began to knit busily. It was one of the few oldworld customs she had kept up, for she could not bear to sit with idle hands.

"Where's little Eric, Mother?"

"He's helping Hilda with the dishes. does it of his own will; I don't like a boy to be too handy about the house."

"He seems like a nice kid."

"He's very obedient."

Nils smiled a little in the dark. It was just as well to shift the line of conversation. "What are you knitting there, Mother?"

"Baby stockings. The boys keep me busy." Mrs. Ericson chuckled and clicked her needles.

"How many grandchildren have you?"

"Only thirty-one now. Olaf lost his three. They were sickly, like their mother."

"I supposed he had a second crop by this time!"

"His second wife has no children. She's too proud. She tears about on horseback all the time. But she'll get caught up with, yet. She sets herself very high, though nobody knows what for. They were low enough Bohemians she came of. I never thought much of Bohemians; always drinking."

Nils puffed away at his pipe in silence, and Mrs. Ericson knitted on. In a few moments she added grimly: "She was down here to-night, just before you came. She'd like to quarrel with me and come between me and Olaf, but I don't give her the chance. I suppose you'll be bringing a wife home some day."

"I don't know. I've never thought much

about it."

"Well, perhaps it's best as it is," suggested Mrs. Ericson hopefully. "You'd never be contented tied down to the land. There was roving blood in your father's family, and it's come out in you. I expect your own way of life suits you best." Mrs. Ericson had dropped into a blandly agreeable tone which Nils well remembered. It seemed to amuse him a good deal and his white 'way." teeth flashed behind his pipe. His mother's strategies had always diverted him, even whei. he was a boy - they were so flimsy and patent, so illy proportioned to her vigor and force. jump," he reflected. He felt that Mrs. Ericson

was pondering his case deeply as she sat clicking her needles.

"I don't suppose you've ever got used to steady work," she went on presently. "Men ain't apt to if they roam around too long. It's a pity you didn't come back the year after the World's Fair. Your father picked up a good bit of land cheap then, in the hard times, and I expect maybe he'd have give you a farm. It's too bad you put off comin' back so long, for I always thought he meant to do something by you."

Nils laughed and shook the ashes out of his pipe. "I'd have missed a lot if I had come back then. But I'm sorry I didn't get back to see

father."

"Well, I suppose we have to miss things at one end or the other. Perhaps you are as well satisfied with your own doings, now, as you'd have been with a farm," said Mrs. Ericson reassuringly.

"Land's a good thing to have," Nils commented, as he lit another match and sheltered

it with his hand.

His mother looked sharply at his face until the match burned out. "Only when you stay on it!" she hastened to say.

Eric came round the house by the path just then, and Nils rose, with a yawn. "Mother, if you don't mind, Eric and I will take a little tramp before bed-time. It will make me sleep."

"Very well; only don't stay long. I'll sit up and wait for you. I like to lock up myself."

Nils put his hand on Eric's shoulder, and the two tramped down the hill and across the sand creek into the dusty highroad beyond. Neither spoke. They swung along at an even gait, Nils puffing at his pipe. There was no moon, and the white road and the wide fields lay faint in the starlight. Over everything was darkness and thick silence, and the smell of dust and sunflowers. The brothers followed the road for a mile or more without finding a place to sit down. Finally Nils perched on a stile over the wire fence, and Eric sat on the lower step.

"I began to think you never would come back,

Nils," said the boy softly.

"Didn't I promise you I would?"

"Yes; but people don't bother about promises they make to babies. Did you really know you were going away for good when you went to Chicago with the cattle that time?"

"I thought it very likely, if I could make my

"I don't see how you did it, Nils. Not many fellows could." Eric rubbed his shoulder against his brother's knee.

"The hard thing was leaving home - you "They've been waiting to see which way I'd and father. It was easy enough, once I got beyond Chicago. Of course I got awful homesick;



"NILS' STEADY GAZE STILL BEAT UPON HER. HE REACHED HIS HAND ACROSS THE TABLE AND DROPPED IT ON CLARA'S, WHICH WAS COLD AS AN ICICLE, 'LAST CALL FOR PLAY, MRS. ERICSON!'"

used to cry myself to sleep. But I'd burned my bridges."

"You had always wanted to go, hadn't you?"

"Always. Do you still sleep in our little room?

Is that cottonwood still by the window?"

Eric nodded eagerly and smiled up at his

brother in the gray darkness.

"You remember how we always said the leaves were whispering when they rustled at night? Well, they always whispered to me about the sea. Sometimes they said names out of the geography books. In a high wind they had a desperate sound, like something trying to tear loose."

"How funny, Nils," said Eric dreamily, resting his chin on his hand. "That tree still talks like that, and 'most always it talks to me about you."

They sat a while longer, watching the stars. At last Eric whispered anxiously: "Hadn't we better go back now? Mother will get tired waiting for us." They rose and took a short cut home, through the pasture.

11

The next morning Nils woke with the first flood of light that came with dawn. The white-plastered walls of his room reflected the glare that shone through the thin window-shades, and he found it impossible to sleep. He dressed hurriedly and slipped down the hall and up the back stairs to the half-story room which he used to share with his little brother. Eric, in a skimpy night-shirt, was sitting on the edge of the bed, rubbing his eyes, his pale yellow hair standing up in tufts all over his head. When he saw Nils, he murmured something confusedly and hustled his long legs into his trousers. "I didn't expect you'd be up so early, Nils," he said, as his head emerged from his blue shirt.

"Oh, you thought I was a dude, did you?"
Nils gave him a playful tap which bent the tall
boy up like a clasp-knife. "See here; I must
teach you to box." Nils thrust his hands into
his pockets and walked about. "You haven't
changed things much up here. Got most of my
old traps, haven't you?"

He took down a bent, withered piece of sapling that hung over the dresser. "If this isn't the stick Lou Sandberg killed himself with!"

The boy looked up from his shoe-lacing.

"Yes; you never used to let me play with that. Just how did he do it, Nils? You were with father when he found Lou, weren't you?"

"Yes. Father was going off to preach somewhere, and, as we drove along, Lou's place looked sort of forlorn, and we thought we'd stop and cheer him up. When we found him

father said he'd been dead a couple days. He'd tied a piece of binding twine round his neck, made a noose in each end, fixed the nooses over the ends of a bent stick, and let the stick spring straight; strangled himself."

"What made him kill himself such a silly way?"

The simplicity of the boy's question set Nils laughing. He clapped little Eric on the shoulder. "What made him such a silly as to kill himself at all, I should say!"

"Oh, well! But his hogs had the cholera, and all up and died on him, didn't they?"

"Sure they did; but he didn't have cholera; and there were plenty of hogs left in the world, weren't there?"

"Well, but, if they weren't his, how could they do him any good?" Eric asked, in astonishment.

"Oh, scat! He could have had lots of fun with other people's hogs. He was a chump, Lou Sandberg. To kill yourself for a pig—think of that, now!" Nils laughed all the way downstairs, and quite embarrassed little Eric, who fell to scrubbing his face and hands at the tin basin. While he was parting his wet hair at the kitchen looking-glass, a heavy tread sounded on the stairs. The boy dropped his comb. "Gracious, there's Mother. We must have talked too long." He hurried out to the shed, slipped on his overalls, and disappeared with the milking-pails.

Mrs. Ericson came in, wearing a clean white apron, her black hair shining from the application of a wet brush.

"Good morning, Mother. Can't I make the fire for you?"

"No, thank you, Nils. It's no trouble to make a cob fire, and I like to manage the kitchen stove myself." Mrs. Ericson paused with a shovel full of ashes in her hand. "I expect you will be wanting to see your brothers as soon as possible. I'll take you up to Anders' place this morning. He's threshing, and most of our boys are over there."

"Will Olaf be there?"

Mrs. Ericson went on taking out the ashes, and spoke between shovels. "No; Olaf's wheat is all in, put away in his new barn. He got six thousand bushel this year. He's going to town to-day to get men to finish roofing his barn."

"So Olaf is building a new barn?" Nils asked absently.

"Biggest one in the county, and almost done. You'll likely be here for the barn-raising. He's going to have a supper and a dance as soon as everybody's done threshing. Says it keeps the voters in a good humor. I tell him that's all nonsense; but Olaf has a long head for politics."

"Does Olaf farm all Cousin Henrik's land?"
Mrs. Ericson frowned as she blew into the

faint smoke curling up about the cobs. "Yes; he holds it in trust for the children, Hilda and her brothers. He keeps strict account of everything he raises on it, and puts the proceeds out at compound interest for them."

Nils smiled as he watched the little flames shoot up. The door of the back stairs opened, and Hilda emerged, her arms behind her, buttoning up her long gingham apron as she came. He nodded to her gaily, and she twinkled at him out of her little blue eyes, set far apart over her wide cheek-bones.

"There, Hilda, you grind the coffee — and just put in an extra handful; I expect your Cousin Nils likes his strong," said Mrs. Ericson, as she went out to the shed.

Nils turned to look at the little girl, who gripped the coffee-grinder between her knees and ground so hard that her two braids bobbed and her face flushed under its broad spattering of freckles. He noticed on her middle finger something that had not been there last night, and that had evidently been put on for company: a tiny gold ring with a clumsily set garnet stone. As her hand went round and round he touched the ring with the tip of his finger, smiling.

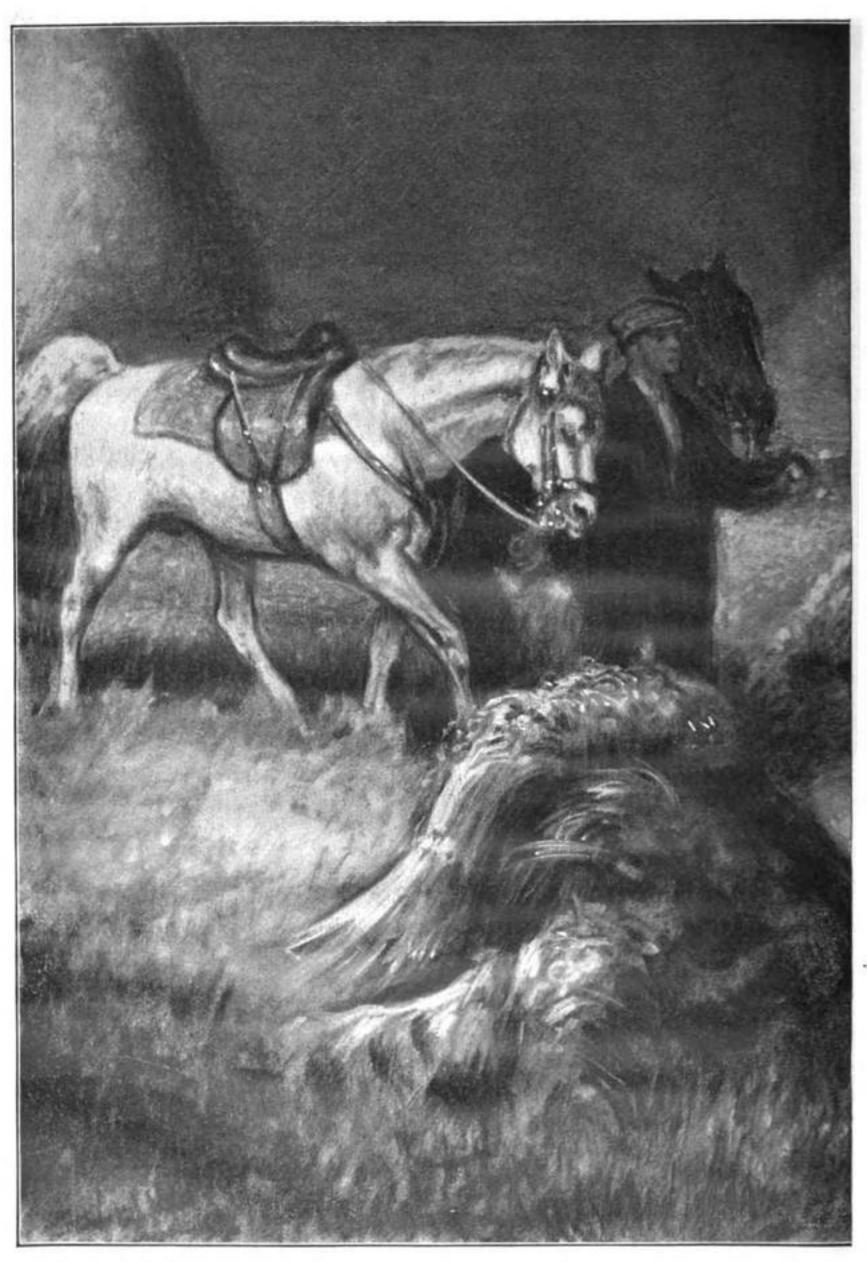
Hilda glanced toward the shed door through which Mrs. Ericson had disappeared. "My Cousin Clara gave me that," she whispered bashfully. "She's Cousin Olaf's wife."

III

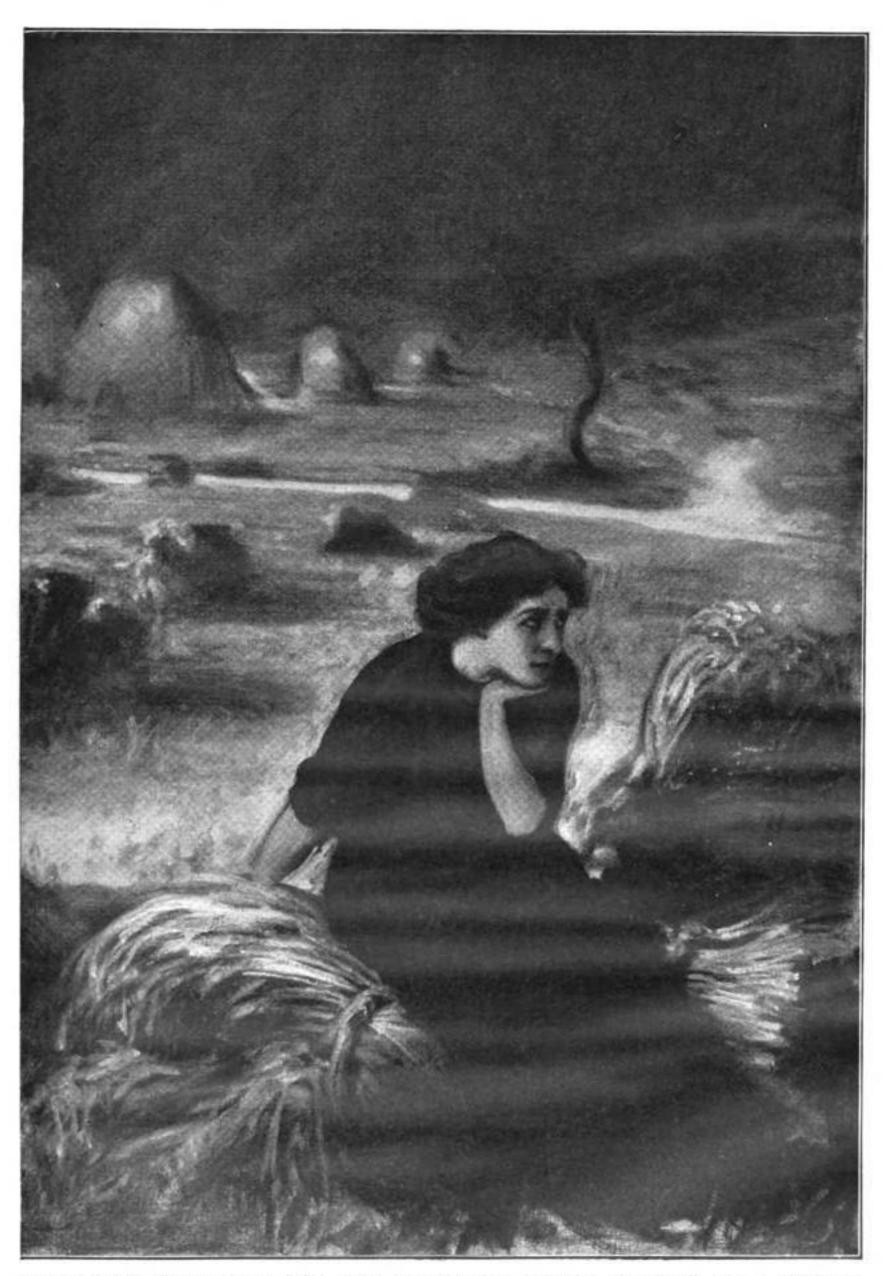
Mrs. Olaf Ericson — Clara Vavrika, as many people still called her — was moving restlessly about her big bare house that morning. Her husband had left for the county town before his wife was out of bed — her lateness in rising was one of the many things the Ericson family had against her. Clara seldom came downstairs before eight o'clock, and this morning she was even later, for she had dressed with unusual care. She put on, however, only a tight-fitting black dress, which people thereabouts thought very plain. She was a tall, dark woman of thirty, with a rather sallow complexion and a touch of dull salmon red in her cheeks, where the blood seemed to burn under her brown skin. Her hair, parted evenly above her low forehead, was so black that there were distinctly blue lights in it. Her black evebrows were delicate half-moons and her lashes were long and heavy. Her eyes slanted a little, as if she had a strain of Tartar or gypsy blood, and were sometimes full of fiery determination and sometimes dull and opaque. Her expression was never altogether amiable; was often, indeed, distinctly sullen, or, when she was animated, sarcastic. She was most attractive in profile, for then one saw to advantage her small, well-shaped head and delicate ears, and felt at once that here was a very positive, if not an altogether pleasing, personality.

The entire management of Mrs. Olaf's household devolved upon her aunt, Johanna Vavrika, a superstitious, doting woman of fifty. When Clara was a little girl her mother died, and Johanna's life had been spent in ungrudging service to her niece. Clara, like many selfwilled and discontented persons, was really very apt, without knowing it, to do as other people told her, and to let her destiny be decided for her by intelligences much below her own. It was her Aunt Johanna who had humored and spoiled her in her girlhood, who had got her off to Chicago to study piano, and who had finally persuaded her to marry Olaf Ericson as the best match she would be likely to make in that part of the country. Johanna Vavrika had been deeply scarred by smallpox in the old country. She was short and fat, homely and jolly and sentimental. She was so broad, and took such short steps when she walked, that her brother, Joe Vavrika, always called her his duck. She adored her niece because of her talent, because of her good looks and masterful ways, but most of all because of her selfishness.

Clara's marriage with Olaf Ericson was Johanna's particular triumph. She was inordinately proud of Olaf's position, and she found a sufficiently exciting career in managing Clara's house, in keeping it above the criticism of the Ericsons, in pampering Olaf to keep him from finding fault with his wife, and in concealing from every one Clara's domestic infelicities. While Clara slept of a morning, Johanna Vavrika was bustling about, seeing that Olaf and the men had their breakfast, and that the cleaning or the butter-making or the washing was properly begun by the two girls in the kitchen. Then, at about eight o'clock, she would take Clara's coffee up to her, and chat with her while she drank it, telling her what was going on in the house. Old Mrs. Ericson frequently said that her daughter-in-law would not know what day of the week it was if Johanna did not tell her every morning. Mrs. Ericson despised and pitied Johanna, but did not wholly dislike her. The one thing she hated in her daughter-in-law above everything else was the way in which Clara could come it over people. It enraged her that the affairs of her son's big, barnlike house went on as well as they did, and she used to feel that in this world we have to wait over-long to see the guilty punished. "Suppose Johanna Vavrika died or got sick?" the old lady used to say to Olaf. "Your wife wouldn't know where to look for her own dish-cloth." Olaf only shrugged his shoulders. The fact remained that



"CLARA SANK DOWN ON A SHEAF OF WHEAT. SHE DID NOT KNOW WHAT SHE WAS GOING TO DO-HER. BEHIND HER SHE HEARD THE TRAMFING OF HORSES. 'WE SHALL HAVE TO



WHETHER SHE WOULD GO OR STAY. THE GREAT SILENT COUNTRY SEEMED TO LAY A SPELL ON RIDE FAST TO CATCH THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN. A LAST GALLOP, CLARA VAVRIKA!"

Johanna did not die, and, although Mrs. Ericson often told her she was looking poorly, she was never ill. She seldom left the house, and she slept in a little room off the kitchen. No Ericson, by night or day, could come prying about there to find fault without her knowing it. Her one weakness was that she was an incurable talker, and she sometimes made trouble without meaning to.

This morning Clara was tying a wine-colored ribbon about her throat when Johanna appeared with her coffee. After putting the tray on a sewing-table, she began to make Clara's bed, chattering the while in Bohemian.

"Well, Olaf got off early, and the girls are baking. I'm going down presently to make some poppy-seed bread for Olaf. He asked for prune preserves at breakfast, and I told him I was out of them, and to bring some prunes and honey and cloves from town."

Clara poured her coffee. "Ugh! I don't see how men can eat so much sweet stuff. In the morning, too!"

Her aunt chuckled knowingly. "Bait a bear with honey, as we say in the old country."

"Was he cross?" her niece asked indifferently.

"Olaf? Oh, no! He was in fine spirits. He's
never cross if you know how to take him. I
never knew a man to make so little fuss about
bills. I gave him a list of things to get a yard
long, and he didn't say a word; just folded it up
and put it in his pocket."

"I can well believe he didn't say a word," Clara remarked with a shrug. "Some day he'll forget how to talk."

"Oh, but they say he's a grand speaker in the Legislature. He knows when to keep quiet. That's why he's got such influence in politics. The people have confidence in him." Johanna beat up a pillow and held it under her fat chin while she slipped on the case. Her niece laughed.

"Maybe we could make people believe we were wise, Aunty, if we held our tongues. Why did you tell Mrs. Ericson that Norman threw me again last Saturday and turned my foot? She's been talking to Olaf."

Johanna fell into great confusion. "Oh, but, my precious, the old lady asked for you, and she's always so angry if I can't give an excuse. Anyhow, she needn't talk; she's always tearing up something with that motor of hers."

When her aunt clattered down to the kitchen, Clara went to dust the parlor. Since there was not much there to dust, this did not take very long. Olaf had built the house new for her before their marriage, but her interest in furnishing it had been short-lived. It went, indeed, little beyond a bath-tub and her piano. They had disagreed about almost every other article

of furniture, and Clara had said she would rather have her house empty than full of things she didn't want. The house was set in a hillside, and the west windows of the parlor looked out above the kitchen yard thirty feet below. The east windows opened directly into the front yard. At one of the latter, Clara, while she was dusting, heard a low whistle. She did not turn at once, but listened intently as she drew her cloth slowly along the round of a chair. Yes, there it was:

"I dreamt that I dwelt in ma-a-arble halls,"

She turned and saw Nils Ericson laughing in the sunlight, his hat in his hand, just outside the window. As she crossed the room he leaned against the wire screen. "Aren't you at all surprised to see me, Clara Vavrika?"

"No; I was expecting to see you. Mother Ericson telephoned Olaf last night that you were here."

Nils squinted and gave a long whistle. "Telephoned? That must have been while Eric and I were out walking. Isn't she enterprising? Lift this screen, won't you?"

Clara lifted the screen, and Nils swung his leg across the window-sill. As he stepped into the room she said: "You didn't think you were going to get ahead of your mother, did you?"

He threw his hat on the piano. "Oh, I do sometimes. You see, I'm ahead of her now. I'm supposed to be in Anders' wheat-field. But, as we were leaving, Mother ran her car into a soft place beside the road and sank up to the hubs. While they were going for horses to pull her out, I cut away behind the stacks and escaped." Nils chuckled. Clara's dull eyes lit up as she looked at him admiringly.

"You've got them guessing already. I don't know what your mother said to Olaf over the telephone, but he came back looking as if he'd seen a ghost, and he didn't go to bed until a dreadful hour — ten o'clock, I should think. He sat out on the porch in the dark like a graven image. It had been one of his talkative days, too." They both laughed, easily and lightly, like people who have laughed a great deal together; but they remained standing.

"Anders and Otto and Peter looked as if they had seen ghosts, too, over in the threshing-field. What's the matter with them all?"

Clara gave him a quick, searching look. "Well, for one thing, they've always been afraid you have the other will."

Nils looked interested. "The other will?"

"Yes. A later one. They knew your father made another, but they never knew what he did with it. They almost tore the old house



"'OH, BUT YOU'RE THE REAL BOHEMIAN GIRL, CLARA VAVRIKA," NILS LAUGHED DOWN AT HER.
'THEY'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER US AS WE'RE DANCING TOGETHER TO-NIGHT "

to pieces looking for it. They always suspected that he carried on a clandestine correspondence with you, for the one thing he would do was to get his own mail himself. So they thought he might have sent the new will to you for safe-keeping. The old one, leaving everything to your mother, was made long before you went away, and it's understood among them that it cuts you out — that she will leave all the property to the others. Your father made the second will to prevent that. I've been hoping you had it. It would be such fun to spring it on them." Clara laughed mirthfully, a thing she did not often do now.

Nils shook his head reprovingly. "Come, now, you're malicious."

"No, I'm not. But I'd like something to happen to stir them all up, just for once. There never was such a family for having nothing ever happen to them but dinner and threshing. I'd almost be willing to die, just to have a funeral. You wouldn't stand it for three weeks."

Nils bent over the piano and began pecking at the keys with the finger of one hand. "I wouldn't? My dear young lady, how do you know what I can stand? You wouldn't wait to find out."

Clara flushed darkly and frowned. "I didn't believe you would ever come back—" she said defiantly.

"Eric believed I would, and he was only a baby when I went away. However, all's well that ends well, and I haven't come back to be a skeleton at the feast. We mustn't quarrel. Mother will be here with a search-warrant pretty soon." He swung round and faced her, thrusting his hands into his coat pockets. "Come, you ought to be glad to see me, if you want something to happen. I'm something, even without a will. We can have a little fun, can't we? I think we can!"

She echoed him, "I think we can!" They both laughed and their eyes sparkled. Clara Vavrika looked ten years younger than when she had put the velvet ribbon about her throat that morning.

"You know, I'm so tickled to see mother,"
Nils went on. "I didn't know I was so proud
of her. A regular pile-driver. How about little
pigtails, down at the house? Is Olaf doing the
square thing by those children?"

Clara frowned pensively. "Olaf has to do something that looks like the square thing, now that he's a public man!" She glanced drolly at Nils. "But he makes a good commission out of it. On Sundays they all get together here and figure. He lets Peter and Anders put in big bills for the keep of the two boys, and he pays them out of the estate. They are always having what

they call accountings. Olaf gets something out of it, too. I don't know just how they do it, but it's entirely a family matter, as they say. And when the Ericsons say that—" Clara lifted her eyebrows.

Just then the angry bonk-bonk of an approaching motor sounded from down the road. Their eyes met and they began to laugh. They laughed as children do when they can not contain themselves, and can not explain the cause of their mirth to grown people, but share it perfectly together. When Clara Vavrika sat down at the piano after he was gone, she felt that she had laughed away a dozen years. She practised as if the house were burning over her head.

When Nils greeted his mother and climbed into the front seat of the motor beside her, Mrs. Ericson looked grim, but she made no comment upon his truancy until she had turned her car and was retracing her revolutions along the road that ran by Olaf's big pasture. Then she remarked dryly:

"If I were you I wouldn't see too much of Olaf's wife while you are here. She's the kind of woman who can't see much of men without getting herself talked about. She was a good deal talked about before he married her."

"Hasn't Olaf tamed her?" Nils asked indifferently.

Mrs. Ericson shrugged her massive shoulders. "Olaf don't seem to have much luck, when it comes to wives. The first one was meek enough, but she was always ailing. And this one has her own way. He says if he quarreled with her she'd go back to her father, and then he'd lose the Bohemian vote. There are a great many Bokunks in this district. But when you find a man under his wife's thumb you can always be sure there's a soft spot in him somewhere."

Nils thought of his own father, and smiled. "She brought him a good deal of money, didn't she, besides the Bohemian vote?"

Mrs. Ericson sniffed. "Well, she has a fair half section in her own name, but I can't see as that does Olaf much good. She will have a good deal of property some day, if old Vavrika don't marry again. But I don't consider a saloonkeeper's money as good as other people's money."

Nils laughed outright. "Come, Mother, don't let your prejudices carry you that far. Money's money. Old Vavrika's a mighty decent sort of saloonkeeper. Nothing rowdy about him."

Mrs. Ericson spoke up angrily: "Oh, I know you always stood up for them! But hanging around there when you were a boy never did you any good, Nils, nor any of the other boys who went there. There weren't so many after her when she married Olaf, let me tell you. She knew enough to grab her chance."

Nils settled back in his seat. "Of course I liked to go there, Mother, and you were always cross about it. You never took the trouble to find out that it was the one jolly house in this country for a boy to go to. All the rest of you were working yourselves to death, and the houses were mostly a mess, full of babies and washing and flies. Oh, it was all right — I understand that; but you are young only once, and I happened to be young then. Now, Vavrika's was always jolly. He played the violin, and I used to take my flute, and Clara played the piano, and Johanna used to sing Bohemian songs. She always had a big supper for us herrings and pickles and poppy-seed bread, and lots of cake and preserves. Old Joe had been in the army in the old country, and he could tell lots of good stories. I can see him cutting bread, at the head of the table, now. I don't know what I'd have done when I was a kid if it hadn't been for the Vavrikas, really."

"And all the time he was taking money that other people had worked hard in the fields for," Mrs. Ericson observed.

"So do the circuses, Mother, and they're a good thing. People ought to get fun for some of their money. Even father liked old Joe."

"Your father," Mrs. Ericson said grimly, "liked everybody."

As they crossed the sand creek and turned into her own place, Mrs. Ericson observed, "There's Olaf's buggy. He's stopped on his way from town." Nils shook himself and prepared to greet his brother, who was waiting on the porch.

Olaf was a oig, heavy Norwegian, slow of speech and movement. His head was large and square, like a block of wood. When Nils, at a distance, tried to remember what his brother looked like, he could recall only his heavy head, high forehead, large nostrils, and pale-blue eyes, set far apart. Olaf's features were rudimentary: the thing one noticed was the face itself, wide and flat and pale, devoid of any expression, betraying his fifty years as little as it betrayed anything else, and powerful by reason of its very tricks," he thought, "Hits from behind you stolidness. When Olaf shook hands with Nils he looked at him from under his light eyebrows, but Nils felt that no one could ever say what that pale look might mean. The one thing he had always felt in Olaf was a heavy stubbornness, like the unyielding stickiness of wet loam against the plow. He had always found Olaf the most difficult of his brothers.

us long?"

"Oh, I may stay forever," Nils answered "I like this country better than I gaily. used to."

"There's been some work put into it since you left," Olaf remarked.

"Exactly. I think it's about ready to live in now—and I'm about ready to settle down." Nils saw his brother lower his big head. ("Exactly like a bull," he thought.) "Mother's been persuading me to slow down now, and go in for farming," he went on lightly.

Olaf made a deep sound in his throat. "Farming ain't learned in a day," he brought out, still looking at the ground.

"Oh, I know! But I pick things up quickly." Nils had not meant to antagonize his brother, and he did not know now why he was doing it. "Of course," he went on, "I shouldn't expect to make a big success, as you fellows have done. But then, I'm not ambitious. I won't want much. A little land, and some cattle, maybe."

Olaf still stared at the ground, his head down. He wanted to ask Nils what he had been doing all these years, that he didn't have a business somewhere he couldn't afford to leave; why he hadn't more pride than to come back with only a little sole-leather trunk to show for himself, and to present himself as the only failure in the family. He did not ask one of these questions, but he made them all felt distinctly.

"Humph!" Nils thought. "No wonder the man never talks, when he can butt his ideas into you like that without ever saying a word. I suppose he uses that kind of smokeless powder on his wife all the time. But I guess she has her innings." He chuckled, and Olaf looked up. "Never mind me, Olaf. I laugh without knowing why, like little Eric. He's another cheerful dog."

'Eric," said Olaf slowly, "is a spoiled kid. He's just let his mother's best cow go dry because he don't milk her right. I was hoping you'd take him away somewhere and put him into business. If he don't do any good among strangers, he never will." This was a long speech for Olaf, and as he finished it he climbed into his buggy.

"Same old Nils shrugged his shoulders. every time. What a whale of a man!" He turned and went round to the kitchen, where his mother was scolding little Eric for letting the gasoline get low.

IV

Joe Vavrika's saloon was not in the county-"How do you do, Nils? Expect to stay with seat, where Olaf and Mrs. Ericson did their trading, but in a cheerfuller place, a little Bohethe county, ten level miles north of Olaf's farm. Clara rode up to see her father almost every day. Vavrika's house was, so to speak, in the back yard of his saloon. The garden between the two buildings was inclosed by a high board fence as tight as a partition, and in summer Joe kept beer-tables and wooden benches among the gooseberry bushes under his little cherry tree. At one of these tables Nils Ericson was seated in the late afternoon, three days after his return home. Joe had gone in to serve a customer, and Nils was lounging on his elbows, looking rather mournfully into his half-emptied pitcher, when he heard a laugh across the little garden. Clara, in her riding-habit, was standing at the back door of the house, under the grapevine trellis that old Joe had grown there long ago. Nils rose.

"Come out and keep your father and me company. We've been gossiping all afternoon. Nobody to bother us but the flies."

She shook her head. "No, I never come out here any more. Olaf doesn't like it. I must live up to my position, you know."

"You mean to tell me you never come out and chat with the boys, as you used to? He bas tamed you! Who keeps up these flower-beds?"

"I come out on Sundays, when father is alone, and read the Bohemian papers to him. But I am never here when the bar is open. What have you two been doing?"

"Talking, as I told you. I've been telling him about my travels. I find I can't talk much at home, not even to Eric."

Clara reached up and poked with her ridingwhip at a white moth that was fluttering in the sunlight among the vine leaves. "I suppose you will never tell me about all those things."

"Where can I tell them? Not in Olaf's house, certainly. What's the matter with our talking here?" He pointed persuasively with his hat to the bushes and the green table, where the flies were singing lazily above the empty beer-glasses.

Clara shook her head weakly. "No, it wouldn't do. Besides, I am going now."

"I'm on Eric's mare. Would you be angry if I overtook you?"

Clara looked back and laughed. "You might try and see. I can leave you if I don't want you. Eric's mare can't keep up with Norman."

Nils went into the bar and attempted to pay his score. Big Joe, six feet four, with curly yellow hair and mustache, clapped him on the shoulder. "Not a God-damn a your money go in my drawer, you hear? Only next time you bring your flute, te-te-te-te-te-ty." Joe wagged his fingers in imitation of the flute-player's posi-

mian settlement which lay at the other end of the county, ten level miles north of Olaf's farm. Clara rode up to see her father almost every day. Vavrika's house was, so to speak, in the back yard of his saloon. The garden between the two buildings was inclosed by a high board fence as tight as a partition, and in summer Joe kept beer-tables and wooden benches among the gooseberry bushes under his little cherry learned much. "My Clara, she come all-a-time Sunday's an' play for me. She not like to play at Ericson's place." He shook his yellow curls and laughed. "Not a God-damn a fun at Ericson's. You come a Sunday. You like-a fun. No forget de flute." Joe talked very rapidly and always tumbled over his English. He seldom spoke it to his customers, and had never learned much.

Nils swung himself into the saddle and trotted to the west end of the village, where the houses and gardens scattered into prairie-land and the road turned south. Far ahead of him, in the declining light, he saw Clara Vavrika's slender figure, loitering on horseback. He touched his mare with the whip, and shot along the white, level road, under the reddening sky. When he overtook Olaf's wife he saw that she had been crying. "What's the matter, Clara Vavrika?" he asked kindly.

"Oh, I get blue sometimes. It was awfully jolly living there with father. I wonder why I ever went away."

Nils spoke in a low, kind tone that he sometimes used with women: "That's what I've been wondering these many years. You were the last girl in the country I'd have picked for a wife for Olaf. What made you do it, Clara?"

"I suppose I really did it to oblige the neighbors"—Clara tossed her head. "People were beginning to wonder."

"To wonder?"

"Yes—why I didn't get married. I suppose I didn't like to keep them in suspense. I've discovered that most girls marry out of consideration for the neighborhood."

Nils bent his head toward her and his white teeth flashed. "I'd have gambled that one girl I knew would say, 'Let the neighborhood be damned."

Clara shook her head mournfully. "You see, they have it on you, Nils; that is, if you're a woman. They say you're beginning to go off. That's what makes us get married: we can't stand the laugh."

Nils looked sidewise at her. He had never seen her head droop before. Resignation was the last thing he would have expected of her. "In your case, there wasn't something else?"

"Something else?"

"I mean, you didn't do it to spite somebody? Somebody who didn't come back?"

Clara drew herself up. "Oh, I never thought you'd come back. Not after I stopped writing to you, at least. That was all over, long before I married Olaf."

"It never occurred to you, then, that the meanest thing you could do to me was to marry Olaf?" were so fond of Olaf."

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Nils smoothed his horse's mane with his "You know, Clara Vavrika, you are never going to stick it out. You'll cut away some day, and I've been thinking you might as well cut away with me."

Clara threw up her chin. "Oh, you don't know me as well as you think. I won't cut away. Sometimes, when I'm with father, I feel like it. But I can hold out as long as the Ericsons can. They've never got the best of me yet, and one can live, so long as one isn't beaten. If I go back to father, it's all up with Olaf in politics. He knows that, and he never goes much beyond sulking. I've as much wit as the Ericsons. I'll never leave them unless I can show them a thing or two."

"You mean unless you can come it over them?"

"Yes - unless I go away with a man who is cleverer than they are, and who has more money."

Nils whistled. "Dear me, you are demanding a good deal. The Ericsons, take the lot of them, are a bunch to beat. But I should think the excitement of tormenting them would have worn off by this time."

"It has, I'm afraid," Clara admitted mournfully.

"Then why don't you cut away? There are more amusing games than this in the world. When I came home I thought it might amuse me to bully a few quarter sections out of the Ericsons; but I've almost decided I can get more fun for my money somewhere else."

Clara took in her breath sharply. "Ah, you have got the other will! That was why you came home!"

"No, it wasn't. I came home to see how you were getting on with Olaf."

Clara struck her horse with the whip, and in a bound she was far ahead of him. Nils dropped one word, "Damn!" and whipped after her; but she leaned forward in her saddle and fairly cut the wind. Her long riding-skirt rippled in the still air behind her. The sun was just sinking behind the stubble in a vast, clear sky, and the shadows drew across the fields so rapidly that Nils could scarcely keep in sight the dark figure on the road. When he overtook her he caught her horse by the bridle. Norman reared, and Nils was frightened for her; but Clara kept her seat.

"Let me go, Nils Ericson!" she cried. "I hate you more than any of them. You were created to torture me, the whole tribe of you to make me suffer in every possible way."

She struck her horse again and galloped away from him. Nils set his teeth and looked thought-

Clara laughed. "No; I didn't know you ful. He rode slowly home along the deserted road, watching the stars come out in the clear violet sky. They flashed softly into the limpid heavens, like jewels let fall into clear water. They were a reproach, he felt, to a sordid world. As he turned across the sand creek, he looked up at the North Star and smiled, as if there were an understanding between them. His mother scolded him for being late for supper.

v

On Sunday afternoon Joe Vavrika, in his shirt-sleeves and carpet-slippers, was sitting in his garden, smoking a long-tasseled porcelain pipe with a hunting scene painted on the bowl. Clara sat under the cherry tree, reading aloud to him from the weekly Bohemian papers. She had worn a white muslin dress under her ridinghabit, and the leaves of the cherry tree threw a pattern of sharp shadows over her skirt. The black cat was dozing in the sunlight at her feet, and Joe's dachshund was scratching a hole under the scarlet geraniums and dreaming of badgers. Joe was filling his pipe for the third time since dinner, when he heard a knocking on the fence. He broke into a loud guffaw and unlatched the little door that led into the street. He did not call Nils by name, but caught him by the hand and dragged him in. Clara stiffened and the color deepened under her dark skin. Nils, too, felt a little awkward. He had not seen her since the night when she rode away from him and left him alone on the level road between the fields. Joe dragged him to the wooden bench beside the green table.

"You bring de flute," he cried, tapping the leather case under Nils' arm. "Ah, das-a good! Now we have some liddle fun like old times. I got somet'ing good for you." Joe shook his finger at Nils and winked his blue eye, a bright clear eye, full of fire, though the tiny bloodvessels on the ball were always a little distended. "I got somet'ing for you from"—he paused and waved his hand - "Hongarie. You know Hongarie? You wait!" He pushed Nils down on the bench, and went through the back door of his saloon.

Nils looked at Clara, who sat frigidly with her white skirts drawn tight about her. "He didn't tell you he had asked me to come, did he? He wanted a party and proceeded to arrange it. Isn't he fun? Don't be cross; let's give him a good time."

Clara smiled and shook out her skirt. "Isn't that like father? And he has sat here so meekly all day. Well, I won't pout. I'm glad you came. He doesn't have very many good times now any more. There are so few

a tame lot."

Joe came back with a flask in one hand and three wine-glasses caught by the stems between the fingers of the other. These he placed on the table with an air of ceremony, and, going behind Nils, held the flask between him and the sun, squinting into it admiringly. "You know dis, Tokai? A great friend of mine, he bring dis to me, a present out of Hongarie. You know how much it cost, dis wine? Chust so much what it weigh in gold. Nobody but de nobles drink him in Bohemie. Many, many years I save him up, dis Tokai." Joe whipped out his official corkscrew and delicately removed the cork. "De old man die what bring him to me, an' dis wine he lay on his belly in my cellar an' sleep. An' now," carefully pouring out the heavy yellow wine, "an' now he wake up; and maybe he wake us up, too!" He carried one of the glasses to his daughter and presented it with great gallantry.

Clara shook her head, but, seeing her father's disappointment, relented. "You taste it first. I don't want so much."

Joe sampled it with a beatific expression, and turned to Nils. "You drink him slow, dis wine. He very soft, but he go down hot. You see!"

After a second glass Nils declared that he couldn't take any more without getting sleepy. "Now get your fiddle, Vavrika," he said as he opened his flute-case.

But Joe settled back in his wooden rocker and wagged his big carpet-slipper. "No-no-no-nono-no-no! No play fiddle now any more: too much ache in de finger," waving them, "all-atime rheumatiz. You play de flute, te-tety-tetety-te. Bohemie songs."

"I've forgotten all the Bohemian songs I used to play with you and Johanna. But here's one that will make Clara pout. You remember how her eyes used to snap when we called her the Bohemian Girl?" Nils lifted his flute and began "When Other Lips and Other Hearts," and Joe hummed the air in a husky baritone, waving his carpet-slipper. "Oh-h-h, das-a fine music," he cried, clapping his hands as Nils finished. "Now 'Marble Halls, Marble Halls'! Clara, you sing him."

Clara smiled and leaned back in her chair, beginning softly:

"I dreamt that I dwelt in ma-a-arble balls, With vassals and serfs at my knee,"

and Joe hummed like a big bumble-bee.

"There's one more you always played," Clara said quietly; "I remember that best." She locked her hands over her knee and began

of his kind left. The second generation are "The Heart Bowed Down," and sang it through without groping for the words. She was singing with a good deal of warmth when she came to the end of the old song:

> "For memory is the only friend That grief can call its own."

Joe flashed out his red silk handkerchief and blew his nose, shaking his head. "No-no-no-nono-no-no! Too sad, too sad! I not like-a dat. Play quick somet'ing gay now."

Nils put his lips to the instrument, and Joe lay back in his chair, laughing and singing, "Oh, Evelina, Sweet Evelina!" Clara laughed, too. Long ago, when she and Nils went to high school, the model student of their class was a very homely girl in thick spectacles. Her name was Evelina Oleson; she had a long, swinging walk which somehow suggested the measure of that song, and they used mercilessly to sing it at her.

"Dat ugly Oleson girl, she teach in de school," Joe gasped, "an' she still walk chust like dat, yup-a, yup-a, yup-a, chust like a camel she go! Now, Nils, we have some more li'l drink. Oh, yes-yes-yes-yes-yes-yes! Dis time you haf to drink, and Clara she haf to, so she show she not jealous. So, we all drink to your girl. You not tell her name, eh? No-no-no, I no make you tell. She pretty, eh? She make good sweetheart? I bet!" Joe winked and lifted his glass. "How soon you get married?"

Nils screwed up his eyes. "That I don't know. When she says."

Joe threw out his chest. "Das-a way boys No way for mans. Mans say, 'You come to de church, an' get a hurry on vou.' Das-a way mans talks."

"Maybe Nils hasn't got enough to keep a wife," put in Clara ironically. "How about that, Nils?" she asked him frankly, as if she wanted to know.

Nils looked at her coolly, raising one eyebrow. "Oh, I can keep her, all right."

"The way she wants to be kept?"

"With my wife, I'll decide that," replied Nils calmly. "I'll give her what's good for her."

Clara made a wry face. "You'll give her the strap, I expect, like old Peter Oleson gave his wife.'

"When she needs it," said Nils lazily, locking his hands behind his head and squinting up through the leaves of the cherry tree. "Do you remember the time I squeezed the cherries all over your clean dress, and Aunt Johanna boxed my ears for me? My gracious, weren't you mad! You had both hands full of cherries, and I squeezed 'em and made the juice fly all over

you. I liked to have fun with you; you'd get the middle of each table was a big yellow pump-so mad."

"We did have fun, didn't we? None of the other kids ever had so much fun. We knew how to play."

Nils dropped his elbows on the table and looked steadily across at her. "I've played with lots of girls since, but I haven't found one who was such good fun."

Clara laughed. The late afternoon sun was shining full in her face, and deep in the back of her eyes there shone something fiery, like the yellow drops of Tokai in the brown glass bottle. "Can you still play, or are you only pretending?"

"I can play better than I used to, and harder."

"Don't you ever work, then?" She had not intended to say it. It slipped out because she was confused enough to say just the wrong thing.

"I work between times." Nils' steady gaze still beat upon her. "Don't you worry about my working, Mrs. Ericson. You're getting like all the rest of them." He reached his brown, warm hand across the table and dropped it on Clara's, which was cold as an icicle. "Last call for play, Mrs. Ericson!" Clara shivered, and suddenly her hands and cheeks grew warm. Her fingers lingered in his a moment, and they looked at each other earnestly. Joe Vavrika had put the mouth of the bottle to his lips and was swallowing the last drops of the Tokai, standing. The sun, just about to sink behind his shop, glistened on the bright glass, on his flushed face and curly yellow hair. "Look," Clara whispered; "that's the way I want to grow old."

VI

On the day of Olaf Ericson's barn-raising, his wife, for once in a way, rose early. Johanna Vavrika had been baking cakes and frying and boiling and spicing meats for a week beforehand, but it was not until the day before the party was to take place that Clara showed any interest in it. Then she was seized with one of her fitful spasms of energy, and took the wagon and little Eric and spent the day on Plum Creek, gathering vines and swamp goldenrod to decorate the barn.

By four o'clock in the afternoon buggies and wagons began to arrive at the big unpainted building in front of Olaf's house. When Nils and his mother came at five, there were more than fifty people in the barn, and a great drove of children. On the ground floor stood six long tables, set with the crockery of seven flourishing Ericson families, lent for the occasion. In

kin, hollowed out and filled with woodbine. In one corner of the barn, behind a pile of greenand-white-striped watermelons, was a circle of chairs for the old people; the younger guests sat on bushel measures or barbed-wire spools. and the children tumbled about in the haymow. The box-stalls Clara had converted into booths. The framework was hidden by goldenrod and sheaves of wheat, and the partitions were covered with wild grapevines full of fruit. At one of these Johanna Vavrika watched over her cooked meats, enough to provision an army; and at the next her kitchen girls had ranged the ice-cream freezers, and Clara was already cutting pies and cakes against the hour of serving. At the third stall, little Hilda, in a bright pink lawn dress, dispensed lemonade throughout the afternoon. Olaf, as a public man, had thought it inadvisable to serve beer in his barn; but Joe Vavrika had come over with two demijohns concealed in his buggy, and after his arrival the wagon-shed was much frequented by

"Hasn't Cousin Clara fixed things lovely?" little Hilda whispered, when Nils went up to her stall and asked for lemonade.

Nils leaned against the booth, talking to the excited little girl and watching the people. The barn faced the west, and the sun, pouring in at the big doors, filled the whole interior with a golden light, through which filtered fine particles of dust from the haymow, where the children were romping. There was a great chattering from the stall where Johanna Vavrika exhibited to the admiring women her platters heaped with fried chicken, her roasts of beef, boiled tongues, and baked hams with cloves stuck in the crisp brown fat and garnished with tansy and parsley. The older women, having assured themselves that there were twenty kinds of cake, not counting cookies, and three dozen fat pies, repaired to the corner behind the pile of watermelons, put on their white aprons, and fell to their knitting and fancy-work. They were a fine company of old women, and a Dutch painter would have loved to find them there together, where the sun made bright patches on the floor and sent long, quivering shafts of gold through the dusky shade up among the rafters. There were fat, rosy old women who looked hot in their best black dresses; spare, alert old women with brown, dark-veined hands; and several of almost heroic frame, not less massive than old Mrs. Ericson herself. Few of them wore glasses, and old Mrs. Svendsen, a Danish woman, who was quite bald, wore the only cap among them. Mrs. Oleson, who had twelve big grandchildren, could still show two braids of

yellow hair as thick as her own wrists. Among all these grandmothers there were more brown heads than white. They all had a pleased, prosperous air, as if they were more than satisfied with themselves and with life. Nils, leaning against Hilda's lemonade-stand, watched them as they sat chattering in four languages, their fingers never lagging behind their tongues.

"Look at them over there," he whispered, detaining Clara as she passed him. "Aren't they the Old Guard? I've just counted thirty hands. I guess they've wrung many a chicken's neck and warmed many a boy's jacket for him in

their time."

In reality he fell into amazement when he thought of the Herculean labors those fifteen pairs of hands had performed: of the cows they had milked, the butter they had made, the gardens they had planted, the children and grandchildren they had tended, the brooms they had worn out, the mountains of food they had cooked. It made him dizzy. Clara Vavrika smiled a hard, enigmatical smile at him and walked rapidly away. Nils' eyes followed her white figure as she went toward the house. He watched her walking alone in the sunlight, looked at her slender, defiant shoulders and her little hard-set head with its coils of blue-black hair. "No," he reflected; "she'd never be like them, not if she lived here a hundred years. She'd only grow more bitter. You can't tame a wild thing; you can only chain it. People aren't all alike. I mustn't lose my nerve." He gave Hilda's pigtail a parting tweak and set out after "Where to?" he asked, as he came upon her in the kitchen.

"I'm going to the cellar for preserves."

"Let me go with you. I never get a moment alone with you. Why do you keep out of my way?"

Clara laughed. "I don't usually get in anybody's way."

Nils followed her down the stairs and to the far corner of the cellar, where a basement window let in a stream of light. From a swinging shelf Clara selected several glass jars, each labeled in Johanna's careful hand. Nils took up a brown flask. "What's this? It looks good."

"It is. It's some French brandy father gave me when I was married. Would you like some? Have you a corkscrew? I'll get glasses."

When she brought them, Nils took them from her and put them down on the window-sill. "Clara Vavrika, do you remember how crazy I used to be about you?"

Clara shrugged her shoulders." "Boys are always crazy about somebody or other. I dare say some silly has been crazy about Evelina Oleson. You got over it in a hurry." "Because I didn't come back, you mean? I had to get on, you know, and it was hard sledding at first. Then I heard you'd married Olaf."

"And then you stayed away from a broken

heart," Clara laughed.

"And then I began to think about you more than I had since I first went away. I began to wonder if you were really as you had seemed to me when I was a boy. I thought I'd like to see. I've had lots of girls, but no one ever pulled me the same way. The more I thought about you, the more I remembered how it used to be like hearing a wild tune you can't resist, calling you out at night. It had been a long while since anything had pulled me out of my boots, and I wondered whether anything ever could again." Nils thrust his hands into his coat pockets and squared his shoulders, as his mother sometimes squared hers, as Olaf, in a clumsier manner, squared his. "So I thought I'd come back and see. Of course the family have tried to do me, and I rather thought I'd bring out father's will and make a fuss. But they can have their old land; they've put enough sweat into it." He took the flask and filled the two glasses carefully to the brim. "I've found out what I want from the Ericsons. Drink skoal, Clara." He lifted his glass, and Clara took hers with downcast eyes. "Look at me, Clara Vavrika. Skoal!"

She raised her burning eyes and answered

fiercely: "Skoal!"

The barn supper began at six o'clock and lasted for two hilarious hours. Yense Nelson had made a wager that he could eat two whole fried chickens, and he did. Eli Swanson stowed away two whole custard pies, and Nick Hermanson ate a chocolate layer cake to the last crumb. There was even a cooky contest among the children, and one thin, slablike Bohemian boy consumed sixteen and won the prize, a gingerbread pig which Johanna Vavrika had carefully decorated with red candies and burnt sugar. Fritz Sweiheart, the German carpenter, won in the pickle contest, but he disappeared soon after supper and was not seen for the rest of the evening. Joe Vavrika said that Fritz could have managed the pickles all right, but he had sampled the demijohn in his buggy too often before sitting down to the table.

While the supper was being cleared away the two fiddlers began to tune up for the dance. Clara was to accompany them on her old upright piano, which had been brought down from her father's. By this time Nils had renewed old acquaintances. Since his interview with Clara in the cellar, he had been busy telling all the old women how young they looked, and all the young ones how pretty they were, and assuring

the men that they had here the best farm-land in the world. He had made himself so agreeable that old Mrs. Ericson's friends began to come up to her and tell how lucky she was to get her smart son back again, and please to get him to play his flute. Joe Vavrika, who could still play very well when he forgot that he had rheumatism, caught up a fiddle from Johnny Oleson and played a crazy Bohemian dance tune that set the wheels going. When he dropped the bow every one was ready to dance.

Olaf, in a frock-coat and a solemn made-up necktie, led the grand march with his mother. Clara had kept well out of that by sticking to the piano. She played the march with a pompous solemnity which greatly amused the prodigal son, who went over and stood behind her.

"Oh, aren't you rubbing it into them, Clara Vavrika? And aren't you lucky to have me here, or all your wit would be thrown away."

"I'm used to being witty for myself. It saves my life."

The fiddles struck up a polka, and Nils convulsed Joe Vavrika by leading out Evelina Oleson, the homely school-teacher. His next partner was a very fat Swedish girl, who, although she was an heiress, had not been asked for the first dance, but had stood against the wall in her tight, high-heeled shoes, nervously fingering a lace handkerchief. She was soon out of breath, so Nils led her, pleased and panting, to her seat, and went over to the piano, from which Clara had been watching his gallantry. "Ask Olena Yenson," she whispered. "She waltzes beautifully."

Olena, too, was rather inconveniently plump, handsome in a smooth, heavy way, with a fine color and good-natured, sleepy eyes. She was redolent of violet sachet powder, and had warm, soft, white hands, but she danced divinely, moving as smoothly as the tide coming "There, that's something like," Nils said as he released her. "You'll give me the next waltz, won't you? Now I must go and dance with my little cousin."

Hilda was greatly excited when Nils went up to her stall and held out his arm. Her little eyes sparkled, but she declared that she could not leave her lemonade. Old Mrs. Ericson, ' who happened along at this moment, said she would attend to that, and Hilda came out, as pink as her pink dress. The dance was a schottische, and in a moment her yellow braids were fairly standing on end. "Bravo!" Nils cried encouragingly. "Where did you learn to dance so nicely?"

panted.

Nils found Eric sitting with a group of boys

who were too awkward or too shy to dance, and told him that he must dance the next waltz with Hilda.

The boy screwed up his shoulders. "Aw, Nils, I can't dance. My feet are too big; I look silly."

"Don't be thinking about yourself. doesn't matter how boys look."

Nils had never spoken to him so sharply before, and Eric made haste to scramble out of his corner and brush the straw from his coat.

Clara nodded approvingly. "Good for you, Nils. I've been trying to get hold of him. They dance very nicely together; I sometimes play for them."

"I'm obliged to you for teaching him. There's no reason why he should grow up to be a lout."

"He'll never be that. He's more like you than any of them. Only he hasn't your courage." From her slanting eyes Clara shot forth one of those keen glances, admiring and at the same time challenging, which she seldom bestowed on any one, and which seemed to say, "Yes, I admire you, but I am your equal."

Clara was proving a much better host than Olaf, who, once the supper was over, seemed to feel no interest in anything but the lanterns. He had brought a locomotive headlight from town to light the revels, and he kept skulking about it as if he feared the mere light from it might set his new barn on fire. His wife, on the contrary, was cordial to every one, was animated and even gay. The deep salmon color in her cheeks burned vividly, and her eyes were full of life. She gave the piano over to the fat Swedish heiress, pulled her father away from the corner where he sat gossiping with his cronies, and made him dance a Bohemian dance with her. In his youth Joe had been a famous dancer, and his daughter got him so limbered up that every one sat round and applauded them. The old ladies were particularly delighted, and made them go through the dance again. From their corner where they watched and commented, the old women kept time with their feet and hands, and whenever the fiddles struck up a new air old Mrs. Svendsen's white cap would begin to bob.

Clara was waltzing with little Eric when Nils came up to them, brushed his brother aside, and swung her out among the dancers. "Remember how we used to waltz on rollers at the old skating-rink in town? I suppose people don't do that any more. We used to keep it up for hours. You know, we never did moon around as other boys and girls did. It was dead serious with us from the beginning. When we were most in love with each other, we used to "My Cousin Clara taught me," the little girl fight. You were always pinching people; your fingers were like little nippers. A regular snapping-turtle, you were. Lord, how you'd like Stockholm! Sit out in the streets in front of cafés and talk all night in summer. Just like a reception — officers and ladies and funny English people. Jolliest people in the world, the Swedes, once you get them going. Always drinking things — champagne and stout mixed, half-and-half; serve it out of big pitchers, and serve plenty. Slow pulse, you know; they can stand a lot. Once they light up, they're glowworms, I can tell you."

"All the same, you don't really like gay people."

"I don't?"

"No; I could see that when you were looking at the old women there this afternoon. They're the kind you really admire, after all; women like your mother. And that's the kind you'll marry."

"Is it, Miss Wisdom? You'll see who I'll marry, and she won't have a domestic virtue to bless herself with. She'll be a snapping-turtle, and she'll be a match for me. All the same, they're a fine bunch of old dames over there. You admire them yourself."

"No, I don't; I detest them."

"You won't, when you look back on them from Stockholm or Budapesth. Freedom settles all that. Oh, but you're the real Bohemian Girl, Clara Vavrika!" Nils laughed down at her sullen frown and began mockingly to sing:

"Ob, bow could a poor gypsy maiden like me Expect the proud bride of a baron to be?"

Clara clutched his shoulder. "Hush, Nils; every one is looking at you."

"I don't care. They can't gossip. It's all in the family, as the Ericsons say when they divide up little Hilda's patrimony amongst them. Besides, we'll give them something to talk about when we hit the trail. Lord, it will be a godsend to them! They haven't had anything so interesting to chatter about since the grasshopper year. It'll give them a new lease of life. And Olaf won't lose the Bohemian vote, either. They'll have the laugh on him so that they'll vote two apiece. They'll send him to Congress. They'll never forget his barn party, or us. They'll always remember us as we're dancing together now. We're making a legend. Where's my waltz, boys?" he called as they whirled past the fiddlers.

The musicians grinned, looked at each other, hesitated, and began a new air; and Nils sang with them, as the couples fell from a quick waltz to a long, slow glide:

"When other lips and other hearts
Their tale of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The power they feel so well,"

The old women applauded vigorously. "What a gay one he is, that Nils!" And old Mrs. Svendsen's cap lurched dreamily from side to side to the flowing measure of the dance.

"Of days that have as ha-a-p-py been, And you'll remember me."

VII

The moonlight flooded that great, silent land. The reaped fields lay yellow in it. The straw stacks and poplar windbreaks threw sharp black shadows. The roads were white rivers of dust. The sky was a deep, crystalline blue, and the stars were few and faint. Everything seemed to have succumbed, to have sunk to sleep, under the great, golden, tender; midsummer moon. The splendor of it seemed to transcend human life and human fate. The senses were too feeble to take it in, and every time one looked up at the sky one felt unequal to it, as if one were sitting deaf under the waves of a great river of melody. Near the road, Nils Ericson was lying against a straw stack in Olaf's wheat-field. His own life seemed strange and unfamiliar to him, as if it were something he had read about, or dreamed, and forgotten. He lay very still, watching the white road that ran in front of him, lost itself among the fields, and then, at a distance, reappeared over a little hill. At last, against this white band he saw something moving rapidly, and he got up and walked to the edge of the field. "She is passing the row of poplars now," he thought. He heard the padded beat of hoofs along the dusty road, and as she came into sight he stepped out and waved his arms. Then, for fear of frightening the horse, he drew back and waited. Clara had seen him, and she came up at a walk. Nils took the horse by the bit and stroked his neck.

"What are you doing out so late, Clara Vavrika? I went to the house, but Johanna told me you had gone to your father's."

"Who can stay in the house on a night like this? Aren't you out yourself?"

"Ah, but that's another matter."

Nils turned the horse into the field.

"What are you doing? Where are you taking Norman?"

"Not far, but I want to talk to you to-night; I have something to say to you. I can't talk to you at the house, with Olaf sitting there on the porch, weighing a thousand tons."

Clara laughed. "He won't be sitting there now. He's in bed by this time, and asleep — weighing a thousand tons."

Nils plodded on across the stubble. "Are you really going to spend the rest of your life like this, night after night, summer after summer? Haven't you anything better to do on a night like this than to wear yourself and Norman out tearing across the country to your father's and back? Besides, your father won't live forever, you know. His little place will be shut up or sold, and then you'll have nobody but the Ericsons. You'll have to fasten down the hatches for the winter then."

Clara moved her head restlessly. "Don't talk about that. I try never to think of it. If I lost father I'd lose everything, even my hold over the Ericsons."

"Bah! You'd lose a good deal more than that. You'd lose your race, everything that makes you yourself. You've lost a good deal of it now."

"Of what?"

"Of your love of life, your capacity for delight."

Clara put her hands up to her face. "I haven't, Nils Ericson, I haven't! Say anything to me but that. I won't have it!" she declared vehemently.

Nils led the horse up to a straw stack, and turned to Clara, looking at her intently, as he had looked at her that Sunday afternoon at Vavrika's. "But why do you fight for that so? What good is the power to enjoy, if you never enjoy? Your hands are cold again; what are you afraid of all the time? Ah, you're afraid of losing it; that's what's the matter with you! And you will, Clara Vavrika, you will! When I used to know you — listen; you've caught a wild bird in your hand, haven't you, and felt its heart beat so hard that you were afraid it would shatter its little body to pieces? Well, you used to be just like that, a slender, eager thing with a wild delight inside you. That is how I remembered you. And I come back and find you — a bitter woman. This is a perfect ferret fight here; you live by biting and being bitten. Can't you remember what life used to be? Can't you remember that old delight? I've never forgotten it, or known its like, on land or sea."

He drew the horse under the shadow of the straw stack. Clara felt him take her foot out of the stirrup, and she slid softly down into his arms. He kissed her slowly. He was a deliberate man, but his nerves were steel when he wanted anything. Something flashed out from him like a knife out of a sheath. Clara felt everything slipping away from her; she was flooded by the summer night. He thrust his hand into his pocket, and then held it out at arm's length. "Look," he said. The shadow of the straw stack fell sharp across his wrist, and in the palm of his hand she saw a silver dollar shining. "That's my pile," he muttered; "will you go with me?"

Clara nodded, and dropped her forehead on his shoulder.

Nils took a deep breath. "Will you go with me to-night?"

"Where?" she whispered softly.

"To town, to catch the midnight flyer."

Clara lifted her head and pulled herself together. "Are you crazy, Nils? We couldn't go

away like that."

"That's the only way we ever will go. You can't sit on the bank and think about it. You have to plunge. That's the way I've always done, and it's the right way for people like you and me. There's nothing so dangerous as sitting still. You've only got one life, one youth, and you can let it slip through your fingers if you want to; nothing easier. Most people do that. You'd be better off tramping the roads with me than you are here." Nils held back her head and looked into her eyes. "But I'm not that kind of a tramp, Clara. You won't have to take in sewing. I'm with a Norwegian shipping line; came over on business with the New York offices, but now I'm going straight back to Bergen. I expect I've got as much money as the Ericsons. Father sent me a little to get started. They never knew about that. There, I hadn't meant to tell you; I wanted you to come on your own nerve."

Clara looked off across the fields. "It isn't that, Nils, but something seems to hold me. I'm afraid to pull against it. It comes out of the ground, I think."

"I know all about that. One has to tear loose. You're not needed here. Your father will understand; he's made like us. As for Olaf, Johanna will take better care of him than ever you could. It's now or never, Clara Vavrika. My bag's at the station; I smuggled it there yesterday."

Clara clung to him and hid her face against his shoulder. "Not to-night," she whispered. "Sit here and talk to me to-night. I don't want to go anywhere to-night. I may never love you like this again."

Nils laughed through his teeth. "You can't come that on me. That's not my way, Clara Vavrika. Eric's mare is over there behind the stacks, and I'm off on the midnight. It's goodby, or off across the world with me. My carriage won't wait. I've written a letter to Olaf; I'll mail it in town. When he reads it he won't bother us — not if I know him. He'd rather have the land. Besides, I could demand an investigation of his administration of Cousin Henrik's estate, and that would be bad for a public man. You've no clothes, I know; but you can sit up to-night, and we can get everything on the way. Where's your old dash, Clara Vav-

rika? What's become of your Bohemian blood? I used to think you had courage enough for anything. Where's your nerve—what are you waiting for?"

Clara drew back her head, and he saw the slumberous fire in her eyes. "For you to say one thing, Nils Ericson."

"I never say that thing to any woman, Clara Vavrika." He leaned back, lifted her gently from the ground, and whispered through his teeth: "But I'll never, never let you go, not to any man on earth but me! Do you understand me? Now, wait here."

Clara sank down on a sheaf of wheat and covered her face with her hands. She did not know what she was going to do — whether she would go or stay. The great, silent country seemed to lay a spell upon her. The ground seemed to hold her as if by roots. Her knees were soft under her. She felt as if she could not bear separation from her old sorrows, from her old discontent. They were dear to her, they had kept her alive, they were a part of her. There would be nothing left of her if she were wrenched away from them. Never could she pass beyond that sky-line against which her restlessness had beat so many times. She felt as if her soul had built itself a nest there on that horizon at which she looked every morning and every evening, and it was dear to her, inexpressibly dear. She pressed her fingers against her eyeballs to shut it out. Beside her she heard the tramping of horses in the soft earth. Nils said nothing to her. He put his hands under her arms and lifted her lightly to her saddle. Then he swung himself into his own.

"We shall have to ride fast to catch the midnight train. A last gallop, Clara Vavrika. Forward!"

There was a start, a thud of hoofs along the moonlit road, two dark shadows going over the hill; and then the great, still land stretched untroubled under the azure night. Two shadows had passed.

VIII

A year after the flight of Olaf Ericson's wife, the night train was steaming across the plains of lowa. The conductor was hurrying through one of the day-coaches, his lantern on his arm, when a lank, fair-haired boy sat up in one of the plush seats and tweaked him by the coat.

"What is the next stop, please, sir?"

"Red Oak, Iowa. But you go through to Chicago, don't you?" He looked down, and noticed that the boy's eyes were red and his face was drawn, as if he were in trouble.

"Yes. But I was wondering whether I could get off at the next place and get a train back to Omaha."

"Well, I suppose you could. Live in Omaha?"

"No. In the western part of the State. How soon do we get to Red Oak?"

"Forty minutes. You'd better make up your mind, so I can tell the baggageman to put your trunk off."

"Oh, never mind about that! I mean, I haven't got any," the boy added, blushing.

"Run away," the conductor thought, as he slammed the coach door behind him.

Eric Ericson crumpled down in his seat and put his brown hand to his forehead. He had been crying, and he had had no supper, and his head was aching violently. "Oh, what shall I do?" he thought, as he looked dully down at his big shoes. "Nils will be ashamed of me; I haven't got any spunk."

Ever since Nils had run away with his brother's wife, life at home had been hard for little Eric. His mother and Olaf both suspected him of complicity. Mrs. Ericson was harsh and fault-finding, constantly wounding the boy's pride; and Olaf was always setting her against him.

Joe Vavrika heard often from his daughter. Clara had always been fond of her father, and happiness made her kinder. She wrote him long accounts of the voyage to Bergen, and of the trip she and Nils took through Bohemia to the little town where her father had grown up and where she herself was born. She visited all her kinsmen there, and sent her father news of his brother, who was a priest; of his sister, who had married a horse-breeder—of their big farm and their many children. These letters Joe always managed to read to little Eric. They contained messages for Eric and Hilda. Clara sent presents, too, which Eric never dared to take home and which poor little Hilda never even saw, though she loved to hear Eric tell about them when they were out getting the eggs together. But Olaf once saw Eric coming out of Vavrika's house,— the old man had never asked the boy to come into his saloon, - and Olaf went straight to his mother and told her. That night Mrs. Ericson came to Eric's room after he was in bed and made a terrible scene. She could be very terrifying when she was really angry. She forbade him ever to speak to Vavrika again, and after that night she would not allow him to go to town alone. So it was a long while before Eric got any more news of his brother. But old Joe suspected what was going on, and he carried Clara's letters about in his pocket. One Sunday he drove out to see a German friend of his,

and chanced to catch sight of Eric, sitting by the cattle-pond in the big pasture. They went together into Fritz Oberlies' barn, and read the letters and talked things over. Eric admitted that things were getting hard for him at home. That very night old Joe sat down and laboriously penned a statement of the case to his daughter.

Things got no better for Eric. His mother and Olaf felt that, however closely he was watched, he still, as they said, "heard." Mrs. Ericson could not admit neutrality. She had sent Johanna Vavrika packing back to her brother's, though Olaf would much rather have kept her than Anders' eldest daughter, whom Mrs. Ericson installed in her place. He was not so high-handed as his mother, and he once sulkily told her that she might better have taught her granddaughter to cook before she sent Johanna away. Olaf could have borne a good deal for the sake of prunes spiced in honey, the secret of which Johanna had taken away with her.

At last two letters came to Joe Vavrika: one from Nils, inclosing a postal order for money to pay Eric's passage to Bergen, and one from Clara, saying that Nils had a place for Eric in the offices of his company, that he was to live with them, and that they were only waiting for him to come. He was to leave New York on one of the boats of Nils' own line; the captain was one of their friends, and Eric was to make himself known at once.

Nils' directions were so explicit that a baby could have followed them, Eric felt. And here he was, nearing Red Oak, Iowa, and rocking backward and forward in despair. Never had he loved his brother so much, and never had the big world called to him so hard. But there was a lump in his throat which would not go down. Ever since nightfall he had been tormented by the thought of his mother, alone in that big house that had sent forth so many men. Her unkindness now seemed so little, and her loneliness so great. He remembered everything she had ever done for him: how frightened she had been when he tore his hand in the corn-sheller, and how she wouldn't let Olaf scold him. When Nils went away he didn't leave his mother all home farm," she added. alone, or he would never have gone. Eric felt sure of that.

The train whistled. The conductor came in, smiling not unkindly. "Well, young man, what are you going to do? We stop at Red Oak in three minutes."

"Yes, thank you. I'll let you know." The conductor went out, and the boy doubled up with misery. He couldn't let his one chance go like this. He felt for his breast pocket and crackled

Nils' kind letter to give him courage. He didn't want Nils to be ashamed of him. The train stopped. Suddenly he remembered his brother's kind, twinkling eyes, that always looked at you as if from far away. The lump in his throat softened. "Ah, but Nils, Nils would understand!" he thought. "That's just it about Nils; he always understands."

A lank, pale boy with a canvas telescope stumbled off the train to the Red Oak siding, just as the conductor called, "All aboard!"

The next night Mrs. Ericson was sitting alone in her wooden rocking-chair on the front porch. Little Hilda had been sent to bed and had cried herself to sleep. The old woman's knitting was in her lap, but her hands lay motionless on top of it. For more than an hour she had not moved a muscle. She simply sat, as only the Ericsons and the mountains can sit. The house was dark, and there was no sound but the croaking of the frogs down in the pond of the little pasture.

Eric did not come home by the road, but across the fields, where no one could see him. He set his telescope down softly in the kitchen shed, and slipped noiselessly along the path to the front porch. He sat down on the step without saying anything. Mrs. Ericson made no sign, and the frogs croaked on. At last the boy spoke timidly.

"I've come back, Mother."

"Very well," said Mrs. Ericson.

Eric leaned over and picked up a little stick out of the grass.

"How about the milking?" he faltered.

"That's been done, hours ago."

"Who did you get?"

"Get? I did it myself. I can milk as good as any of you."

Eric slid along the step nearer to her. "Oh, Mother, why did you?" he asked sorrowfully. "Why didn't you get one of Otto's boys?"

"I didn't want anybody to know I was in need of a boy," said Mrs. Ericson bitterly. She looked straight in front of her and her mouth tightened. "I always meant to give you the

The boy started and slid closer. Mother," he faltered, "I don't care about the farm. I came back because I thought you might be needing me, maybe." He hung his head and got no further.

"Very well," said Mrs. Ericson. Her hand went out from her suddenly and rested on his head. Her fingers twined themselves in his soft, pale hair. His tears splashed down on the boards; happiness filled his heart.



THE DETECTIVE

DETECTIVE BURNS

BY

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

One of the modern uses of an expert detective like in State and city. Mr. Burns has already performed two years ago he was called by a Citizens' Associamodus operandi of the political gangsters in that reformers with information that a political upheaval tained and the Chief of Police has been sentenced to use of the dictagraph in Columbus, Ohio, that a corrout and several members actually sent to jail. Mr. Atlantic City. If Governor Wilson succeeds in his ipal rottenness, it will be largely through the work of accurate data. The following article shows that Mr. manies of most of our good-sized cities and that duces tangible results.

HIS affair took place, not long ago, in one of "these United States," as the campaign orators say; and, to save a violation of confidence, suppose we locate it in the State of Columbia.

William J. Burns had arrived in the capital of Columbia on matters connected with the business of his detective agency. He had registered at the New Jefferson under an assumed name, and set about directing his local manager and his operatives on the cases that they had in hand. On the street, he happened to meet an old friend who was a leader of the Progressive Republicans in Columbia; and they are dinner together in the evening, at the hotel, and discussed the political situation, among other things. And the political situation was something like this:

A Ring-Ridden Democracy

Columbia was nominally a self-governing American democracy whose rulers were elected

Note: For obvious reasons, proper names have acter and incident have been disguised in this

CORRUPTION GREAT CASES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

WILLIAM OBERHARDT

Mr. Burns is uncovering political corruption several interesting feats of this sort. About tion to Seattle to find out just what was the town. He was so successful in supplying the took place. Several indictments have been obprison. A little while ago he made such clever rupt legislative crowd was completely put to Burns' latest work of this kind has been in attempts to clean up this headquarters of munic-Mr. Burns in supplying him with complete and Burns' name is already well known to the Tamthe mere suspicion of his presence in town pro-

by the ballots of sovereign American citizens, exercising their inalienable rights of freedom, under the palladium of their liberties, their Constitution; but really, as a political matter of fact, the government and administration of the State of Columbia were in the hands of a bipartizan gang of public corruptionists, presided over by a political Boss who represented the wealthy corporations of the State in general and the controlling railroad of the district in particular. And the people, who paid all the taxes, had practically no representation; and the corporations, who had all the representatives, paid practically no taxes.

It followed that the rulers of the State of Columbia — their governor, legislators, courts, administrative officers, politicians, and party newspapers — were stand-patters who believed in letting "well enough alone." And the people of the State had become progressives who were ungratefully dissatisfied with the most perfect form of government ever devised for the preservation of the rights of property and the expression of the popular will. They were

been changed and recognizable details of charnarrative beyond any possibility of identification.



THE BOSS

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with me while I'm having breakfast?" Burns proposed.

> "We'd better not be seen together. Some reporter -

> "Wait for me in the dining-room," he directed the stenographer, "with those letters. . . Yes?"

And when the stenographer had closed the door behind him softly, Burns went on with his dressing, and the men unfolded their case.

Burns is Asked to Come into the Game

They had learned that the forces opposed to political reform had been making a canvass of the State, and this canvass had shown that the Progressives were likely to carry the election unless an extraordinary effort was made to defeat them. The corrupt Boss had called a council of his henchmen, and together they had gone over the doubtful districts and figured in dollars and cents the cost of "getting out the votes" necessary to keep the machine in power. The Boss had boasted the largest "dough-bag" in the history of the State. The glad tidings had been carried to the district leaders, ward captains, heelers, and political stalwarts of both party machines; and their rejoicing had been almost public. "There's no doubt of it," Major Walker said. "They're going to defeat us by the grossest forms of bribery and corruption. They have millions. They've exhausted every other form of influence and coercion. Now they're going to buy the State."

Burns asked: "What do you propose to do?" His friend the Progressive replied: "Well, we'd like you to make an investigation, so as to be sure that what we've heard is true. And, if it is true, we want you to get the evidence of it, on election day, for the purpose of unseating their Governor."

"When are the elections?"

"Ten days from to-day."

A Rush Order in Detective Work

In the ordinary course of detective methods, it would be impossible to make such an investigation in ten days. The operatives would have to have time to work through a careful "approach" from a distance, slowly, without any appearance of "shoving in." And ordinarily they move in a sort of circular progress that narrows to its center, with every step protected by credentials obtained by ruse and manipulation.

Burns asked: "You'll have to try these people before their own judges, practically. Won't son, had been turning over Hicks' card in his you?"

Major Walker inclined his head. "But, even if we fail to unseat them, an exposure will arouse the public."

Burns stood a moment looking out of the window. "Is old Nat Morse still in the game," the way he used to be?"

"Yes," his friend said. "He's still the main gazebo for the railroad company."

"And attorney for the brewers?"

"Yes, and 'the liberal element' generally."

"I see," Burns concluded thoughtfully. "All right. I'll look the situation over. I'll let you know how I get along. Communicate with me through our local office. And don't recognize me if you meet me anywhere."

Major Walker asked: "Can you give me any idea how much the work will cost? Our treasury ----"

"Well," Burns said, "I think I can handle it in a way that will cost you very little. I'll let you know about that in a day or two. I'll have to look over the ground first."

Burns as a Representative of the Liquor Interests

As a matter of fact, he knew the ground blindfold, in the dark. But he had to find a short cut that should carry him, in ten days, over difficulties that ought to have had weeks of skilful manoeuvering allowed for them.

He began by telephoning to his office to have one of his men obtain for him a number of calling cards in the name of "Mr. William H. Hicks," representing the "National Liberal League," with headquarters in New York. (The League, of course, was an invention.) Then he finished his correspondence and his breakfast together, and went out to his other cases.

Next morning, in the person of William H. Hicks, he presented his card to one of the officials of a corporation that was active in the politics of the State.

"I've come," he explained, "on an unusual mission to you. Confidentially. I'm the representative of the National Liberal League, and we understand that you had some very bad prohibition laws introduced at the last session of your legislature. We are consequently very much interested in the approaching election, and I have come on to do what I can to protect our interests. I understand, of course, that the election is important to a great many other interests,—of which yours is one,—and I hoped that you could help me by referring me to some one who could . . . accept my assistance."

The official, whose name (let us say) was Nelfingers, without a word. He handed it back to Burns. He said: "You had better see Mr. Morse — Nathaniel Z. Morse — in the Caledonia Building."

"You think he is the best man?"

"Yes; he can advise you."

"Thank you," Burns said briefly. "Good morning." And he went out to find the office of Nathaniel Z. Morse — old "Birdlegs" Morse, corporation lawyer, jury-fixer, political manipulator, and general agent in Columbia for captains of industry who wished to obtain privileges and immunities that they should not have and could only get in ways of which they wished to remain guiltily ignorant.

The Detective and the Boss

He knew Morse well by reputation. An old bachelor, who lived at the Columbia Club in an atmosphere of politics, Scotch whisky, and draw poker, he was notorious for his ability to be silent in all three. He had begun his career as an expert in corporation law; but he had ceased to argue cases since he had learned that the way to win in court was to elect the judge who decided the debate. He made no public appearances, now, either in law or in politics; but every Monday night he sat conspicuous in a stage-box at the Star Burlesque Theater, of which he was a part-owner. He was one of the "characters" of the town. It was on record that no comedian had ever made him smile — though there was a tradition that he had once been seen to look down, with some faint amusement, at a woman in an orchestra chair who had gone into hysterics with laughter. His morals were, broadly speaking, those of the Star Theater's "shows." And Burns approached him in a manner calculated to "rope" a gentleman of his character and way of life.

He was sitting in his prosperous-looking law office, among shelves of books which he no longer needed to consult, at a desk covered with papers which his assistants had prepared for him, reading a telegram with his hat on. He looked at Burns over the top of the yellow sheet, his eyes dull in a setting of flattened pouches that were like the facial eye-disks of an owl. Burns drew up a chair. Morse put down his telegram. They observed each other. "I suppose you recognize me," Burns said.

Morse shook his head.

"I've Got \$300,000 to Go Where It'll Do the Most Good"

Burns studied him for a moment. "Well," he said, "my name is Hicks." He presented his card. "You know the people I represent?"

Morse read the card and shook his head again.

"We're interested in seeing that the State doesn't elect members of the legislature who will pass any of these prohibition laws."

Morse closed his eyes and opened them again.
Burns continued: "We're not interested in
the governorship so much. We want to help
members of the legislature — in doubtful districts. We want to help men who will not be
opposed to our interests."

Morse asked throatily: "Who sent you to me?"
Burns considered that question. He replied:
"A friend of yours. Let me explain the situation to you. I've got three hundred thousand dollars to handle. It doesn't matter where it comes from; the question is, where to put it. We want it to go where it'll do the most good."
He added: "Didn't any one tell you I'd be in?"

Morse said: "No."

"Are you sure? Hasn't any brewer spoken to you?"

Morse turned aside in his swivel chair. He looked at his feet. He stretched out his long, thin legs — the legs of a sandpiper on a bloated body. He settled down comfortably on his shoulder-blades and folded his hands over his abdomen. Then he looked up, sidelong, at Burns, under the brim of his hat.

Burns said grudgingly: "If there's any question in your mind, you might call up Mr. Nelson of the ——— Company."

Morse nodded. "Go ahead."

"Well," Burns replied, "there's nothing more to say. I was given to understand that you could refer me to the proper men—in the doubtful districts—who could use this money to advantage."

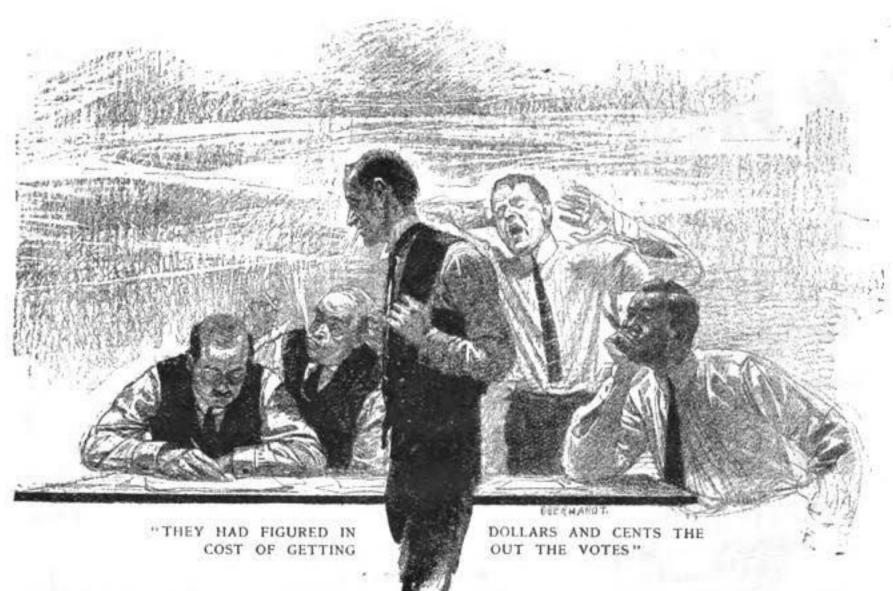
Morse pushed up his hat-brim with the flat of his thumb. "If you're going to get any results," he said, "you want this fund to go where it'll be expended honestly. My men are loyal to me. They'll handle the money right if they get it from me. But ——"

"Let me tell you," Burns interrupted. "This is my regular business, and I can pretty well size a man up. Of course, I want you to refer me to men who won't steal it from me, but I can take care of myself to some extent. I expect to be back this way again, and I want to establish a permanent connection in the State."

Morse shot up one eyebrow speculatively. "Well," he said, "I can give you the names of the men, if that's all you want, but ——"

"Of course," Burns put in suavely, "on election day things are likely to come up that will make it necessary to use some money quickly. I'd like to leave a fund with you, personally, if you ——"

"That's a good idea, too."



"And tell me," Burns asked, "how can I get a draft put in a bank here, collected, and held for me, without showing where the money comes from?"

"Buy a draft made out to cash in New York," Morse advised, "and deposit it here in your name."

"Have you a bank that you can introduce me to?"

Morse nodded.

"How much do you think would be sufficient for election day contingencies? Would thirty thousand dollars cover it?"

"Nicely. Nicely," Morse answered, with more warmth.

"Of course," Burns confided, "I have to be mighty careful. It'd hurt us if it became known that we were coming into the State this way. I don't want the name of the League used at all." "Naturally."

"As far as my dealings with your men are concerned, I want all that to be a personal matter. If they can use the money, that's all I want to know. Can they use the money? And how much can they use? I'll see that they get it."

Listing the "Trustworthy" Men

In asking for the names of trustworthy machine men in doubtful districts, Burns was asking for nothing that could arouse suspicion in Morse; it was information that might have been obtained in many ways. As a political agent,

with money to be used in bribery, Burns would naturally come without formal credentials, with no extensive explanations, so that in the event of an investigation there might be no need of perjury to conceal the origin of the corruption fund. And as a practical man, in a dishonest way of life, he would expect that Morse would take a "rake-off" from his contingency fund of thirty thousand dollars, just as he himself would be suspected by Morse of keeping what he wished out of the rest. He was not asking any questions or prying into any political secrets. He was desirous only of remaining in careful obscurity himself, while his money worked blindly for him and for the established order of prosperity in the political world.

Morse accepted him on those terms, and they got down to work. They listed the doubtful districts and the "trustworthy" men in them; and Morse helped to lay out Burns' itinerary for him, and even telephoned to announce the approach of "Mr. Hicks" to a number of the politicians. It developed, in the course of conversation, that Morse expected the election to be close; that an unusually large campaign fund was being collected; that the assistance of the Liberal League would be altogether welcome and timely.

"You want me to take you to the bank," he suggested.

"No," Burns replied; "but if you can go there at eleven o'clock this morning, I'll meet

it too quick for me. I don't want them to grab me off. I ran into this sort of thing out on the coast, and I don't want any more of it. I'm going to hole up " Morse had reached for his telephone. "I'll be in here to-morrow.".

A Badly Frightened Boss

Morse was already impatiently calling central, and Burns knew what reports he would hear from his men. For the agents of Hicks in the doubtful districts had begun reporting suspicious incidents of "tailings" and "shadowings" to their friends the corruptionists; and these corruptionists themselves were being watched and followed by operatives who were not too careful to remain unseen. Two were even sleuthing after Morse, and one prominent machine man in the capital had been worried by finding himself distantly accompanied where he had wished to go alone.

Burns went down to the southern part of the State overnight, to help round up a gang of yeggmen who had been burglarizing country banks. It was not until the afternoon of the following day that he returned to the capital city, learned that Morse was in his office (from the shadow who was "working on" Morse), and went at once to call.

And Morse was not glad to see him. "You'd better not be coming around here," he said.

"Was I right?" Burns asked, in alarm. "Are they on to me?"

"We don't know who they're on to. They've been working all over the State, and we don't know how long they've been at it. Our boys have been entertaining one of them down at the Club, without knowing it. He disappeared as soon as they began to ask him questions, and we don't know how much he got. They're all over. You can't turn around in the dark without bumping into them. We don't know where we're at!"

Burns' Money Goes Begging

"That's enough," Burns said. "I'm off. I don't want to take any chances. I'd like to leave some of this money, though - if you think you could get it out safely."

"Safely!"

"Well, I thought, if I turned it over to you ---"

Morse swore eloquently. "If they caught one of those fellows with the goods on him, they'd let him go if he'd give up the man above him. And how long do you think it would take to reach me? If you're

Burns wiped his forehead. "You can't make going to hand out any money at this election, you'll have to stand at the polls and do it yourself. I've warned the boys that they needn't expect anything from me. You can give them your money if you want to, but they're bigger fools than I take them for if they pass it on."

"Well," Burns said, "I hate to lay down on

this thing ---"

"You can do as you please about that," Morse replied, "but don't you come back here. I don't want you around. They're watching this office. Go on, now, and don't come back. I'm busy."

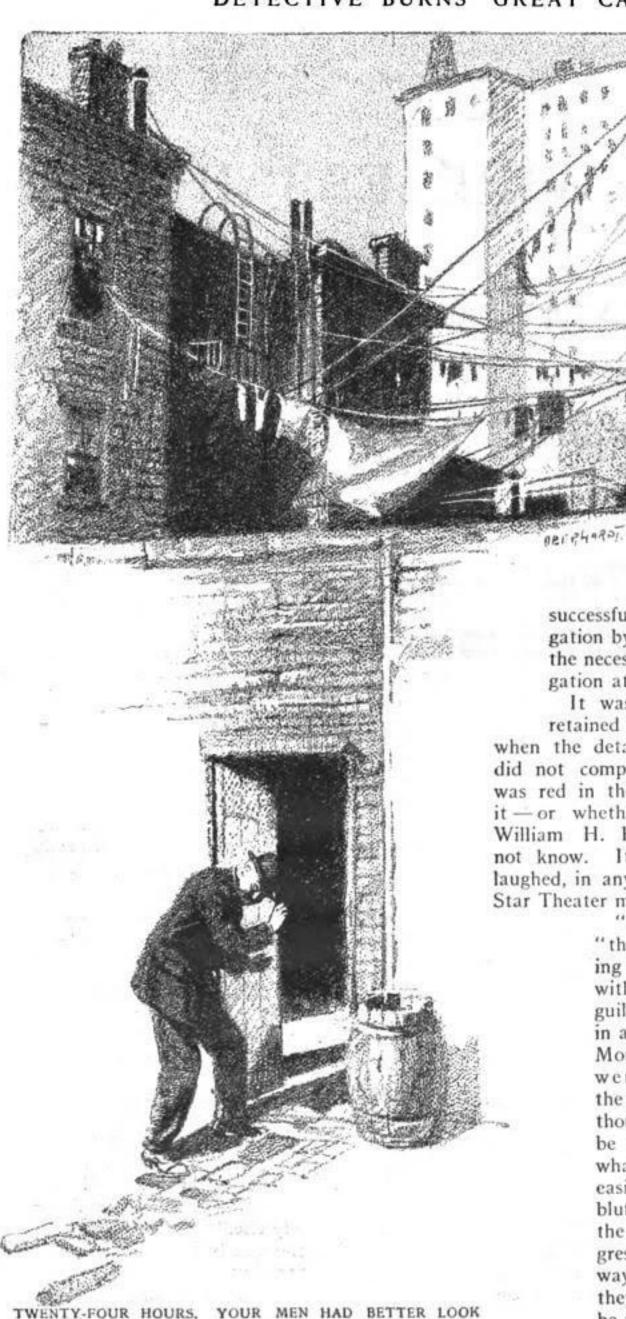
Burns went - with every appearance of reluctance. He interviewed some of the local corruptionists, by stealth, in the manner of a hunted man with whom it was dangerous to be seen, and he spread the alarm diligently. All over the State his men were doing the same. They had money to give away, but they were afraid to give it; and the political workers were afraid to take it. On the eve of election day an anonymous report was sent out by telephone that some of these frightened bribers were themselves detectives, and the panic was complete.

"The Easiest Man to Bluff Is the Man Who Does the Most Bluffing"

Morse, on election day, shut himself up in the Columbia Club and denied himself even to the



"THEY'VE BEEN SHADOWING ME FOR THE LAST OVER THEIR SHOULDERS. '



OCCASIONALLY '"

telephone. Burns says: "The old crook was so frightened that he didn't dare to go near enough to the polls to vote." The money necessary "to get out the vote" for the corruptionists was not forthcoming. Theirs was the sort of vote that does not go to the ballot-box unless it is paid. And the Progressives of Columbia elected their Governor and carried the State.

There was no need to unseat anybody. Burns had attained the

successful conclusion of his investigation by a short cut that avoided the necessity of making the investigation at all.

It was not what he had been retained to do; but Major Walker, when the details were reported to him, did not complain. He laughed till he was red in the face. How Morse took it—or whether he ever learned who William H. Hicks was—Burns does not know. It is not likely that Morse laughed, in any case. His record at the Star Theater makes it improbable—very.

"You see," Burns says, "there are other ways of killing a dog besides choking it with melted butter. A little guile isn't out of place even in a good reform campaign. Morse and his machine men were so used to 'bunking' the reformers that they never thought the reformers might be 'bunking' them. That is what made them so easy. The easiest man in the game to bluff is the man who does the most bluffing. The Progressives have it all their own way in that State now, and they're making it a State to be proud of."

"CQ"

IN THE WIRELESS HOUSE

BY

ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

What happened in preceding instalments. — Micky Fitzgerald, a younger son of the English aristocracy, is in love with the Hon. Evelyn Farquhar and she with him; but her grandfather, the Earl, dismisses Micky, and Micky leaves England and becomes a wireless operator. At the time the story opens, he is wireless man on the "Pavonia," bound for New York. On board the ship are Mrs. Trevelyan, a famous beauty and London society favorite, an Englishman traveling second class under the name of Cloud, and a brother and sister, William Bennett and Miss

Bennett, also second-class passengers.

Micky receives a wireless reporting the murder of the Earl of Roakby and the disappearance of Cosmo Graeme, youngest son of Lord Varricks, who is suspected of the murder. By the description Micky recognizes Cloud as the man. Before he has had time to act on the discovery he overhears a conversation between Graeme and Mrs. Trevelyan disclosing that Graeme is engaged to the Hon. Evelyn. Graeme, in a moment of despondency, tries to throw himself overhoard, but Micky saves him and promises Mrs. Trevelyan to suppress the wireless. In the meantime he has received two other wireless messages affecting passengers on the "Pavonia"—one for Mrs. Trevelyan warning her against trying to smuggle in her \$50,000 pearl necklace, and another reporting an embezzlement from the Bank of Edinburgh and requesting a search for the embezzler on American-bound liners.

X

by the bright rays of the September sun, fanned Mrs. Trevelyan's straying yellow curls as she sat outside the door of her state-room and idly turned the pages of the European edition of an American monthly. A shadow fell across the pages, and Captain Ponsonby made his appearance at her side.

"I want your bright eyes to help me do some detective work!" he whispered. "There may be

a criminal on board!"

Under the veil of her golden smile Lily Trevelyan's radiant color fled. Something had gone wrong — the news had leaked out! Could Micky have tricked her? For an instant she was disinclined to accept such a possibility; then, as it seemed clear to her that there was no other way for the facts to have become known, she decided that Micky had simply taken her in with his childlike, guileless face and made a fool of her. And there leaped into her breast a fierce hatred of him — less because of what he had done than because she, whose business in life was to deceive, had been deceived.

"A criminal?" she repeated innocently. "How interesting!"

"Yes — isn't it! Of course he may not be on my ship. But they traced him to the Continent. Perhaps he came aboard at Gib." The Captain's face betrayed ill-suppressed excitement.

"What has the poor man done?" asked Lily.

"Ah!" the Captain remarked teasingly, "that would be telling! However, I'll say this much—that you would be particularly interested if you knew who the man was and whom he had wronged."

"You don't mean to suggest that I am personally acquainted with this — criminal!" Lily

flashed, with simulated indignation.

Ponsonby smiled again.

"Perhaps," he said significantly.

Lily took up her magazine.

"I don't think you are at all nice," she pouted. "First you ask me to help find a criminal for you, and then it turns out that you imagine he or she is one of my personal friends. Anyhow, you don't think I'd turn traitor, do you? My dear Captain Ponsonby, even if there were a murderer on board, and I knew him—I'd never tell. I won't be a bloodhound for you or anybody else."

All the time she was furiously raging inside at Micky, who had thus played her false. And then it burst upon her. What an idiot she had been! To think that a common little red-haired



"'COSMO GRAEME?' HE REPEATED. 'WHO ON EARTH IS COSMO GRAEME? I'M LOOKING FOR A MAN NAMED CHILVERS, WHO'S ROBBED YOUR HUSBAND'S BANK OF FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS'"

beast like Fitzpatrick could or would do the decent thing, when he was, or foolishly fancied that he was, in love with the same girl as Cosmo Graeme. Why, it was his one great chance! Turn Cosmo over to the law, and Micky could go on making love to Evelyn Farquhar, and perhaps either persuade her into a vulgar intrigue or stir up such a scandal that the Earl would be compelled to buy him off. And as Lily Trevelyan was ready to believe the worst of anybody and did believe the worst of most people, she then and there stigmatized Micky as a rotten little sneak and consigned him to the lowest depths of the inferno.

A tiger-like resolve to stand by Cosmo to the last possessed her. If they took him, it should be not because of her but in spite of her. She almost forgot the Captain for the moment, but he answered her question and stood his ground.

"My dear Mrs. Trevelyan," said he reprovingly, "I didn't mean to suggest that this criminal might be your friend — I only said you might know him. Don't you want to stroll around the ship and see what we can do in the Sherlock Holmes line?"

It suddenly occurred to Lily that it was conceivably possible that if she went with Ponsonby she might somehow be able to divert his attention or throw him off the track.

"Certainly I'll go with you," she answered quite cordially, getting up and throwing the magazine into the seat of her deck-chair. "By the way, you haven't told me what your criminal has done."

"This way!" bowed the Captain. "No, Mrs. Trevelyan; I want to give you a little surprise—if we identify the man. And you will be surprised! If we don't find him on board, I'll tell you all about it afterward."

Feeling that it would be unwise, for Cosmo's sake, to show too great an interest in either the identity of the criminal or the details of his crime, Lily walked along the deck with the Captain toward the reading-saloon.

"Extraordinary, isn't it!" continued Ponsonby confidentially, "how we are able to keep in constant touch with England? I receive all the news, as you know, every morning. Now, this man had no sooner committed his offense than I knew all about it, and the directors at once wired me personally to look over the ship and see if I couldn't pick out the fellow among the passengers. I won't tell you who he is—but I'll give you his description and ask you to help me." (He pulled out a slip of paper and studied it.) "'Tall, clean-shaven when last seen, blue eyes, brown hair, hollow cheeks, aquilme nose.' Ought not to be difficult, ought

it? There can't be many fellows on board all exactly like that, can there?"

Again Lily felt the blood leave her face. Yes, it was Cosmo fast enough. Micky had played fast and loose with her.

"If there is any one on board who fits the description you will surely have no difficulty in finding him," said Lily. "Where are you going first?"

"Let's take a look into the reading-saloon," said Ponsonby, who wanted as many of the passengers as possible to see that he had been honored above all men. He stalked along with her, whispering intimately, and touching his cap in all directions. But there was nobody on deck who fitted the description, and in the reading-saloon were only the Boston bride and her husband, playing an exclusive game of piquet, and three old women who were writing exhaustive narratives in their diaries of the astonishing things one saw on the Champs Elysées.

"There are no burglars or murderers concealed in here," said Ponsonby. "Let's take a turn on the second-cabin deck."

They proceeded toward the second-cabin deck, and, as luck would have it, they had no sooner reached the bottom of the companionway than they met Cosmo Graeme face to face. So unexpected was the encounter that instinctively he raised his hand to his hat and bowed to Lily, who gasped, flushed, and drew back.

Captain Ponsonby grasped her arm tight as Cosmo hurried by them without speaking.

"That's our man!" he whispered tensely:
"The very man! You saw how he recognized
you. Fits the description to a T."

But in the single moment required for the Captain to formulate this very obvious judgment Lily Trevelyan had recovered herself.

"I'm sorry to upset your theory, Captain Ponsonby," she replied in her usual bantering tone, "but I never saw that mournful-looking person before in my life. I'm sure, if I had, I should remember him — such a 'lean and hungry' Cassius as that!"

But the Captain, besides being an Englishman, was the czar of his ship, and more than usually obstinate. Besides, he regarded all women as having considerably less intelligence than dogs — and, in his experience, the better looking they happened to be the greater fools they were apt to prove.

"I can't help that," he answered, calm in the confidence of his own superiority of intellect. "That's our man. When you know more about the case you'll probably remember him! — even if you don't now."

Lily bit her lip. Ponsonby was not such an ass as she had always taken him for. The game was

up. There was nothing she could do now but play for time, and, as far as possible, prevent Cosmo's immediate arrest and public disgrace.

They had crossed the second-cabin deck, with the apparent object on the Captain's part of asking Cloud's name of the second-cabin steward, when, a short way aft of the deckhouse, they encountered Bennett and his sister walking in the opposite direction. This was the first time that Lily had noticed the couple; but, as the man had removed his hat in order to get the full benefit of the breeze, his face was brought out into sharp relief by the sunlight, and one glance at him told her that, as far as features and coloring were concerned, he fitted the description received by the Captain as well as Cosmo, if not better. Certainly he had blue eyes and an aquiline nose, and he was thin and hollow-cheeked; and yet, he was no more like Cosmo than the Duke of Wellington was like Napoleon Bonaparte. The intensity and directness of her gaze embarrassed both the girl and her brother, and the latter nervously raised his hand to his face, possibly as if to conceal it, then changed his mind in the act and touched his cap to the Captain.

"Good morning," said Ponsonby stiffly.

"Good morning, sir," answered Bennett confusedly.

Something about the man recalled in a vague fashion a long-forgotten impression to Lily, she had a statesman's gift for faces,— a distant and not altogether pleasant recollection of her wedding to Trevelyan, with its crowds of relatives and acquaintances, its awkward congratulations and useless, ponderous gifts of glass and silver. Had she ever known this person? Had she perhaps seen him doing duty, in some ungainly and clownish fashion, on the occasion when the employees of the bank had presented her husband with a loving-cup — Ah, that was it! This must be the man who had made the speech of congratulation — had expressed in halting, insipid, and unconvincing phrase the regard in which these poor automatic machines held the autocrat who had lived by the sweat of their brows and the scratching of their quills. Yes, now she recalled him! He was the assistant cashier, who had come disjointedly forward Bennett saw that she recognized him, and his face changed color. Coincidentally Lily thought she saw a chance to divert the Captain's attention in a new direction, and as she squeezed his arm she bowed quickly to the man before her.

"How do you do?" she said in cordial tones. "It's a long time since we've met, Mr.—"

Bennett looked at her helplessly, with an expression of agonized entreaty.

"It's Mrs. Trevelyan - isn't it?" he stammered. "Yes," she answered. "I'm glad to see you again. I forget your name."

The man opened his mouth as if to reply, but

no sound came from his lips.

"Bennett," interjected the girl at his side hurriedly. "You must excuse us - my brother isn't feeling well."

Lily and the Captain passed on, the officer deep in his plans for the immediate arrest of Cloud. He was naturally exhilarated over his good fortune at so quickly identifying a celebrated criminal among his passengers, while Lily was furious at having everything go wrong. She resolved to take a desperate chance and to make a last and Herculean effort to put Ponsonby upon the wrong scent; so she turned to him, with a face full of childlike simplicity and candor, and said quietly:

"Captain Ponsonby, you noticed that person who just passed us, I presume? You saw the color of his eyes and hair? You observed that he recognized me? And I him. Well, that man — the man who called me by name — is the one you want - Cosmo Graeme!"

Captain Ponsonby turned upon her with an expression of utter bewilderment.

"Cosmo Graeme?" he repeated after her. "Who on earth is Cosmo Graeme? I'm looking for a man named Chilvers, who's robbed the London branch of your husband's bank of five thousand pounds!"

XΙ

On a somewhat murky afternoon about a week later, the Boston bride and groom, Lord Ashurst, and Mrs. Trevelyan were playing their customary afternoon game of bridge in the Pavonia's smoking-room.

"Captain says we'll dock day after to-morrow," remarked Ashurst.

"Are you going to declare anything?" asked the bride of Lily.

"I hadn't thought. Are you?" returned Mrs. Trevelyan.

"Well, really, I haven't anything in particular," replied the other. "A few dresses and at the wedding reception, and had made the some lace. I suppose I shall declare a dress or two. The lace I can slip into my camera. You can always take the inspector's name and address and send him something. Of course there isn't any need to declare anything - but I usually do, just for form's sake."

> "What do you suppose the women do who really have a lot of things - jewelry, for instance?" asked Lily lazily. "Nobody ever



"'NOBODY EVER PAYS ON JEWELRY,' SAID THE BRIDE. 'IT'S SO EASY TO HIDE. HOW ON WHO HAD A PAIR OF PEARL EAR-RINGS—SHE TOOK HER HUSBAND'S CARTRIDGES INSTEAD OF POWDER.



EARTH COULD THEY EVER FIND A LOT OF LOOSE DIAMONDS OR PEARLS? I HAD A FRIEND REVOLVER, EMPTIED OUT THE SHELLS, AND PUT THE PEARLS IN THE WASN'T THAT NEAT?"

pays on anything as far as I can see. But suppose the inspectors really looked?"

"Why, as you say, nobody ever pays on jewelry," said the bride. "It's so easy to hide. How on earth could they ever find a lot of loose diamonds or pearls? I had a friend that did an awfully clever thing once — wasn't it, Lawrence? She had a pair of pearl ear-rings,— oh, great big ones,— and her husband had some shirt studs, worth over fifteen thousand dollars all together. She couldn't think what to do at first, and then she had a brilliant idea — she's awfully clever. They took his revolver, and emptied out the shells, and put the pearls in the cartridges instead of powder, and placed the bullets on top of them, just as they were in the beginning. Wasn't that neat?"

"Diabolical!" assented Lily.

"I knew a chap that invented something better than that," put in Ashurst. "You know, there aren't any inspectors around after everybody has left the ship. Well, this fellow was bringing in a pearl necklace for his wife — cost nearly twenty thousand dollars. He didn't declare anything and walked right through the inspectors. A couple of days later he went down to the office of the company and got a card to go over and look at the ship, which was lying at the dock with only a few of the crew on board. The chap at the gangway let him up, and he found a steward who unlocked his state-room for him. Then he got the necklace, which he'd hidden there, and brought it ashore — no questions asked."

"Where'd he hide it?" inquired Lily.

"Why," said Ashurst, "you know those ventilators for the forced draught? Well, he just tied a string to it and lowered it in. No one would think of looking for anything there, would they?"

"I think he took a good many chances!" remarked the bride decidedly. "What's the matter with getting one of the officers or a stewardess to bring anything you happen to have ashore for you? Nobody ever searches them."

"By George! there you go!" laughed Ashurst. "It's always the women who corrupt the men! I say, are we going to play any more?"

"Oh, let's cut it out!" said Lily. "I think I'll go out and stroll round a bit."

She got up and crossed the deck to her stateroom, where Fantine had drawn the easy-chair close to the door, and rather disgustedly she threw herself into it, directing the maid to order some tea from the steward. The whole day had been a failure from start to finish, and it was now five o'clock and almost over. Ever since her ridiculous break with the Captain the week before — a break due to her foolish readiness to

believe that Micky had deceived her — she had felt utterly out of patience with herself.

Not that she was particularly to blame. How was she to know there had been an embezzlement at the Bank of Edinburgh in addition to the Roakby affair, one following close on the heels of the other, and that Scotland Yard had sent out descriptions of both fugitives? And poor little Micky! What an injustice she had done him! The boy was a trump - as she had always thought! He had mentioned nothing to her about the Bank of Edinburgh. But why should he? He probably didn't know that her husband was connected with it, and it was the most natural thing in the world for her to have assumed that if the Captain was looking for anybody he must be looking for Cosmo. But her ridiculous lie! And her bungled, half-hearted, and altogether unconvincing excuse to Ponsonby that she was trying to mix him up just for fun! Just for fun! She wouldn't try any such fun again — at any rate, not with bim! He was through with her, that was clear enough; and he had not come down into the saloon to a single meal since she had so foolishly tried to make him think that Chilvers was Cosmo Graeme.

Now the whole ship was talking of the extraordinary coincidence by which she had stumbled upon the very man who had robbed her husband's bank! It had made a terrific sensation, particularly when the officers had taken him and locked him in his state-room. Cosmo was still free to come and go as he chose. But for how long? Only until the pilot should come aboard with his bundle of papers, and the Captain should read all about it, and begin to wonder why on earth he hadn't heard of it before. Then he'd know he had Cosmo Graeme on board, for she had told him so - fool that she was! And Cosmo would either have to jump overboard or be thrown into irons! And she was to blame for it! No one else.

Everything was going wrong. There was her necklace — what was she going to do with that? She must decide shortly or she would certainly have to pay the duty on it. Thirty thousand dollars! She couldn't pay any such sum — it would be too ridiculous. Yet, after what Fantine had told her about the stringency with which the regulations were being enforced, she had no wish to try to smuggle it in herself. Thirty thousand dollars duty? It would be a fortune for some people! And then the conversation in the smoking-room came back to her, and she wondered if she couldn't get somebody on the ship to take the necklace in for her Micky, perhaps. If he didn't want to do it at first, she'd persuade him.

"Fantine!" she called sharply.

"Oui, madame," answered the maid.

"I wish you to put my necklace in a cardboard box, if you can find one, and do it up carefully in a piece of paper."

"Oui, madame," replied Fantine. "I can

use the box for madame's ruching."

"Yes, that will do," said Lily. "Mind you tie it up neatly, in the smallest possible parcel."

"I might as well take a chance!" she muttered. "If Micky won't do it for me, perhaps I can cook up some other way of getting it in!"

She sighed, feeling unconsciously the fall of the barometer. What a muddle she'd made of life! Here she was getting to middle age, with not a soul who really cared for her in the entire world. Why hadn't she married some decent young fellow out of the hundreds she might have had during her first seasons in London, instead of losing her head and running amuck the way she had done? God only knew what she had expected then. Nothing had seemed too high for her to attain. There were dukes she might have had if she had only played her hand more carefully, more conservatively. But she had overplayed; and now, at the end of the game, what had she won? Nothing! Nothing that gave her the slightest satisfaction — except that which she still derived from the remnants of her beauty. She bit her lips fiercely. She was still young! She would not grow old! She would play the game until the candles grew dim, and then she shrugged her shoulders and closed her eyes.

The light faded out of the west and the wind rose, while a gull squeaked harshly with a sound like the chalking of a billiard cue, and shot aslant the wind a few feet from the rail before her like a bird of evil omen. Two old maids, staggering by to get up an appetite for the evening meal, cast sidelong glances at her as she lay with her head thrown back in the light cast by the electric bracket inside her window.

"That's her," whispered one. "I don't see anything in her at all."

"Nor I!" echoed the other raspingly. "She looks like an old woman!"

They passed, and a spat of rain struck Lily in the face. Wearily she arose from her steamerchair and entered her drawing-room. There were dark circles under her eyes.

"Fantine!" she cried, with clenched hands, "get my best evening dress out of the wardrobe. Yes, the Paquin one, with the foulard skirt and the chiffon trimming."

XII

THE barometer had been falling steadily all the afternoon. But nothing could lower the

mercury of Captain Ponsonby's good humor. By gad, he'd made a hit! His name would be on the front pages of the papers that the pilot would bring on board to-morrow afternoon. As he strode up and down on the bridge, still smoking, the fact that a northeast storm was on its way did not worry him in the least.

"Going to be a wet night, Simmons!"

"Yes, sir," said Simmons. "It's beginning to rain already," he added.

It was the same advance gust of drops that had driven Mrs. Trevelyan into her cabin. As the light died out of the west an army of clouds swept down upon the ship, bearing in their wake a solid bank of fog. The Captain stepped to the speaking-tube and ordered Binks to bring up his rubber coat.

"I'll take this watch, Simmons," he said gruffly.

Darkness — black, dense, impenetrable had come with the fog, and the search-light striking against that barrier of mist and rain was thrown back and upward at arm's length, as if a burglar's lantern were reflected from a wall.

"Let go the whistle every ten minutes," called down the Captain through the speakingtube; and in another moment the ship trembled to the hoarse vibration of the fog-horn.

Then Ponsonby, his glistening purple face stinging with the cutting rain, his eyes burrowing fiercely into the black night, his red ears listening for every sound above the seething of the waves and the lashing of the storm, unconcernedly minding his own regular business, rose in stature from being a ponderous ass into a high and efficient type of man, to whom we should be glad to trust our lives.

Meantime Lily Trevelyan had intended, with the assistance of Fantine, to complete une grande toilette -- her challenge to the flat-chested maiden ladies of whose acerbity she had been so unfortunately a victim as she sat on deck. Her dressing-room blazed with electricity — in sharp contrast to the blackness outside. Her bath, gently lapping the porcelain edges of the tub (as the Pavonia began to throw up her nose against the storm), was faintly scented with rose-water. Diaphanous linen things as soft as silk and as thin lay in lacy piles on a wicker chair. A huge gold powder-puff box was open upon the dresser. A pair of chamois slippers edged with fur had been placed conveniently by the bath. Two soft, thick towels hung from the glass rod, with a dozen embroidered linen ones. And across the brass bed had been carefully laid out the foulard dress with the chiffon trimming that is, if dress it could properly be called, since it resembled rather a sort of skirt with a couple of loops and a handful of gauze above.

"What a horrid night!" she cried irritably, swinging to the door with a bang that made the lights flicker in their sockets. "Fantine! Do you see any lines under my eyes?"

"Mais, non! Madame!" expostulated the maid, as she removed her mistress' coat and hat.

"I know you're lying to me!" she answered, throwing herself into the arm-chair before the mirror. "I'm getting old — and tired!"

"Madame!" cried Fantine. "You look but twenty! There is no one like you. But your

bath is ready. Madame will dress?"

In the glass Lily saw the dragged look on her face that now came there so often. Any over-exertion, any nervousness or anxiety, any slight indisposition, might bring it — the dawn of old age. "Five years ago," she thought, "I could do anything! And now!" She turned away gloomily.

"I'll show them!" she cried angrily. "I'll show them whether I'm an old woman or not!"

And a moment later a gentle plashing in the next room told Fantine that her mistress was in her bath.

With the first dash of rain Micky had scuttled for the wireless house. As he threw on his mains his "CQ" caught Cape Cod, the Berlin just entering the Narrows, and a dozen or so other ingoing and outgoing liners. He passed the time of day and the weather with all of them. In every case the answer was the same: fog like cheese from Cape Sable to Hatteras — bad been for two days. And, before he knew it, Micky found that the Pavonia had herself plunged into the bank and had slackened her speed.

Then came the deluge — at first a spatter and scurry on the top of the deck-house; then a prolonged roll as from a hundred snare-drums; and then the rain really came, sweeping in steady sheets against the windows, lashing the top of the deck-house, rattling and shaking his windows and driving a steady stream of water under the tightly closed door.

"Sufferin' ducks!" he whistled. "This is some water — what?"

It was no easy task for him to keep his footing on the ladder when, at last, he decided to go down to dinner, in response to an instinctive feeling that the passengers who sat at his table were somehow entitled to his encouragement. As he made the corner of the deck-house, a small figure emerged from one of the passageways and caught his arm. It was the Bennett girl.

"Oh, Mr. Fitzpatrick!" she cried. "I'm so

frightened! Is there any danger?"

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"No, of course not!" he answered cheerily.
"Oh —" she began. Then suddenly she gave
way and began to sob pitifully.

"Poor little girl!" exclaimed Micky, touched to the quick. "Poor little girl!"

Before he knew it he had taken her in his arms, and she was crying hysterically with her head on his shoulder.

"By George! This won't do!" he thought. "Suppose somebody should walk in on the party unexpectedly?"

"Look here, Miss Bennett," he said soothingly. "I'm afraid we'll have to go somewhere else. You've had a hard time. You're all unstrung. But try and brace up!"

The girl attempted to restrain her sobs, but without success.

"I'm all alone!" she cried brokenly. "They won't even let me see my brother! and the storm frightened me so."

"Oh, I say!" cried Micky, "you don't mean old Ponsonby refuses to let you talk to him?"

"Yes," she answered. "Not a word can pass between us. I haven't a soul to speak to; I don't know anybody! And I don't know what to do!"

"Poor child!" exclaimed Micky. "Well, you just do as I tell you. We've got to talk, that's sure. Of course I can't go to your state-room, but you come on up to the wireless house and take a nip of brandy and tell me all about it."

"Ought 1?" she stammered. "You're the only person who's been kind to me on the whole boat. Since it all happened I've hardly left my state-room."

Micky preceded his guest up the ladder, and placed a chair for her by the steam-pipes. Then he poured out a tiny sip of brandy and handed it to her.

"Do you good," he said, smiling.

She drank the brandy obediently, and wiped her eyes.

"Oh," she said, "you don't know what it is to have one person kind to you when you're in trouble. And we are in trouble! Of course — why, you're the person that knows most about it, for it must have come by wireless."

Micky nodded grimly.

"Yes," he said; "it came that way. But it wouldn't have made any difference; they'd have caught him in New York."

The girl began to cry again softly.

"He would do it!" she sobbed. "I told him no judge would sentence father if he knew why he'd done it — but Jim would do it!"

"Who — would do it?" inquired Micky. "Come, you might as well put some confidence in me and let me have the whole story."

"There's no particular story," she answered.

"Father took the money to pay the doctors for mother and send her on the trip to Egypt. You see, he'd been employed there all his life, but he



"'POOR LITTLE GIRL!' EXCLAIMED MICKY. 'POOR LITTLE GIRL!' BEFORE HE KNEW
IT HE HAD TAKEN HER IN HIS ARMS AND SHE WAS CRYING WILDLY
WITH HER HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER"

couldn't ask the bank for money. And Sir Penniston Crisp — the great specialist, you know — said mother must have all kinds of care — trained nurses, and so on, and travel. He said she'd die without them. Well, mother was sixty-one and father was sixty-seven, and we had only his salary — two hundred and fifty pounds a year — to live on. But one day he came home and said he'd had a bit of luck on the Exchange and mother could go abroad."

"I see!" said Micky.

"That was four years ago!" went on the girl, gaining confidence as she proceeded. "Mother went to Egypt with a trained nurse and spent the winter, and did the same thing the winters following. In the summer we took a cottage at Brighton and had the best specialists. It must have cost a pile of money. And all that time neither mother nor I ever suspected a thing."

"No; why should you?" interjected the listener.

"Then Jim — Jim Chilvers — I was engaged to be married to him ——"

She stopped suddenly and looked inquiringly at Micky.

"Sure - I understand," said Micky encour-

agingly.

"Jim came to me one day and said he'd found that father had taken the money from the bank — nearly five thousand pounds — by shifting the securities around some way. I don't understand those things. We were to have been married in a month, but Jim explained that they were going to have some kind of an investigation and that the bank would surely find it out."

She turned a white face to him. Outside, the rain beat a ghostly tattoo on the rattling panes.

"Now, Sir Penniston had said that any shock might kill mother, and Jim said that the disgrace would kill father, too — he's an old man, you know! There was nothing to do, he said, except for him — Jim — to shoulder the blame to save father. He said the only person who made any difference to him was me. As long as I knew he wasn't the ordinary sort of criminal, he didn't mind. Father wouldn't hear of it at first, but finally, on mother's account, he agreed to let me go with Jim. So two weeks ago we ran away to Paris - Mother thinks I'm on a visit in Scotland — and got married, and then took the train to Madrid and Gibraltar. There's a man on board who has followed us all the way from Paris. He sits at our table. Cloud is his name. And we were terribly afraid he was a detective. Perhaps he is. Maybe that is how Jim came to be arrested."

"No!" said Micky. "I know that man. He's not — a detective."

"Well," she continued, "that's the whole thing. Then that morning Jim and I met Mrs. Trevelyan and the Captain, and she recognized him. So there we were! And inside an hour Jim was locked up in his state-room under arrest, with orders from the Captain to let him talk to nobody. So everything's over!"

She looked at him helplessly.

"It is tough!" answered Micky, with sym-

pathy.

"The hardest part of it all is being kept away from Jim! I don't know why Captain Ponsonby won't let me go to him — I'm all alone — no one to speak to ——"

"Look here!" said Micky. "You'd better go down now. I'll see what I can do. You can't tell. Perhaps everything will come out all right even yet. No one would want to punish him unless it were the bank."

"Except the bank!" sighed the girl.

Micky opened the door. The rain had almost ceased, but the night was as thick as ever. He assisted her down the ladder and to her state-room. On the opposite side of the narrow passage, one of the older stewards stood on guard at Bennett's door. He grinned sheepishly at Micky.

"Jim!" called the girl. "Jim!"

"Beg pardon, Miss!" interrupted the steward. "It's against orders!"

"It's an outrage!" retorted Micky. "Tell the Captain to go to — . . . Hello, there, Mr. Chilvers!"

"Jim! Jim!" repeated the girl hysterically.

"Mr. Fitzpatrick is looking after me. Don't worry. I'm all right. Good night."

"I'll do the best I can for both of you!" added Micky. "Keep up your nerve!"

Then he turned to the steward.

"Now go and tell Ponsonby!" he cried-wrathfully.

Micky, after bidding good night to Mrs. Chilvers, climbed up the ladder to the wireless house with many conflicting emotions, and lit a pipe. Poor Bennett! "Not the ordinary sort of criminal," the girl had said. The very words used by Graeme. "Not the ordinary sort." Was there any "ordinary sort" of criminal, he wondered? If you only knew the truth, wouldn't you always find some reason for their having done what they did — some extenuating circumstance, some excuse? No one really wanted to do wrong, he felt sure.

"I wish I could help these people!" he sighed, gazing out into the night through the water-stained windows.

"I wish I could help 'em!" he repeated.

"And I wish I could do something for Graeme!

Queer fix all around!"

THE PRODIGAL

ARTHUR HOWARD'S OWN STORY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

This is a narrative of Mr. Howard's actual personal experiences told by himself. At the age of thirty-eight he had run through a fortune of half a million. He left New York \$100,000 in debt, with \$25 in his pocket. For a while he drifted about Boston, picking up a dollar or two by writing stray paragraphs for the newspapers. One day his eye was caught by the notice of the closing out of the Salem "Gazette." Howard's people had come from Salem. By noon that day he was in the town offering to buy the "Gazette." His offer was refused, and Howard started a paper of his own, the "Dispatch," which he got out himself, with the help of a job printer named Lee. The paper was edited on reform lines. The two men lived through the winter on a few cents a day, getting out the paper in spite of overwhelming difficulties. One day some one suggested to Howard that he run for Mayor of Salem.

O an unprejudiced observer, the chance of realizing my ambition to become the Mayor of Salem would certainly not have seemed great, when I returned from Boston cherishing it in January, 1909. The main question was whether I could continue to make a living there.

I had begun to see what kind of a newspaper I must publish. It must treat the big local issues, which my competitor, the News, avoided. I heard many expressions of approval as I adopted this policy. For instance, I had occasion to go into one of the big shoe factories one day, and, as I walked through the room where the men were working, I saw a copy of the Dispatch lying on one of the benches, almost worn to shreds. One of the workmen told me that they passed it around at lunch-time, and over forty men saw it each day.

At the same time my circulation stood still around one hundred, and I got practically no advertising. So we had to hustle even to get paper to print upon.

One Thursday night, I remember, we were entirely out of paper. Our money was gone. I tried to buy from the local printers. I went into executive session with myself, and finally produced an idea. So I started out for the nearest grocery store, and asked the proprietor if he would give me a few sheets of wrappingpaper. He told me to help myself, and I took two or three sheets. I repeated this operation at some twenty grocery stores, and finally succeeded in getting enough to print about a hundred copies for our next morning's edition.

The sheets were different shades of brown, and different thicknesses; so, after this edition was printed, we went over the thinner sheets and filled out with pen and ink the places where the type had failed to print.

As to ink, we were more fortunate. An ink salesman came into our office early, and let us have a barrel of ink on our own terms, on account of an old grievance against his treatment by Damon, the publisher of the News.

"I don't care if you never pay for it," he said.

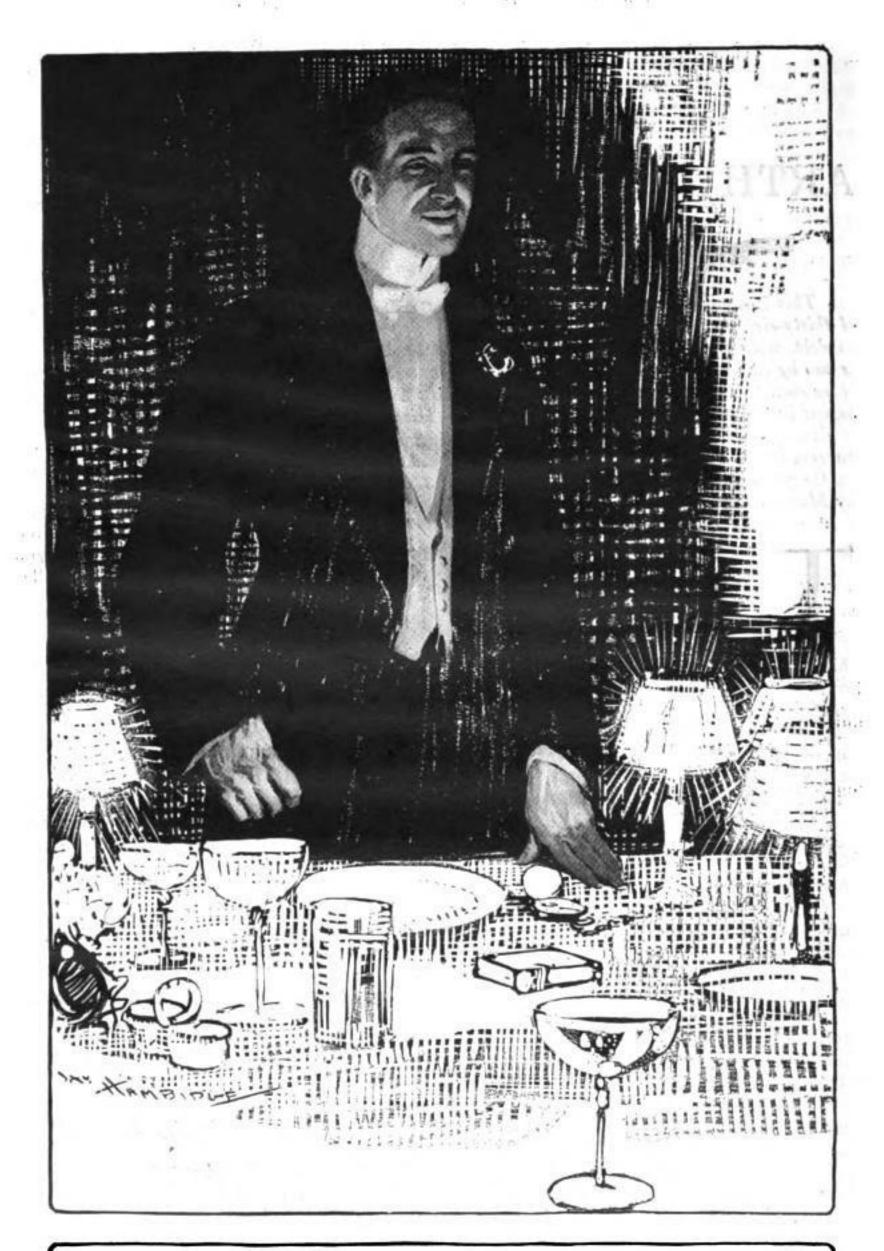
There was no expense for labor. Lee did the typesetting, and we turned out the papers on a foot-press by the two-man power of the firm.

Lee slept in the printing plant. But it required great mental effort to provide our daily food.

For some weeks I stayed at the boarding-house. But matters were going almost as badly with "Ma" and "Pa" as with us. Finally "Ma" announced that hereafter she would serve no more meals on Sundays. This was a sudden and disastrous blow for me. I was getting credit at the boarding-house; but where could I provide actual cash to feed myself over Sunday?

Hypnotizing a Sunday Dinner

The first two Sundays I got through all right, but I woke up on the third without a cent. All I could do was to hunt diligently for some one who would take me out to dinner. I wandered around in vain until one o'clock, when I ran across Harry Curtis, one of my acquaintances in Day's tailor shop. I asked him if he had dined, and he said he was just through dinner



DRESSED IN A SUIT OF CLOTHES TEMPORARILY REDEEMED FROM THE PAWNBROKER, HOWARD STANDS UP BEFORE A HOSTILE COMPANY TO MAKE HIS FIRST SPEECH IN SALEM. "ISN'T IT RATHER DANGEROUS, MR. TOAST-MASTER," HE ASKS, "TO PLACE YOUR WATCH IN FRONT OF ME, KNOWING MY FINANCIAL CONDITION?"

and was on his way to the club. So I went down to the club with him, and we sat together in the window, watching the people passing. I was desperately hungry.

We had been there a little while, when we began to talk about Augustus Thomas' play, "The Witching Hour." Harry said he believed in the theory of the play — that it was possible to concentrate your thoughts on some one and make him do as you wished. I immediately started trying it out.

For over an hour I talked about nothing but food. I described in detail different banquets I had attended, and their menus. Finally Harry moved uneasily, got up, and said: "Gee, I'm hungry; let's go and have something to eat."

"I've only got enough money to buy supper," said I, "and I don't care to pay for an extra meal."

"Oh, that's all right," said Harry. "It's my treat."

So I was fed again.

But it was hard work, especially as I had to do all the planning. After a while I had to give up taking my meals at the boarding-house, and only roomed there. And Lee and I stayed in the shop, and warmed what food we could get over the little stove in the office. We lived on as low as one dollar a week apiece.

Even then we almost came to a stop. Every night I would come in with the receipts of the day, and we would sit together by the stove and rest.

"We've got to do something," I'd say.

"That's right," old Lee would answer, wagging his head up and down.

"Right off, too," I'd say.

"Yep, that's right," he'd agree, and wag his head again feebly — and sit staring at the floor.

Interview with a Prominent Citizen

The night after we printed our wrappingpaper edition, we found ourselves on the dead center again, with just a few cents between us. So I turned and suggested to Lee that he let me interview him on his impressions of Salem. He did. He gave me one of the strongest interviews I ever heard concerning Salem in about one hundred words. I wrote it out and headed it "An Interview with a Prominent Citizen." We had just three sheets of paper left.

We printed these. Lee had a few coppers; so, when we were done, I turned to him and offered to sell him the whole edition for three cents. Lee didn't fully understand the transaction, but, as usual, he trusted to my judgment and handed over the three cents, took the three newspapers, and put them into his box, as I suggested.

Our paper was like nothing on earth in those days; and especially peculiar editions still command high prices locally, after the fashion of rare postage-stamps.

That morning, at nine o'clock, we were sitting mournfully in the office, still wondering how we would get breakfast, when the door opened and a fresh politician, who bought our paper every day, came in.

"Is your little paper out this morning?" said he.

"Yes," said 1.

He took a penny out of his pocket and tossed it to me, saying:

"Well, give us a copy of it."

"The entire edition is sold out," I said.

"That's funny," said he. "Anything special in it this morning?"

"There was an interview that was sent us last night," I replied. "The man regretted it afterward, and bought up the entire edition."

Our fresh friend stood around for a few minutes. Finally he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a lot of silver, saying: "I tell you what I'll do with you: I'll give you half a dollar for a copy."

"Sorry," I said, "but we are all sold out."

"Haven't you got a single copy?" he asked.

"Not one," I said.

"How on earth can I get one?"

"I can't help you out," I said to him, "but if you want to be sure in future, the way to do is to become a yearly subscriber; then we are forced to deliver the paper, no matter what's in it."

At that he drew out some bills and laid down three dollars, saying: "Put me down for a year."

Before that night we had four or five new yearly subscribers at three dollars apiece from other men, whom our friend had spoken to during the day. So the *Dispatch* went on again.

My Maiden Speech in Salem

But there is a turning-point to everything, and by and by ours came. More than anything else, it was due to my friends — Bill Sanborn, who gave me my first cordial greeting to Salem, and "Ed" Allen, whom he spoke to me about that first day of my newspaper. The crowd which gathered about Day's shop were growing enthusiastic about the Dispatch, as it waded into local affairs. "Link" Allen, the alderman, whose letter had brought the paper into politics, was a good-hearted fellow. He made a specialty of supplying me with cigars, the one indulgence I retained. Both Sanborn and "Ed" Allen were always doing me some kindness in an unobtrusive way.

One day, while we were all in Day's office, Sanborn suggested a method of getting myself question of getting to that banquet. Both of and my newspaper before the public. He pro- my dress-suits were in a pawn-shop in Boston,

It was something of an anxiety to me - the



OUT OF MONEY, BANKRUPT IN CREDIT, HOWARD IS AT HIS WITS' END TO GET PAPER FOR HIS NEXT EDITION. AS A LAST RESOURCE, HE VISITS TWENTY GROCERY STORES, BEGGING FOR WRAPPING-PAPER

posed to get me an invitation to speak at the annual meeting of the Now and Then Association, an organization of eight hundred of the young business men of the city, and finally he manoeuvered until he secured the opportunity for me. out of the store with the suit on, leaving behind

and I hadn't a cent to get them out with. Finally I went to the pawnbroker in Boston, and talked him into letting me have a suit for that night. It took an hour's talking, but I came

the suit I had been wearing, and a written agree- Salem, John F. Hurley; after him a politician

ment to bring the dress-clothes back the next from Boston spoke on state affairs, a clergyman day. I spent a good while dressing, especially talked on "Good Behavior," and an ex-president



AS HOWARD ALIGHTS FROM HIS TRAIN A POLICEMAN STEPS IN FRONT OF HIM. "I'VE GOT A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST ON A CHARGE OF CRIMINAL LIBEL," HE ANNOUNCES. "YOU'LL HAVE TO COME WITH ME"

in preparing my only pair of shoes, which were of the association followed him. A more melangreatly cracked across the top. But I finally choly collection of human speech was never put blacked them up so I could wear them.

office. The first speaker was the Mayor of arose and said with crushing emphasis:

together. It was after ten o'clock, and the man The toast-master was a man from the News from the News office, who was toast-master,

introduce Arthur Howard, the editor of the

Dispatch."

Whereupon he took his watch from his pocket and laid it down in front of me. So I arose before my first audience in Salem. It was a chilly one. I had been warned by Bill not to be too serious.

"Isn't it rather dangerous, Mr. Toastmaster," I said, "to place your watch in front of me, knowing my financial condition?"

They sat up and laughed a little at that.

"Mr. Toast-master and gentlemen," I said, "you will notice that I do not call you friends, and I will tell you the reason why.

"A number of years ago a Salem boy went to New York and enlisted in a local regiment. The first week that he was in it, the regiment went into camp, and the Salem boy was put on guard outside the Colonel's tent. Late that night the Colonel came home. The sentry had never seen him before.

"As the Colonel approached his tent, the Salem boy stepped forward and said, 'Who goes there?'

"'A friend,' said the Colonel.

"'You're a liar,' said the Salem boy. never saw you before in my life.' And so, gentlemen," I continued, "if I said friends, I am fearful you would all jump up and say: 'You're a liar, Howard. We never saw you before in our lives."

My audience laughed at this, and I quickly followed it with a few humorous anecdotes about members of the club, and closed with a reference to my independent position as a newspaper man. My speech took just ten minutes to deliver, and I ended it as follows:

"You probably wonder what I am doing in Salem, and I think I ought to explain to you that I publish a newspaper here called the Dispatch, the circulation of which reaches 2,999. Some of you gentlemen look doubtful, so let me

explain here where the copies go.

"We have an annual subscriber, the Essex Institute, which is compelled by its charter to subscribe; I give one copy to my landlady in part payment for my food; seven copies are actually sold on the streets for cash; and 2,990 copies are given away to educate the public. That makes a total of 2,999."

I Incorporate the "Dispatch"

The diners laughed a good deal over my speech. A "jolly" was evidently the kind of thing they wanted, and when I went out of the hall, Bill met me outside in the corridor and

"We have only a few minutes left; and I now right, Howard; you certainly made good with the fellows."

> All at once he looked down and saw my shoes. "Say," he said in his usual blunt way, "you didn't change your shoes to-night; you've got

your working shoes on."

I was caught unawares. "Why, Bill," I said, "those are the only shoes I own."

He looked at me a minute. Then he put his hand in his pocket and brought out a lot of bills.

"Here," he said, "I want to subscribe to your paper for a year. Make it two years!" he added impulsively, handing me a five- and a one-dollar bill.

"I want to see you to-morrow morning in Allen's office," he said finally.

The next day at ten o'clock I was in Ed Allen's office.

"Tell him what we were talking about, Ed," said Sanborn, after a pause.

Then they told me that they wanted to help me as much as they could afford to - that there were a lot of people in Salem who admired the newspaper for its work. Sanborn suggested that I form a company, and perhaps I could sell a little stock in it. They would pay for the incorporation, and each of them would buy twenty-five dollars' worth of stock themselves. Then they each laid down twenty-five dollars. I went up to Boston and got my legal friend, Mr. Peabody, to incorporate the Salem Dispatch Company. Soon after that we began' bringing out a larger paper. We still published' only four pages, but we increased the sheet's size until it was a little less like a hand-bill.

What made the paper possible was its independent comments on local affairs. The News, which had had a monopoly of the daily field in the past, had been very free with its comments in early days, when it was struggling for existence. Its editor had even left for Europe following a libel suit, in those days of its beginning. But now it was so situated that free comment on the various gangs in control of the city were not in its programs. Some of the leading politicians were its own stockholders. This situation gave me my opportunity, and I opened up on political affairs with enthusiastic freedom. -

Salem's Political Leaders

The political situation in Salem at that time was a wonderful thing. There were no party lines in local elections; the votes were largely divided into the personal followings of different individuals.

The best-known figure was the bluff old shook my hand, saying: "Your speech was all swearing "Colonel" Joe Peterson - the ex-

Mayor, the man who handled the money of the State Republican machine in Essex County, and the contractor to whom the political jobs in the county were thrown.

Then there were the McSweeny brothers, who built their fortunes on the liquor question. Their law firm represented the liquor dealers, while they personally were prominent in the total abstinence societies. One brother was a license commissioner, one an alderman, and the third a general assistant for the other two, being the only one of the three not a lawyer.

A third leader was John F. Hurley, a political insurgent and the greatest "glad-hand" politician in the world, who had graduated into the mayoralty from a long and profitable career in

selling liquor without a license.

And last, but most active of all, was Doyle, the theater ticket agent, the director of the Board of Aldermen. From this position he gained the voting strength which comes to the man who controls the employment of city laborers.

As he was most active in directing the affairs of the city at the time, it was he whom I hit

The most ridiculous and extravagant perversion of the city government's work in recent years had been in the building of a new high school. Instead of being located somewhere near the center of the city, it was placed in an open pasture at the extreme southwest end of the town, a mile and two miles from the houses of a large number of the pupils. In a city of no greater area than Salem, the location was pre-

My comments on local affairs began with the treatment of this school situation, followed by a criticism of the Electric Light Company's rates and the part of Doyle as leader of the aldermen in these matters. Afterward I took up and featured the purchase of a melancholy plot of ground nicknamed Bunco Park, which had been bought by the city at an extravagant price and turned into a little public breathingspace.

One after another, as issues came up, I devoted my editorials to them. The idea took; and my circulation increased in a month to three or four hundred copies. And, in the meanwhile, I disclosed my ambition of running for Mayor to Sanborn and Ed Allen. Surprising as it may seem, they took it. Considering the class of men who had recently held the office, it was not so preposterous, after all. I had had experience, the education of large affairs and of wide travel in Europe and America. And I had a newspaper through which I could appeal directly to the people. Both Sanborn and Allen started with characteristic energy to back my campaign.

It was spring, and the election was not until the following December; but, contrary to all precedent, I began to feel out public sentiment. On April 10 I came out with an editorial:

OUR NEXT MAYOR - A PREDICTION

in which I said that the citizens of Salem wanted a change.

The next Mayor [I said] must be a fearless man who can take the helm without fear or favor and without giving a promise to any one; and in order to be elected he must have a newspaper behind him. There are only three men who can do that here:

Mr. Robin Damon, of the News.

Hon. J. D. A. Gauss, of the Observer [a weekly paper].

And one other.

Mr. Damon has not proved his fitness for the position. He is not a man who can go out and campaign for Mayor until election, speaking night and day, for he is neither an orator nor a good writer. His popularity is in doubt. He had the opportunity to expose the graft in Salem, but he let it slide.

It looks as if a candidate were available, and we believe that one we have in mind will be elected (just to see what he would do); and we hope his manhood will assert itself to such an extent that people will ever after say: "The year that newspaper fellow was in, no one dared graft; our streets were clean, and the liquor laws obeyed."

The next day I announced myself a candidate for Mayor. My paper's circulation was now fifteen hundred.

The politicians took this at first rather as a huge joke - very naturally. I could not even register as a citizen of Massachusetts for three months to come. But I kept hammering them day after day, in one matter or another, until they lost their amusement in a confused anger.

Ned Bates' Affidavit

Day after day I had been working, not to trap individuals, but to unearth the methods of the system as a whole. There was one big job in particular which I wanted to learn about, but always it eluded me. There was a go-between in it, but I could never put my hand on him. Finally I was told that the man I wanted was a fellow named Ned Bates.*

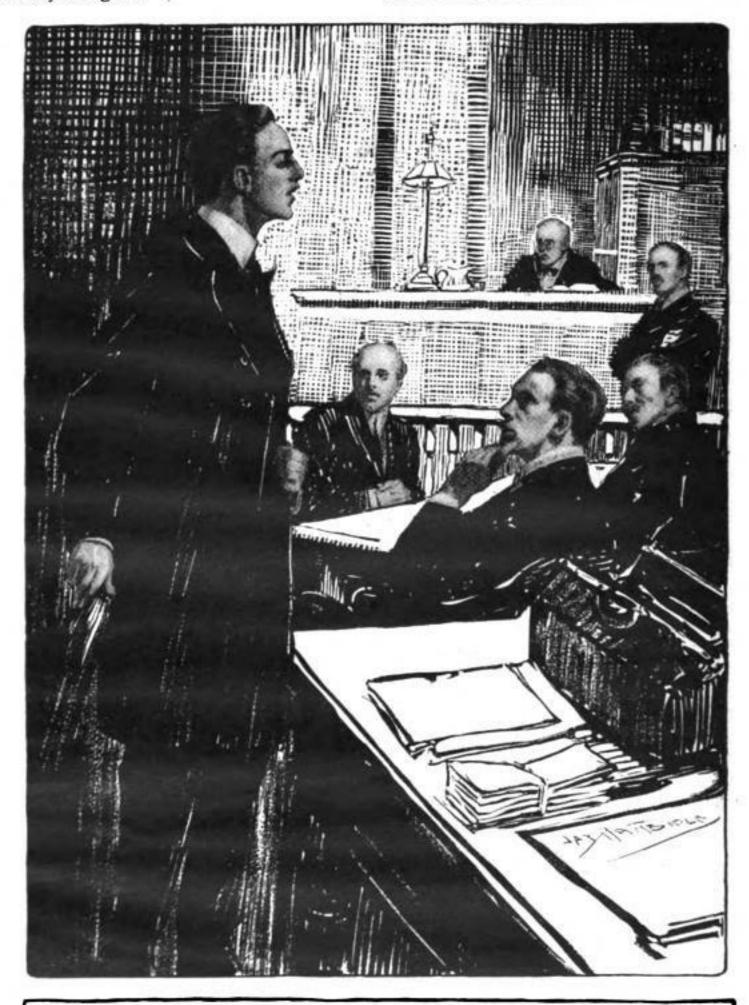
One night I went into a restaurant, and over in one corner I saw Bates. I went over to his table and sat down opposite to him. He was drunk and very talkative. After he had finished his meal, he walked over to my office with me and sat down. Suddenly he began to tell me about the deal, and as he told me I wrote down what he said. When he got through I read him what I had written.

[.] This name is fictitious.

I hope you send them back to jail."

"Would you sign it?"

"That's the story," he said, "complete; and in Salem. The sad congregation of politicians on Town House Square was stirred every day to its core; and I could hear the terrible Colonel



HOWARD'S ENEMIES, ANXIOUS TO GET HIM OUT OF SALEM, GAVE HIM REPEATED OPPORTUNITIES TO ESCAPE TRIAL; BUT HOWARD CREATES A SEN-SATION IN COURT BY INSISTING CN GOING TO JAIL

"Sure I would," he said, and picked up a pen and wrote his name at the bottom.

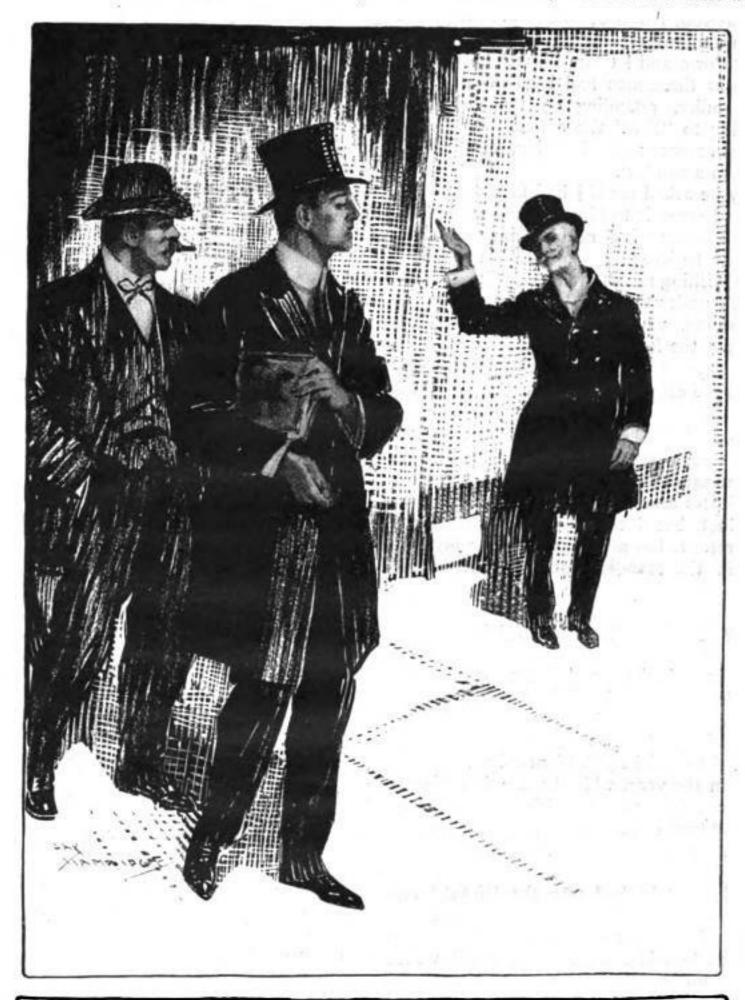
When he left I wrote a savage editorial on the deal.

My campaign was warming up political circles

begin to rumble two blocks away, whenever I went down the main street. Anonymous letters appeared predicting my early destruction; and my partner, Lee, gave out unexpected warnings as we sat about the office stove.

Somewhere about the first of May I went the moonlight, I saw on the ground a stone

home to my boarding-house one early morning about twice the size of my hand, and, reaching after the paper had gone to press. I sat at my out of the window, I located the dent where it



OF BEING BEHIND THE PROSECUTION. THE MAYOR SMILES AND WAVES HIM AN AFFABLE FAREWELL

window, with the curtain up, and began to had struck the side of the house. write my first public speech in my campaign me, and I felt the house shake. Looking out in ought to do.

missed the glass by about three inches. There for Mayor. It was about two o'clock in the was nobody to be seen, and I went back morning. Suddenly there was a crash beside and lay down on the bed, wondering what I

About twenty minutes later some one whistled outside my window. I raised it again, and there stood Lee.

"Is that you, Howard?" he said. "Say, can I see you a minute?"

I went down and let him in, and he told me that two or three men had been down at the Dispatch office, pounding on the door and threatening to "lick" the editor. Then they had thrown stones at the building, one of which had broken a window.

Finally he asked me if I had fifty cents, and after I had given it to him he hung around for half an hour, saying nothing in particular. Just before he left he got up and shook hands with me, wishing me all kinds of luck.

I didn't understand it at the time; but the next morning, when I stopped at the postoffice, I got the following letter:

Dear Howard:

Perhaps you can stand it, but I can't. Good luck to you. LEE.

That was the end of my first partner.

Three weeks later I received a brief letter from him saying that he had enlisted in the United States army. I couldn't blame Lee for his conduct, but I received his second letter with regret. It has profoundly shaken my confidence in the standing army of the United States.

A Business Deal with Johnny

My printer had gone, and I regretted him. We had been through hard times together. But I had in the meantime found another close business associate. I had made connections with Johnny, the official Dispatch newsboy.

Early in the year, while I was still acting as my own newsboy, we were visited one day by a very small boy, enveloped in a very long, dingy overcoat. His name, he said, was Johnny Alwyn.

He said that he had seen the Dispatch and would like to take a chance selling it. I told him we sold it to newsboys two for a cent; whereupon he laid down a penny and invested in two on the spot.

He had been gone about ten minutes, when he returned and laid down one of the two copies.

"I don't think I care to sell them any more," he remarked.

"Very well," I said; "we will give you your penny back, and we are very glad to have met you."

"I'm satisfied," he said, "but I'm through with your paper. It isn't any good and I don't think I can sell it."

language. I took a fancy to him; so the next day, when I ran across him in the street, I asked him to come down to the office.

"What for?" he asked.

"I want to put through a business deal with you," I said.

"I guess I'll put through a business deal, maybe," said Johnny, somewhat suspiciously, "but I don't want to handle your paper; it's no good."

However, I finally induced Johnny to allow me to make daily consignments of papers to him, so that he could handle them without financial risk, and in a short time he was the most ardent associate in our enterprise. He was about the size of a grasshopper, and the way he would march up to the Town House Square politicians and try to sell the papers attacking them was a thing grotesque to see.

"Here you are, Colonel," he would say, shaking the Dispatch in front of the warlike leader of the street-pavers. "Here you are — Dispatch. All about you!"

The Colonel would let out a roar that almost lifted him off his feet:

"Go home, you brat! You ought to be licked within an inch of your life."

In a short time Johnny had reached the opinion that the Dispatch was the greatest of human institutions, and recognized that he was an essential part of it. He insisted upon seeing and talking with the editor personally. It became his opinion that if I would publish something besides politics he could sell a great number of copies, and when I asked him to name a topic of general interest, he suggested that I write about the newsboys. That night there was a circus in town, and Johnny attended it as my guest. The next issue I devoted to a description of our business alliance with Johnny, and our experience at the circus, under the caption:

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

The show [I explained] was just what would please an editor and a newsboy. There were bareback riders and a contortionist, clowns, wire-walkers, trapeze actors, ponies, and everything that makes the eyes dilate and the pulse beat. The contortionist was great, and two of the clowns were very funny. One tried to carry the other out of the ring, and his efforts made Johnny laugh until he swallowed a peanut whole. Johnny found two friends after the show, and we all had "hot dogs" together. We like Johnny, and his observations and appreciation of the circus are worth recording. Johnny is not only a good business man, but an agreeable companion; and, judging by the way he digested the peanuts, candy, and "hot dogs," we should say his stomach was made of iron.

As soon as Johnny read it, he insisted on He had an intelligent face and an odd gift of taking all the papers, and set off at once for his station in Town House Square, yelling in his shrill voice: "Salem Dispatch. All about me!" He sold the entire edition, and not only established his reputation, but ours at the same time.

A Benevolent Creditor

Our circulation was increasing daily through those spring months of 1909. But we were still having our troubles. Some time after, we formed the Salem Dispatch Company, enlarged the size of our page, and gave the work of printing to a local job printer. He hoped to get advertising in this way, but we didn't get any to speak of. We were making no money; in fact, we were running behind. And finally the Salem printer told me he could not go on any longer, and I had to make arrangements with a man in Lynn, six miles away, to print the Dispatch. He took over my type and started printing. He had been at this only a short time when I got a telegram stating that his plant had been destroyed by fire. All the type I owned went with it, and neither one of us had a dollar's worth of insurance. Again it looked as if the Dispatch had reached its end. When I came back from Lynn that night, I didn't see how I could possibly go on.

As I sat in my office, wondering what I would do, I saw a letter on my desk from a local dealer to whom I owed twenty-five dollars. I had no desire to open it at that time, but finally I tore it open and found the following inclosed:

Dear Mr. Howard: I have just heard that you have been burned out, and appreciate fully the difficult position you must be in. You owe me twenty-five dollars, and I inclose a check for twenty-five dollars more. Please send me fifty dollars' worth of stock in your company.

The twenty-five dollars that he gave me went into type the next morning, and I started to set up the paper myself. My typesetting was a strange and wonderful piece of work; but I finally got it done, and arranged with a Salem job printer to run it off for me. When he had run off about a hundred copies he was called to the telephone. As if by intuition, I went over to the nearest font of type and changed the date of the paper one day forward. I felt that somebody was going to tell him not to print for us. When he came back he said: "Something has happened to my press; I can't print any more papers for you."

"Well, run fifty more for me," I answered, "and I will be satisfied."

So he ran off fifty more, and I got out my paper for two days more. I learned afterward that Damon of the *News* was on the other end of the wire.

The next morning Curtis, a young man who had written me, some weeks before, an appreciation of my starting an independent paper in Salem, brought in one hundred dollars, put it into the enterprise, and became a member of the Dispatch staff.

Curtis put in one hundred dollars. Sanborn and Ed Allen each put in fifty dollars more, and several other people contributed small amounts. By a part payment I got a good little press in Boston, valued at \$600, and secured a young man who had been in the Lynn plant which burned out, to be typesetter and pressman. And so the Dispatch started on its way again.

I had not ceased from the first to pay my respects to my competitor, the "Little Octopus," who published the opposition sheet. And he, as well as the politicians, did not bear my enterprise any good will. Early in the spring I had expected to secure the printing of the advertisements of the liquor license applications for the city, because the News, in a spectacular excess of virtue, had made it a policy never to take even so much of a liquor advertisement as this. When I was just about to print the names, the News suddenly repented, reversed its established policy, and took the advertising. I commented on its action as hypocritical, and one. after another, as I took up the instances of political mismanagement, I called attention to the fact that the News had not seen fit to tell

Finally, on Memorial Day, I made a flank movement by taking away from the control of the News the old newspaper I had originally tried to buy from them — the Gazette — and publishing it as an evening paper.

The thing was done very simply.

the public of them.

In the seven months I had been in Salem the old Gazette had not been published. The publisher of the News had let it die. I wrote to the authorities in Washington, stating the facts, and asking if there was anything to prevent my publishing a Gazette. They replied that there was not, and I came out with both a morning and an evening paper.

I celebrated this event with a flippant editorial which did not tend to allay the irritation caused by my move. I had two newspapers now in which to pay my respects to the political gangs and the News. And in the meantime I was pounding them on all occasions in the speech-making campaign I was beginning to make as a candidate for Mayor. Two thirds of the daily newspapers in Salem, I announced, favored Howard for Mayor.

I soon began to find that my opponents were far from inactive. They had sent detectives to

look up my whole career in New York. The later; and when this was done the attorneys News never mentioned my name, as a matter of policy; but Salem was flooded with scandals about me. I found that a great number of personal letters had been stolen from my room in the boarding-house. Soon after I began to find that my letters had been opened when they reached me from the post-office. There was every sign that I was being watched on every side.

I hit back as hard blows as I knew how. I had worked out now a regular formula for the Dispatch. The features were a local story on the front page, with a mastodontic headline, often a single word which covered half the page; an editorial directed against local affairs; and a rhymed parody. As my campaign for Mayor advanced, my attacks on the badly managed city government and the political machine became more and more direct and pointed.

"A Warrant for Your Arrest"

On Saturday morning, July 10, 1909, I was returning to Salem from Boston, where I had been to buy some type. As I alighted from the train, a little before ten o'clock, a policeman stepped up to me and said:

"I've got a warrant for your arrest."

"What for?" I asked.

"Criminal libel," he answered.

"Have you the warrant with you?" I asked

"No," he answered; "but if you will come over to the court I will show it to you. If you will give me your word that you will meet me there," he continued, "I will spare you the odium of arrest."

So I promised, went to the office and got the paper out, and then went, with my associate, Curtis, to the courthouse. I was called to the bar, and arraigned on the charge of criminal libel, preferred by Alderman Doyle. I asked to see the complaint, and the clerk responded that it had been locked up over Sunday. The whole thing seemed strange to me, and I rose and said to the judge: "Your Honor, how can I plead if I don't know what is in the complaint?"

The judge ordered it to be brought out. It was about an article I had published on Doyle the week before. Instead of being made by Doyle himself, the complaint was made by James B. Skinner, the assistant marshal of the city. The two best-known lawyers in Salem, Joseph F. Quinn and Michael L. Sullivan, appeared for Doyle. Sullivan was the attorney for the big liquor and corporation interests and the legal adviser of Editor Damon of the News. My case was set for Friday morning, six days for the prosecution insisted that my bail be placed at twenty-five hundred dollars.

I was without counsel myself; but I stepped forward and said that that bail was unreasonable and entirely out of my reach. It happened that on that very morning an Italian, who was defended by one of the attorneys for the prosecution, had been held for an assault with intent to kill under only one thousand dollars bonds. I called the judge's attention to the fact that it was ridiculous to hold me on twenty-five hundred dollars bonds when this man had been released on one thousand dollars. At that rate, I pointed out, I could afford to try to kill two men and a boy for the same bail rate as for one political editorial. The judge then reduced my bail to one thousand dollars and gave me until Monday morning to procure it.

As soon as I left court I rushed to Boston to see Mr. Peabody, but found him out of the city on a long vacation. Curtis, my new associate, who was with me, suggested that I call upon a minister, formerly of Salem, who had made serious charges against the political gangs in Salem. When I saw him, he advised me to secure the best counsel in Boston. I went from him to see Louis D. Brandeis.

When I met Mr. Brandeis, I frankly told him my history, both in New York and Salem, my disastrous experience in money matters in the past, and my present lack of funds. After hearing my story he said he would take my case, notwithstanding my financial condition. I need not worry about that, he said.

His advice to me was practically: "Go to jail." If I had the sand to do this, he said, the result, in all probability, would be worse for my persecutors than for myself.

On the Way to Jail

I went back to Salem, and brought out in the Dispatch on Monday morning an editorial that ran like this:

ON THE WAY

Good-by, boys. Heard the news?

Our editor has been arrested.

Complaint was made by M. J. Doyle, alderman of the city of Salem. The complaint is libel.

Messrs. Quinn and Sullivan are the attorneys for Mr. Doyle. They are our two best and most expensive lawyers. Now, Mr. Doyle told Alderman Cahill several times that he would not spend one cent to get after Howard. Some one else must have put up the money. Who? "Colonel" Peterson, Damon, or Mayor Hurley? We doubt very much if Mr. Doyle could put up a cent.

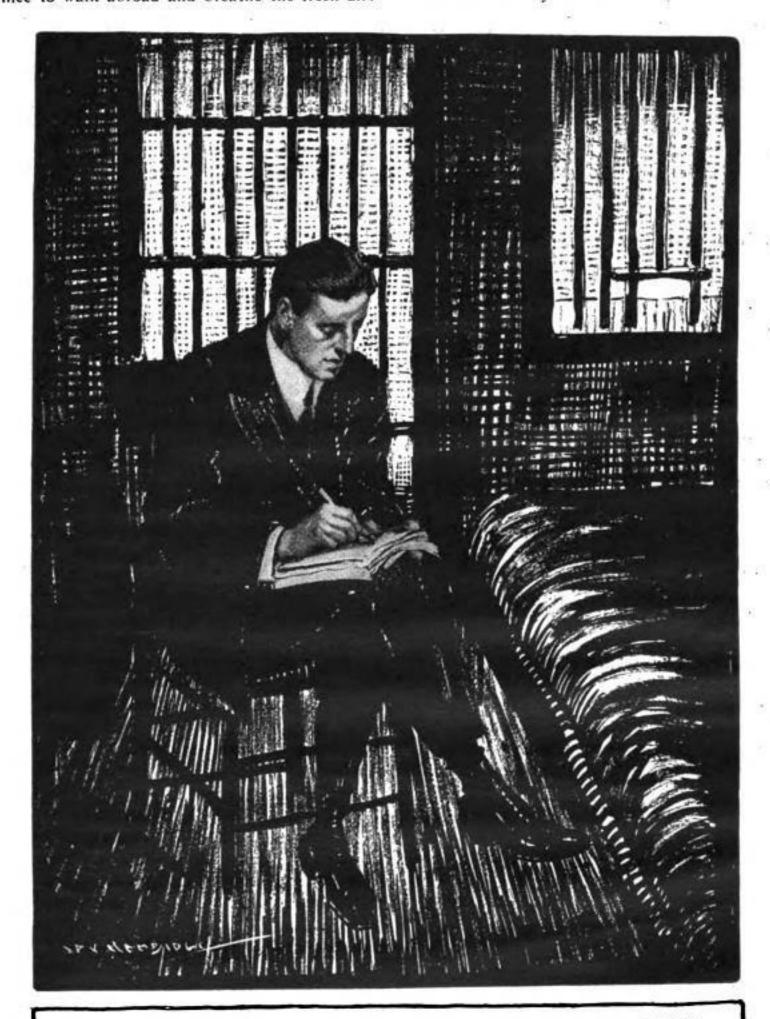
The complaint says that Howard deprived Doyle of his good name, fame, and reputation. Try as hard

as he could, Mr. Howard could not help smiling as he street at five A. M., selling like hot cakes. I had stood there in court listening to this complaint.

What a beautiful world this is! How beautiful the flowers are! How brilliantly the sun shines! And how nice to walk abroad and breathe the fresh air!

three boys stationed outside of Editor Damon's house and yelling at the top of their voices:

"All about Doyle!"



IN CELL No. 45, WAITING FOR TRIAL, HOWARD SITS DOWN TO WRITE THE EDITORIAL WHICH IS TO FALL LIKE A BOMBSHELL NEXT MORNING AMONG THE CITIZENS OF SALEM

And to think that on Monday we must bid good-by to all, and go down to jail!

We pounded out from eight to nine thousand copies of the Dispatch, and they were on the

At nine o'clock I appeared in the police-court alone. I had decided not to have any lawyer in these preliminary proceedings.

"Are you prepared, Mr. Howard," said the

judge, "to give a bond of one thousand got some good news. My father sailed for Eudollars?"

"No, your honor," I said; "and I don't know where I could get it."

Lawyer Sullivan sprang to his feet and said: who could readily supply the bond."

"Mr. Sullivan is more familiar with my fam-

ily," I said, "than I am with his."

"I will let you go on your own recognizance again until to-morrow morning," said the judge; "and I would advise you to communicate with your father."

My Father Sails for Europe

I had no intention of bringing my father into the matter. He was sailing for Europe, I happened to know, the next morning at ten o'clock. He was an old man, feeble, and in need of rest, and I did not intend to worry him with this affair of mine. He would have come to my aid, I knew. He had been following my efforts to reëstablish myself for several months, and I knew he had been pleased. But I proposed to go alone. Besides, I had no fear for the final outcome of my case — I knew where I stood; and I served notice of that fact in an editorial in the next morning's Dispatch which I called

AS OUR CONSCIENCE DIRECTS

We want to say [I wrote] for the benefit of all grafters and politicians, and the public in general, that nothing has ever been said in the Dispatch that did not have our most careful consideration. The editorials and articles have each and every one been based upon what we believe, and after careful investigation have felt positively certain, to be solid facts. And we would like to impress upon all the fact that we have no personal spite against any individual. It is the system which is in vogue in this city that we are against.

On Tuesday morning I went before the court again, and asked the judge to hold me for appearance before the court on Friday under my own recognizance. I did not own one thousand dollars' worth of property, I told him, and I did not believe, while carrying out a public work in my newspaper, that I ought to put myself under an obligation to any one. I was only accused of a misdemeanor; I had already shown that I would not run away; and, if he chose, he could very properly hold me in this way.

The judge seemed quite upset when he heard that I had not secured bail, and asked:

"Haven't you communicated with your father, Mr. Howard?"

"Oh," I said, jumping to my feet, as if I had forgotten all about it. "Yes, your honor. have communicated with my father and I have

rope this morning. It has been several years since he has been away, and the vacation can't help doing him good."

The judge looked very much surprised. The "This man has a wealthy father in New York lawyers for the prosecution whispered together and consulted with the judge. Finally he said that he would let me go until two o'clock, so I could raise my bail in Salem.

> All I had to do, I felt sure, was to leave town during one of these respites that were given me, and the whole thing would be ended. What my enemies wanted was to get me out of Salem.

Where is Alderman Doyle?

Early in the afternoon I came into court again, and told the judge I did not want to get any Salem people on my bonds. I would rather go to jail than do this.

"And, by the way," I said, "Alderman Doyle is the man who is sending me to jail, and he doesn't seem to be in court this morning. In fact, he hasn't been in court any day."

The lawyers began an elaborate explanation of Doyle's absence; and finally the judge cleared the court and called the assistant marshal — the man who had been complainant for Doyle in the matter — to take me to jail.

The assistant marshal came over to me and said: "You are foolish, Howard, not to let some of these people go your bail. There are three or four people in this room who would do it; I have heard them say so."

Then I got up and cried at the top of my

"I think it is a perfect outrage, when a man is perfectly willing to go to jail, that every one should try to stop him."

The judge began to pound on the desk, and called on one of the inspectors to take me. So we started in a leisurely manner for jail.

I bought some magazines, and went into a restaurant with the inspector and had lunch; then we strolled toward the jail. As we went along, we passed the ex-Liquor-Dealer Mayor, with his resplendent silk hat, perched over one ear, and his silky side-whiskers, walking home to luncheon. He smiled with the utmost geniality, waved his hand affably, and passed on.

Curtis dropped into the front office and brought me a farewell letter from my father; and finally we arrived at the jail. I smoked a farewell cigar in the sheriff's room, and in the middle of the afternoon I found myself an inmate of cell 45.

I had been there only a short time when the cell-keeper came down and told me there was a little boy who wanted to see me. I was allowed

Johnny, my newsboy. He bore with him a box of ice-cream, as an expression of his personal feeling, and he assured me that he would be outside in case I needed him. So I showed him where my cell was, and he said he would be across the street, and take a look at me occasionally. Finally the cell-keeper came in and put him out — much against his will.

My arrest was a local sensation, of course, and as soon as I reached jail I told Curtis to print the following notice in the center of a blank editorial column of the evening paper—the Gazette.

Editor Howard is in jail. As soon as the authorities give him paper and pencil, he will send us an editorial.

An Editorial by Number 45

The next morning, Wednesday, I printed as my first-page leader a jocose statement of my situation, headed:

IN JAIL — A FEW PERT REMARKS BY NO. 45

I am the guest of Mr. Essex County, board free. I am afraid I am too much of a gentleman to find fault with my host, but I do think Mr. Essex County should employ more servants.

My bed is the worst made I ever saw, and all because I make it myself. If Mr. Essex County wanted a newspaper edited, I might be able to accommodate him, but when it comes to making beds, I am afraid that kind of business is not in my line.

I also dislike this early bell at 5.45 A.M. It annoys me. Why do they call me early, when I am on a vacation?

Speaking of beds, my mattress and pillow feel as if they were stuffed with knotted rope.

It seems that the rooms here are called cells. There are no bell-boys — no electric bells to summon a servant. And I am no longer Editor Howard: I am just 45.

My trunk has not arrived. Stupid express com-

Think of sleeping without pajamas, for the first time in twenty years. Awful nuisance!

> Last night the moon had a golden ring, To-night no moon I see. And the Editor sadly lay on his cot; "It's beastly slow," said he.

In my editorial I explained my position.

Many people expected that if our editor was put in jail there would come such an outburst of wrath and indignation from him as never appeared before in print.

But Mr. Howard does not get excited. Mr. Howard

has no desire to pose as a martyr or a hero; he just has his convictions and sticks to them.

Now that we are here in cell No. 45, it is time to be calm, cool, and collected. It is not the time to rush wildly into print, and try the case in our own paper. Now is the time when one's nerves must be of steel; there must be no wavering. The truth will prevail, and the man that dares to do right will win.

What's the use of getting excited over it all? Just

wait and see.

What's the use of getting busy, when there's not much you can do?

What's the use of rushing wildly, when rest is best for

What's the use of being a Damon, and running far away?

Why not be a chap like Howard? If you're in the game — just stay!

What's the use of having a paper if it isn't known at all?

What's the use of waiting for excitement? Isn't

summer as good as fall?
What's the good of having jails, if there's none to put in there?

What's the use of running for council — why not run for Mayor?

Curtis was in charge at the Dispatch office, pushing out all the newspapers he could print. There was no doubt the public was with us. In the meantime I was getting interesting information in the jail. Knowing that I was in for attacking the political gang, the other prisoners told me tales of them. Curiously enough, the man in the cell next to me was a fellow who bewailed the fact that he was in confinement for illegal liquor-selling, when the man who was really responsible was the silk-hatted Mayor of the city, who had suavely greeted me as I walked to jail.

The life in jail did not agree with me very well. It was a good enough jail, I suppose, as jails go; but it was of stone and the walls were damp, and by the second evening I was there I was suffering from an attack of rheumatism which was decidedly painful. The next evening I had to ask for a doctor. The prison authorities wanted me to go into the hospital; but I refused, and after an unpleasant night I came to the morning of my hearing.

As I left the jail for the courthouse I saw a little boy asleep on the steps. It was Johnny—the Dispatch newsboy. He had been there, I found, all night, waiting.

The hearing was very brief. My lawyer from Mr. Brandeis' office was now present. We waived examination, and the case was put over to the Grand Jury. Sanborn put up a piece of real estate; Ed Allen put up two hundred dollars in cash; and I returned to the Dispatch office to continue my newspaper work, and to hammer on my campaign for Mayor.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

THE COLLEGES AND PROGRESSIVE POLITICS

THE attention aroused by Owen Johnson's deeper.
recent picture of life in one of our largest example
American universities is significant of the present state of public opinion.
Nicholas

It would be unfortunate if, in the struggle between democracy and privilege now going on in the United States, our so-called "seats of learning," especially those in the older Eastern States, should be found on the "conservative" side. Will some meditative historian, gazing centuries hence upon the ivied walls and mullioned windows of Yale or Harvard, describe these institutions, as Matthew Arnold did his own Oxford, as "homes of lost causes and impossible loyalties"?

The old simplicity of American undergraduate life has unquestionably departed. In a recent address to Yale alumni, Professor Henry P. Wright, for so many years the beloved dean of Yale, declared that the highest price the most extravagant man could pay for a room at Yale when he entered college, nearly fifty years ago, was sixty-two cents a week!

A large part of the so-called increase in undergraduate luxury is merely one sign of a more generally diffused civilization. Better college buildings are only another phase of improved sanitation. There is nothing essentially undemocratic in improved bathing facilities, in electric lights, steam heat, or even in a coherent architectural plan. The really serious tendencies of modern higher education go

There is something disquieting, for example, in the public appearance of the president of one of our greatest universities, Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, as the political ally of Boss Barnes, Tim Woodruff, and other discredited leaders of the old New York Platt machine. President Butler's violent and silly harangue as chairman of the New York State Convention—a speech cynically contemptuous of all the finer ideals of the American democracy -- has done more to arouse popular distrust of those in control of American higher education than anything that has happened in The action of the Carnegie Foundation on the Woodrow Wilson pension is another symptom. Why did this institution, organized, it was supposed, to encourage academic independence, refuse its usual retiring allowance to one of the most distinguished of American educators? Why, after doing this, did it permit the fact to become known in sensational fashion - in other words, why did it place its influence at the disposal of those who sought to injure Mr. Wilson politically? The main fault to be found with our Eastern universities is probably that they distinctly lag behind public sentiment and popular ideals. Unless there is an awakening, the educational leadership will pass to other young and vigorous institutions, such as the University of Wisconsin, which are really making education a part of the life around them.

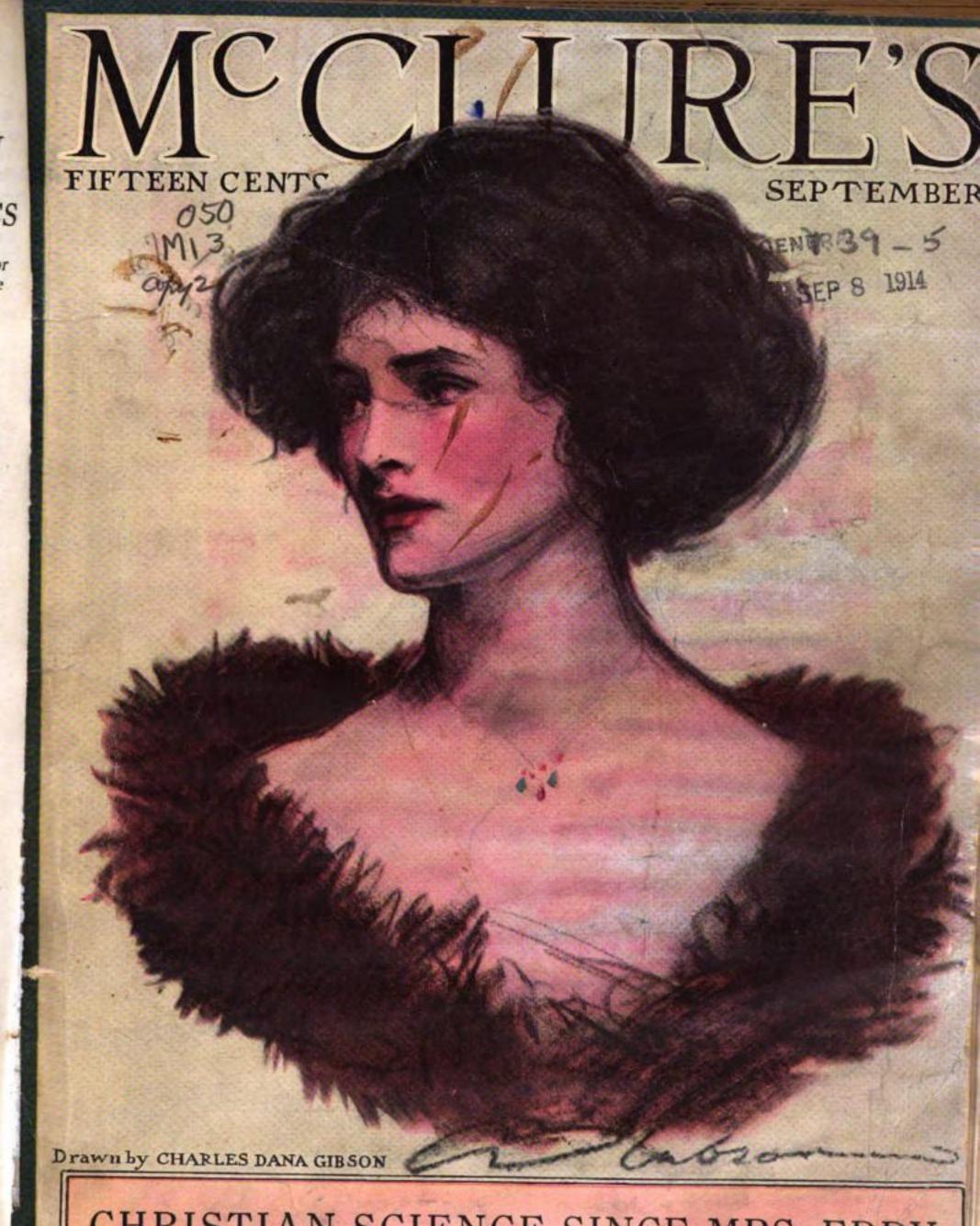
COLONEL BLETHEN OF SEATTLE NOT GUILTY

IN an article published in McClure's Magazine for October, 1911, on "The Recall in Seattle," the fact was recorded that Alden J. Blethen, editor of the Seattle Times, had been indicted on a charge of conspiring to protect gambling-places, houses of prostitution, and other illegal resorts. In stating this fact, the writer of the article declared that it "seemed incredible that Mr. Blethen should have personally profited from Seattle conditions," and suggested that judgment should be suspended until the pending proceedings against him be decided in a court of law.

The case against Mr. Blethen came up for trial in December, 1911, three months after the appearance of the Seattle article in McClure's.

The accused put in no defense. McClure's Magazine takes great pleasure in recording the fact that the presiding judge, after hearing all the evidence against Mr. Blethen, instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of "not guilty." "Colonel Blethen is an aggressive, active partizan," said Judge J. T. Ronald, who heard the case. "He makes friends and he makes enemies. That is the reason he is here."

Inasmuch as McClure's Magazine gave publicity to the fact that Mr. Blethen had been indicted on this serious charge, it is only fair that now, after the judicial proceedings have been held, we should give similar publicity to the fact that the charge against him has been judicially proved to be baseless.



CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SINCE MRS. EDDY

The Peltzer Affair—Another French Mystery
"THE PRODIGAL," "HIS FIRST-BORN" AND OTHER STORIES"

Natural Flesh Tints

THERE is no improving on nature. When art essays to depict beauty, the nearer to nature's own coloring it gets with its flesh tints, the more successful is the realization. This shows that only natural beauty is really effective. This was the prompting idea in the invention of



Pears' Soap

a hundred and twenty years ago. It is a soap composed wholly of such pure emollient and detergent ingredients as the skin naturally and freely responds to.

Pears never spoils the natural flesh tints. It improves them, by keeping the skin soft, fine and pure. Its influence is so kind, beneficial and refining that its use means the preservation of the dainty pink and white of a perfect complexion from infancy to old age. Pears is in accord with nature first and last.

> The skin is kept soft and the complexion beautiful by using Pears which maintains the soft refined daintiness which is nature's alone.

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIX

SEPTEMBER, 1912

No. 5

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SINCE MRS. EDDY

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

RS. MARY BAKER G. EDDY, the "Discoverer and Founder of Christian Science," died two years ago at her home in Newton, Massachusetts. She is buried on a shadowy slope near Halcyon Lake in Mount Auburn Cemetery, not far from Longfellow, Charlotte Cushman, and other distinguished Americans. Her body lies in a heavy bronze coffin, which likewise contains all of Mrs. Eddy's numerous writings and copies of the standard publications of her church. The coffin rests upon a solid foundation of concrete, and the grave is walled in on all sides by reinforced concrete and steel. The five or six feet intervening between Mrs. Eddy and the turf is filled with heavy alternating layers of the same indestructible materials. Upon this burialplot the church proposes to erect a splendid mausoleum, for which the money is now being raised.

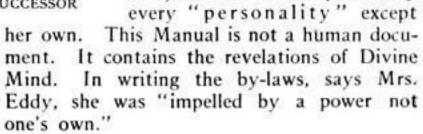
Mrs. Eddy, then, is gone — but what of the ecclesiastical establishment which she founded? For several years before her death,

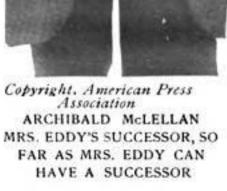
the curious public used to speculate on its her own. possible consequences to the church. Who ment. It contains the revelations of Divine would be her successor? Would the whole Mind. fabric go to pieces, once the master hand fell Eddy, she was "impelled by a power not limp and lifeless?

Years before Mrs. Eddy's death, however, she herself had definitely met the problem of her successor. The dictum, frequently expressed, was that there was to be no successor at all. Certain Christian Scientists, encouraged by Mrs. Augusta Stetson, maintained that there could be no successor, because

> Mrs. Eddy herself would never die; but this hardly represented the official attitude. Several years ago, Mr. Alfred Farlow, Mrs. Eddy's press representative, issued an authoritative statement covering this point. "It would be as impossible for a student of Christian Science to succeed to the position of discoverer and founder of Christian Science," said Mr. Farlow, "as it would be for an individual to succeed Columbus as the discoverer of America." A

visible, personal head of the church, with autocratic powers to modify its theology and discipline, was never a part of Mrs. Eddy's program. She had absolutely ruled the church during her life; she proposed as far as possible to rule it after her death. The famous Manual of by-laws eliminates practically





The Manual "stands alone, uniquely adapted to form the budding thought and hedge it about with Divine Love." As we read these by-laws from the viewpoint of an "outsider," and realize that they still actively govern the Christian Science Church, they produce a somewhat strange impression. For these regulations prohibit the church from doing anything without the consent of Mary Baker Eddy, the Pastor Emeritus. The Manual provides that the governing body of the church shall consist of five directors. These five directors, however, are all appointed subject to the approval of Mrs. Eddy. They shall elect a president, "subject to the approval of the Pastor Emeritus." There shall be a clerk, treasurer, managers, and other officers, but they can be elected only with "the consent of the Pastor Emeritus, given in her own handwriting." The Mother Church can elect no readers until Mrs. Eddy has viséd the names.

The solution of this problem seems obvious: Why does not the church amend the by-laws? Because, according to Section 3 of Article XXXV, "no new tenet or by-law shall be adopted, nor any tenet or by-law amended or annulled, without the written consent of Mary Baker Eddy, the author of our text-book, 'Science and Health.'" Moreover, Mrs. Eddy provided against any change in an even more rigorous fashion. She gave the land upon which stands the Mother Church in Boston. One of the conditions of the deed of trust was that the by-laws should be neither amended, annulled, nor added to without her written consent.

Inasmuch as Mrs. Eddy has been dead for nearly two years, the practical enforcement of these provisions is obviously impossible. According to the lawyers, however, the legal question is not especially embarrassing. On the general legal principle that the courts do not compel trustees to comply with impossible conditions, such as obtaining the written consent of a woman who is dead,—the directors are permitted to ignore those parts of the by-laws in which Mrs. Eddy's name appears. This is the only particular, however, in which the by-laws are ignored. There is not the slightest disposiplan of government. Loyal Christian Scientists accept her Manual as inviolate. No question arises in the conduct of the church's widespread activities, they say, which Mrs. Eddy has left unprovided for. In all essentials, therefore, Mrs. Eddy is still the head of the church. The Christian Science Church presents a unique spectacle—an ecclesiastical organization which, in both its spiritual and temporal aspects, can never be changed. Its head, according to the

Manual, will always be an impersonal one. "I, Mary Baker Eddy," she says in one of her unchangeable by-laws, "ordain the Bible and 'Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures' Pastor over the Mother Church,-The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.,—and they will continue to preach for this church and the world."

If you ask a thoroughly instructed Christian Scientist, therefore, who is the head of his church, he will either reply that there is no head, and no need of one, or he will declare that the Church Manual is the head, and lay particular emphasis upon this section. Such an answer does not satisfy the outsider. There are, of course, certain individuals who do manage the church. When Mrs. Eddy is taken out of the Church Manual, the supreme authority, for all practical purposes, devolves upon the directors.

The actual heads of the Christian Science movement to-day, therefore, are Archibald McLellan, Allison V. Stewart, John V. Dittemore, Adam H. Dickey, and James A. Neal. They are all men in the prime of life — the oldest, Mr. Stewart, is fifty-six — and they are all, as officials at least, practically "new" in Christian Science. As directors of the Christian Science Church their appointments all date since 1904. Calvin A. Frye, the footman-secretary who lived with Mrs. Eddy for so many years at Pleasant View, and whom the newspapers used to describe as her "jailer," is now a retired pensioner in Boston. Mrs. Augusta A. Stetson, who built up the organization in New York and who aspired to succeed Mrs. Eddy, is now excommunicate. Alfred Farlow, whom the newspapers used to write up as another of Mrs. Eddy's probable "successors," is still the head of the Publication Committee, but by no means so influential as he was. Instead, a group of extremely modern and up-to-date young and middle-aged men have control. Externally these men have little resemblance to the type of followers that surrounded Mrs. Eddy in the old days. Christian Science has passed the period when it found its leading champions among shoemakers, sea captains, sewing-machine agents, and unsuccessful doctors. The present tion to change, annul, or add to Mrs. Eddy's directors would not be out of place in any up-todate club; in appearance, indeed, they are all very much men of the world.

> In other words, Christian Science has passed into its second generation. It is no longer "temperamental," but keen, alert, and businesslike. Whatever it becomes, it will probably never descend to the vulgarity and tawdriness that marked its earlier days.

> So far as the church may be said to possess a head, that head is unquestionably Mr. Archi-



JOHN V. DITTEMORE

CLERK AND ONE OF THE FIVE DIRECTORS OF THE MOTHER CHURCH IN BOSTON. THE FIVE DIRECTORS CONTROL THE ENTIRE BODY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS. THEIR POWER IS COMPREHENSIVE AND WITHOUT APPEAL

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bald McLellan. If you ask a dozen well in- came to Boston as a boy, received his education formed non-Christian Scientists in Boston who in the Boston public schools, and was graduated is the brains of the Christian Science Church, an LL.B. in 1895 from the Kent Law School in the answer inevitably is "Archibald Chicago. He practised for some time in Chicago, but, becoming interested McLellan." Mr. McLellan is the chairin Christian Science, soon decided to man of the Board of Directors, and the editor-in-chief of the Christian give it all of his time. His rise, as

Science publications, including the (daily) Christian Science Monitor. Unquestionably Mr. McLellan was the person upon whom Mrs. Eddy chiefly leaned in her last years. That was a troublous period in Chris-

tian Science. The lawsuit undertaken by Mrs. Eddy's son for possession of his mother's person and property was the least of her troubles; inside there was a fierce struggle going on for the succession. Mrs. Augusta Stetson, of New York. was supposed to be conducting an active campaign for this great prize. Her greatest weapon was her power of "mental control"; she and her adherents, according to the charges made

against her, were

"working men-

tally" upon Mrs.

Eddy in Mrs. Stet-

son's favor. Mrs.

Stetson's greatest

antagonist in this campaign was Mr. McLellan. Dark hints were even made that she and her coterie in New York were using Malicious Animal Magnetism — that power of bringing evil and even death upon another through the

exercise of projected thought - against Mr. McLellan. Whatever the truth of these allegations, Mr. McLellan completely humiliated Mrs. Stetson. He was constantly with Mrs. Eddy at Pleasant View,

Copyright, American Press Association ADAM H. DICKEY TREASURER OF THE CHURCH. HE WAS MRS. EDDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY AT THE TIME OF HER DEATH. HER LAST OFFICIAL ACT WAS TO MAKE MR. DICKEY A DIRECTOR. ALL THE FIVE MEN WHO RULE THE CHURCH

TO-DAY ARE MEN COMPARATIVELY "NEW" IN CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

By birth Mr. McLellan is a Canadian. He They have to approve all applications for

already indicated, has been rapid. It seems to be the opinion of all who have had relations with Mr. McLellan that he is a man of ability and of considerable personal charm. He is quiet, suave, mild-spoken, but effective. He is fifty-five years old. It is significant of the modernity of the Christian Science Church that its head is known as a board of directors. No traditional hierarchy, however. ever had more comprehensive powers. In this, the directorate are simply Mrs. Eddy's residuary legatees. While Mrs. Eddy lived she was the undisputed head, and the directors, like so many directors in the business world, had little real influence. With Mrs. Eddy's death, however, the five directors automatically succeeded to her dictatorship The sixty or seventy thousand members of the Mother Church have no more

control over these directors than they had over the author of "Science and Health." They have no voice in their selection, and no way of supervising or undoing their acts. The directors hold their

and it was he who caused Mrs. Eddy's removal places for life and name their successors. They to her new home at Newton, Massachusetts. elect all the officers of the Mother Church. membership, and their ipse dixit excommunicates a member. They have control of all the church funds, and make no detailed re-

ports of expenditures.

Nominally the directors control only the Mother Church in Boston, the pioneer organization, "the stem of the vine." In reality they are the ecclesiastical superiors of the fifteen hundred Christian Science churches and societies scattered throughout the world. "branch churches," as the Manual calls them, are separate from the central organization, and at the same time are immediately connected with it. Unlike the Mother Church, their form of government is democratic; their congregations elect their trustees and have general control of their acts. As a matter of fact. no branch church or society can be organized without the consent of the Mother Church in Boston. and the five directors can at any time dissolve them. Only a member of the Mother Church can organize a branch church, and the regulations provide that the first and second readers of a branch organization shall be members of the central body in Boston. All the directors have to do, therefore (at least technically) to dissolve a rebellious church, is to excommunicate these officers.

All external evidences seem to indicate that the Christian Science organization is growing rapidly. The church publishes no report disclosing the actual facts; indeed, the directors declare that they do

not themselves know how many Christian following. In all likelihood, however, a large Scientists there are. Several years ago the proportion of enthusiastic Christian Scientists Mother Church published annually its list of belong not only to their local organization, but

members; but Mrs. Eddy issued a by-law that "Christian Scientists shall not report for publication the members of the Mother Church, nor

> those of the branch churches. According to the Scriptures, they shall turn away from personality and numbering people." In a recent lawsuit growing out of Mrs. Eddy's will, the trustees deposed that the membership of the Mother Church in Boston was "more than fifty thousand." The latest religious census of the United States government, that published in 1906, gives it as 85,717. These figures include only the membership of the central organization, the Mother Church in Boston, and are not supposed to include the membership of the branch congregations.

> > it is a church universal, and includes in its membership not only the people who regularly attend its services, but thousands of members of the branch churches in all parts of the world. Thus the United States census estimates that, of the 85,000 reported

> > > members of

the Boston

church, at least

The fact is that the

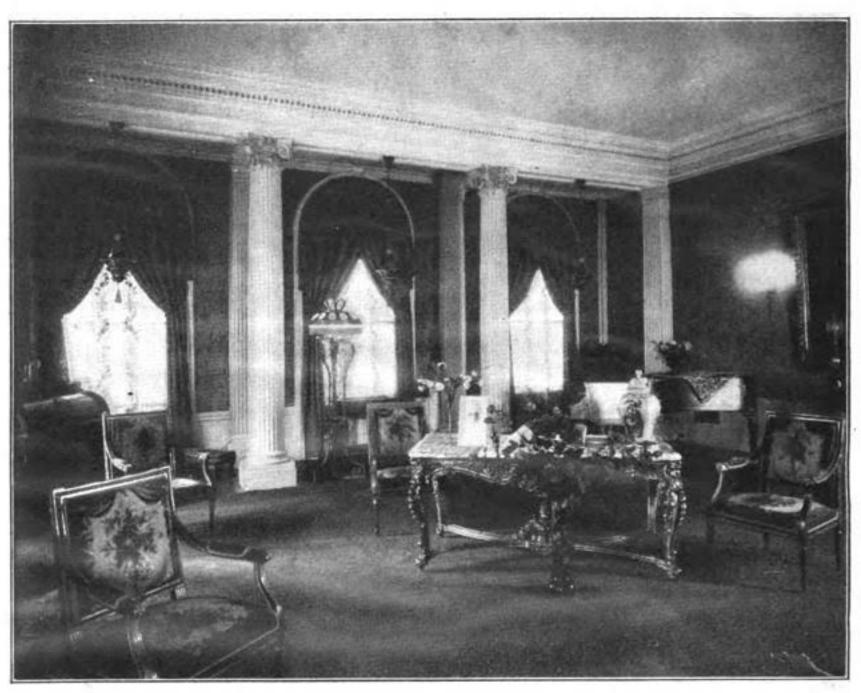
Mother Church, by its

constitution, is not a

local congregation;

half, or 42,500, are also members of branch churches. Unless we know how large a proportion of Christian Scientists scattered throughout the country actually avail themselves of the privilege of joining the Mother Church, it is impossible to make any accurate estimate of the extent of Mrs. Eddy's

VIRGIL O. STRICKLER A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE LECTURER. TURERS REPRESENT PRACTICALLY THE ONLY AGGRESSIVE MISSIONARY WORK IN THE CHURCH, ORDINARILY, THE CHURCH DOES NOT GO OUTSIDE FOR CONVERTS; THE PUBLIC HAS TO COME TO THE CHURCH



THE STUDY OF MRS. AUGUSTA A. STETSON, WHO ASPIRED TO SUCCEED MRS. EDDY AS HEAD OF THE CHURCH, MRS. STETSON IS NOW EX-COMMUNICATE

estimate, therefore, it is not probable that the enrolled membership of all Christian Science churches in 1906 exceeded 125,000. But since 1906 the church has been making remarkable progress. Its churches and societies have doubled — from 638 to nearly 1500. The number of Christian Scientists professionally employed as healers has increased from about 3,500 to 5,500. It is altogether likely, therefore, that the number of regularly enrolled Christian Scientists in the whole world at the present writing ranges somewhere from 150,000 to 200,000.

Still, this estimate is somewhat surprising. In view of all the outward signs of prosperity and wealth and the large amount of publicity which the church receives, this figure seems extremely low. As far as actual membership is concerned, this makes the Christian Science Church a less considerable body than the Mormons and several other congregations that hardly figure at all in the public mind. Beside the 12,000,000 Roman Catholics, the 5,000,000 Baptists, the 5,000,000 Methodists, and the 2,000,000 Presbyterians, the Christian Science

membership seems fairly negligible. It is unquestionably a fact that the church enrolment by no means represents its actual strength. More than with other churches, we must distinguish, in the case of Mrs. Eddy's organization, between its actual membership and its following. There are many thousands who do not actually belong to the church who do more or less regularly attend its meetings, frequent its practitioners, and even contribute to its support. The Christian Science following ranges all the way from those whose attitude is that "there is something in it" to those who are constantly living in the atmosphere of Divine Mind. Unquestionably a considerable part of Mrs. Eddy's following is shamefaced; that is, it is composed of people who resort to practitioners and read the literature secretly, but who fear the public ridicule that would attach to an open espousal. If we include among the Christian Scientists not only the enrolled communicants but all who are more or less sympathetic and who occasionally make use of its ministrations, it is not unlikely that the following will amount to several hundred thousand.



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RECEPTION-ROOM IN MRS, EDDY'S HOUSE AT PLEASANT VIEW, CONCORD, FILLED WITH GIFTS FROM HER
FOLLOWERS. MRS. EDDY SPENT HER LAST DAYS AT CHESTNUT HILL, NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS

The Feminist Movement in Religion

One point which the census figures show is that Christian Science is growing at a more rapid rate than any other church. From 1890 to 1906 it increased nine hundred per cent. The census brings out also two other significant facts. Of all churches represented in the United States, Mrs. Eddy's shows the smallest percentage (about twenty-seven) of men in its membership. Of all churches it has likewise the largest percentage of its membership in cities of the first class. In these respects the church again merely emphasizes its newness and modernity. Perhaps the two most remarkable movements of American life are the varied activities of women and the amazing and at times alarming development of city life. As the suffrage agitation represents the feminist movement in politics, so Christian Science may represent the feminist movement in religion. Its founder was a woman; its healing practitioners are largely — though not entirely — women; women play an important part in its church services. Even its theology is fundamentally feminine. The God to whom the Christian Scientists address their "spiritually interpreted" Lord's Prayer is "Our Father-Mother God."

The fact that Christian Science makes its greatest progress in large cities and in the Western and more progressive parts of the country also indicates that it may be, as its adherents declare, the great religion of the modern world. Outside of Boston its advancement in conservative and theologically wary New England has been slow. With the exception of two or three large cities, like Atlanta and Birmingham, it makes little headway in the Southern States. It finds its most prolific soil in the great Anglo-Saxon capitals. Like that other American religion, Mormonism, Christian Science has made remarkable progress in England, but in a very different way. Mormonism finds its English recruits among the poorest factory operatives in the Midlands, while Christian Science makes its converts in "society" - even in the nobility — and has its greatest English edifices in the most fashionable sections of London. There are now seven churches in England's capital, and three beautiful church build-

ings. Outside of New York and Boston, the most expensive churches are the First and Third in London. The last, built in Mayfair, just off Piccadilly, on a leasehold belonging to the Duke of Westminster, cost \$400,000. The cosmopolitan character of Christian Science and its extent is also illustrated by the fact that it has recently finished a beautiful church building in Hong-Kong. In the United States its greatest strongholds, as we would naturally expect, are New York City, Chicago, and Los Angeles. Though there are aspects of Christian Science in New York that displease the orthodox, its followers in that city have testified their devotion by investing not far from \$2,500,000 in church buildings. In Brooklyn a milliondollar edifice is going up at the present moment; and, in conformity with the fact that Christian Scientists always find expensive locations for their houses of worship, the Fifth Church in New York has just acquired a building site at Madison Avenue and Thirty-eighth Street about a block from J. P. Morgan's residence. Chicago, which is perhaps the premier city of Christian Science, has just started its thirteenth church! It already has nine church buildings.

Why Christian Science Appeals to the West

From this point to the Pacific coast is Christian Science's most successful field. There is something in this religion apparently that makes a strong appeal to the Middle West and the Pacific coast. Perhaps it is because its dominant note harmonizes so well with the Western atmosphere. It is the religion of optimism and complacency; it has its face always toward the sunrise; it is constantly preaching that everything is best in the best possible of worlds. A region that constitutionally hates the "knocker," and is always organizing "booster clubs" to further its interests, quite naturally likes a religion that pushes this thinking into spiritual affairs. Any one who has experienced the exuberant ozone of Los Angeles and Pasadena, therefore, is not surprised to learn that in these places Mrs. Eddy's religion has made remarkable progress. Los Angeles has seven church organizations and has invested not far from \$1,000,000 in Christian Science temples.

The Church a Great Vested Interest

Christian Science has now reached a stage when it is solidly established. It will unquestionably endure and grow more powerful every year. Given an institution that has large financial resources and upon which thousands of

people are dependent for a livelihood, and it is practically indestructible. To say this is not necessarily a criticism of Christian Science — at least, if we accept the church's point of view. One of its chief sources of pride is that it is rich. It boasts that Christian Science works for material as well as for spiritual success. Its enemies love to sneer at its well dressed congregations, at the silk hats and fur-lined overcoats of its healers; but the sneers show a lamentable failure to grasp the essentials of this twentieth-century religion. In Christian Science, poverty — like sin, sickness, and death — is Error. By taking thought, one can become prosperous just as one can keep well. Business failures and financial panics are merely illusions of Mortal Mind. If you are in Science you must think well of yourself; put your best foot forward; free your mind from depressing ideas, such as sickness and poverty. Obviously you must keep your person well groomed; dress neatly, even luxuriously; "demonstrate harmony in your clothes." Thus Scientists see nothing to criticize in the fact that Mrs. Eddy accumulated a fortune of nearly \$3,000,000. That was only another indication that she had successfully "proved" her Science. Nor has the church any charitable institutions — though, as a matter of fact, it does contribute to charity. For the directors to establish poor-houses and old ladies' homes would be as illogical as to found hospitals and operating theaters. Nor is it deniable that there is a germ of scientific truth in all this. The idea of all charity experts now, in handling the poor, is not to dole out alms, but so to reform the character of the chronic pauper and improve his circumstances that he can take care of himself.

Great Wealth of the Church

The Christian Science Church is very rich just how rich can not be said, for here, again, details are not accessible. The Mother Church in Boston possesses in lands, buildings, and endowments not far from \$7,000,000. Outside of its regular sources of income, which are large, it has one unique method of raising money. It has merely to intimate to Christian Scientists all over the world that it needs it. In this case the fifteen hundred Christian Science branch churches automatically become tributaries to the Mother Church. When Mrs. Eddy decided . to build the present large Temple in Boston, she merely intimated that contributions from all loval Christian Scientists would be welcome. The golden stream at once started flowing, and the \$2,500,000 needed was rapidly raised. Several church organizations in distant parts

REPRESENTED LARGELY

MRS. EDDY'S FUNERAL PROCESSION. TSHE DIED IN DECEMBER, 1910, LEAVING TO HER CHURCH A FORTUNE OF \$2,500,000.

THE ACCUMULATED PROFITS ON HER WRITINGS AND THE VALUE OF HER COPYRIGHTS THIS

of the country, which had accumulated building it has its market already prepared. Its exfunds of their own, at once laid aside their plans and forwarded the money to Boston. The Christian Science Church never gives strawberry festivals or miscellaneous entertainments: it simply asks for money and the money is there.

In addition to these voluntary offerings, the church has many other sources of supply. "Every member of the Mother Church," says Section 13 of Article VIII, "shall pay annually a per capita tax of not less than one dollar, which shall be forwarded each year to the church treasurer." If there are 100,000 members at present, and if each paid the minimum, this would bring in \$100,000 a year. The probability is that the fund is much larger, as the by-laws permit each member to contribute as much as he wishes. Another source of regular income is the dividends upon investments. Here again we are so much in the dark that any guess would hardly be worth while. As the present litigation over Mrs. Eddy's will is practically ended, the church will soon come into possession of a capital endowment from that source of not far from \$2,500,000. Of this about \$1,000,000 is in stocks and bonds, while the remaining \$1,500,000 represents the capital value of the Eddy copyrights. This large fortune represents Mrs. Eddy's commercial success as an author. From this standpoint she was unquestionably the most successful author of her time. How many writers of books have there been, since the invention of the alphabet, who died leaving an estate of two and a half million dollars? How many have there been whose copyrights represented a capital value of \$1,500,000? How many books published in 1875, as was the first edition of "Science and Health," are now selling at the rate of perhaps 50,000 copies a year?

Large Profits on Publications

Unquestionably the church's largest single source of income is the printing and sale of its authorized publications. It has one of the finest printing houses in the country, which keeps constantly busy turning out Christian Science literature. Its catalogue includes twenty-seven healed. Incidentally these "cards" bring in a titles of Mrs. Eddy's own writings, the official periodical organs of the church, and a large number of pamphlets - reprints of lectures and articles from the Journal and the Sentinel. Its profits upon these several publications must be very large. Though this publishing house is purely a business and is conducted upon strict business lines, it is a business of a decidedly unique kind. The Christian Science

penses consist merely of the cost of production. It does not have to hire an expensive force of salesmen or spend large sums in several kinds of advertising. Every one of the branch fifteen hundred Christian Science churches and societies acts as an agency - a kind of bookstore - for the sale of Christian Science liter-Every one of the fifty-five hundred ature. Christian Science healers is a perpetual advertisement and agent for the orthodox publications. These several agencies sell without commission. The Society does no advertising except in the columns of its own publications. The purchase of Christian Science literature and the subscription to the official publications is enjoined upon all orthodox members as a religious duty. "It shall be the privilege and duty of every member who can afford it," says Section 13 of Article VIII, "to subscribe for the periodicals which are the organs of this church." Judging from the evidences of prosperity which these publications show, this injunction is generally regarded.

Passing on the Qualifications of Healers

The Publishing Society has one peculiar responsibility. It passes upon the qualifications of professional practitioners. The Christian Science Journal, the church monthly, contains a catalogue of nearly sixty pages of Christlan Science healers. It is not absolutely necessary for a healer to publish his advertisement in the Journal, but its publication gives him an official indorsement. The trustees of the Publishing Society devote three afternoons a week, and sometimes more time, in passing upon applications. They sit in solemn court, something like a secret consistory passing upon the canonization of a saint. The applicant must be a member of the Mother Church in Boston, and he must agree to devote all his time to practice. The chief duty of the Publication Committee, however, is carefully to investigate his record as a healer. The application must present evidence of at least three cures, the cases to be substantiated by the testimony of others than those considerable revenue to the church; with the advertisements of the branch churches, which also appear monthly in the Journal, the income from this source must amount to about \$60,000 a year.

All Christian Science publications sell for large and, from a commercial standpoint, what would be regarded as excessive prices. The most important book, "Science and Health," Publishing Society is fortunately placed in that which, in its cheapest form, costs considerably

less than a dollar to manufacture, is sold for Practically all of the hundred and thirty-six official publications of the church sell at similarly high rates. The latest enterprise is a German translation of "Science and Health." Until the year before her death Mrs. Eddy absolutely forbade any translation of this book. She did not believe that her philosophy, with its delicate shadowings of thought and its precise shading of words, could safely be intrusted to any foreign language. The considerable German following — there is a flourishing church in Berlin, one of its distinguished members being the Count von Moltke, nephew of the great Field Marshal — finally induced her to permit the experiment. The first German translation is published as these lines are written. It is a bulky volume. On one page appears the English in Mrs. Eddy's ipsissima verba. On the opposite page is printed its German translation. This system will be maintained in all future translations. "Science and Health" will never go forth in any language except side by side with the original English. It is as though no reader could get the New Testament in English unless accompanied by the original Greek version.

A Christian Science Daily Newspaper

The church's most ambitious undertaking in the periodical line is the Christian Science Monitor, its daily two-cent newspaper. Merely to enter the editorial rooms shows that here we have a newspaper entirely different from any other established. The Bohemian atmosphere that hangs over most newspaper headquarters is lacking. Everything is as neat, as spick-andspan, as a healer's office. The floors are of hard wood and are covered with rugs. The office furniture is of the latest make; the editors are immaculately dressed, and there are frequently flowers upon the desks. The perpetual fog of tobacco smoke that envelops the average sanctum is not evident here; smoking, swearing, and loud talking are prohibited. The paper that is published embodies this atmosphere. It is absolutely clean. It prints no scandal, no divorces, no salacious elopements, and no paradings of family skeletons. It is not quite true, as is sometimes said, that it makes no reference to the disagreeable and the calamitous aspects of life — that it has no news of murders, railroad accidents, and other tragedies. As a matter of fact, it gave almost as much space to the Titanic disaster as the rest of the press. The policy of the Monitor is to "feature" or "play up" the "constructive" aspects of life. The feminine mind, which so

frequently turns first to the death and marriage notices in a newspaper, meets disappointment here. The Monitor has no death column and no obituary department. Moreover, no one ever "dies" in this newspaper; he "passes on," usually in a few lines. In the main, the Monitor is an excellent newspaper. It is well written, terse, and entirely free from vulgarity. Unfortunately, however, it has the limitations of its virtues. It refuses to acknowledge that there is any evil in the world. It does not conduct "crusades," and never "goes after" anybody. It never takes sides. In the present political campaign it is not supporting Wilson, Taft, or Roosevelt. In its news columns it has a regular department called "The Candidates," in which, day after day, it impartially gives the same amount of space to each man. Whatever this is, of course it is not journalism, the essence of which is necessarily a battle against demonstrated evils, personal and impersonal.

How People Earn Their Livings in Christian Science

These several enterprises make the Christian Science Church a great business organization. Besides this, there are many thousands of the rank and file who have an immediate financial concern in its success. There is a rapidly increasing army whose livelihood is dependent upon the church.

People earn their living at Christian Science in several ways. It has a large number of readers, teachers, and lecturers. Besides, it has one species of worker absolutely unique. The church has thousands of workers in an already well populated professional field — that of healing the sick. This is the work which so largely distinguishes it from other organizations, and which at times has brought down upon its head such popular hostility. There are probably not far from ten thousand men and women - largely women - who, regularly and intermittently, give Christian Science treatment in exchange for fees. Economically and ecclesiastically considered, these men and women are the foundation of the church. Remove them and Christian Science would not last twenty-four hours. They furnish the church all its converts; it is through their indirect influence that its literature is sold. They give a human interest to an ecclesiastical edifice which is otherwise rather cold. How can a church possibly survive, it is urged, that does not baptize its members, that does not marry them, that does not bury them — that apparently fails of consolation and sympathy at all the great crises of life? The answer is found in the thousands of men and women, for the most part to those of reputable physicians in their respecgracious and sympathetic, who are constantly coming into the closest personal touch with downcast suffering humanity, consoling, cheering, apparently putting everybody at ease with himself and the world.

Nearly All Orthodox Scientists Practise

Nearly all Christian Scientists, in one form or another, are engaged in this work. This is really what Christian Science is. Thousands "help" others simply as a Christian duty, without ever thinking of fees. Even to engage in "treating" professionally, one does not have to take a regular course. Any member of the church can paint his name on a sign, add "C. S.," and take patients. Only in case he devotes all of his time to healing, and maintains a regular office, does his advertisement appear in the Christian Science Journal. But there are thousands of lawyers, school-teachers, business men, and heads of households who take patients outside of office hours. They can be called up by telephone and appointments made. Mr. John D. Works, the present "progressive" Senator from California, when he was upon the Supreme Bench in Los Angeles, would retire, after the day's sitting, to his law chambers, where a number of patients usually awaited him. Nearly all officers of the mother and branch churches - trustees, readers, editors, publicity men, and janitors - also give Christian Science treatment at odd moments for fees. The colored elevator-boy in the Publication Building in Boston practises Christian Science healing among his own race.

These practitioners, regular and irregular, probably treat not far from 6,000,000 patients a year and receive in fees an aggregate sum ranging from \$6,000,000 to \$12,000,000. It is estimated, for example, that the average income of the fifty-five hundred advertised practitioners is from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a year, which would make their annual earnings range from \$6,000,000 to \$10,000,000. Many practitioners, of course, earn far more than this average. There are at least twenty-five in Boston who earn \$5,000 and upwards, and many more than that in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. Those who have a church salary and who practise in addition also make liberal incomes. The average earnings of a Christian Science teacher are usually placed at about \$7,500. As to the fees which may be charged, Mrs. Eddy fixed that, as she did everything else. One of her last acts was a letter to Mr. Archibald McLellan in which she said: "Christian Science practitioners should make their charges for treatment equal

tive localities."

No Revivalistic Methods

As Christian Science is different from any religion ever established, so does its propaganda present many striking novelties. There is nothing about its evangelistic work that suggests a Salvation Army meeting or a Methodist revival. It has no itinerant exhorters on street corners; it does not loudly beat the tom-tom; it works quietly, unobtrusively, but none the less effectively. Its only aggressive champions are not called "missionaries" or "evangelists"; they are "lecturers." Immaculately clad in frock-coats, they make scheduled appearances on public platforms, frequently theaters and large auditoriums. They do not rant and plead and saw the air; they deliver, as dispassionately as a college professor, a discourse lasting one hour and a quarter - never more, never less. In no case do they depend upon the inspiration of the moment. The Church Manual prohibits this. Before a lecturer starts upon a tour, he prepares his speech, and sends it to the heads of the Mother Church in Boston, where it is carefully read and blue-penciled. After securing it back, the lecturer commits the whole thing to memory. According to a statement made at the annual meeting of the Mother Church last June, more than 700,000 people attended Christian Science lectures year.

The Luxurious Reading-Rooms

This represents practically the church's only direct appeal for converts. If you want to learn about Christian Science, you must go to the church — the church does not come to you. Soliciting members, indeed, is contrary to its laws, and members have been actually disciplined for doing it. The greatest missionaries, of course, are the practitioners and the loudest advocates the people who have been healed or who believe that they have. Nothing quite so marks the difference between the "field" work of Christian Science and that of other churches as its reading-rooms. Every church and every society has to maintain one. These rooms are invariably located in the busiest and most expensive sections. They are always neat and attractive and sometimes luxurious. The leading reading-room in London is in Queen's Street, opposite the Bank of England, the busiest part of the city. In New York there is a large reading-room at Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway, within a block of the WaldorfAstoria — New York's liveliest shopping district. The most densely crowded spot in Boston is the corner of Devonshire and Milk streets, and here, likewise, is a luxurious Christian Science reading-room. Perhaps the most elaborate in this country are the beautiful quarters just established in the new Monroe Building on Michigan Avenue, Chicago. The room is finished in weathered oak and decorated in the Gothic style to harmonize with the near-by University Club.

Christian Science reading-rooms are never located in the slums. Indeed, a shabbily dressed man would no more feel comfortable in one of these metropolitan reading-rooms than he would in a Fifth Avenue club. The floors are silenced with heavy rugs; the furniture and finishings are mahogany or other expensive woods. There are large airy windows, electric fans, and leather-upholstered sofas and divans. In the recesses of the windows are palms and flowers in jardinières which always harmonize in color with the general scheme of decoration. There is no talking, and not the slightest sound except the occasional turning of a leaf. The doors open and close without any suggestion of noise. In the middle of the room stands a long table, with heavy leather-seated chairs which have luxurious arm-rests. The whole thing immediately suggests the directors' room of a successful city bank. In front of each chair, on the table, lie two morocco-covered, giltedged books: the one on the left side is labeled "Holy Bible," and the one lying to the right of it "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures." Back of these books is an upright brass bracket, holding a copy of the Christian Science Quarterly, open at the next Sunday's readings. Christian Science literature is sold, but there is no hawking.

The Publicity Bureau

That the church is vigilant and aggressive is likewise shown in the fact that it has something unique in a religious movement — an elaborate and completely organized publicity bureau. Here again it is a modern of the moderns. Nearly all great corporations and railroads even the Standard Oil Company — have a department for furnishing news to the press and protecting it against unjust treatment. It is doubtful if any corporation has a press department so effective and wide-awake as that of the Christian Science Church. Like practically everything else, this was the creation of Mrs. Eddy, and it was a department in which she took an especial interest. The press department developed, as did so much in the Christian

Science Church, as one of her personal needs. In the late nineties Mrs. Eddy's church was a subject of widespread ridicule. Several Boston newspapers never missed an opportunity to "make copy" out of what they regarded as its amusing vagaries. The clergy everywhere were attacking it. Mrs. Eddy approached this problem, as she did all others, with a new by-law. This stipulated that there should be a Committee (of one) on Publication of the Mother Church in Boston, at an annual salary of not less than \$4,000, who should have the management of all similar committees in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and Ireland.

As head of this elaborate press department Mrs. Eddy summoned from Kansas City, Missouri, Mr. Alfred Farlow. Mr. Farlow had already made his mark as a Christian Scientist. He is a man of some education, having been born near Galesburg, Illinois, and having attended college at a small Lutheran institution in the neighborhood. His family had financial reverses, and Mr. Farlow clerked for a time in a country store, engaged in the manufacture of brooms, and, in Beatrice, Nebraska, he played the bass horn in the local brass band. Later he went to Boston, studied Christian Science under Mrs. Eddy, returned to the West, and was one of the most potent influences in building the First Church of Kansas City. Mrs. Eddy chose wisely when she selected Mr. Farlow as the man to check the rising tide of newspaper and ministerial criticism. He is a man of quiet and diplomatic manners, keenly observant, and indefatigable in detecting and meeting Mrs. Eddy's foes. He came unheralded to Boston in 1899, and opened an office in Huntington Chambers, painting on his door merely his own name, "Alfred Farlow," with no intimation of what his business was. He installed several stenographers, subscribed to all the press-cutting bureaus, and started to work.

Skilful Activities of "Alfred Farlow"

Soon in the press of Boston and Massachusetts there began to appear letters to the editor,
signed "Alfred Farlow." Nothing more — no
intimation that "Alfred Farlow" was any different from Pro Bono Publico, Viator Vacuus, or
the other distinguished citizens who have developed the habit of writing letters to the editor.
The only suggestive fact was that Mr. Farlow's
letters usually referred to Christian Science.
They were always defensive; Mr. Farlow never
broached the subject himself, but he was
always replying to criticisms. A local minister
would rise in his pulpit and denounce Christian
Science as un-Christian. Next day there would

appear a long letter from Mr. Farlow, quoting scripture and proving, with apparent conclusiveness, that Mrs. Eddy was the only person in eighteen centuries who had accurately comprehended the Bible. A local newspaper would print a story that Mrs. Eddy was furtively taking medical treatment; Mr. Farlow was promptly on hand with his denial. A child would die under Christian Science treatment, without medical attendance, and the cry would go up for criminal proceedings. "Alfred Farlow" would show that sick people were every day dying under the most skilful medical care, and he would preach a long sermon on religious liberty and medical freedom. Every newspaper reporter who touched Christian Science ultimately learned that "Alfred Farlow" was closely following on his heels, and this consciousness naturally made him somewhat careful about verifying statements. Every day Mr. Farlow received a mass of press cuttings on Christian Science, and the most obscure country weekly could not have its fling without an immediate word of correction. The associates of Mrs. Eddy in her early days were constantly making statements and affidavits about her - sometimes highly uncomplimentary. Almost invariably these people would receive visits from Mr. Farlow, who would attempt to persuade them that they were mistaken and try to get from the counting-room. them to unsay the words.

The Press Generally Quieted

Under Mr. Farlow's leadership, this plan of campaign became general all over the world. Not only every State, but every subdivision, county and city, has press representatives. The whole machine works with amazing celerity and effectiveness. For example: a coroner in London begins to investigate a death under Christian Science treatment. Immediately the London press representative cables to Mr. Farlow the facts as the Christian Scientists understand them. Mr. Farlow skeletonizes this bulletin and telegraphs it to every Christian Science publicity agent in the United States and Canada. When the newspaper story arrives, these hundreds of agents walk into the newspaper offices of their respective localities and offer the editors the "real facts." The system, of course, is enormously expensive, but it has justified itself. The newspapers, which used to assail Christian Science continuously, now hardly ever print an unfavorable word. It is impossible to get a line in any Boston paper to-day that reflects upon Mrs. Eddy or her religion. The fact is, however, that several Boston newspapers which used to make a specialty of "exposing" Christian Science have lost heavily in advertising. The pressure for more liberal treatment has come



MRS, EDDY'S GRAVE AT MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS. HERE THE CHURCH WILL BUILD A LARGE MAUSOLEUM

GREAT FRENCH MYSTERIES

The Peltzer Affair

BY

MARIE BELLOC LOWNDES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM BERGER

The crime of murder assumes forms as various as human nature itself. The Peltzer affair owes its intensely dramatic interest to the fact that the motive—namely, the absorbing and yet unconfessed passion of a man for a woman—was pursued with real intellectual ability on the part of the chief criminal. We know that stupid murderers sometimes escape. In the Peltzer affair a highly original plot was executed with marvelous patience and organizing skill. A powerful alliance of time, money, and brains was used to divert all suspicion from the right clue and to cover every incriminating trace.

I

NE fine cold January morning the prosperous Antwerp lawyer, William Bernays, kissed his little boy, said good-by to his wife,— he was not on kissing terms with his wife,— and took train for Brussels.

Neither wife nor child ever saw him again.

William Bernays did not come back as he had said he meant to do that same night; no word was received from him to account for his absence; and after two anxious days of waiting and wondering what could have happened to prevent his communicating with home, Madame Bernays informed the police of his disappearance.

Oddly enough, no one even knew why the lawyer had gone to Brussels; but soon that mystery was cleared up. An acquaintance whom he had met in the train, and who had traveled a short way with him, remembered that Bernays had casually mentioned the fact that he was about to meet an important new client. "The man appears to be an American, in a big way of business," he observed. "I've not met him yet, but we've been in correspondence, and he's already sent me a hundred and fifty dollars."

No trace of this unknown American client's letters, or of the check he had presumedly sent, could be found among the lawyer's papers, and the disappearance of William Bernays became, as we shall see, a nine days' wonder in the town of Antwerp.

In such a case the very last thing that people are apt to suspect is foul play, and William Bernays' old friends and lifelong neighbors had more than one other theory which would have accounted for his temporary disappearance from home.

Not long before his mysterious journey to Brussels the lawyer had become a Roman Catholic, and certain people actually thought it conceivable that he had gone off to a monastery.

Others recalled, under their breath,—for his beautiful young wife was respected and beloved,—that William Bernays, like so many clever, brilliant men, had another side to his nature—a very different side, that is, to his religious side. He had never been a man of high moral character. Madame Bernays was a saint, and from a sinner's point of view a saint is often "gey ill to live with," as many an ordinary man has discovered to his cost.

Was it not possible that Bernays had gone on a short illicit honeymoon? If popular rumor spoke truly, this would not have been the first t.me. And Madame Bernays, noble woman that she was, had forgiven and forgotten. Many a man in Antwerp envied the lawyer his happy, successful, careless life and his fair if austere wife.



"WILLIAM BERNAYS KISSED HIS LITTLE BOY, SAID GOOD-BY TO HIS WIFE,—HE WAS NOT ON KISSING TERMS WITH HIS WIFE,—AND TOOK TRAIN FOR BRUSSELS"

But just a few members of his own family, and one or two trusted friends and confidants outside that narrow circle, knew that William Bernays was not the happy man he appeared to be.

True, he seemed to possess everything that makes for happiness in this world. He had a great reputation in his profession, he was blessed with plenty of money, he had a delightful home, and a little son whom both he and his wife worshiped.

But, unknown to the great majority of his fellow citizens, Bernays was a profoundly unhappy and dissatisfied man — wretched in the one relationship that is all-important in adult life. William Bernays and Julia his wife, each attractive, each clever, and each with a high if different ideal of duty, were utterly unsuited the one to the other. In a word, they were ill-mated.

Julia Bernays, the daughter of a noted Belgian statesman, was a refined, high-strung, and austere-natured woman. True, she was beautiful, but beautiful — so her husband described her to his own family — as a statue is beautiful.

The marriage had been arranged in the French fashion, but the two young people, so suited by birth, fortune, and age, had seemed much attracted to each other, and Bernays was passionately in love with his future wife.

From the day of the wedding, however, William's jovial, familiar ways offended and displeased his bride; and after about a year of disunion, and of the discomfort that such disunion brings, they actually discussed the possibility of a separation.

But already the little son whom they both loved with a jealous love was born, and for the sake of their child, and because neither would consent to giving him up, in any real sense, to the other, they consented to adjust their secret differences so far as to continue living in an outwardly friendly manner under the same roof.

Of this foolish and unnatural bargain ill was sure to come, and it soon did come in the shape at which the good Antwerp folk hinted when Bernays disappeared so suddenly and mysteriously. The lawyer became frequently unfaithful to his wife, but in a furtive, shamed fashion which left it possible for those about them to hope and suppose that she knew nothing of these outrages on her wifely dignity. Outwardly William and Julia were on good and even cordial terms, and they kept the secret of their disunion hidden from everybody.

But a worse and an infinitely less-to-beexpected complication than Bernays' light conduct was to follow the arrangement entered into by the husband and wife — that arrangement which made them strangers under one roof.

Indeed, what next came to pass may well inspire a Browning yet unborn to write another "Ring and the Book."

П

In the same town of Antwerp, united to the Bernays family by ties of long acquaintance rather than intimacy, lived a widow lady named Peltzer. She was the proud mother of three handsome sons, each of whom was not only goodlooking, but very popular with the town folk.

In due course all the young Peltzers set out to carve their fortune, and Armand, a brilliant engineer, eldest and cleverest of the band of brothers, went off to America, where he was soon well on the way to prosperity. He met, however, with one rebuff from Fate. He married a charming girl, whom he had the misfortune to lose after a very few years. She left him, however, a baby daughter.

The two younger Peltzers stayed at home and engaged together in business. But they did not prosper as Armand had prospered, and there came a sad day when bankruptcy—and, what was even more terrible to such a family as themselves, a fraudulent bankruptcy—stared the partners in the face.

The mother cabled the dreadful news to her eldest born, and Armand, without losing a day, left his work and his happy, successful life in America, and hurried home in order to save his two brothers.

Now, Armand had lost track of what was going on in his native place, and when he asked in the town to what lawyer he should address himself in the difficult task before him, every one exclaimed: "Go to William Bernays! He is the only man who can get your brothers out of their dreadful scrape."

To William Bernays Armand Peltzer accordingly went, and, thanks to the clever lawyer, the two young men came out of their trouble with honor, if not with fortune saved, and Armand ultimately found Léon, the cleverer of his brothers, a good job in America.

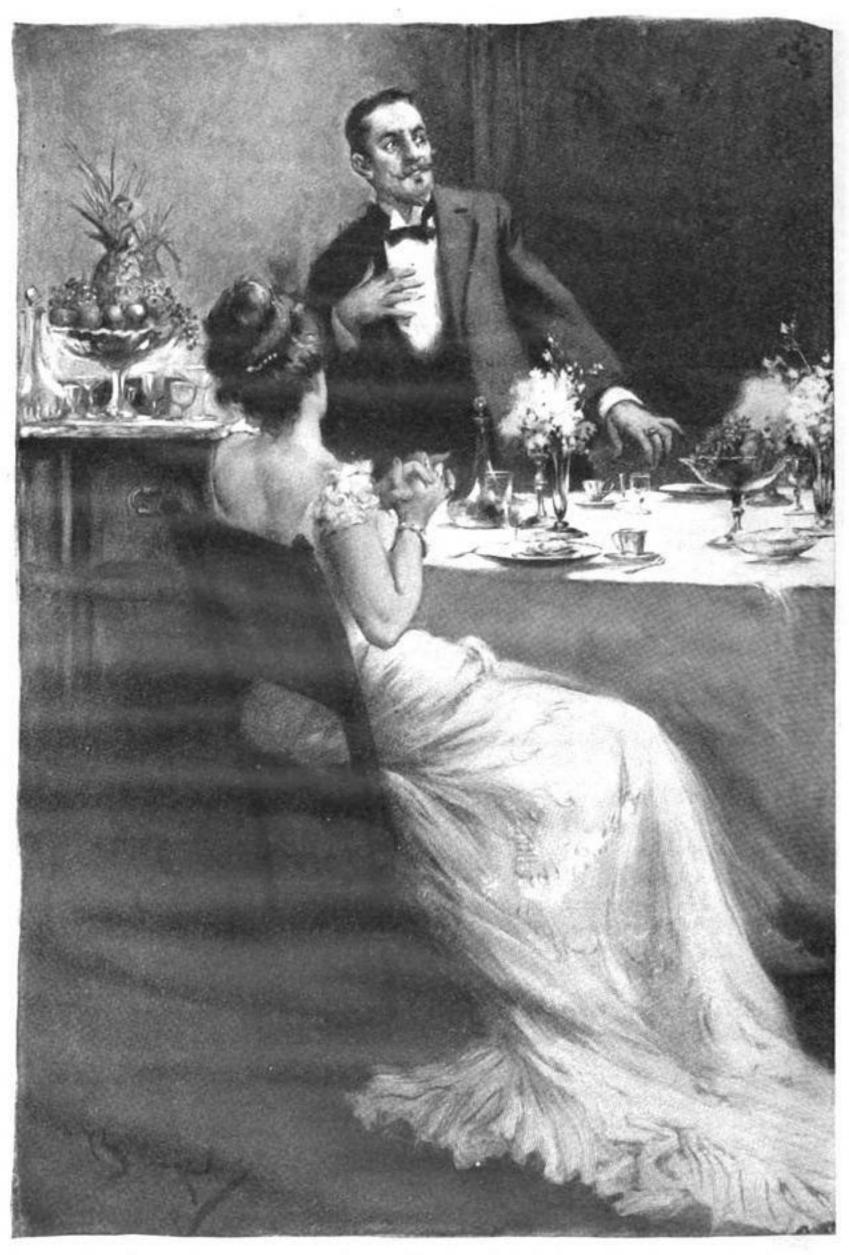
But he himself lingered on at home, as if there were nothing to take him back to his adopted country. He had brought his little girl with him to Antwerp, and their presence made his mother a happy woman. Also, life in the picturesque, sleepy town — sleepy indeed after New York — suited Armand.

He struck up a great friendship with Bernays, the lawyer who had saved the younger Peltzers from dishonor. Armand was very grateful to William Bernays, and, as the engineer was a clever, agreeable talker, the two became almost inseparable.

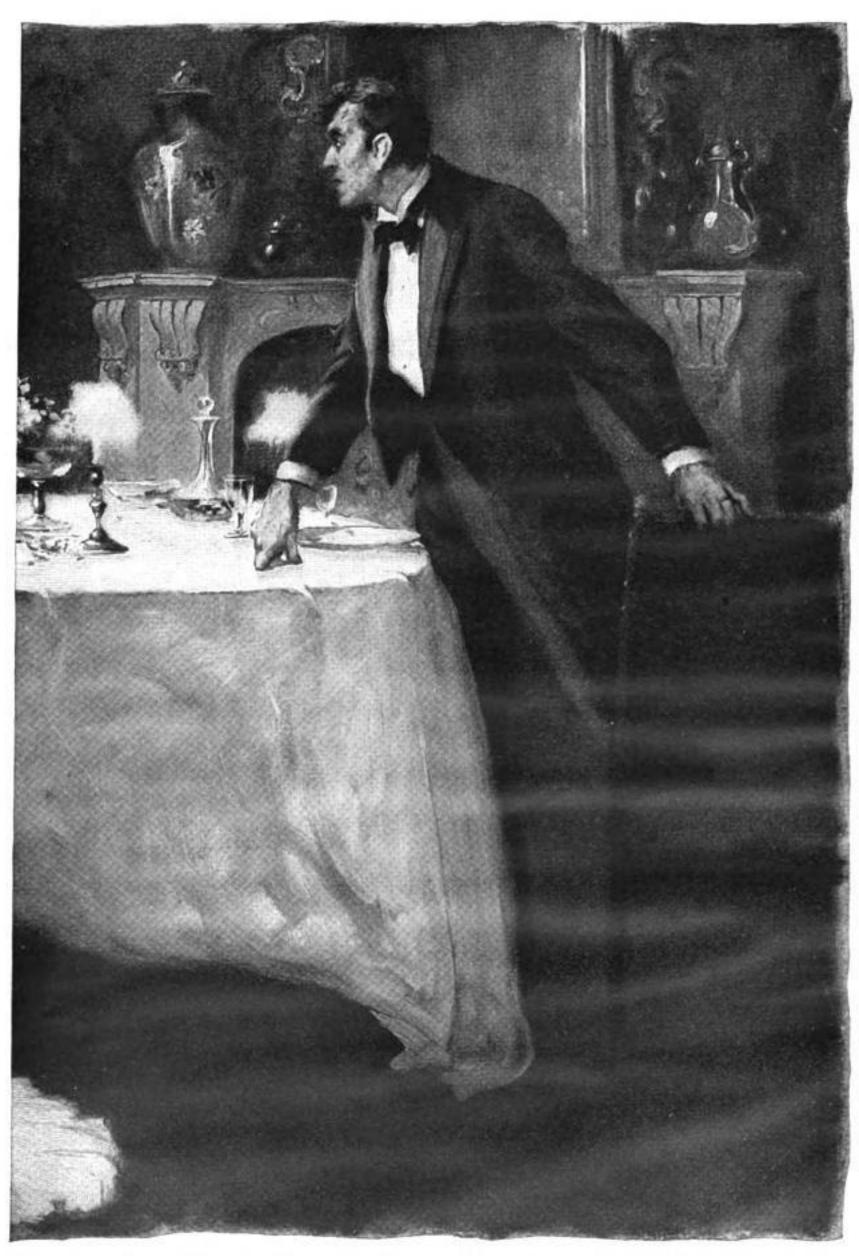
But what was surprising to those sufficiently interested in other people's business to take heed of such a thing was that Madame Bernays—the beautiful, reserved Julia—also became on terms of real friendship with Armand Peltzer. She welcomed him as she did no other of her husband's intimates to her house, and she took a close and tender interest in his little girl. As to him, we can perhaps guess what he felt as he gradually grew to find himself on terms of close friendship with

A lady, young, tall, beautiful, strange and sad.

Very soon the engineer became what a man so often becomes when he is on friendly terms with a husband and wife — the confidant, the adviser, and the sympathizer of both. Each, to him, broke their wise rule of silence, and he listened to the expansive, over-frank complaints and grievances of William, the aggrieved



"THERE CAME AN EVENING WHEN WILLIAM THOUGHT HE SURPRISED A MEANING AND A SECRET MAN THAT HE COULD



SMILE BETWEEN ARMAND AND JULIA. HE GOT UP FROM THE TABLE AND TOLD THE OTHER NOT BEAR HIS PRESENCE"

husband, and heard with eager, respectful sympathy the more reticent confidences of William's lovely, neglected young wife.

The position of such a friend — of one, that is, who is intimate with a husband and a wife who have ceased to be intimate with each other — is a very difficult and delicate one. And in this connection the French have an excellent proverb which runs: "Between the tree and the bark do not try to thrust thy finger."

Armand Peltzer certainly did his best, early in the acquaintance, to bring William and Julia together again; but his efforts, as any one but an eager young man would have known they would be, were quite unsuccessful. Indeed, his efforts only widened the breach between the lawyer and his wife; for all too soon Armand himself became devotedly — he always declared on oath and in the most solemn way platonically — attached to Julia Bernays, to the wife of the man who had proved himself, since Peltzer's return home to Antwerp, his best and wisest friend.

Time went on, and still the young engineer lingered on in the quiet town where his mother lived. And only that mother, with her keen mother instinct of what ailed her son, suspected who it was that was keeping him there.

It is on record that she warned him of his peril, but that he angrily repudiated her suspicions. Why, not even the gossips of the town had anything to say! True, he was constantly in the Bernays' house; but, if he paid long calls on Julia during William's business hours, he spent even longer hours in the lawyer's office, and the two men were always together in their spare time.

But there came a day when some cruel, mischief-making human being — it is said to have been the nurse of Madame Bernays' little boy — wrote an anonymous letter to William Bernays, asserting that his best friend, Armand Peltzer, was in love with Madame Bernays, and that every one in Antwerp was talking about it.

Now, Bernays, in spite, or perhaps because, of his wife's cold aloofness and his own secret flirtations, still loved his Julia quite sufficiently to be, or to become, violently jealous of her. The letter filled him with rage and suspicion, and, instead of putting the coarse epistle into the fire, as he ought to have done, he kept it to show to Armand Peltzer, and as a result the two men quarreled viclently.

well as the most absorbing p life. Nay, more; he told his happy, anxious mother, where the truth before he that it would be very ignoble up his friendship with Julia.

Armand, accordingly, sen old friend's letter, but he extend the properties of the truth before he that it would be very ignoble up his friendship with Julia.

Armand swore on what he held most sacred in the world, his child's life and his mother's honor, that he had never said a word to Julia that a brother might not have said, and, further, that he regarded her with the highest veneration. His words bore such an accent of

truth that William, ashamed of his base suspicions, humbly asked Armand's pardon. Nay, more; he asked him to come and dine with him and with Julia the same night.

But the happy spell of innocent friendship between these three people was broken. The lawyer went on receiving anonymous letters, and there came an evening when William thought he surprised a meaning and a secret smile between Armand and Julia.

He got up from the table, and, making — poor fool that he was — a violent scene in front of his wife, plainly told the other man that he could not bear his presence in his house any longer; and the next day he wrote the engineer a letter in which he tried to express exactly what he felt about the whole painful matter:

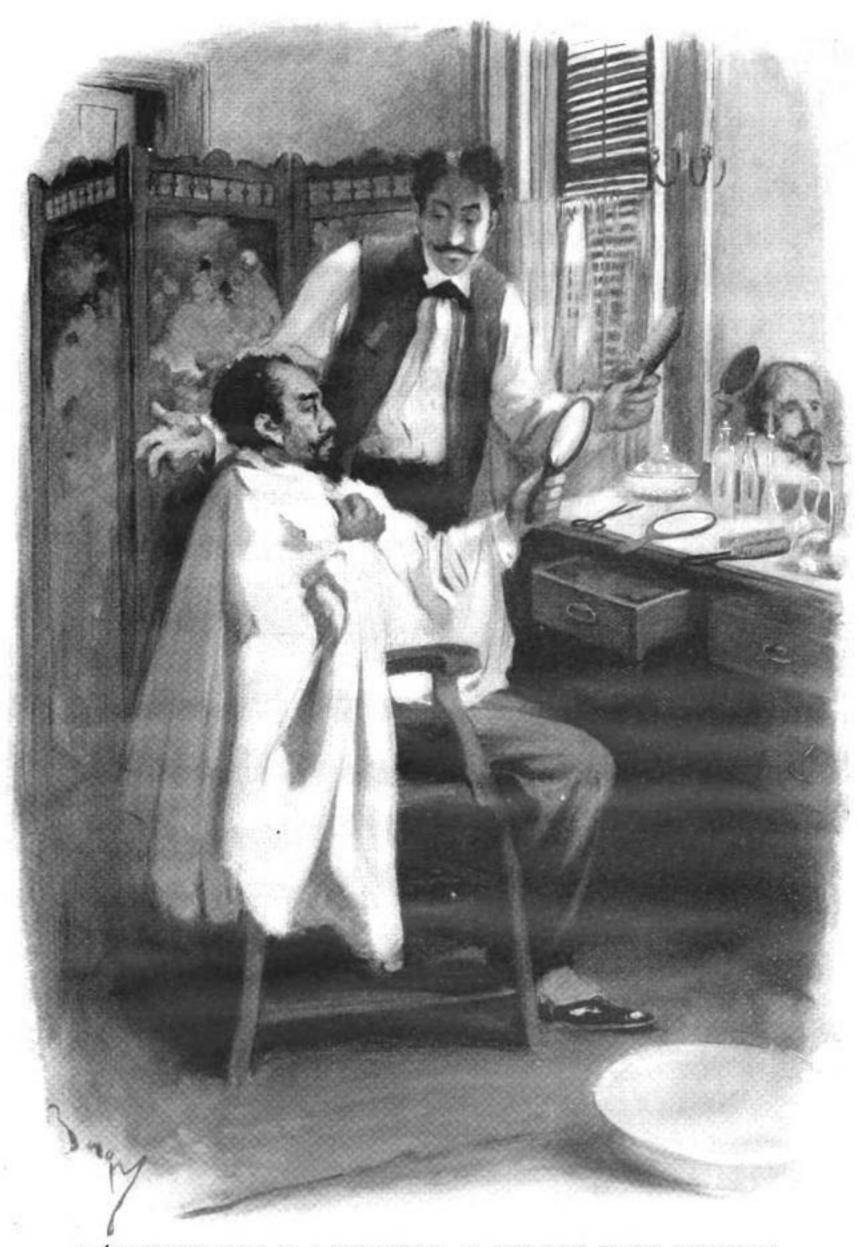
Armand:

After all that has come and gone, I have to think not only of what may be true, but of what may be said, and in view of the anonymous letters I continue to receive, I can not doubt that your frequent presence in my house is making people talk. I beg you, therefore, in the name of my honor and of Julia's good name, to discontinue your visits. My wife and I live only for our son. You also have the good fortune to have a child. Let us never associate either of our children with any scandal. Pray send no reply to this letter. Neither speak nor write to me about it. I am very sorry to have to sever our friendship, but I am sure that you will feel with me that we can pursue no other course.

Would that Armand Peltzer had obeyed the entreaty contained in this letter, which was, it must be admitted, a wise, a dignified, and, on the whole, a high-minded letter for a husband to write to the friend who, now that the scales had fallen from that husband's eyes, was seen by him to cherish a violent if a still respectful passion for his wife!

But Armand Peltzer did not receive the letter in the spirit in which it had been written. He chose to read in it an intolerable insult. His friendship for the lovely, neglected young married woman had become to him the noblest as well as the most absorbing passion of his lonely life. Nay, more; he told his mother — his unhappy, anxious mother, who alone had suspected the truth before he knew it himself — that it would be very ignoble on his part to give up his friendship with Julia.

Armand, accordingly, sent no answer to his old friend's letter, but he evidently communicated its purport to his old friend's wife; and she, angered, as will be understood by every woman who reads this strange and terrible story of love and hate, went straight to her husband with the news that, outraged by his unworthy suspicion, she now intended to obtain a divorce!



"LÉON PELIZER WENT TO A HAIR-DRESSER; HE EVEN WENT TO THE TROUBLE OF HAVING HIS FACE STAINED A DARK OLIVE COLOR"

He eagerly declared that he did not and never would suspect Julia, and he even acquitted her of imprudent conduct.

But he confessed to a morbid fear of gossip and scandal. Were he and Julia, he asked reproachfully, to part because of a foolish quarrel brought about by scurrilous anonymous letters? Was their home, all the dignity of their joint life, to come to an end just as their little son was growing old enough to understand what it means when father and mother are divorced and the home is broken up?

Nay, more, thoroughly sobered by his wife's cold anger and virtuous indignation, William Bernays sought out his own and Julia's lifelong friend, the President of the Belgian High Court, Monsieur Longé. To this wise old man he told the whole story.

How little it seemed when the story was put in plain language!

Monsieur Longé reasoned with Julia. He showed her that her first impulse had been very foolish, and finally, with her consent, he drew up a sort of informal deed which both husband and wife were to sign and leave with him.

The first clause in the deed expressed Bernays' great regret at having unjustly accused his wife of indiscreet behavior, and recognized the utter falsity of the accusation.

The second clause arranged that the husband and wife should each inhabit a separate suite of apartments in the same house, and it even stipulated that their meals should be served apart unless, for the benefit of the child, either thought it advisable that they should meet occasionally at dinner. Together also they were to settle everything that concerned the little boy, his health and his education.

Madame Bernays, on her side, undertook to behave exactly as a wife should behave when her husband's friends came to the house. But she stipulated that she was to be perfectly free as to the choice of her friends.

Finally, husband and wife agreed never to engage in painful discussions the one with the other, and to allow Monsieur Longé to arbitrate between them in case of any difference of opinion.

Each gave his and her word of honor to carry out these arrangements; and this important document was finally left in the hands of their old friend, the Judge.

Julia Bernays' first act after the deed had been signed was to invite Armand Peltzer to dinner.

She was "to be perfectly free as to the choice of ber friends," and it seemed to this wrongheaded woman that her womanly honor de-

Bernays was pained, bewildered, horrified. manded of her that she should break the spirit while obeying the letter of the new agreement into which she and her husband had entered together.

> As soon as Bernays heard what she had done, he made matters worse by preparing to break the letter of the law to which he had agreed.

> "No," he said firmly; "I will not tolerate the presence of Armand Peltzer in our house. His coming is bound to lead to fresh difficulties and troubles."

> Thus, before the ink on their signatures was well dry, husband and wife were each disregarding the spirit and the letter of the deed.

> In vain the old Judge, Monsieur Longé, implored Julia to give way, and told her that she was doing very, very wrong. She insisted, on the contrary, that she was doing right, and that only Armand Peltzer's presence in their house would make her feel that her husband no longer suspected her.

> She also thought it her duty to inform Armand of what had followed on her invitation to him. This naturally set him afire too. He sat down and wrote an angry, and yet it must be admitted a dignified, letter, in his turn, to William Bernays:

William:

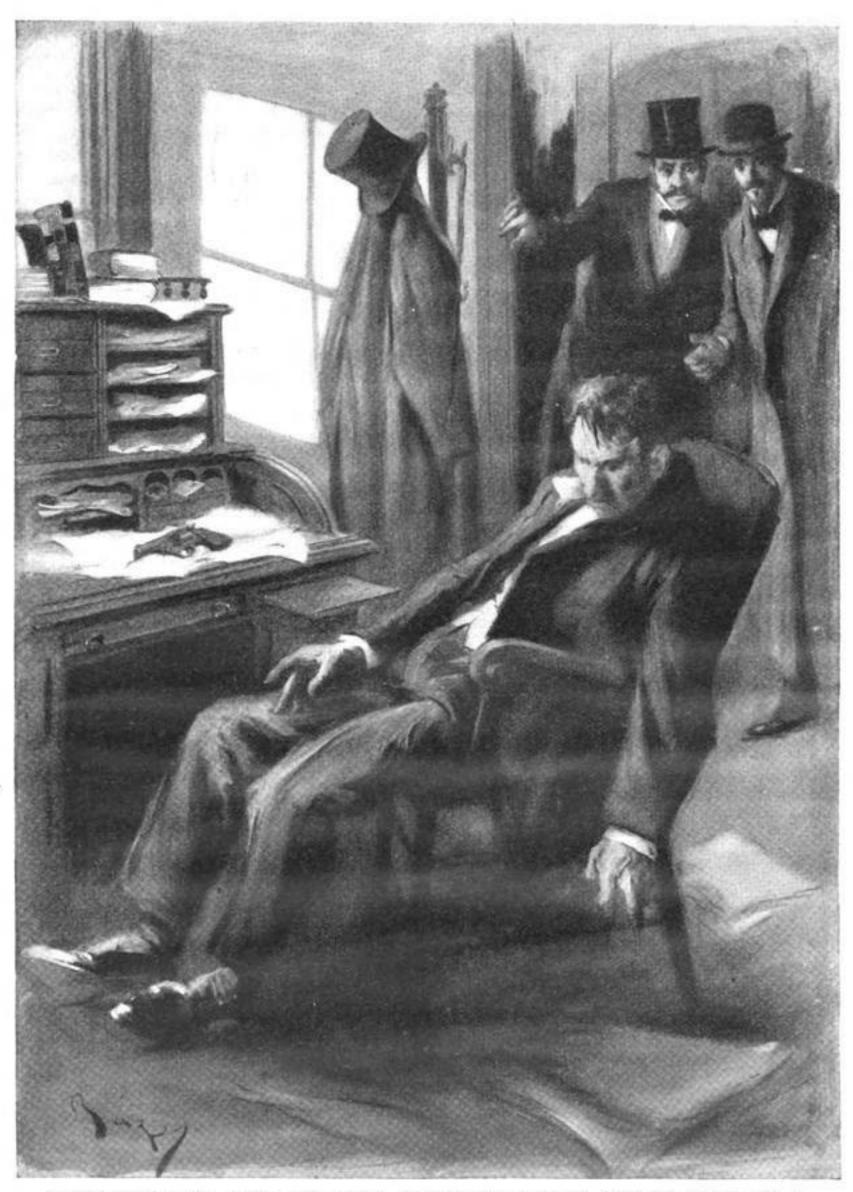
After the interview in which you begged me to forgive your unjust and dishonoring suspicions of your wife and of myself, I thought all was right again between us. But there came, as you know, further trouble. I learn that in the deed you and your wife have signed it is expressly stipulated that Julia may choose her own friends. Now she chooses me to be her friend and frankly asks you to receive me as such. You refuse to do so, and that is a gross insult to me.

Your wife, who has a noble heart, is devoted to my little daughter. In her interest, and in the interest of my child, also in the interest of yours, I consent to hold out my hand and again to forgive you. Thus will be prevented any foolish talk about the noble and pure-minded woman who bears your name. You have indeed acted ill to your only friend — that is, to me — and I can never, never hope to forget your conduct in this matter.

Bernays sent back this letter unopened, and the same evening Armand Peltzer sent the lawyer a formal challenge to a duel.

Now, Bernays, either because he was physically a coward or because he dreaded the wave of talk that a duel always provokes in foreign society, was horrified by the receipt of Armand's challenge, and he actually sent Armand Peltzer a written apology for what he termed his "unjust suspicions."

But, even so, the lawyer held out as to the one thing that really mattered to them all, and on which his wife and Peltzer were determined to make him give way - he refused to receive the engineer again on terms of friendly familiarity.



"THEY FORCED THE LOCK—AND THERE, IN FRONT OF A LARGE DESK ON WHICH LAY A PISTOL, SAT WILLIAM BERNAYS".

Very soon the position between the husband and wife became so strained that Bernays, at last utterly disheartened, begged his wife, in his turn, to consent to a divorce for incompatibility of temper! But, to the great surprise of the few who were in their secret, Madame Bernays absolutely refused to consider the question of a divorce.

When we think over and try to pierce the psychological mystery which is perhaps the most extraordinary thing about this extraordinary story, this refusal of Julia to free herself from William is seen to have played a great and sinister rôle in the dread drama that followed.

And yet, who can doubt that had Julia Bernays desired to marry the engineer, who by this time was madly in love with her, and for whom she seems to have cherished a very sincere affection, nothing would have been easier than for her to have divorced her husband, to have become Madame Armand Peltzer, and to have made, with the man who adored her, a new life in America.

But in that case Julia would have had to give up her little son, or, at the best, to have shared him with her husband. According to the French and Belgian law, after a divorce has been granted, the father and mother of any child issued of the dissolved marriage each has a right to their child's companionship for alternate months of each year.

Julia Bernays wrote to her old and trusted friend, President Longé:

I entirely refuse to divorce William, because to do so would partially separate me from my child. I know my duty as my boy's mother, and it is a duty made the more incumbent on me owing to my profound contempt for the man who has behaved to me as Monsieur Bernays has done. He refused to defend my honor when it was odiously and basely challenged, and if he dares to institute a suit for divorce I shall know how to defend myself.

And so once more these unhappy people attempted to live together for the sake of their child and his future; and if Armand Peltzer had acted a manly part and had gone away, as many a man situated as he was situated has done, all would have been, if not well, then unshadowed by a terrible crime.

111

But human nature is a strange and complicated thing. Armand Peltzer had persuaded himself that his love for Julia Bernays was a noble passion of pity-for an innocent woman hardly used by fate. Deep in his heart he knew

her; and he wished that she should be free to consider him kindly.

When he found that her love for her child made divorce impossible to her, it became clear to him that there was but one way — albeit an awful and dangerous way - in which to cut through the tangle in which they found themselves.

William Bernays must be made to disappear. Nay, more, the secret of his disappearance must be solved in death. Only as a widow could Julia become a happy wife.

And Bernays, as we know, did disappear. He took train to Brussels on that bright, sunny January day, and thenceforth he seemed obliterated as completely as if he had never been born. An exhaustive hunt for the vanished man took place all over the continent of Europe. But the mystery remained impenetrable, and there followed nine long days of anxious waiting on the part of Julia, her little boy, and Bernays' family.

On the last of the nine days the head of the Brussels police received the following strange letter. It was dated Basle, and ran as follows:

Sir:

I am horrified to learn in the papers that the letter that I wrote you — indeed, the letters I wrote you, for I have written two - did not reach you! Monsieur William Bernays, alas! has not disappeared. He is dead. He was killed by accident in my Brussels office, 159 Rue de la Loi. The accident was entirely my fault - or, rather, the fault of my carelessness. He came to see me by appointment to talk over an important business matter. There was a pistol lying on my desk, and I foolishly took it up and began playing with it. Monsieur Bernays had already turned to leave the room when the lock went off, and, to my intense horror, Monsieur Bernays fell dead at my feet! I thought - I hoped - he was only wounded, but soon, alas! I saw that he was dead — and dead by my hand!

My first impulse was to send for the police. Then I remembered how very awkward and unpleasant would be my own position. I am an American without a single friend or acquaintance in Brussels.

I therefore made up my mind that I had better leave Brussels, and communicate with the police from a distance. I did so. But my letters seem to have miscarried. I am now very sorry that I behaved so foolishly. Still, I shall be able to prove that all I say is true, and I beg you to tell Monsieur Bernays' unfortunate family how deeply I sympathize with them, and how terribly sorry I am at having been the involuntary cause of his death.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Henry Vaughan! Who was Henry Vaughan? No trace of him could be found in the hotel registers of the town, and at first (so unlikely and unreal did the contents of this letter seem to be) the head of the police took it to be one of those letters, often quite intelligently worded, that he loved her; he desired ardently to marry which always follow on the commission of any

widely advertised crime or disappearance, and which are the work of foolish and morbid practical jokers.

Still, as Rue de la Loi is a well known street, he thought it worth while to send a couple of detectives to the address.

They found that Number 159 was a large respectable house let out in business offices, and after a certain amount of search and of inquiry from the porter they further discovered that an American named Henry Vaughan had indeed hired an office in the building. This, however, only confirmed their belief that the letter had been written by some practical joker who wished to annoy Henry Vaughan.

Giving no hint of their dread mission, the two men made their way to the room which they were told was in the occupation of the American. They knocked. There was no answer. Quickly and quietly they forced the lock—and there, in an arm-chair in front of a large desk on which lay a pistol, sat William Bernays—dead. He had been killed by a shot from behind, for there was a deep wound in the back of his neck.

Everything in the office was in perfect order. Bernays' heavy overcoat and his hat still hung on a stand near the door. A good deal of blood had gushed out on to the thick carpet, and there was the imprint of a man's boot-sole in the dried and coagulated blood. But that, though a painful detail, was natural enough. It was odd, however, that Henry Vaughan after the accident should have picked the dead man up and sat him down in the chair. Still, perhaps he had done that believing Bernays to be still alive.

In the unfortunate lawyer's pocket was found a certain amount of money, and the following letter, which confirmed the mysterious American's story:

Sir:

By the favor of an English friend I have obtained your name and address. They tell me you are the best lawyer in Antwerp, as well as an authority on commercial and maritime matters. This is why I ask your assistance concerning the state of Belgian law as to the following points.

Then came a number of highly technical questions as to the Belgian commercial and navigation law and usages. The long letter concluded with the words:

I shall be much obliged if you will kindly answer the above by return, for I am engaged, as you will understand, on a very important piece of business. As an earnest of my wish to avail myself of your legal assistance, I inclose a hundred and fifty dollars. I am told that you are conversant with English as well as French. Pray write to me in either language.

> I am, Sir, your obedient servant, HENRY VAUGHAN.

Yes, the story told in Henry Vaughan's letter was borne out by the facts — indeed, it was probably true in every particular. After all, truth, especially in criminal matters, is often far stranger than fiction.

But had the lawyer really died as Henry Vaughan declared he had done? The fact that the wound was in the back of the neck gave the lie to the story — although, of course, it was quite possible that Bernays had suddenly turned away and so received the shot in the back of his neck instead of in his breast.

At any rate, there was but one thing now to do, and that was to get hold of Henry Vaughan.

At once it became known to the Belgian police that Vaughan was a real man, and, what was more important, known to quite a number of important people in Belgium. Traces were found of him, not only at Basle, where his letter had been posted, and where he had stayed at a good hotel for some time, but also in various Belgian and German towns. He appeared to be, as he had said in his letter, an American man of business, traveling, however, on behalf of an important business concern in Australia.

But what had happened to him after he had left Basle, which he had apparently done within an hour of posting his letter, remained an impenetrable mystery. In fact, it seemed fairly obvious that the American had taken the wise if not very noble course of leaving for America immediately after he had written the letter—that curious, prudently worded letter—telling the dreadful thing that had happened to him.

I۷

Days and weeks slipped by. The body of the unfortunate William Bernays had been brought home to Antwerp and buried, amid marks of widespread sorrow and esteem, while among the chief mourners walked Armand Peltzer.

Madame Bernays and her little son went into deep mourning and began to live the quietest and most retired of lives.

And then anonymous letters bearing the postmark of Antwerp began to rain in on the Brussels police! These letters indicated, in language that became plainer and plainer, that a certain Armand Peltzer, an engineer who was now courting Madame Bernays with a view to persuading the widow to make a second marriage, had had a deep interest in the death of William Bernays. Nay, more; they suggested that the letter signed "Henry Vaughan" should be compared with the handwriting of Armand Peltzer!

Again the head of the Belgian police thought he was being hoaxed, the more so that a very few inquiries made it clear that the Peltzers were people of consequence and respectability in Antwerp. He also learned that at the present time two sons were living with their widowed mother — Armand, the distinguished engineer, who had come so nobly to his brothers' help some years before, and Léon, one of the brothers who had been in trouble, but who had since made a good livelihood in America, and who was now home on a holiday.

In view of the fact that the Brussels police had never been wholly satisfied as to how Bernays had met his death, the Head Constable took the trouble to obtain specimens of the handwriting, not only of Armand Peltzer, but also, incidentally, of his brother Léon. And well it was that he did so, for, while it did not require an expert to see that there was nothing in common between the handwriting of the mysterious "Henry Vaughan" and Armand Peltzer, it at once became clear that the handwriting of Léon Peltzer and that of the mysterious "Henry Vaughan" were absolutely identical!

A few hours after this fact had been ascertained the two brothers were arrested, to the extreme amazement, even the wrath, of many of their fellow townsmen, by whom they were highly respected and among whom they had been popular from childhood onward.

And then there followed one of those close, ruthless, brilliant investigations that have become the glory of the detective forces of France, America, and England.

Once the clue is found, the task is often pitifully easy. But this time the law had as an antagonist a really able man who had thought out every detail of his infernal murder plot with marvelous and calculated ingenuity. Had Léon possessed the intellectual capacity that distinguished his eldest brother, Armand would almost certainly now be living an honored citizen of Antwerp, the devoted and happy husband of the beautiful Julia, sometime widow of his late attached friend, William Bernays.

Amazing, almost incredible, in its cold, reasoned cleverness, was the story that became gradually unrolled — and the more amazing in that neither brother gave himself or the other away. Not only did they each protest their innocence, but they did more: they behaved, while in prison awaiting trial, in a way to convince those who saw them that they were absolutely innocent and that their consciences were absolutely at ease.

But, as the links in the chain became slowly but surely joined up, Armand and Léon must have known only too well that their sinister plot had miscarried through Léon's incredible folly in writing the letter signed "Henry Vaughan" with his own hand.

The story, when pieced together, ran as follows:

Léon Peltzer, after the serious business troubles from which his eldest brother had so cleverly extricated him, had been for a while a rolling stone. He had stayed for varying periods in Manchester, in London, in Buenos Ayres; but at last he had settled down in New York in the employment of a big and respectable firm, and it was there, on an October day some three months before Bernays' disappearance, that the young Belgian suddenly informed his employers that he must leave them at a moment's notice. The reason he gave was that a Canadian friend, who had been very good to him in the past, had telegraphed to him for help out of a difficulty.

But Léon Peltzer did not go to Europe via Canada. The 1st of November found him on board the Arizona, traveling to Europe under the false name of Prélat. He probably found at Liverpool a letter from his brother, for from the British port he went straight on to Paris and there met Armand. Although both men stayed at the same hotel, they used different names. They spent four days together, and then Armand, who was throughout the directing intelligence and who found in Léon an enthusiastic instrument, went home to Antwerp.

Léon Peltzer at once moved to another Paris hotel, again under a new name, and it was from there that he went to a hair-dresser, and, explaining that he was going to a fancy-dress ball, bought a wig and a false beard. He waited yet a day or two more, and then, on the day he said the ball was to take place, he had himself thoroughly well "made up," and he even went to the trouble of having his face stained a dark olive color.

When he finally left the hair-dresser's, Léon Peltzer was so entirely unlike his usual self that not his own mother, or so he was assured, would have known him! From a fair Belgian he had become a South American Spaniard.

His next step was to write a letter to Armand, dated "November 18 — San Francisco." This letter Armand showed to several friends in Antwerp. In it the writer described his busy, prosperous life, and announced that he would soon come home for a short holiday.

But Léon stayed on in Paris some days longer, and there, under the name of Viberg, he bought seven revolvers and three boxes of ammunition. After doing this he burned everything—clothes, papers, and so on—that he had brought from America, and, under yet another new name,—that of Valgrave,—he purchased an entirely new outfit, including a quantity of

good underclothes; but all these were marked, by his order, in the name he finally adopted, that of Henry Vaughan.

Thus equipped with a new name and a new personality, that of a traveler for Messrs. Murray & Co., of Sydney, come to Europe to organize a new service of steamers between Bremen, Hamburg, Amsterdam, and Australia, Léon Peltzer started out on a series of cleverly planned journeys.

"Henry Vaughan," the dark, bearded, middleaged-looking American, left Paris for Belgium on the 1st of December, and for three weeks he traveled all over Holland and Germany, staying at Hamburg, at Bremen, and at Amsterdam, seeing a good many business people, — especially lawyers,— and making all kinds of arrangements that had the appearance of being absolutely genuine.

"Vaughan" stayed in good hotels, and seemed to have plenty of money with which to entertain new business acquaintances.

Never, in the long history of murder as a fine art, was murder more intelligently, and in a sense more intellectually, planned than was that of William Bernays. Neither time nor money, the two accomplices that are generally so lacking to the murderer, was absent from the sinister tryst. Indeed, had Léon Peltzer possessed a tithe of his brother Armand's intellect — had he, for instance, written his fatal letter from Basle on a typewriter, or simply dictated it to one of those public writers who still exist in almost every country town on the continent of Europe — he would certainly have succeeded in the scheme so cleverly imagined and carried out.

The fact that there were so many lawyers ready to come forward and say that they knew Henry Vaughan quite well, and that he was really a respectable business man, was largely instrumental in causing the Brussels police to drop all inquiries until there came the anonymous letter clues from Antwerp.

But, to return to the doings of "Henry Vaughan"— at last, and after having thus created for himself a new and honorable personality, the pseudo-American went off to Brussels. There he hired an office in the Rue de la Loi, and he purchased, not only a certain amount of office furniture, but also a thick carpet and even thick curtains to hang over the door. He even remembered to get a hat-and-coat stand. This was in order that Bernays, on coming into the room, should hang up his heavy overcoat, which, if he kept it on, might deviate the course of the bullet.

As to what actually occurred on the fatal morning of the murder, it remains, and will always remain, a mystery.

Was William Bernays shot by Léon Peltzer or by Armand? Many people still believe that the engineer arranged to give himself the cruel joy of killing the man whom he had come to regard as his deadly enemy, for it was the imprint of the sole of Armand's boot which was found in the coagulated blood on the carpet.

According to the medical evidence, Bernays was not killed in the arm-chair where he was found. He was shot standing, and his body probably remained on the floor for twenty-four hours. Then either Léon or Armand, or possibly both brothers, came and so arranged the body as to make his death appear an accident.

But, it may well be said, this story of all that may have happened is very cleverly imagined; but how was it proved that Armand Peltzer was directly concerned with the murder? The bootsole clue is a very slight one on which to condemn a man to death.

Well, it is true that, owing to Armand's acute and foreseeing intellect, and also thanks to his brother's steadfast loyalty, the police found it very difficult to involve the elder Peltzer in the net of proof as surely as he himself had drawn his enemy into his snare. It was only thanks to the existence of telegraphy that they finally succeeded.

Armand was doomed when at last the police discovered that a telegram had been despatched to him from America, signed "Robert Fulton," which ran:

New York, October 28, Arizona.

There also were found the telegrams which the brothers exchanged when about to meet in Paris; and in Paris the detective's task was easy, for the French hotel-keeper at once recognized Armand as the man who had stayed with him at the same time as Léon. Also, during the whole of Léon's strange peregrinations through Belgium and Germany, the brothers were in constant communication, almost daily telegrams passing between them.

Yet another fact which told terribly against Armand became known to the police. On the 23d of December he began practising pistol-shooting in his mother's house. Their neighbors complained of the noise, and Armand soon desisted from his strange diversion; but, hidden in a secret place, there were afterward found a large number of cartridges which were proved to be the ones that Léon had bought in Paris.

It is a rather curious fact that none of the seven revolvers bought in France seems to have satisfied Armand as being suitable for the awful purpose for which they had been acquired, for Léon made a hurried journey from Brussels to London, and it was with a revolver bought from an English gun-maker named Baker that William Bernays was shot.

On the very morning of the murder the younger brother addressed to the elder the following telegram:

Thanks for your charming proposal. I hope to see you Saturday. MARIE.

This, being interpreted, meant: "He has accepted my proposal; I hope to see him to-day."

Armand declared that it had been sent him by a woman whom he had met by chance and with whom he had made an assignation. Unfortunately for him, the original draft of the telegram was found in the Brussels post-office, and it was in Léon's handwriting!

V

When at last the two brothers were put on trial, the case excited the most extraordinary interest, not only in Belgium, but all over the Continent.

The trial lasted a whole month, and, as is the curious custom in France and Belgium, numberless witnesses were called who in America or in England would have been considered to be quite outside the case.

Practically all of the relatives of each of the parties — of the murdered man, of his wife, and of the two men in the dock — were heard at length, and examined as to their view of the affair.

Each of the brothers gave his own explanation of what had taken place, and it is a curious and rather touching fact that the object of each seemed to be to guard and exculpate the other.

"Is it likely," cried Armand, "that Léon, who had absolutely no interest in Bernays' death, should have murdered a man simply because I disliked him?" And then in eloquent language he asserted the purity of his feeling for Madame Bernays, much in the same noble words that Browning put in Caponsacchi's mouth when addressing the Judges:

You know this is not love, sirs — it is faith.

"Is it probable," argued Léon, "that my brother Armand should have desired to murder Bernays, considering that the woman he loved had the power of divorcing her husband?"

The most exciting moment of the trial came with the appearance of Madame Bernays in the witness-box.

Dressed in widow's weeds, her splendid golden hair tucked away out of sight, her large blue eyes red-rimmed with long weeping, Julia looked more ethereally and spiritually beautiful than eyer.

"I am here," she said in a firm, low voice, "not to accuse, but to forgive — " There was a pause, and then she went on: "It is my husband I try to forgive for his infamous conduct."

She denied in the most moving and solemn way that her feeling for Armand Peltzer had ever been anything but a pure and high-minded friendship — "and it is a friendship," she concluded, "which has never faltered, and which is as constant, true, and pure to-day as it ever was." And then she exchanged a long, sad, ardent glance with the splendid-looking young man who stood, with folded arms, in the dock.

The two brothers were defended by the leading barristers of their country and day; but nothing could avail them in the face of the evidence they themselves had manufactured in their very eagerness to carry out their awful scheme to a successful conclusion.

At last there came the dread moment when the verdict of death was about to be pronounced.

The Judge asked them if they had anything to say.

"I have to say," replied Léon Peltzer eagerly,
"that I accept the condemnation. I shot William Bernays because he penetrated the disguise I had assumed in order to carry out a
fraudulent bit of business. But my brother
Armand is absolutely innocent, and the jury
have committed a judicial crime in condemning
him."

Armand, turning to the twelve men who had just pronounced his fate, cried in a loud voice:

"On the jury will lie for ever the curse of my child!"

"The Mystery of the Double Eagles," by Detective Burns,—the absorbing story of bow he tracked a famous mint robbery,—will appear in the October McClure's.



THE GIFT HORSE

BY

FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

HE great point of distinction between the two pretty suburban towns of Edgemere-on-the-Rivulet and Edgeby a short and plebeian walk from the railroad which overlooked the whole town of Edgemerestation, while the latter was comfortably acces- on-the-Rivulet was owned, as they said, by sible only to those who owned automobiles. It a French car, while the other establishments wouldn't be safe to say - not, at any rate, to a could all be easily graded, from the neighboring point of advantage possessed by the latter town over the former. Nor would it be quite fair. Every one knew, for the fact was well per square foot the Heights was as inaccessible to the average income as to the average pedestrian. Furthermore, the owning of an automobile in and of itself entails certain social obligations and confers well-recognized prestige,

and this inhered, of necessity, in every resident of the more exclusive town. On the Rivulet a man was known by the company he kept; on mere-on-the-Heights lay in the fact the Heights he was known by the car he kept. that the former was easily reached For example, the big house on the summit dweller on the Heights — that this was the only six-thousand-dollar touring-car to the modest seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar runabout which lived on the very fringe of the Heights.

Arkwright, ever since he inherited from his advertised, that in the mere matter of price father-in-law a small block of Standard Oil stock, had hovered unsatisfactorily midway between the two towns. His house was located where the land could hardly be said to have more than a gentle tendency toward an upward slope, and quite this side of where it

began its abrupt and really distinguished ascent. He could not afford a machine of any kind, but he bought a horse and carriage, which met him every day at the station on his return from New York. By following a well-chosen but circuitous route which took him past the best front lawns of Edgemere-on-the-Rivulet, he was able to consume a decent interval of some twenty minutes before jogging up the graveled driveway to his home. But his ability to associate with his nearest Heights neighbor — the runabout man - was due wholly to the latter's kindly condescension.

It was at this point in his career that the Federal government unscrambled the oil trust to the complete and total satisfaction of Arkwright and his stock, as well as to the total and complete satisfaction of the American public. He had always been a conservative; but as his stock, following its utter dissolution, began to jump, point upon point, he felt himself becoming more and more radical. another ten points he would have called himself a Socialist. Every point of advance carried him one step higher up the slope back of his house. Hardly had the stock ceased its upward flight before he had negotiated for the purchase of a house on the Heights which, at the most conservative estimate, called for a twenty-five-hundred-dollar machine.

That neither good fortune nor bad affects us alone is a platitude, but the devious outworking of this axiom is not always platitudinous. John Bainbridge, Arkwright's cousin who lived at Edgemere-on-the-Rivulet, had noted with patriotic indifference the indictment and trial of the oil trust as on his way to and from town he scanned his daily paper; he had read the report of its demise with patriotic skepticism, and he had smiled over its final resurrection with patriotic amusement. And yet, all the while, this episode was preparing to play a very important part in his life as inevitably, so far as he was concerned, as if the trust were born, had lived, died, and risen for no other purpose on earth.

Arkwright had no sooner received the warranty deed of his new house, and placed an order for his machine, than the question naturally arose as to what disposition should be made of the horse. He himself, being a practical man, was eager to sell her; but his wife, being a lady of some sentiment in spite of social aspirations, refused to consider this. Being also a lady of some force of character, this decision was final.

"Well, then?" inquired Arkwright, washing his hands of the whole matter.

wright; "I'm sure he would take the best of care of Nellie."

"Your proposition, then, is that we should give John the horse and rig outright?"

"He's your cousin," Mrs. Arkwright reminded her husband. "And, besides, he lives so near that if we gave him Nellie we could borrow her whenever we wished."

"My dear, our machine is promised for delivery next week."

"Oh, I'm not suggesting that we ever should need Nellie again, but if we should ----"

"Well?"

"Then we would."

"That's so," admitted Arkwright thoughtfully. "I'll speak to John this morning."

Cousin John was seated in the smoker and was reading the financial page of the morning paper. He took about as much interest in the financial page as a man does in the race returns who never made a bet in his life. However, every one in Edgemere-on-the-Rivulet read it, if for no other reason, not to be outdone by his neighbors on the Heights. When Arkwright came along and took a seat beside him, Bainbridge looked up and nodded.

"I see coppers promise to be active again,"

observed Bainbridge.

"Didn't know you were interested in coppers," replied Arkwright.

"Oh, yes. I'm not holding any, but I've always been interested in them. How's the new house coming along?"

"Expect to move in next week," Arkwright answered, with some pride. "And, by the way, that reminds me that I must do something with Nellie. Won't need her with the machine, you know."

"Going to sell her?"

"No, I'm not," Arkwright drawled thought-"She's a valuable horse and ought to bring a good price, but — well, I have a little sentiment about the nag. We've had her five years, you know."

Bainbridge nodded.

"Didn't know but what I'd give her to some friend - some one who would be good

"Give her?" inquired Bainbridge, with the first real interest he had shown.

"For her keep. I suppose she's worth to-day five hundred dollars if she's worth a cent. The rigs and trappings cost me another five hundred. But you understand how it is; she's been a sort of pet, and so I'd like to have her somewhere near, where I could keep half an eye on her. If she ever was lonesome, or anything, I'd never forgive myself. Haven't room for a "There's Cousin John," replied Mrs. Ark- stable on your lot, have you?"



"Why, I don't know," Bainbridge answered wistfully; "I think I might squeeze one in."

He already saw himself driving down to the station every morning.

"I don't know another man I'd rather see have her," said Arkwright.

"Say, it would be great! Could take the kiddies out Sunday afternoons."

"Sure," nodded Arkwright, who didn't have any kiddies. "And then, the wife ---"

"I'm sure I could manage a stable all right," Bainbridge cut in eagerly. "I could build most of it myself."

"Then I'll speak to Mrs. Arkwright about it to-night, if you think ——"

"Will you? I — I can't tell you how grateful I'd be."

"Don't mention it. Will let you know to-morrow."

Arkwright rose. As he was leaving he turned and said, as an afterthought:

"Don't suppose you'd object to our using her now and then?"

"Lord, man, she's your horse! I'd want you to feel free to use her whenever you liked."

"Thanks," said Arkwright, with a patronizing smile. "I'm not suggesting we ever should, once the machine comes; but, if we should ——"

"Any time," broke in Bainbridge, with a generous wave of his hand.

Of course Mrs. Arkwright agreed to the proposition, when her husband reported it to her that night, as if it were his own inspiration. Arkwright immediately telephoned John, and he, the next day, went to see an architect about the stable.

Now, ordering a stable isn't like ordering a bale of hay — at least, not of an architect who

has the soul of an artist, and for a house in a town like Edgemere-onthe-Rivulet. To preserve the harmonies and keep the structure on an available twenty square feet of land, and still have it large enough to shelter a horse and carriage, is rather a neat problem. The architect's idea was to guard against making the stable look like an excrescence - so to combine it with the house that the two should be one concordant whole - and yet as far as possible to keep the horse out of the kitchen. Then, too, the general contour of the surrounding sky-line must be taken into consideration. Bainbridge's first visit resulted in nothing more tangible than a general discussion which ended with an invitation to the architect's assistant to come down that night and take dinner.

Bainbridge felt freer to develop his own ideas with the younger man.

"See here," he ventured, after the assistant had boxed the compass around the bit of green-

everything on the horizon-line. "See here; like. what I want, you know, is just a barn."

"What you want," the assistant corrected him, "is a stable - and not only a stable, but a stable that will blend into your house."

"Of course I want it to look all right, but--"

"We will attend to that."

And this was all that Bainbridge was allowed to say. Indeed, beyond signing the paper of specifications in a sort of daze, he never again saw either the architect or his assistant. In due course of time, however, men appeared and began to dig. During the next month or two Bainbridge watched them, not only with interest, but with considerable curiosity



"'IT SEEMS THE HORSE IS LAME IN HER

sward, squinting through half-closed eyes at as to just what the thing was going to look

In the meanwhile Arkwright had moved into his new house and rented the old, so that it became necessary for Bainbridge to take the horse at once. He found a boarding-stable where they agreed to give Nellie the best of care for five dollars a week. This was on Thursday. At the suggestion of Bainbridge, his wife invited Mrs. Clark, a neighbor to whom she was

under certain social obligations, to join the home until eleven, as he had to remain late in family in the first drive into the country on Saturday. Bainbridge agreed to get the day off, and it was proposed to take along a lunch and enjoy a picnic under the trees. Mrs. Bainbridge rose early on Friday, and worked until night making sandwiches, dainty turnovers, a

order to put his business into shape so that he could leave it. Both were up betimes in the morning, and found a clear June sky to greet them. Breakfast was quickly disposed of, the children dressed, the luncheon baskets packed, Mrs. Clark notified, and then, in one of the loaf of John's favorite cake, and several dozen proudest moments of his life, John stepped to

the telephone to summon his horse.

"Hello, is this Kelly's stable? Hello, Kelly. Will you send my rig around to the house right away? Yes, this is Mr. Bainbridge. What's that you say? Lame? How the devil did she get a nail in her foot? Better not use her for a day or two?"

By this time the whole family, which had gathered to witness this memorable occasion, had pressed closer. The two children, sensing a catastrophe, began to whimper. Mrs. Bainbridge, in a hoarse whisper, tried to quiet them.

"What's that?" demanded Bainbridge. He couldn't hear the answer above the wailing.

"For heaven's sake, Mary, get those children out of the room. I can't hear what Kelly says and don't want them to hear what I'm going to say."

Mrs. Bainbridge accomplished the feat of removing the two kicking, screaming youngsters, but mussed their dresses and her own hair

sugar cookies. In addition to this, she found in doing it. When Bainbridge joined them again, his face was red and his fresh collar wilted. At this point Mrs. Clark entered, fresh and radiant and immaculate.

> "It seems the horse is lame in her rear off foot," Bainbridge explained as calmly as he could. "Kelly hasn't another team in his barn, and so I don't see but what we'll have to take a car."

Under ordinary circumstances this would



REAR OFF FOOT, BAINBRIDGE EXPLAINED"

it necessary to iron two fresh dresses for the children, and to spend what time remained in preventing them from overeating and in suppressing their excitement over the prospective outing so that they would have a good night's sleep. However, she fulfilled these motherly duties with a good spirit, and, though at night she could hardly lift her feet, retired at eight with a smile on her lips. John did not reach



"'WHAT YOU WANT IS A STABLE - AND NOT ONLY A STABLE, BUT A STABLE THAT WILL BLEND INTO YOUR HOUSE'"

have been an acceptable proposition; but under the present circumstances it came as a serious anti-climax. And, in spite of every one's best efforts, such it remained the rest of the day.

It was two weeks before Nellie was fit to use again, and then Bainbridge discovered that he couldn't be driven to the station in the morning without rising half an hour earlier; and, in view of the present load of responsibility he was carrying on account of his building operations, this was impossible. He suggested that Mrs. Bainbridge use the horse to return some afternoon calls, but she declared that she wouldn't trust herself with a strange driver, and that, as the mother of two children, she wouldn't risk driving herself until John showed her how. He promised to give her the first lesson on the following Sunday; but it it was designed to shelter. There was scarcely rained all day, so he couldn't. On the fifth Sunday they had to board the train and spend the day with Grandmother Bainbridge. So it was not until the sixth Sunday that he found another opportunity. He came home with a cold that Saturday night, and Mrs. Bainbridge would not listen to his going out for three days.

In the meanwhile, Mrs. Arkwright had used the horse half a dozen times to make some calls

upon her old friends in Edgemere-by-the-Rivulet while the machine was being repaired. It seems that Arkwright was learning to run the car himself, and had not been altogether fortunate in his selection of the proper levers to pull at the proper times.

By this time the stable, which had been progressing slowly but surely, began to take on flesh and assume the semblance of a building. Bainbridge took heart at this. Once the animal -he always spoke of her now as "the animal"-was in his own stable and under his own care and convenient for his own use, he could have some comfort with her. Though he watched with some impatience the slow development of the building, he really, so far, had derived more satisfaction from it than he had from the horse an evening that one or more of the neighbors didn't come over to discuss it and offer suggestions for its improvement. Bainbridge found himself repeating the favorite expressions of the architect, until they fell so trippingly from his tongue that he began to feel as if they were the expression of his own artistic instinct. There was really no doubt but what he was getting a pretty stable. It could not be called exactly impressive, but it was dainty. When the trimmings were on and it had received its second coat of white paint, it looked so fresh and pert that at times Bainbridge was actually disturbed by the question whether it would not be advisable to make over the kitchen for the horse, and use the newer building as a sort of addition to the old house. He really needed more room. Although, when he first suggested this to his wife, it was in something the spirit of a jest, it became a matter for serious consideration after he had received the architect's final bill. With the extras, the stable was to cost him eighteen hundred dollars. Weak in the knees, Bainbridge protested. It would take every cent of his savings. The architect listened with some scorn.

"I consider that stable one of the best of my minor works," he replied.

"It's all right," admitted Bainbridge; "but I didn't intend to spend any such sum as that upon it. Why, the house didn't cost more than twice as much!"

"The cost?" inquired the architect, with an astonished shrug of his shoulders. "You can hardly expect me to pry into the personal affairs of my clients."

Bainbridge paid the bill. There wasn't anything else for him to do, and of course the initial fault was his for signing the specifications while in a hypnotic state. But the next thing he did was to remove the animal from Kelly's and cut off that additional expense.

There were several incidentals that Bainbridge had neglected to provide, such as hay, which was selling at this time for twenty dollars a ton, and oats, which were bringing a dollar twenty-five a bushel. Besides these, it soon became evident that a blanket for the horse was necessary, to say nothing of a brush, currycomb, pitchfork, shovel, carriage-sponge, carriage-jack, carriage-grease, and a peck measure. As he could not find a place in the city where such things were given away, Bainbridge was forced to buy them.

In his youth he had spent several years on a farm, and, so far as care of the animal went, he knew how to attend to that, and really anticipated the work. He used all his spare time until the following Sunday in getting Nellie and the rig ready for the long-postponed first drive. He worked until ten o'clock Saturday night grooming the mare until she shone and in washing the two-seater until it was speckless. Then, dog-tired, he tumbled into bed in order to be fresh for the morrow.

At half past twelve that night the telephone rang. Bainbridge ignored it for the first five minutes, but it woke up the children, and the noise they made it was impossible to ignore. As he scrambled out of bed he heard the musical patter of rain-drops on the roof. He knew they were musical, because he remembered a poem to this effect. There was no particular excuse for his bellowing as loud as he did when he picked up the receiver. The voice that answered sounded familiar.

"Oh, that you, Arkwright?"

"Yes," came the reply. "Say, John, we're in a deuce of a fix. Machine has broken down, and we can't get the garage. Knew you wouldn't mind, under the circumstances, just slipping the harness on Nellie and driving us home."

"What's that?"

"We'll leave the machine here until morning; but if you'd trot out and get Mrs. Arkwright and myself ——"

"Where are you?"

"Just this side of Windmere. It isn't more than six miles."



"'SAY, JOHN, WE'RE IN A DEUCE OF A FIX.
MACHINE HAS BROKEN DOWN'"

Bainbridge swallowed hard. For a second he road was pitch-black and that the rain was was on the point of referring Arkwright to a place which has been variously estimated by some as nearer than six miles and by others as considerably farther. But his better nature checked him. After all, he was under deep obligations to Arkwright. It was he who had given him the horse. He couldn't very well leave his benefactor out in the rain all night no matter how much satisfaction this would have given him at just this moment. He must keep cool.

"Tell me how to find you," he choked.

He received prompt and minute directions. Nellie objected to going out in the rain at that time of night as much as her new master, and, by finding an opportunity to step on Bainbridge's foot and another to crowd him almost flat against the side of the stall, made herself clear on that point. She refused to open her mouth for the bit until Bainbridge viciously seized her nose and cut off her wind. When he tried to adjust the crupper, she pressed her tail down so tight that he was forced to resort to measures by no means indorsed by the S. P. C. A. It took him three quarters of an hour to harness her, and fifteen minutes after that to open the barn door, which had swollen. The only relief he had, all this while, was a mental picture of Arkwright and his wife huddled up disconsolately in the machine, waiting for him.

As soon as Nellie became convinced that she had no alternative but to take this midnight excursion, she resolved to do it, and have it over with as soon as possible. Before Bainbridge was fairly in, she bolted out of the stable and threw him almost over the rear seat. From an upper window he heard his wife calling after him excitedly:

"John, John! There's no use hurrying so!" He didn't have time to reassure her, because at that moment he was clutching at the dashboard. He didn't reach an equilibrium until he was half way to the station, which was in exactly the opposite direction from that in which he had originally proposed to go.

He succeeded in turning Nellie around only after she had given an exhilarating acrobatic demonstration of how neatly she could balance a carriage on two wheels. He seized the whip, with the firm intention of showing her once for all who was master; but, finding an immediate use for both hands, was forced to drop it overboard. It seemed almost as if she were responding to the emergency call of her former master's voice; for she maintained this speed unchecked for the first three miles, and then settled down into a trot which was fast enough for Bainbridge, considering the fact that the a yawn.

beating against his glasses so that he couldn't see at all. Nellie had not given him time to pull the rubber boot up over his knees, and so he was drenched to the skin. If he had thought it possible, he might have turned back. He was actually revolving this in his mind, when two demonish yellow eyes by the roadside informed him that he had reached his destination. He drew up beside the automobile and peered Arkwright, comfortably bundled up in a heavy coat in the snug recess of a corner beneath the rain-shield, was fast asleep. Mrs. Arkwright, also fast asleep, reposed comfortably with her head on her husband's shoulder. It was a rare picture of conjugal felicity and peace; it seemed a pity to disturb them. With clenched teeth Bainbridge wondered vaguely if it was his further duty to wait there in the rain until they awoke naturally. Nellie decided this by giving an impatient whinny. Arkwright, with a start, aroused Mrs. Arkwright. sat up and blinked.

"If you're all ready we might as well start back," suggested Bainbridge.

"That you, John?" replied Arkwright. "Must have taken half a wink. Hope we haven't put you to any trouble?"

"Oh, no trouble at all," answered Bainbridge, choking back the more natural if less conventional words that struggled hard for expression. "It's — it's a pleasure."

"So sweet of you, John," chirped Mrs. Arkwright.

Arkwright assisted his wife into the rear seat, and piled in all the various robes after her. In two minutes they were both as snug and comfortable again as they had been in the machine.

"All ready, John," Arkwright announced sleepily.

"Very well, sir," replied John, respectfully tipping his cap.

With this added weight behind her, Nellie became dispirited to such a degree that John could not force her out of a plodding walk. Having lost his whip, he could do nothing but slap her with the reins, which evoked no other response than an indifferent switch of her tail. The Arkwrights didn't mind this, because the easy-going gait only lulled them into a deeper slumber, but Bainbridge found his teeth beginning to chatter long before they reached the sharp incline leading to the Heights. It was half past three when he drew up before the imposing new house and Arkwright assisted his wife out.

"So sweet of you, John," she murmured, with

"Thanks, John," Arkwright added. "Hope Nellie won't catch cold. Better rub her down."

"All right, sir," responded Bainbridge, again unconsciously tipping his cap.

It may be hardly necessary to add that Nellie did not get rubbed down. When John made his way upstairs, leaving a wet and muddy trail behind him, the clocks were chiming four.

At eleven o'clock the next morning the telephone rang again. Bainbridge had not yet risen, but when his wife told him it was Arkwright who wanted him, he rose immediately.

"I call this an imposition," his wife protested mildly.

"Oh, no," returned John; "don't call it that."
Arkwright's request was simple. It was necessary for him to go out and look after the machine, and he thought John wouldn't mind driving him over.

"I'll be right over," answered Bainbridge. He dressed at once, and without a word to his wife hurried to the barn. There was something so peculiar about his expression that she followed him uneasily. Still, she didn't dare to question him, and, as he offered no word of explanation, she merely stood in the corner and looked on. He harnessed Nellie without grooming her, and then into the rear of the two-seater piled first what was left of the bag of oats, then the blanket, the halter, the new carriage-jack, the sponge, the can of grease, the peck measure,

the curry-comb and brush, and the barn-shovel. Then he went to the loft and tumbled down the stairs half a bale of hay which he had just bought. He nearly broke his back lifting this into the front seat.

"John," exclaimed his wife, "have you gone crazy?"

"See anything more?" he inquired.

"But, John ---"

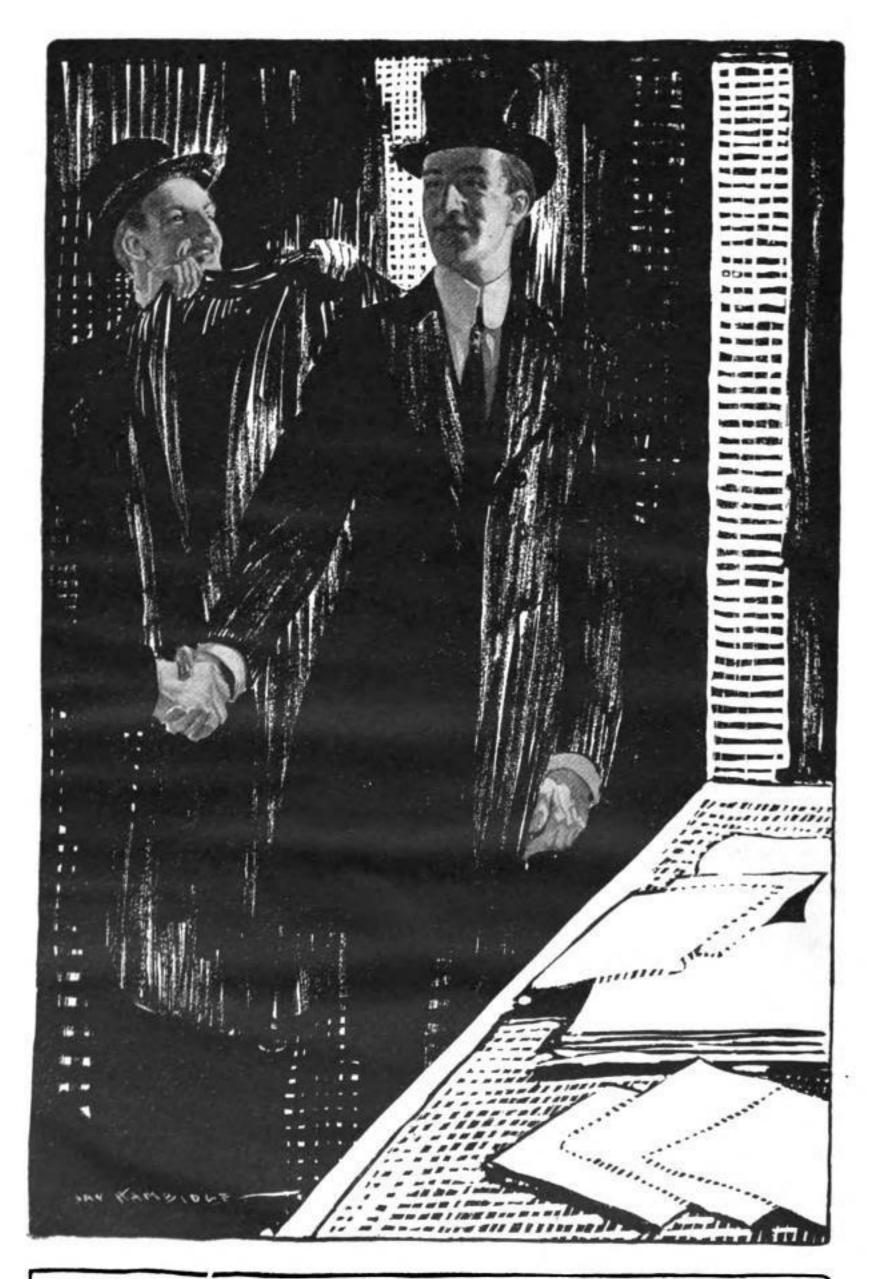
He shoved open the barn door and took his seat beside the bale of hay. He brought the reins down sharply across the flanks of the astonished animal and put her on a run up the hill to Arkwright's house. The latter, at this strange sight, came running out, with his wife at his heels.

"Here," said Bainbridge, "take her! Take her quick! And listen, Arkwright, if ever you try to give her to me again, I'll — I'll shoot her!"

"Which," as Mrs. Arkwright observed later to her husband, "is all the thanks you get for giving people anything."

But it's an ill wind indeed that doesn't blow a man some good. The incident developed John's artistic instinct. This was proved when he put a couple more windows in the barn, partitioned it off roughly into rooms, bought a fish-net to hang photographs in, rented his nouse, and took up his residence in the studio. Confidentially, however, he hopes within a couple of years to be able to move back into the house.





I HAD WON! I, ARTHUR HOWARD, A BANKRUPT AND A STRANGER IN SALEM ONE YEAR AGO, HAD BEEN ELECTED MAYOR OF ONE OF THE MOST CONSERVATIVE CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES

THE PRODIGAL

ARTHUR HOWARD'S OWN STORY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

This is a narrative of Mr. Howard's actual personal experiences, told by himself. At the age of thirty-eight he had run through a fortune of half a million. He left New York \$100,000 in debt, with \$25 in his pocket. After a few fruitless attempts to get newspaper work in Boston, he went to Salem and started a newspaper of his own, the "Dispatch," in which he began a reform campaign against graft. The paper was got out under overwhelming difficulties: Howard and his printer froze and starved all through the winter. Finally one of his editorials brought on a criminal libel suit and Howard was sent to jail. In spite of these discouragements, he conceived the ambition of running for Mayor and as soon as he was released from jail began an active campaign toward this end.

BOUT a week or ten days after I had got out of jail, I was at work in the tiny office of the Dispatch when a stranger came in. I looked up and saw a very small man, surmounted by a silk hat, standing in the middle of the floor.

"My name is Hunt," said the small man in an excited voice, "and I have been sued for libel."

"Well, I didn't do it, did I?" said I.

It was a mystery to me; I had never seen the man before.

"This is serious business," said the little man. "I am the Mayor of Newburyport, and I may have to go to jail."

I learned then that he had come down to get my advice, as an expert defendant in libel My trial and imprisonment had been in all the Boston papers, and I had been widely advertised by my fight with the political ring.

"I am sick of the whole thing," said the Mayor of Newburyport. "I'd sell you my paper cheap."

I Buy My Third Newspaper

I was as hard up as ever. The Dispatch had never made both ends meet,— though it had grown to a big circulation,— because it carried practically no advertising. I was as willing to take a chance in Newburyport as I had been in Salem. Libel suits had lost their terrors for me. So Hunt's offer interested me.

His sheet, the Newburyport Item, would bring me sixty dollars a week, he said, and he would take thirty-five hundred dollars for it.

I arranged with him to pay him for his plant

the newspaper, and thirty-five hundred dollars for his plant in notes of seventy dollars, due every week until the whole sum was paid. At the end of that period the plant would be mine.

Now, if the *Item* would earn sixty dollars a week, and I had to pay him seventy dollars, I would need to raise only ten dollars a week to buy the plant. As security, Hunt demanded and got a majority of the stock of the new corporation I was forming to take over the Dispatch.

For two weeks I got out a paper in Newburyport, together with two in Salem, and incidentally promoted my campaign for Mayor of Salem, vibrating rapidly between the two cities.

Before this time was up I found that the Newburyport Item earned far less than the sixty dollars I had counted on. A good share of the advertising had been taken by Mr. Hunt, who was a married man, in groceries and clothing, which helped me very little. Such matters as a contract for three dollars a week in services from a woman's hairdresser had no very tangible value to me.

I had carried the *Item* as far as I could go. If it did not earn sixty dollars a week I could not pay seventy.

At the end of the first week, when my note came due, Mr. Hunt was away on a vacation; at the end of the second week he appeared in my office, demanding the payment of the two weekly notes which were now due.

Arrested Again

That day—it was Saturday, August 14, 1909 - was one of unusual interest for me. At and paper in this way: fifty dollars down for ten o'clock the Mayor of Newburyport apmy office threatening vengeance. He was a very excitable man. At eleven o'clock I passed along the street, and saw him sitting in the office of my wealthy competitor, Damon, of the News.

Early that afternoon I was arrested again for criminal libel — this time by Damon. For a while it looked as if this warrant of my competitor, which had been sworn out on Thursday and was not served until Saturday afternoon, would keep me in jail over Sunday. I thought, however, of a local liquor dealer, Daniel T. Haggerty,—a good hater of the News and a man famous locally for helping the "under dog,"- and he came to my help with eight hundred dollars bail.

So Sunday I didn't stay in jail. But on Monday my troubles started in promptly with the business week. In the morning the foreman at the Newburyport plant told me, by telephone, that Mr. Hunt had taken it back and forbade me the premises. That broke my contract to buy his plant, but left me owner of the Newburyport newspaper. It stood me fifty dollars in cash, and the hundred and forty dollars still due for the two weeks in which I ran the plant.

That afternoon I began to hear rumors that my rival Damon owned control of my own newspaper, the Dispatch, and that finally he had me cornered.

What had really happened was what I suspected when I saw Hunt with Damon. Hunt had taken to Damon the stock in my new Maine company which I had given him as collateral when I gave him notes for his newspaper plant. I had formed this Maine corporation to take my newspaper from the Massachusetts company which held it first. A company under Massachusetts laws could have no shares of less than ten dollars, and I went to Maine to get the right to issue shares of a dollar, so that I could get small subscriptions from people who could afford to take a chance with a dollar or two. but not ten.

But Damon hadn't cornered me quite yet, for my property had not yet been transferred to the Maine corporation. All that Hunt had to sell was certificates in the shell corporation, which had no assets or contracts.

Finally they discovered this, and Mr. Hunt went back to his printing plant in Newburyport, leaving Damon and me to fight it out alone he with his libel suit and I with my struggling newspaper. That fall Hunt shipped his plant to Kansas. He left Newburyport before his term of Mayor really expired. What became of peated.

peared for payment of his two notes. I ex- his libel suit, which drove him across my field of plained to him as best I could, in breaks in his activity in Salem, I never knew. I afterward conversation, that I couldn't possibly pay him; paid him the hundred and forty dollars with in-I didn't have the money. He went out of terest. From that time on my own troubles furnished a continuous occupation for my mind.

An Unexpected Setback

One night, during those weeks of excitement which followed my release from jail, I had a setback of an unexpected nature. I lost my affidavit, concerning the big political graft in Salem, which had been given me by Ned Bates.

I was alone in the little upstairs office of the Dispatch one evening. There was a chill in the air, and I had made a fire in the stove, and was sitting there reflecting on the various exigencies of fortune. The affidavit of Bates was in the inside pocket of my vest — I always carried it there for safety; it was to be the sheetanchor in my trials, which would undoubtedly save and exonerate me and bring confusion upon my accusers. The door downstairs opened, and two persons came upstairs, passed through the outer office and into my little room. They were Mrs. Bates and her little daughter Nellie.

I arose and gave Mrs. Bates a seat. The little girl went over to a corner, and sat on a bundle of papers. She was a frail-looking child, with large, dark eyes.

When she had seated herself, Mrs. Bates turned to me and said:

"You have an affidavit from Mr. Bates, haven't you?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Will you give it to me?" she asked.

"I could not do that," I said.

"Why not?" she asked nervously.

"Because I am going to use it."

"In what way?"

"I don't know yet," I said.

"You aren't going to publish it, are you?" she asked in a terrified voice. The little girl began to cry.

"Probably," I replied. "But that need not affect you; it won't get Mr. Bates into trouble."

"But how about Nellie and me?"

"You are all right," I answered.

"If You Print That Story, It Will Ruin Us Forever"

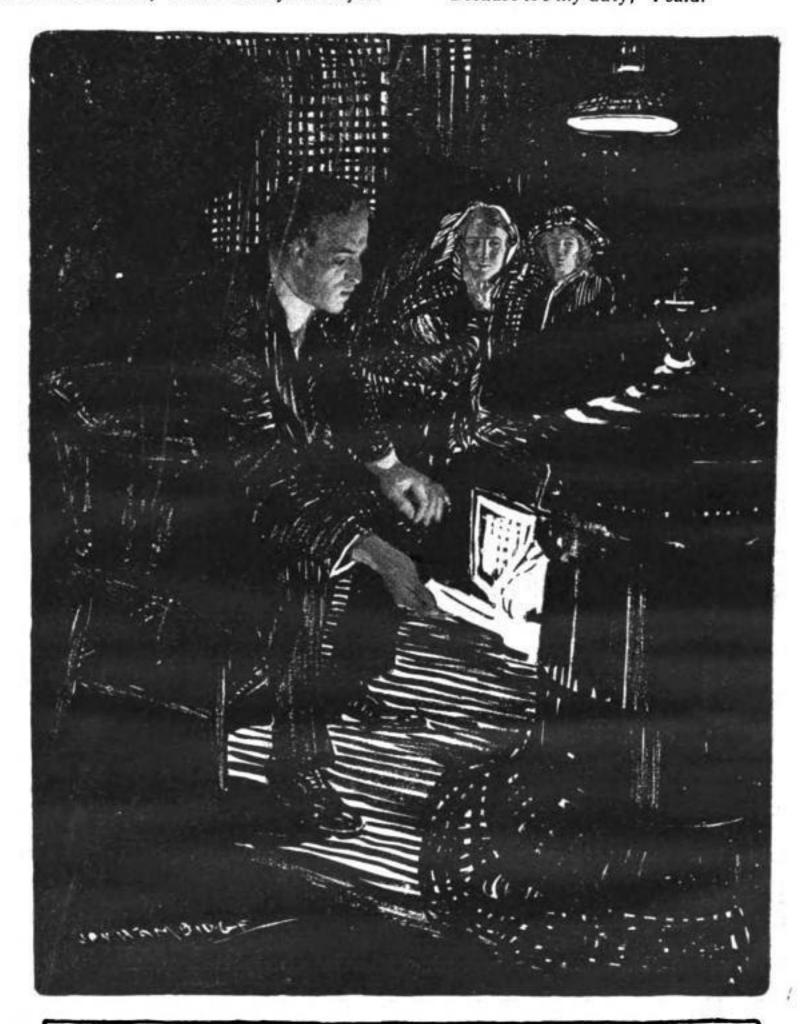
"We won't be all right if you print a story like that," she answered. "It would ruin us forever."

I sat silent. The little girl in the corner was still crying quietly.

"Will you give it to me?" Mrs. Bates re-

"Really," I replied, "that would be impossible. It is part of my defense in my libel suit." "And incidentally it will elect you Mayor?"

"But you don't have to publish it," pleaded Mrs. Bates; "why do you?" "Because it's my duty," I said.



RATHER THAN INJURE A WOMAN AND CHILD, HOWARD BURNS THE AFFIDAVIT THAT WAS TO ELECT HIM MAYOR

"That isn't the object," I said.

"Then why use it?" she persisted.

"It will not get Mr. Bates in trouble," I repeated, "and it will correct the political system here."

"Your duty!" she almost screamed. "Your duty! Who are you to talk of duty? Have you always done your duty? Have you done your duty to your father? If you had always been so particular about your duty, would you be here

to-day, away from your family and your friends? You are a fine one to come here and preach duty."

The little girl, Nellie, sat staring at me from the corner with her big eyes, an occasional tremor going through her body.

I got up from my chair and paced the floor. How could I get rid of the woman — how could I calm her?

"Well?" she asked.

"I am sorry," I said, "but I must refuse you."

"The Dispatch says the time to be sorry is before you do a thing," said Mrs. Bates.

I said nothing.

"It's cruel of you," she went on, "cruel and heartless of you to wrong Nellie and me to further your own ambitions in this way. It's a shame to make us suffer like this! You claim to be honorable, but you don't hesitate to take advantage of a man who is drunk. It's a contemptible thing to do, and make Nellie and me, who are defenseless, suffer. When I married Ned he didn't drink or lie or take what didn't belong to him. Politics ruined him, and now it will ruin us. I don't care. I married Ned for better or worse, and I'll stick by him, no matter what happens."

A film seemed to pass before my eyes. I seemed to be looking far, far away. I could see my old father, with the tears in his eyes, saying he could do no more for me. It was the act of a moment to tear open my vest, and a moment more to thrust the paper in the stove. The fire seemed to be waiting for it; a flame reached out and licked it up. I sank back in my seat, and my head dropped on my arm.

Nellie's Gratitude

Mrs. Bates rose slowly, and started for the door with Nellie. She did not say a word, but as she passed me she laid her hand lightly on my shoulder.

They went toward the stairs; I heard Mrs. Bates starting down. Suddenly there was a rush toward me; two little arms were thrown about my neck, and a child's face, wet with tears, was pressed against mine.

I said nothing of this episode to Sanborn or Ed Allen or my other friends.

The hearing in my second libel suit came. It was upon eight counts, based upon articles I had printed concerning Damon and his paper. In almost every way it was like the case brought in the name of Alderman Doyle. The same attorneys appeared. The complaint was brought, not by the complainant, but by another minor official in the police department. The him to the courthouse. That night Doyle replaintiff, as in the other case, failed to appear turned from Rhode Island.

against me. The police inspector testified that he had read the items in the Dispatch about Mr. Damon, kept track of them for months for the safety of the city, and now swore out the complaint on his own initiative, without any suggestions from any one else. The witnesses were just the same as in the Doyle case. I was bound over, as in the other case, to the Grand Jury — this time under eight hundred dollars, which was furnished by Dan Haggerty, the same man who put up for me when the complaint was first made four days before.

I had no fear of Damon or his libel suit. In the first issue after my arrest, I left out my editorial, and placed in its column the words:

THOSE WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY THEY FIRST MAKE MAD

This second suit created more excitement than the first. There were five hundred people in the court-room at the time of the trial. My circulation jumped up again to seven or eight thousand copies, and from every indication the sympathy of the public was with me. My campaign for Mayor went on with renewed success.

I Meet My Father for the Last Time

Not long after that my father returned from Europe, and wrote to me that he would like to see me. He asked me to come half way to New York to meet him. I went down one Sunday, and met him in New London, where we talked for two hours.

He had not heard of either of my arrests, and was a little troubled when I told him about them. I assured him they didn't amount to anything; but he suggested that he would make some kind of settlement, and offered me a small amount of money if I would go away and live quietly somewhere else. I told him I proposed to stay and fight the thing out where I was, and he acquiesced.

We both noticed the change in each other, I think. He had grown very old and feeble, and said he would probably never see me again. When we parted I thought him a very pathetic figure. Every day after that until election day, I received a letter from my father every morning, and every letter contained a five-dollar bill.

In the middle of September the Grand Jury met. Damon rode over to the courthouse on the first day; but Doyle left for Rhode Island. There was a good deal of excitement over this, and the District Attorney threatened to throw the case out of court. All morning Damon was telephoning around to find Doyle and get

I came out with scare headlines in my paper, the next day, saying that Damon had brought Doyle back to save the suits. That morning

THE TRIUMPH OF RIGHT

There are times [I wrote] when the poor man must not only fight, but must fight hard, for existence —



HOWARD MEETS THE VICTIM OF ONE OF HIS MOST TELLING EDITORIALS.
"UNLESS YOU PROMISE TO RETRACT THAT ARTICLE," THE MAN
THREATENS, "I'LL THRASH YOU ON THE SPOT"

the District Attorney brought the two cases before the Grand Jury, and they found indictments against me on both counts.

The next morning I came out with an editorial which I called: when the concentrated money powers do all in their power to wipe him out of existence. It is then that the powerful corporations, with their bulging pockets of gold, lavishly contribute to crush the weak. This is a pathetic time for the poor; a time when courage is needed; a time when a man must stand up and, single-handed, watch the Octopus approach—see its devouring, grasping, relentless mouth, smacking its lips in expectation.

Poverty has, indeed, its sorrows; poverty has, indeed, its troubles; but every setback to the man with a purpose is only an incentive to harder work and more determination.

The man who fights for the people must expect to have the corporations and the wealthy, the wrongdoer and the politicians, against him. He must face the "combine," the "system," and the "ring," and expect the concentration of capital against him.

My associate editor, Curtis, was indicted with me by the Grand Jury, and before he could find bail was compelled to go to jail for a short time. Through my paper I demanded an early trial, and it was expected in the second week in October.

In the Hospital - for Political Reasons

Just before the Superior Court adjourned in the middle of the month, my case was called, and again Damon came into prominence. The Doyle case had been started over a month before Damon's, and now the Damon case was called up first. It was an extraordinary thing, and naturally attracted attention. Mr. Doyle was very clearly not anxiously pushing his case; and Damon, and his attorney Sullivan, were more and more conspicuous.

But the Damon case was merely called, and then went over for several months before trial, as the court immediately adjourned. As for me, at the time my case was called I was in the hospital — for political reasons.

Among the first of the politicians whom I attacked in Salem were the McSweeney Brothers, who, second only to Attorney Sullivan, Damon's lawyer, made political and business capital out of the liquor business. The extraordinary adroitness with which they handled this main asset of theirs I had celebrated early in my editorial:

BOTH SIDES AND THE MIDDLE

The other day we wandered into an office where the sign in front read "Attorneys-at-Law," and we asked the girl if Mr. McSweeney was in.

the girl if Mr. McSweeney was in.
"What do you want to see him about?" she said.
"Why, what difference does that make?" we replied.

"Well," she answered, "if it is about politics it makes a lot of difference which brother you see."

"Kindly explain," we said, leaning gracefully up against the counter and lighting a huge cigar.

"Well, it's just this way: Billy, the first partner, is a Republican, and treasurer of the local Republican Committee; so if it's anything in reference to Republican politics you must see him about it.

"Morgan is a Democrat, and treasurer of the local Democratic Committee, and if you are a Democrat you must see him. On the other hand," she added, "if you want to be perfectly independent, or join any

of the parties like the Socialist or the Prohibition, Parkie will look out for you."

'I hope the brothers all agree," we said.

"Oh, certainly," she replied; "they all get along splendidly together."

Whereupon we said: "Well, we wish to see one of the brothers on a political matter. Which one shall we see?"

"Well," she said, "if you are looking for a license you should see Morgan, who is a license commissioner; when you go to hire your building, you must see Parkie, who takes care of the real estate department; and Bill would be your attorney to draw the papers."

"Say," we asked, "do you ever lose anything up in

this office?"

"No," she replied, with a laugh; "we play both sides and the middle."

In addition to having all the facilities for serving the liquor business, all the McSweeneys were active members of the Total Abstinence Society. In September, Billy, who was an alderman, came out as a candidate for Mayor, and the three brothers directed the family political machine toward his election.

One day in the middle of October there was a big temperance parade in Salem, in which the McSweeney Brothers were prominent paraders. Two hours before, the candidate for Mayor had been in court, defending a man for illegal liquorselling. The next morning I came out with a jocose chronicle of the candidate's dual rôle in the Dispatch.

As I went down to Town House Square on my way to breakfast the next morning, Parkie McSweeney strode up to me with a copy of the Dispatch in his hand, and exclaimed:

"Did you write that article?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Unless you promise to retract it to-morrow morning," he said, "I'll thrash you on the spot."

I advised him to go down to the North River and jump in and cool himself off. Thereupon he jumped at me, struck me in the head, and knocked me down.

McSweeney was a powerful man over six feet tall, and weighed nearly two hundred pounds. I weighed then only a little over one hundred pounds. My chances were slight. His brother Morgan rushed up and led him away. I got up on my feet and went down to my office, where I dictated an account of the affair, which appeared the next morning.

My friends wanted me to swear out a warrant for the man's arrest; but I refused, and, turning over the paper to Curtis, I went to a hospital in Boston to get treatment. There I found I was not seriously hurt, though my left arm was so badly bruised that it was for the time entirely useless. On the third day, when I was beginning to sit up, I received a telegram saying that the circulation of the *Dispatch* had fallen off half, and I went back immediately to paign. Every day I got out two newspapers Salem. And from that time until election day filled with politics. My paper had only two I was in harness day and night, getting out the set articles a day - an editorial and a leading



WITH RAIN POURING DOWN ON HIM, HIS TEETH CHATTERING, AND HIS HANDS BLUE WITH COLD, HOWARD MAKES TWELVE SPEECHES IN AN EVENING FROM HIS AUTOMOBILE, RECOMMENDING HIMSELF FOR MAYOR

newspaper and carrying on my campaign for article. They were sufficient. Salem had never Mayor.

Salem had ever seen. For six weeks before the Every one read the Dispatch; even Damon's

seen such articles, and the headlines of Hearst's It was a fight like nothing the old city of newspapers were small compared to mine. election I carried on a ceaseless personal cam- wife had her newsboy deliver it to her, wrapped went up to eight thousand.

Every night I spoke from three to ten times. I talked everywhere - in halls, on street corners, and in barns. I visited every small store, every club, every place where men gathered. I visited and I made a house-to-house canvass of the city. I had been in the city, you must remember, less than a year; I had just been able to register as a voter in Massachusetts; and it was necessary for me to get acquainted.

Bill Sanborn and Ed Allen were back of me, directing. Neither one of them had been in active politics before; but they made the shrewdest of politicians, and they had the aid of other, more experienced men. They had in their hands a check list of every voter in the city, and they and their friends felt the pulse of the whole community. Whenever they met the objection that the voter did not know me, they gave me his name, and I made it my business to see him. As there were seventy-five hundred voters in the city, the field of my activities was large.

The Five Candidates

There were five separate candidates in the field — Hurley, the serving Mayor; Mc-Sweeney; Pollock, a barber and a member of the State Legislature; Goodhue, an aristocratic citizen nominated by the Good Government Association, who represented the "blue bloods": and myself. There had never been such an aggregation of candidates for the mayoralty in quiet Salem before.

All of us men ran, not as candidates of any national party, but as non-partizan candidates on nomination paper. As it came time for the filing of the papers, I was anxious. I filed mine the first day possible; but the others delayed. Rumor said that some of them might withdraw. My success depended on keeping them all in and splitting the vote, so I began to use my strongest weapon, my newspaper, to force them all to run.

First I came out with a statement that Billy McSweeney was going to quit. This brought him out with the statement that he would never by Mayor Hurley. This brought out a letter from Pollock saying that he would be in until the counting of the votes. There was no occasion to bother with the others: I knew they So all five of us were would never quit. securely in the race.

Up to the middle of November not a single

up inside the Boston paper. Its circulation ments. I was supposed to be a joke early in the campaign, and my opposition in the political gang had been betting that I would not poll five hundred votes. But three weeks before election they were all copying me and looking for newspaper space in the News. This made a distressing situation for Editor Damon.

> Up to that time it was the fixed policy of the News never to mention me, either as a candidate or as an editor. My name never appeared in the News. But oh, how the public were warned against "gilded youths," "New York men," and 'strangers"! Finally the Good Government Association came out in a big rally with a tremendous "slam" upon me for using my newspaper to further my personal campaign. A great chance for me! The next day I came out with four blank columns. At the head of the first column was the following: "This column is placed at the disposal of W. H. McSweeney to say what he pleases about himself or our editor." The other three blank columns were dedicated to the other three candidates in the same way. I carried the blank columns for several days, but no advantage was taken of them by the other candidates.

> In the meantime I called attention to the fact that my newspaper aimed to be fair to every one, and I adopted the slogan which I carried to the end of the campaign:

IF YOU WANT ANOTHER NEWSPAPER IN SALEM, VOTE FOR HOWARD

It was very successful. The News had had a monopoly of the field for years. Its editor was very arbitrary about what he chose to print, and he had accumulated a number of enemies who felt that he had treated their affairs harshly in this paper.

Meanwhile I felt that I was getting acquainted, and that I had gained a good many friends in the city. The young business men of the city, influenced largely by the respect they had for Sanborn and Ed Allen, were coming my way. The laboring population were friendly, and I had reached quite a number of people through my big acquaintance with the children of the city. I was always fond of children, and withdraw. Then I got after Pollock in a story made it a point to speak to every one I passed saying that he had been ordered out of the race on the street. On two occasions I had entertained big gatherings of them, and most of the children knew Editor Howard. With Nellie Bates and Johnny, the newsboy, I had cemented a close friendship. Both of my small friends would be twelve on their next birthdays; both were firmly convinced that I would be elected.

Johnny was a confirmed woman-hater, and denial had been made of my articles and state- did not take kindly to my liking for Nellie.

"Her eyes are too big, and she cries," he stated. "Girls are no good around business." guy for the kids; they're wise to you. If you've He assured me, however, that I would be got a nickel any kid can touch you, and you



THE EVENING BEFORE ELECTION, WITH HIS GREAT SPEECH STILL TO MAKE, HOWARD GETS A TELEGRAM SAYING THAT HIS FATHER IS DEAD

elected. The boys in his class had taken a vote don't know it. They're all on. on the mayoralty, and I had most of them.

"I seem to get along with the kids better than I do with the grown-ups, Johnny," I said. "How is that?"

There isn't one that don't know you."

"Do you think I will be elected, Johnny?" "Sure," said Johnny; "you got 'em all sliding for bases."

"How?"

"Well," said Johnny, rubbing his head, "you're strong with the kids. That tickles the old people; then, you've got an easy way of talking with people that makes a hit; and you're not a tight-wad."

"Anything else?" I inquired.

"Yes," said Johnny; "you're a swell guy that used to have the coin, but it ain't hurt

you any."

I hadn't been a public speaker until I came to Salem, and I had to gain experience as I went along. In the beginning of the campaign I used to read my speeches, and I always felt that they lacked something. The last of October I had an experience that made me change my method.

I was speaking to about a hundred people in a hall on the outskirts of the city. Among them I became aware of a man of loud and decided opinions about me, who informed his neighbors in the hall that he had come "to hear the freak." He meant that I should hear him, and I did.

The chairman introduced me for a speech of fifteen minutes, and I started to read my speech, when, glancing down, I saw my critic looking very dubious at my remarks. Down went my manuscript, and I began to speak extemporaneously, acquiring an energy that I had never known before. I argued my case with that one man. The room was as still as death — not a sound excepting my voice. I argued, told my story, my reasons, and my remedy to that man — that one man. Finally I saw him nod his head as I spoke.

All at once I shouted at him: "Don't you agree with me?"

He sprang to his feet and yelled back:

"Yes!"

I hurried out of the hall; I had spoken two hours.

Soon everybody was inviting me to speak; and the other four candidates were all rushing around speaking, too.

The local labor union decided to give a rally, and we mayoralty candidates were all put on the platform at the same time.

The Good Government candidate, Mr. Goodhue, was first. He devoted himself to explaining how his ancestors had lived and died in Salem — mostly died.

Billy McSweeney came next. He was one of those "from the Atlantic to the Pacific" orators who throw back their heads and talk into the sky. The gee-lorious emblem was unfurled.

Mayor Hurley, the silk-hatted friend of the people, assured the audience that they were all good fellows; his opponents were good fellows; he was the friend of all; he spoke of his war record. Mr. Pollock then told of the labor bills he had introduced as a State representative. Then the chairman rose and said:

"The last speaker is unknown. His name is Howard, and he comes from New York. That's all he tells us. But we Yankees are a cautious people; we find out things for ourselves. Therefore, gentlemen, I introduce to you, as candidate for Mayor, Arthur Howard, the prodigal son."

I Ask Salem for a Birthday Present

Very slowly I came forward. I waited until the room was quiet, and said:

"Mr. Chairman: We read in the Good Book that the prodigal son was given everything when he returned home. My grandfather left Salem years ago, rich. I, his grandson, now return, poor. If history repeats itself, I should be given the best you have — namely, the high office of Mayor.

"Prodigal sons are supposed to be without relations, and their birthdays are not celebrated. Strange as it may seem, election day is my birthday. There is no one to remember that day for me, or to give me a present. It is possible for you all to do a kindly act without any expense attached. I therefore ask each one to give me a present that day—a vote for Mayor."

It caught the crowd.

Election day was December 14, and by the 1st of December I began to "hit up the pace" still more. On that night I made a whirlwind tour in an automobile, and gave twelve speeches, one in each of the twelve precincts of the city. I started at seven o'clock and ended at eleven. The night was dreadfully stormy; it rained, it snowed, and before the tour was over I was half frozen. I received a variety of letters commenting on my performance — some unfavorable, more favorable. One writer said:

Like many others, I was interested in Mr. Howard's whirlwind tour last night. When I saw it rain I did

not expect he would go the rounds.

When Mr. Howard arrived in the seventh precinct, I stood by his automobile. He was evidently half frozen. The rain was pouring down on him. His teeth chattered, and his hands were blue with the cold. I admire his pluck and determination to keep his word despite his personal discomfort, and I believe that a man who can face Tuesday's storm will face any storm in City Hall for our benefit.

Another man, with a different opinion, wrote:

Editor Howard:

If you think you will get votes by the speech you gave at the corner of Tremont and School streets last night, you will never get to be Mayor of Salem. You are rotten as a speech-maker. Will you publish this?

A VOTER.

My pace was too hot for the other four candi- My voice was strong, and I did not feel specially dates. None of them attempted a whirlwind tired. tour, and by the end of that first week in De-

But I was continually out of money.



THE NEW MAYOR OF SALEM FINDS HIMSELF ALONE IN THE TRAIN, TRAVELING TO HIS FATHER'S FUNERAL. HE AND NELLIE CRY IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS

cember they were pretty well tired out. I was working day and night, speaking and getting out the Dispatch. Often I slept in a chair in the office after I had seen the paper go to press. I was getting very thin, but I felt well enough.

were publishing great editions of the newspaper; but we got very few advertisements, and my force had to be steadily increased during the campaign. Our receipts did not equal the expense. If it hadn't been for my father and Sanborn and Ed Allen, I never could have pulled through. I got a letter from father every morning. What pleasant letters they were! He never forgot to write me, and he never mentioned the past; but he always warned me to be prepared for defeat, and in each letter there was a clean five-dollar bill. That money went immediately into the newspaper and the campaign, and Sanborn and Allen added what they could spare from their own pockets.

We needed most of all a linotype machine for the Dispatch. I had written the linotype company offering to buy one, but they demanded five hundred dollars cash down. I was "broke." Sanborn and Ed Allen were meeting the pay-roll for me. I had no money, not even an overcoat — only the suit of clothes I had on, and my dress-suit. A linotype seemed impossible.

On Wednesday, the week before election, three men called — a liquor dealers' committee. They said they were giving each candidate two hundred and fifty dollars as a contribution toward a campaign fund. I took mine, went to the telegraph company, and sent the following despatch:

Just wired you two hundred and fifty dollars. If you ship a machine by express to-day I can be elected Mayor of this city next Tuesday.

HOWARD.

A risk — yes! They might wire back: "Send us two hundred and fifty dollars more; we'll keep this on account."

Joe Draws His Savings for Me

But they didn't. They sent the machine by express, and a man came to set it up. Joe, my Italian man-of-all-work and body-guard, drew his money from the savings bank and paid the express charges — fifty dollars. A loyal crew were mine! By noon the next day the linotype machine was running.

But now the Howard campaign fund was exhausted. We could not raise a dollar more. The five dollars a day from father was the last little thread that held us up, and the week before election was on.

On Tuesday night I made another whirlwind tour. It was cold, but good crowds came out. Having no overcoat, I padded my undercoat with newspapers. Did I catch cold? No; I was too excited.

On Friday two untoward things happened. The usual letter with the five-dollar bill came from father, but the handwriting was not his. That afternoon there was a split between my campaign managers. Sanborn and Ed Allen

disagreed with Curtis, my associate editor, who was now stumping the town with me. I sided with Curtis; and Sanborn and Allen went away angry. I immediately called on-Michael Trainor, a strong supporter of mine, president of the Hibernians and a fine speaker, and made him campaign manager.

At four o'clock it was bitter cold. We had planned a whirlwind tour. I had to go to bed and send for a doctor; my voice was almost gone. The doctor poulticed and rubbed my throat until half past six. Then I dressed, and at seven we started on the tour. Trainor was in fine voice, and Curtis spoke well; but I could talk only two minutes at a time. We made every stop to the thirteenth, and last, on schedule time, though to do it we drove our automobile a good part of the way on two wheels.

And now it was Saturday, and I was really ill. My weight was less than a hundred pounds, and I was very weak. Coffee and quinine were all I could take: the sight of food disgusted me. I could not sleep. Yet I had never been so calm and collected.

I Receive Threats in the Mail

Sanborn and Allen came in again that morning, and took care of my mail and saw my callers. The mail was full of threatening letters, and from that time on when I went out on the streets I was always accompanied by two members of my committee. Joe, my Italian pressman, a young Goliath, had watched me for weeks. My friends thought it would be better to take no chances on an assault.

After supper I made two speeches on the streets, and became chilled to the bone. At nine o'clock I went to an indoor rally. As soon as I arrived I was asked to speak, and, as usual, got completely absorbed in my topic. Suddenly I seemed to lose my grip; my voice got thick, my head swam, and I started for the stage door, reeling. Sanborn and Ed Allen caught me as I fell, and helped me to my boarding-house, where I fell exhausted on the bed, and went to sleep with my clothes on.

Sunday I devoted to speeches in the French district — nearly a quarter of the population at Salem being French Canadians. We started right after church, and went the round of the French clubs. That evening I spoke at Trainor's club. All Sunday night I tossed in my bed until four in the morning; then I arose and dressed, and sat down at my desk. My body was weary, my throat raw, but my head was unusually clear. My looking-glass told me the story of my exhaustion — my face was drawn, my cheeks sunken, and my neck looked like a pipe-stem.

strange year of my life which I had just passed - my bankruptcy in New York, the assaults on me, the days in jail, starvation, debts, and one my life," he remarked. continual grind of work. And yet, what satisfactory work it had been! How many friends I had made! In New York I had spent over five thousand dollars a year on myself alone; in New England I had not spent five hundred dollars. But that did not keep me from making friends. It is not what a man wears or spends, it is how he acts and what he is that five hundred votes." counts in New England.

"I wonder if I can be elected?" I said to myself. "I surely will get a good vote; and even if I were not Mayor, that would be worth while. A vote of a thousand would be something to be proud of. It would make father so pleased. That in itself would be a great comfort."

There was a letter in a Boston paper that I was best pleased about:

As long ago as last July, it was observed that Howard would be elected, if any tricks were played in the courts. Placing the Damon case before the Doyle case made it look as though Howard had been. This city is large enough for two newspapers. Why should Howard be stopped? He never printed a scandal, and all he writes is in good nature, and apparently true, as we have had no denials so far. The people here are ready for a change, ready for a leader, and he has come from the outside. His mind is right, his heart is right, and his whole soul is in his work.

I wished my father could see that! I had no money, not even sufficient clothing; but -"his mind is right, his heart is right, and his whole soul is in his work." And the writer of this letter stood very high in Salem.

It was five o'clock and I was at my office five o'clock on Monday, the day before election. At ten o'clock we had sold out our entire edition. The newsboys were howling for more papers, and we had no more paper to print on. It was up to me to devise some scheme to keep the newsboys from selling the News that afternoon. The idea came. I ran off fifty big cards on the press. They read:

IT'S IN THE AIR—HOWARD

I sent out fifty boys, each holding aloft one of these placards. They made a hit.

The one thing left now was the big rally that night. We had engaged the large Now and Then Association Hall. We were to reserve the gallery for women — an innovation. We planned to make it a striking occasion in every way. I had the whole day in which to prepare my speech. My circle of backers all came in for one last conference. It looked good for me in

I sat there in my room, thinking over that every ward. After some desultory talk they all went away except Bill Sanborn.

"I was never interested in politics before in

"Neither was I," I answered.

"Well," said Bill, "I'd like to see you win not only for your own sake, but your father's. He must be a fine old man."

"He certainly is," said Ed Allen, stepping back into the room again.

"It would please him," I said, "if I only got

"You make me tired," said Sanborn. "You are elected, sure. The other candidates are almost crazy. And, when you are, I am going over to New York, and have a talk with your father, and tell him what you've done here."

They went down the stairs together, laughing, and I turned back into my little office.

The Telegram

Johnny came running in.

"Good morning, Mayor," he said.

"Hello, Johnny. What's on your mind?" I said.

"Nothing; only a guy gave me this telegram for you," said Johnny, thrusting it into my hand. I tore it open and read:

Arthur Howard, Salem, Mass. Your father passed away Sunday night. Funeral Wednesday morning. HOWARD & COMPANY.

I had walked five miles. I was not in the least tired, but my head seemed on fire. I could not get my thoughts together. All at once I found myself coming in out of the country road to the city. The children were coming out of the schoolhouse across the street, and I waved my hand at them. Nellie Bates came running out of the crowd.

"It was my birthday yesterday," said Nellie, as we walked on together.

"How old were you?"

"I'm twelve."

"You are a very wise little lady for twelve years of age."

"I am wise enough," she answered quickly, "to know you are going to be elected Mayor to-morrow."

"Don't be too sure," I said.

We walked on in silence for a block or two.

"Mother telephoned me at school," she said.

"Anything wrong?" I asked.

"She told me about your father," said Nellie. We still walked on - in silence.

"I am so sorry"—she was crying. "I am so sorry," she started again. "Mother says you says you must have been very fond of each other."

We turned into the main street.

"You don't want me to talk about your father, do you?" she asked.

"Yes; that's all right."

"If my dad died, I would cry," said the child. "All you do is to stare. If my dad died, I would never stop crying."

We turned into the Dispatch office, and went to my little room. Bill and Ed stood up as we came in. I lit a cigar, and the three of us smoked in silence.

"How about to-night?" said Bill at last.

"I can't do it," I said shortly. "Then you're defeated," said Ed.

"I don't care," I replied. "Let Trainor and Curtis speak. I can not."

"What was Mr. Howard going to do tonight?" asked Nellie.

No one answered her.

"What do they want you to do?" she persisted.

"I was to speak at the Now and Then Hall," I said; "but I can't do that now."

"Hundreds will be disappointed," said Bill.

"I can't do that, Bill," I said. "I really can not."

"If you don't speak, Mr. Howard, everybody will go to hear the others," said Nellie.

"That's it exactly," said Bill and Ed together.

I went out alone to my boarding-house. At half past seven Bill Sanborn and Ed Allen came to my room.

"I have got a carriage outside," said Bill.

"Wear your dress-suit," said Ed. "That suit you've got on is in the last stages of decay."

I got into my evening clothes, and we went to the hall. Trainor was introducing Curtis as I came in the rear way. I sat in an ante-room with Bill and Ed and the doctor, who was spraying my throat for me, so I could speak.

Curtis was very brief — told of my father's death, and asked the indulgence of the audience for me. Trainor then introduced me, but I did not go on to the platform until he spoke my name. There were sixteen hundred people in the hall. I was given a great reception.

My Last Speech

I began in a low voice. I did not know what to say at first, but I soon started a frank story of my life in Salem. I spoke of my failure in New York, my fight to get a foothold, the misery and effort and discouragements of that busy year. You could hear a pin drop as I went on.

always spoke of him in your speeches. Mother It was nine o'clock, half past nine, almost ten o'clock. No one stirred. As the clock struck ten, I realized I must finish. I came close to the front, and began to plead with my audience.

> "We read in the Good Book," I said, "where it says: 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things'; and again, we read those beautiful words of Ruth: 'Thy people shall be my people.' I plead with you for my election, for the chance to show you what I can do. I have worked hard had my successes, had my disappointments."

> My voice broke, and I looked around helplessly.

Trainor leaned forward.

"Go on, go on," he said.

With a great effort, I went on again:

"There are friends and relatives in New York who are disappointed in me. I came to Salem a year ago to start life anew. All that I ask is that you give me a chance, so that those who knew me, those who liked me, and those who loved me in my distant home will say: 'He has made good.'"

I motioned with my hand that I was through. The house was still as death; a number of the women in the gallery were crying.

And then it came - from pit to gallery, cheer after cheer after cheer. I walked off the stage. My muscles seemed to contract, and everything grew dim. The doctor picked up a tumbler of water and dashed it in my face. I burst out laughing, and laughed and laughed and laughed.

It was midnight when I reached my boardinghouse and got to bed. At four o'clock I awoke. Somehow, I felt that there was some one outside my door. I opened it, and saw my landlady stretched back in a chair, asleep. Good old soul — how she had worried over me through the campaign!

At six o'clock I was called. Sanborn and Ed Allen had come for me in an automobile. They took me to vote - my first vote in Massachusetts. Then we rounded up the polling-places, and finally we went for a spin in the country. We had lunch somewhere, but I could not eat. At four o'clock we went to Link Allen's house to get the returns. About a dozen of the faithful were there; a supper was laid out; and a punch-bowl appeared on the table.

One by one, the precincts came in. The swing was clearly in my direction. Ten precincts were in. I had a lead that could not be over-The punch-bowl was surrounded; snatches of song, jocular talk, and cheers arose around it. I sat alone in a corner, with my tables of election figures. The messengers came and went; the telephone jangled incessantly. The street outside was filling up with people.

"O You Salem!"

Johnny pulled my coat. "It beats the cir-

Precinct eleven came; I carried it. Precinct twelve arrived; I carried that. I had won! I, Arthur Howard, bankrupt and stranger, had been made chief executive of one of the oldest and most conservative cities in the United States, in less than fourteen months after my arrival.

Bill Sanborn and Ed Allen and Herman Curtis were dancing up and down before me like mad. The reporters of the big Boston papers came in and asked for interviews. Crowds poured into the house. A band came playing down the street, and the crowd outside were crying, "Howard, Howard!" Then some one got my overcoat. No, it was not my overcoat. The Mayor-elect of Salem had no overcoat. It was some one's overcoat, anyway. I was led out of the house; everybody was shaking hands with me. I was in an auto; so were Ed Allen and Sanborn and Link Allen; Johnny was on the step.

"Bow, you fool — take off your hat!" said

Link Allen, punching me.

People were everywhere. Windows flew open. We started off. Ahead of us a band was playing "See, the conquering hero comes." It sounded ten miles off to me.

More cheers, more people. I never was so confused in my life.

The streets were full of children. We passed the orphan asylum. I thought such institutions closed at nine o'clock; yet all the children were in the windows, cheering. Behind the automobile came high-school boys, with locked arms, yelling: "Howard, Howard, Mayor Howard!"

And now we swing into the old political center Town House Square. The automobile stops, and, forced by the singing of the crowd, the band has changed its tune. Hundreds and thousands of voices have caught the words:

cus, don't it?" he yelled in my ear.

"We'll hang Robin Damon to a sour apple tree."

Round the old square we go, the place one solid mass of humanity. I am bowing right and left. And now we are in the grimy old railroad station. I am helped out, and almost swamped by the crowd. Trainor has one arm, Link the other. Bill Sanborn strides forward, and lifts me like a child into the back platform of the train. I did not know a train was there.

Everybody is yelling, "Speech!"

I have lost the power of speech: I can not Suddenly silence. even think. Trainor is speaking. I don't understand one word he is saying, except "Thank you."

And now I am alone. The crowd is yelling. Above them hats shoot up into the air, a jolt, and we move. Suddenly I find my voice.

"O you Salem!" I yell.

Back came ten thousand voices: "O you New York!"

I wave my hat.

I have no ticket. Yes, I have; it's in my hand. I remembered Ed Allen gave me something, and I still have on somebody's overcoat. And now we are moving fast, and leaving I turn and enter the car. Salem. thoughts turn from the noise and glare to the silent scene which will next meet me-to my father lying dead in New York.

There are only a few passengers — a couple of traveling men. In front of them are Ned Bates and his wife. Thank Heaven, I am alone. I sink wearily into a seat.

But I am not alone. There is some one beside me - some one small, some one with big eyes, smiling happily. Nellie Bates is sitting by me. Our eyes meet - her smile fades away. She turns, in her impetuous way, throws her arms around my neck, and - well, we cried, both of us, as if our hearts would break.

TO BE CONTINUED

The next instalment of "The Prodigal" will give Arthur Howard's own story of his remarkable career as Mayor of Salem. His administration was exciting and picturesque, and developed a number of situations never before experienced by the Mayor of an American city.

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY

JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

Preceding instalments.—Barnabas Barty, son of the retired champion pugilist of England, being left a fortune of £700,000, decides to go to London and become a gentleman. While traveling through a wood, he encounters Lady Cleone Meredith, who has been thrown from her horse, and goes to her assistance. In doing so, he quarrels with Sir Mortimer Carnaby, the King's favorite. At an inn where he stops with his friend, the Viscount Horatio Bellasis, Barnabas learns that Sir Mortimer Carnaby is plotting to marry Lady Cleone for her fortune, and that she has consented to meet his go-between, a profligate courtier named Chichester, in a lonely spot at sundown. Barnabas arrives at the rendervous first, forces Chichester to retire, and, when Lady Cleone comes, offers to escort her back to her guardian. Lady Cleone, resenting his interference, strikes him with her riding-whip. In an explanation that follows, Barnabas learns that Lady Cleone had come to the tryst expecting to meet her half-brother, a young scapegrace whose gambling exploits have thrown him into Chichester's power. Barnabas tells Lady Cleone that he loves her, and promises to seek out her brother in London and to try to save him. On his return to the inn, Barnabas is challenged by Chichester to a duel. But, as Barnabas will only consent to fight in such a way that both men must inevitably be killed, the duel is dropped.

Barnabas Arrives in London and Prepares to Enter the World of Fashion

HE Tenterden coach was on its way to London. Down hill and up it travelled, by rolling meadow and winding stream, 'neath the leafy arches of motionless trees, through a night profoundly still save for the noise of their own going, the crow of a cock or the bark of a dog from some farm-yard. The moon sank and was gone, but on went the London mail. Yawning, Barnabas opened drowsy eyes and saw that here and there were houses in fair gardens; yet as they went the houses grew thicker and the gardens more scant. And now Barnabas became aware of a sound soft with distance, that rose and fell, a never-ceasing murmur — London.

As one in a dream, Barnabas was aware that they were threading streets, broad streets and narrow, and all alive with great waggons and country wains; on they went, past gloomy taverns, past churches whose gilded weather-cocks glittered in the early sunbeams, past crooked side-streets and dark alleyways, and so, swinging suddenly to the right, pulled up, at last, in the yard of the "George."

It was a great inn with two galleries, one above another, and many windows; and here, despite the early hour, a motley crowd was gathered. Forthwith Barnabas climbed down, and, edging his way through the throng, presently found Peterby at his elbow.

"Peterby," said Barnabas, half an hour later, pushing his chair from the breakfast-table, "the first thing I shall require is a tailor."

"Very true, sir."

"These clothes were good enough for the country, Peterby, but —"

"Exactly, sir!" answered Peterby, bowing.

"Hum!" said Barnabas, with a quick glance.

"Though, mark you," he continued argumentatively, "they might be worse, Peterby."

"It is - possible, sir," answered Peterby.

Barnabas rose and surveyed himself, as well as he might, in the tarnished mirror on the wall.

"Are they as bad as all that?" he enquired.
Peterby's mouth relaxed, and a twinkle
dawned in his eyes. "As garments they are
— serviceable, sir," said he gravely; "but as
clothes they — don't exist."

"Why, then," said Barnabas, "the sooner we get some that do, the better. Do you know of a good tailor?"

"I know them all, sir."

"Who is the best — the most expensive?"

"Schultz, sir, in Clifford Street; but I shouldn't advise you to have him."

"And why not?"

"Because he is a tailor."

"Oh?" said Barnabas.

"I mean that the clothes he makes are all

they are the clothes of a tailor instead of being simply a gentleman's garments."

"Hum!" said Barnabas, beginning to frown at this. "It would seem that dress can be a

very profound subject, Peterby."

"Sir," answered Peterby, shaking his head, "it is a life study, and, so far as I know, there are only two people in the world who understand it aright; Beau Brummell is one."

"And who is the other?"

Peterby took himself by the chin, and, though his mouth was solemn, the twinkle was back in his eye as he glanced at Barnabas.

"The other, sir," he answered, "is one who, until yesterday, was reduced to the necessity of living upon poached rabbits."

"I remember you told me you were the best valet in the world," said Barnabas.

"It is my earnest desire to prove it, sir."

"And yet," said Barnabas, with his gaze still turned ceilingwards, "I would have you - even more than this, Peterby. I would have you sometimes forget that you are only 'the best valet in the world,' and remember that you are - a man: one in whom I can confide; one who has lived in this great world, and felt and suffered, and who can, therefore, advise me. Do you understand me, Peterby?"

"Sir," said Peterby in an altered tone, "I think I do."

"Then — sit down, John, and let us talk." With a murmur of thanks, Peterby drew up a chair, and sat watching Barnabas with his shrewd eyes.

"You will remember," began Barnabas, staring up at the ceiling again, "that when I engaged you I told you that I intended to - hum! to — cut a figure in the Fashionable World?"

"Yes, sir; and I told you that, after what happened in a certain wood, it was practically impossible."

"You mean because I thrashed a scoundrel?"

"I mean because you knocked down a friend of the Prince Regent."

"And is Carnaby so very powerful, Peterby?" "Sir, he is — the Prince's friend!"

"Ah!" said Barnabas.

"And furthermore, sir, I would warn you that best pistol shots in England."

mean to begin ---"

"But - how, sir?"

"That is for you to decide, Peterby."

Here Peterby took himself by the chin again, and looked at Barnabas with thoughtful eyes and gloomy brow.

"Sir," said he, "the World of Fashion is a

stamped with his individuality, as it were — trivial world, where all must appear trivial; it is a world of shams and insincerity, and very jealously guarded."

"So I have heard," nodded Barnabas.

"To gain admission you must, first of all, have money."

"Yes," said Barnabas.

"Birth — if possible."

"Hum," said Barnabas.

"Wit and looks may be helpful. these are utterly useless unless you have what I may call the magic key."

"And what is that?"

"Notoriety, sir."

"For what?"

"For anything that will serve to lift you out of the ruck, to set you above the throng. Lord Alvanly managed it with apricot tarts; Lord Petersham with snuff-boxes; Mr. Mackinnon by his agility in climbing round drawingrooms on the furniture; Jockey of Norfolk by consuming a vast number of beefsteaks, one after the other; Sir George Cassilis, who was neither rich nor handsome nor witty, by being insolent; Sir George Skeffington by inventing a new colour and writing bad plays; and I could name you many others beside ----"

"Why, then, Peterby, what of Sir Mortimer

Carnaby?"

"He managed it by going into the ring with Jack Fearby, the Young Ruffian, and beating him in twenty-odd rounds, for one thing, and by winning a cross-country race."

"Ha!" exclaimed Barnabas, "a race!"

"But I fear, sir," continued Peterby, "that in making him your enemy you have damned your chances at the very outset — as I told you."

"A race!" said Barnabas again.

"And therefore," added Peterby, leaning nearer in his earnestness, "since you honour me by asking my advice, I would strive with all my power to dissuade you."

"John Peterby — why?"

"Because, sir - because you - you" - Peterby rose, and stood with bent head and hands outstretched — "because you gave a miserable wretch another chance to live; and therefore I would not see you crushed and humiliated. Ah, sir! I know this London; I know those he is a dangerous enemy, said to be one of the who make up the Fashionable World. Sir, it is a heartless world, cruel and shallow, where "Hum!" said Barnabas. "Nevertheless I inexperience is made a mock of; generosity laughed to scorn; where men seldom stop to quarrel, but where death is frequent none the less; and, sir, I could not bear — I — I wouldn't have you cut off thus!" Peterby stopped suddenly, and his head sank lower; but, as he stood, Barnabas rose and, coming to him, took his hand into his own firm clasp.

may be the best valet in the world - I hope you are; but I know that you are a man, and, as a man, I tell you that I have decided upon going on with the adventure."

"Then I can not hope to dissuade you, sir?"

"No, John. It was for this I came to London, and I begin — at once."

"Very good, sir."

"Consequently you have a busy day before you; you see, I shall require, first of all, clothes, John: then — well, I suppose a house to live

"A — house, sir?"

"In a fashionable quarter, and furnished, if possible."

"A lodging, St. James Street way, is less

expensive, sir, and more usual.'

"Good!" said Barnabas. "To buy a house will be more original. Then there must be servants, horses, vehicles — but you will understand."

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, then, John, go and get 'em."

"Sir?" exclaimed Peterby.

"Go now, John," said Barnabas, pulling out his purse, "this very moment."

"But," stammered Peterby, "but, sir, you will -

"I shall stay here; I don't intend to stir out until you have me dressed as I should be."

"But you — don't mean to — to entrust everything — to — me?"

"Of course, John."

"But, sir ——"

"I have every confidence in your judgment, you see. Here is money; you will want more, of course, but this will do to go on with."

As one in a dream, Peterby took up the money, counted it, buttoned it into his pocket, and crossed to the door; but there he paused and turned.

"Sir," said he slowly, "I'll bring you a man who, though he is little known as yet, will be famous some day, for he is what I may term an artist in cloth. And, sir,"- here Peterby's voice grew uncertain,—"you shall find me — worthy of your trust." Then he opened the door, went out, and closed it softly behind him.

But as for Barnabas, he sat with his gaze fixed on the ceiling again, lost in reverie, and very silent. After a while he spoke his thoughts aloud: "A race!" said he.

CHAPTER XXV

How Barnabas Bought an Unrideable Horse — and Rode It

THE coffee-room at the George is a longish, narrowish, dullish chamber, with a row of win-

"Thank you, John Peterby," said he. "You dows that look out upon the yard; and here Barnabas found a waiter, a lonely wight who struck him as being very like the room itself, in that he also was long and narrow and dull. As Barnabas entered, he flicked an imaginary crumb from the table-cloth with his napkin, and bowed.

> "Dinner, sir?" he enquired in a dullish voice, and with his head set engagingly to one side, while his sharp eyes surveyed Barnabas from boots to waistcoat, from waistcoat to neck-cloth, and stayed there, while he drew out his own shirt-frill with caressing fingers, and coughed disapprobation into his napkin. "Did you say dinner, sir?" he enquired again.

"Thank you, no," answered Barnabas.

"Perhaps cheese an' a biscuit might be nearer your mark, and, say, a half of porter?"

"I've only just had breakfast," said Barnabas,

aware of the waiter's scrutiny.

"Ah!" sighed the waiter, still caressing his "You're Number Four, I think shirt-frill. night coach?"

"Yes."

"From the country, of course, sir?"

"Yes, from the country," said Barnabas, beginning to frown a little. "You are evidently a very observant man!"

"Well," answered the waiter, with his gaze still rivetted upon the neck-cloth — "well, there ain't much as I miss, sir."

"Why, then," said Barnabas, "you may perhaps have noticed a door behind you?"

The waiter stared from the neck-cloth to the door and back again, and scratched his chin dubiously.

"Door, sir — yessir!"

"Then suppose you go out of that door, and bring me pens and ink and paper?"

"Yessir!"

"Also the latest newspapers."

"Yessir — certainly, sir"; and he started off upon his errand. Hereupon, as soon as he was alone, Barnabas must needs glance down at that offending neck-cloth, and his frown grew the blacker.

"Now, I wonder how long Peterby will be?" he said to himself. But here came the creak of the waiter's boots.

"A bottle of ink, sir; pens and writing-paper, sir, and the Gazette."

"Thank you," said Barnabas, very conscious of his neck-cloth still.

"And now, sir,"- here the waiter coughed into his napkin again,-"now, what will you drink, sir? Shall we say port or shall we make it sherry?"

"Neither," said Barnabas.

"Why, then, we 'ave some rare old Burgundy,

sir —'ighly esteemed by connysoors and — unfolded it with a prodigious flourish, and began to con it over. Now, all at once Barnabas

"No, thank you."

"On the other 'and, to suit 'umbler tastes, we 'ave"— here the waiter closed his eyes, sighed, and shook his head—"ale, sir, likewise beer—small and otherwise."

"Nothing, thank you," said Barnabas; "and you will observe the door is still where it was."

"Door, sir — yessir — oh, certainly, sir!" said he, and stalked out of the room.

Then Barnabas set a sheet of paper before him, selected a pen, and began to write:

GEORGE INN, BOROUGH.
June 2, 18-.

To VISCOUNT DEVENDEN.

My dear Dick:

I did not think to be asking favours of you so soon, but [here a blot]

"Confound it!" exclaimed Barnabas, and, taking out his penknife, he began to mend the sputtering quill. But in the midst of this operation, chancing to glance out of the window, he espied a long-legged gentleman with a remarkably fierce pair of whiskers. He wore a coat of ultra-fashionable cut, and stood with his booted legs wide apart, staring up at the inn from under a curly-brimmed hat. The hat had evidently seen better days, the coat was frayed at the seam and elbow, and the boots lacked polish; yet these small blemishes were more than offset by his general

dashing, knowing air and the untamable ferocity of his whiskers. As Barnabas watched him, he drew a letter from the interior of the shabby coat,

unfolded it with a prodigious flourish, and began to con it over. Now, all at once Barnabas dropped knife and pen, and thrust a hand into his own breast and took thence a letter also, at sight of which he straightway forgot the bewhiskered gentleman, for what he read was this:

Dearest and Best of Sisters:

Never in all this world was there such an unfortunate, luckless dog as I. Were it not for your unfailing love, I should have made an end of it all before now.

I write this letter to beg and implore you to grant me another interview, anywhere and at any time you may name. Of course you will think it is more money I want; so I do — I'm always in need of it, and begin to fear I always shall be. But my reasons for wishing this meeting are much more than this — indeed, most

urgent! [this underlined] I am threatened by a GRAVE DANGER [this doubly underlined]. I am at my wits' end, and only you can save me, Cleone—you and you only. Chichester has been more than kind,—indeed, a true friend to me [this also underlined]. I would that you could feel kinder towards him.

This letter must reach you where none of your guardian's spies can intercept it. Your precious Captain has always hated me, damn him! [this scratched out] Oh, shame that he, a stranger, should ever have been allowed to come between brother and sister! I shall journey down to Hawkhurst to see you, and shall stay about until you can contrive to meet me. Chichester may accompany me, and, if he should, try to

"SLOWLY A HEAD ROSE UP OVER THE CURTAIN AND A PAIR
OF BOLD BLACK EYES MET THE UNWINKING
GAZE OF BARNABAS"

be kinder to your brother's only remaining friend. How different are our situations! — you surrounded by every luxury, while I — yet Heaven forbid I should forget my manhood and fill this letter with my woes. But if you ever loved your unfortunate brother, do not fail him in this, Cleone.

Your loving, but desperate RONALD BARRYMAINE.

Having read this effusion twice over and very carefully, Barnabas was yet staring at the last line with its scrawling signature when he heard a slight sound in the adjacent box, and, turning sharply, was just in time to see the top of a hat ere it vanished behind the curtain above the partition. Therefore he sat very still, waiting. And lo! after the lapse of half a minute or thereabouts it reappeared, slowly and by degrees. It rose up over the curtain the dusty crown, the frayed band, the curly brim - and eventually a pair of bold

black eyes, that grew suddenly very wide as they met the unwinking gaze of Barnabas. Hereupon the lips, as yet unseen, uttered these words:

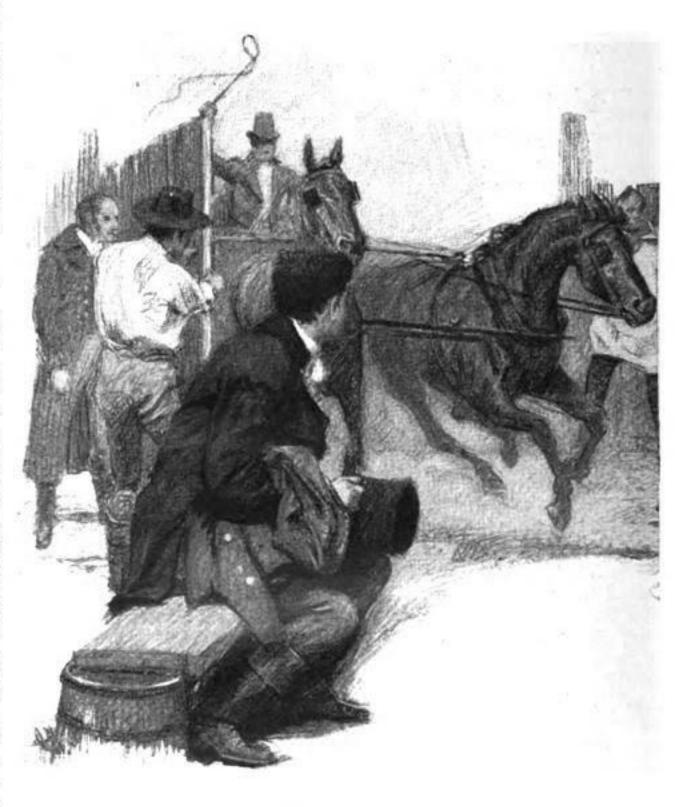
"The same, and yet — curse me — the nose! Y-e-s, the nose seems, on closer inspection, a trifle too aquiline, perhaps, and the chin, y-e-s, decidedly a thought too long! And yet!" Here another sigh, and, the face rising up into full view, Barnabas recognized the bewhiskered gentleman he had noticed in the yard.

"Sir," continued the stranger, removing the curly-brimmed hat with a flourish, and bowing over the partition as well as he could, "you don't happen to be a sailor — Royal Navy, do you?"

"No, sir," answered Barnabas.

"And your name don't happen to be Smivvle, does it?"

"No, sir," said Barnabas again.



"WHILE BARNABAS HESITATED, A HIGH, YELLOW-WHEELED CURRICLE CLAIMED THE

"And yet," sighed the bewhiskered gentleman, regarding him with half-closed eyes and with his head very much on one side, "in spite of your nose, and in spite of your chin, you are the counterpart, sir, the facsimile — I might say the breathing image of a — ha! — of a nephew of mine, noble youth, handsome as Adonis. Went to sea, sir, years ago — never heard of more; tragic, sir — devilish tragic, on my soul and honour."

"Very!" said Barnabas. "But ---"

"Saw you from the yard, sir; immediately struck by close resemblance. You're quite sure your name ain't Smivvle, are you?"

"Quite sure."

"Ah, well — mine is. Digby Smivvle, familiarly known as Dig, at your service, sir. Stranger to London, sir?"

"Yes," said Barnabas.



SWUNG SUDDENLY INTO THE YARD. 'IT'S DEVENDEN!' EX-CORINTHIAN"

letter in his hand, Barnabas refolded it and thrust it into his pocket, while Mr. Smivvle smilingly caressed his whiskers, and his bold black eyes darted glances here and there — from Barnabas, mending his pen, to the table; from the table to the walls, to the ceiling, and from that altitude they dropped to the table again, and hovered there.

"Sir," said Barnabas, without looking up, "pray excuse the blot; the pen was a bad one; I am making another, as you see."

Mr. Smivvle started and raised his eyes swiftly - stared at unconscious Barnabas, rubbed his nose, felt for his whisker, and, having found it, tugged it viciously.

"Blot, sir!" he exclaimed loudly. "Now, upon my soul and honour, what blot, sir?"

"This," said Barnabas, taking up his un-

finished letter to the Viscount. "If you've finished, we may as well destroy it." And forthwith he crumpled it into a ball and tossed it into the empty fireplace.

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Smivvle, louder than before, "'pon my soul, now, if you mean to insinuate ---"

"Well, sir?" enquired Barnabas, still busily trimming his quill. Mr. Smivvle frowned, but, finding Barnabas quite unconscious of it, shook his head, felt for his whisker again, found it, tugged it, and laughed jovially.

"Sir," said he, "you are a devilish sharp fellow, and a fine fellow. I like your spirit - on my soul and honour I do. And — as for blots. I vow to you I never write a letter myself that I don't smear most damnably. That blot, sir, shall be another bond between us, for I have conceived a great regard for you. The

Here, finding that he still held the open astounding likeness between you and one who — was snatched away in the flower of his youth, draws me, sir, draws me most damnably; for I have a heart, sir, a heart. Why should I disguise it?" Here Mr. Smivvle tapped the third left-hand button of his coat. "Meanwhile, sir, seeing we are both strangers in a strange place, supposing we join forces, and, if you are up for the race. I propose ——"

"The race!" exclaimed Barnabas, looking up.

"Yes, sir; devilish swell affair, with gentlemen to ride and royalty to look on - a race of races. London's agog with it; all the clubs discuss it; coffee-houses ring with it; inns and taverns clamour with it - soul and honour! Betting everywhere. The odds slightly favour Sir Mortimer Carnaby's Clasher. But surely you must have heard of the great steeplechase? Devilish ugly course, they tell me."

said Barnabas absently.

"The Viscount, sir? Not — Viscount Dev-

enden?" "Yes."

"Didn't happen to mention my name, did he — Smivvle, sir?"

"No."

"Remarkable — hum!" exclaimed Mr. Smivvle, shaking his head. "But I'm ready to lay you odds that he did speak of my friend Barry — I may say my bosom companion — a Mr. Ronald Barrymaine, sir."

"Ronald Barrymaine," repeated Barnabas, trying the new point of his pen upon his thumbnail, yet conscious of the speaker's keen glance none the less; "no, he did not."

"Astounding!" exclaimed Mr. Smivvle.

"Why so?"

"Because my friend Barrymaine was particularly intimate with his lordship before he fell among the Jews, damn 'em! My friend Barry, sir, was a dasher, by George! a regular red-hot tearer — a go, sir, — a tippy, — a bangup blood — and would be still if it were not for the Jews — curse 'em!"

"And is Mr. Barrymaine still a friend of

At this Mr. Smivvle took off his hat again, clapped it to his bosom, and bowed.

"Sir," said he, "for weal or woe, in shadow or shine, the hand of a Smivvle, once given, is given for good!" As he spoke, Mr. Smivvle stretched out the member in question, which, Barnabas observed, was none too clean.

"The hand of a Smivvle, sir," pursued that gentleman, "the hand of a Smivvle is never withdrawn either on account of adversity, plague, poverty, pestilence, or Jews — damn 'em! As for my friend Barrymaine — but perhaps you are acquainted with him, sir?"

"No," answered Barnabas.

"Ah — a noble fellow, sir! Heroic youth! Blood, birth, and breeding to his finger-tips, sir. But he is, above all else, a brother to a — sister, sir! Ah, what a creature! Fair, sir? Fair as the immortal Helena! And then — her heart, sir!"

"Well, what of it?" enquired Barnabas rather sharply.

"Utterly devoted; beats only for my friend --"

"You mean her brother?"

"I mean her brother - yes, sir - though I have heard a rumour that Sir Mortimer Carnaby ----"

"Pooh!" said Barnabas.

"With pleasure, sir; but the fact remains that it was partly on his account and partly because

"The Viscount spoke of it, I remember," of — another — that she was dragged away from London ——"

"What other?"

"Well, let us say - H. R. H."

"Sir," enquired Barnabas, frowning, "do you mean - the Prince?"

"Sir," said Mr. Smivvle, with a smiling shake of the head, "I prefer the letters H. R. H. Anyhow, there were many rumours afloat at the time, and her guardian — a regular tarry old sea-dog, by George — drags her away from her brother's side and buries her in the country. But, speaking of the race, sir, do you happen to — know anything?"

"I know that it is to be run on the 10th," said Barnabas abstractedly.

"Oh, very good!" exclaimed Mr. Smivvle. "Ha, ha! Excellent! Knows it is to be run on the 10th - very facetious, curse me! But, joking apart, sir, have you any private knowledge? The Viscount, now, did he happen to tell you anything that ——"

But at this juncture they were interrupted by a sudden tumult in the yard outside—a hubbub of shouts, the ring and stamp of hoofs, and thereafter a solitary voice upraised in oaths and curses. Barnabas sprang to his feet, and, hurrying out into the yard, beheld a powerful black horse that reared and plunged in the grip of two struggling grooms. In an adjacent corner was the late rider, who sat upon a pile of stable sweepings and swore, while near by, perched precariously upon an upturned bucket, his slim legs stretched out before him, was a young exquisite, a Corinthian from top to toe, who rocked with laughter, yet was careful to keep his head rigid, so as to avoid crushing his cravat a thing of wonder which immediately arrested the attention of Barnabas, because of its prodigious height and the artful arrangement of its voluminous folds.

"Oh, dooce take me," he exclaimed in a faint voice, clapping a hand to his side, "I'll be shot if I ever saw anything neater, no, not even at Sadler's Wells! Captain Slingsby of the Guards in his famous double-somersault! Oh, damme, Sling! I'd give a hundred guineas to see you do it again — I would, dooce take me!"

But Captain Slingsby continued to shake his fist at the great black horse.

"You black devil!" he exclaimed. "You four-legged imp of Satan! So you're up to your tricks again, are you? Well, this is the last chance you shall have to break my neck, b'gad! I'm done with you for a ---"

Here the Captain became extremely fluent as he poured forth a minute description of the animal, and reviled him, through sire and dam, back to the Flood.

Meanwhile, Barnabas turned from raging Two-Legs to superbly wrathful Four-Legs; viewed him from sweeping tail to lofty crest; observed his rolling eye and quivering nostril; took careful heed of the broad chest, slender legs, and powerful sloping haunches, with keen, appraising eyes that were the eyes of knowledge and immediate desire. Now, standing somewhat apart was a broad-shouldered man, a rough-looking customer in threadbare clothes, whose dusty boots spoke of travel. He was an elderly man, for the hair beneath the brute?" battered hat was grey, and he leaned wearily upon a stout stick. Very still he stood, and Barnabas noticed that he kept his gaze bent ever upon the horse; nor did he look away even when the Captain began to speak again.

"B'gad!" exclaimed the Captain, "I'll sell the brute to the highest bidder. I'll sell him to any one fool enough to bid. Come, now," cried the Captain, glancing round the yard. "Who'll buy him? B'gad! who'll give ten pounds for an accursed brute that nobody can possibly ride?"

"I will!" said Barnabas.

"Fifteen, sir!" cried the shabby man, on the instant, with his gaze still on the horse.

"Twenty!" said Barnabas, like an echo.

"Twenty-five, sir!" retorted the shabby man.

"Hey?" cried the Captain, staring from one to the other. "What's all this? Begad, I say, stop a bit - wait a minute! Boy, lend me your bucket."

Hereupon, the Corinthian obligingly vacating that article, Captain Slingsby incontinently stood upon it, and from that altitude began to harangue the yard, flourishing his whip after the manner of an auctioneer's hammer.

"Now here you are, gentlemen!" he cried. "I offer you a devilishly ugly, damnably vicious brute, b'gad! I offer you a four-legged demon, an accursed beast that nobody ever can hope to ride — a regular terror, curse me! Killed one groom already; will probably kill another. Now what is your price for this lady's pet? Look him over and bid accordingly."

"Twenty-five pound, sir," said the shabby man.

"Thirty!" said Barnabas.

"Thirty-one, sir."

"Fifty!" said Barnabas.

"Fifty!" cried the Captain, flourishing his whip. "Fifty pounds from the gentleman in the neck-cloth. Fifty's the figure! Any more? Any advance on fifty? What? All done? Won't any one go on another pound for a beast fit only for the knacker's yard? Oh, 'gad, gentlemen, why this reticence? Are you all done?"

"I can't go no higher, sir," said the shabby man, shaking his grey head sadly.

"Then going at fifty—at fifty! Going! Going! — Gone, b'gad! Sold to the knowing cove in the neck-cloth."

Now, at the repetition of this word Barnabas began to frown.

"And, b'gad!" exclaimed the Captain, stepping down from the bucket, "devilish bad bargain he's got, too."

"That, sir, remains to be seen," said Barnabas shortly.

"Why, what do you mean to do with the

"Ride him."

"Do you, b'gad?"

"Lay you ten guineas you don't sit him ten minutes.'

"Done!" said Barnabas, buttoning up his coat. But now, glancing round, he saw that the shabby man had turned away and was trudging heavily out of the yard; therefore Barnabas hastened after him and touched him upon the arm.

"I'm sorry you were disappointed," said he.

"Is it about the 'oss you mean, sir?" enquired the shabby man, touching his hat.

"Yes."

"Why, it do come a bit 'ard, like, to ha' lost 'im, sir — arter waiting my chance so long. But fifty guineas be a sight o' money to a chap as be out of a job, though 'e's dirtcheap at the price. There ain't many 'osses like 'im, sir."

"That was why I should have bought him at ten times the price," said Barnabas.

The man took off his hat and ran his stubby fingers through his grizzled hair, and stared hard at Barnabas.

"Sir," said he, "even at that you couldn'tha' done wrong. Ain't a kind 'oss, never 'aving been understood, d'ye see, — but, take my word for it, 'e's a wonder, that 'oss!"

"You know him, perhaps?"

"Since 'e were foaled, sir. I were studgroom — but folks think I'm too old for the job, d'ye see, sir."

"Do you think he'd remember you?"

"Aye, that 'e would!"

"Do you suppose — look at him! — do you suppose you could hold him quieter than those hostlers?"

"'Old 'im, sir!" exclaimed the man, throwing back his shoulders. "'Old 'im! Ah, that I could. Try me!"

"I will," said Barnabas; "how would forty shillings a week suit you?"

"Sir?" exclaimed the old groom, staring.

"Since you need a job and I need a groom, I'll have you - if you're willing."

The man's square jaw relaxed, his eyes glistened; then all at once he shook his head and sighed.

"Ah, sir," said he, "ah, young sir, my 'air's grey, an' I'm not so spry as I was; nobody wants a man as old as I be; and, seeing as you've got the 'oss, you ain't got no call to make game o' me, young sir."

Now at this particular moment Captain Slingsby took it into his head to interrupt them, which he did in characteristic fashion.

"Hallo! Hi, there!" he shouted, flourishing his whip.

"But I'm not making game of you," said Barnabas, utterly unconscious of the Captain at least, his glance never wavered from the eager face of the old groom.

"Hallo, there!" roared the Captain, louder than ever.

"And to prove it," Barnabas continued, "here is a guinea in advance." And he slipped the coin into the old groom's lax hand.

"Oh, b'gad," cried the Captain hoarsely, "don't you hear me, you over there — hi! you in the neck-cloth!"

"Sir," said Barnabas, turning sharply and frowning again at the repetition of the word,—
"if you are pleased to allude to me, I would humbly inform you that my name is Beverley."

"Oh!" exclaimed the Captain. "I see. Young Beverley, son of old Beverley — and a devilish good name, too!"

"Sir, I'm vastly relieved to hear you say so," retorted Barnabas, with a profound obeisance. Then, taking out his purse, he beckoned his new groom to approach.

"What is your name?" he enquired, as he counted out a certain sum.

"Gabriel Martin, sir."

"Then, Martin, pray give the fellow his money."

"Sir?"

"I mean the red-faced man in the dirty jacket, Martin," added Barnabas.

The old groom hesitated, and glanced from the Captain's scowling brow to the smiling lips of Barnabas.

"Very good, sir," said he, touching his shabby hat, and, taking the money Barnabas held out, he tendered it to the Captain, who, redder of face than ever, took it, stared from it to Barnabas, and whistled.

"Now, damme!" he exclaimed, "damme if I don't believe the fellow means to be offensive!"

"If so, sir, the desire would seem to be mutual!" returned Barnabas.

"Yes, b'gad, I really believe he means to be offensive," repeated the Captain, nodding as he pocketed the money.

"Of that you are the best judge, sir," Barnabas retorted.

Captain Slingsby whistled again, frowned, and, tossing aside his whip, proceeded to button up his coat.

"Why, then," said he, "we must trouble this offensive person to apologize or — or put 'em up, b'gad!"

But hereupon the young Corinthian — who had been watching them languidly through the glass he carried at the end of a broad riband — stepped forward, though languidly, and laid a white and languid hand upon the Captain's arm.

"No, no, Sling," said he in a die-away voice;
"he's a doocid fine 'bit of stuff.' Look at those shoulders! And quick on his pins — remark those legs. No, no, my dear fellow. Remember your knee; you hurt it, you know — fell on it when you were thrown. Must be doocid painful. Must let me take your place. Shall insist! Pleasure's all mine, 'sure you."

"Never, Jerningham!" fumed the Captain.

"Not to be thought of, my dear Bob! No, b'gad; he's mine. Why, you heard him! He—
he positively called me a—a fellow!"

"So you are, Sling," murmured the Corinthian, surveying Barnabas with an approving eye. "Dev'lish dashing fellow; an out-andouter with the ribbons — fiddle it with any one, by George, but no good with your mauleys, damme if you are! Besides, there's your knee, you know — don't forget your knee ——"

"Curse my knee!"

"Certainly, dear fellow; but ---"

"My knee's sound enough to teach this countryman manners, b'gad! You heard him say my coat was filthy?"

"So it is, Sling, my boy,— dev'lish dirty! So are your knees — look at 'em. But if you will dismount head over heels into a muck-heap, my dear fellow, what the dooce can you expect?"

As he spoke, the Corinthian took off his hat, which he forced into the Captain's unwilling grasp, drew off his very tight-fitting coat, which he tossed over the Captain's unwilling arm, and, rolling back his snowy shirt-sleeves, turned to Barnabas with shining eyes and smiling lips.

"Sir," said he, "seeing my friend's knee is not quite all it should be, perhaps you will permit me to take his place — pleasure's entirely mine, 'sure you. Shall we have it here, or would you prefer the stables? More comfortable, perhaps — stables?"

Now, while Barnabas hesitated, somewhat taken aback by the unlooked-for turn of events, as luck would have it, there came a diversion. A high, yellow-wheeled curricle swung suddenly into the yard, and its two foam-spattered bays



there he is! talking to the rough-looking customer over yonder." And he pointed to Barnabas, who stood with his coat thrown open and the objectionable neck-cloth in full evidence. The Viscount looked, started, uttered a viewhallo, and, striding forward, caught Barnabas by the hand.

"Why, Bev, my dear fellow, this is lucky!" he exclaimed.

Now, Barnabas was quick to catch the glad ring in the Viscount's voice, and to notice that the neck-cloth was entirely lost upon him; therefore he smiled as he returned the Viscount's hearty grip.

"When did you get here? What are you doing? And what the deuce is the trouble between you and Jerningham?" enquired the Viscount, all in a breath. But, before Barnabas could answer, the great black horse, tired of comparative inaction, began again to snort and rear and jerk his proud head viciously, whereupon the two hostlers fell to swearing, and the Viscount's bays at the other end of the yard to capering, and the Viscount's small groom to anathematising, all in a moment.

"Slingsby!" cried his lordship, "look to that black demon of yours!"

"He is no concern of mine, Devenden," replied the Captain airily. "Sold him, b'gad."

"And I bought him," added Barnabas.

"You did?" the Viscount exclaimed. "In heaven's name, what for?"

"To ride."

"Eh? My dear fellow!"

"I should like to try him for the race on the 10th, if it could be managed, Dick."

"The race!" exclaimed the Viscount, staring.
"I've been wondering if you could — get me
entered for it," Barnabas went on, rather
diffidently. "I'd give anything for the
chance."

"What — with that brute! My dear fellow, are you mad?"

"No, Dick."

"But he's unmanageable, Bev. He's full of vice — a killer! Look at him now!"

And, indeed, at this moment, as if to bear out this character, up went the great black head again, eyes rolling, teeth gleaming, and ears laid back.

"I tell you, Bev, no one could ride that devil!" the Viscount repeated.

"But," said Barnabas, "I've bet your friend Captain Slingsby that I could."

"It would be madness!" exclaimed the Viscount. "Ha! look out! There—I told you so!" For in that moment the powerful animal reared suddenly, broke from the grip of one hostler, and, swinging the other aside, stood free,

and all was confusion. With a warning shout, the old groom sprang to his head; but Barnabas was beside him, and caught the hanging reins, and swung himself into the saddle.

"I've got him, sir," cried Martin; "find yer stirrups!"

"Your stick," said Barnabas — "quick, man! Now let go!"

For a moment the horse stood rigid, then reared again, up and up, his teeth bared, his fore feet lashing; but down came the heavy stick between the flattened ears — once, twice — and brought him to earth again.

And now began a struggle between the man and the brute — each young, each indomitable, for neither had as yet been mastered, and therefore each was alike disdainful of the other. The head of the horse was high and proud; his round hoofs spurned the earth beneath; a fire was in his eye, rage in his heart — rage and scorn of this presumptuous Two-Legs who sought to pit his puny strength against his own quivering, four-legged might. Therefore he mocked Two-Legs, scorned and contemned him, laughed ha! ha! (like his long-dead ancestor among the Psalmist's trumpets) and gathered himself together — eager for the battle.

But the eyes of Barnabas were wide and bright; his lips were curved, his jaw salient, his knees gripped tight, and his grasp was strong and sure upon the reins.

And now Four-Legs, having voiced his defiance, tossed his crest on high, then - plunged giddily forward, was checked amid a whirlwind of lashing hoofs, rose on his hind legs higher and higher, winging giddily round and round, felt a stunning blow, staggered, and, dropping on all fours, stove in the stable door with a fling of his hind hoofs. But the eyes of Barnabas were glowing, his lips still curved, and his grip upon the reins was more masterful. And, feeling all this, Four-Legs, foaming with rage, his nostrils flaring, turned upon his foe with snapping teeth, found him out of reach, and so sought to play off an old trick that had served him more than once; he would smash his rider's leg against a post or wall, or brush him off altogether and get rid of him that way. But lo! even as he leapt in fulfilment of this manoeuvre, his head was wrenched round further and further, until he must, perforce, stop — until he was glaring up into the face above, the face of his bitter foe, with its smiling mouth, its glowing eyes, its serene brow.

"Time's up!" cried the Captain suddenly. "B'gad, sir, you win the bet!"

But Barnabas scarcely heard.

"You've done it — you win! Eleven and a half minutes, b'gad!" roared the Captain again. "Don't you hear, sir? Come off, before he breaks your neck!"

But Barnabas only shook his head, and, dropping the stick, leaned over and laid his hand upon that proud, defiant crest, a hand grown suddenly gentle, and drew it down caressingly from ear to quivering nostril once and twice, and spoke words in a soft tone, and so loosed the cruel grip upon the rein, and sat back — waiting. But Four-Legs had become thoughtful. True, he still tossed his head and pawed an impatient hoof, but that was merely for the sake of appearances. Four-Legs was thoughtful. No one had ever touched him so before; indeed, blows had latterly been his portion; but this Two-Legs was different from his kind. Besides, he had a pleasing voice — a voice to soothe ragged nerves. There it was again! And then, surely, the touch of this hand awoke dim memories, reminded him of far-off times when twolegged creatures had feared him less — and there was the hand again. After all, things might be worse. The hand that could be so gentle could be strong also — his mouth was sore yet! and a strong man, strong-handed and gentle of voice, was better than - oh, well!

Whether of all this or any part of it the great black horse was really thinking, who shall say? Howbeit Barnabas presently turned in his saddle and beckoned the old groom to his stirrup.

"He'll be quiet now, I think," said he.

"Ah, that he will, sir. You've learned the trick o' voice an' hand. It ain't many as has it — must be born in a man, I reckon. An' 'tis that as does more nor all your whips an' spurs an' curb-bits, sir. 'E'll be a babe wi' you arter this, sir, an' I'm thinkin' as you won't be wantin' me now, maybe? I ain't young enough, nor smart enough, d'ye see.

Barnabas dismounted and gave the reins into

the old groom's eager hands.

"I sha'n't be wanting him for — probably three or four days, Gabriel. Until then look after him. Exercise him regularly, for I'm hoping to do great things with him — soon, Gabriel, perhaps." And so Barnabas smiled, and, as Martin led the horse to the stables, turned to find the young Corinthian at his elbow. He had resumed hat and coat, and now regarded Barnabas as smiling and imperturbable as ever.

"Sir," said he, "I congratulate you heartily. Sir, any friend of Viscount Devenden is also mine, I trust; and I know your name, and — hem! I swear Slingsby does. Beverley, I think — hem! — son of old Beverley; and a dev'lish good name, too! Eh, Sling, my boy?"

Hereupon the Captain limped forward, if possible redder of face than ever, very much like a large school-boy in fault.

"Sir," he began, "b'gad," — here he paused to clear his throat loudly once or twice,— "a devil incarnate! Fourteen minutes and a half, by my watch, and devil a spur! I'd have lent you my boots had there been time — I would, b'gad! As it is, if you've any desire to shake hands with a — ha! — with a fellow — hum! — in a dirty coat — why, here's mine, b'gad!"

"Captain the honourable Marmaduke Slingsby — Mr. Beverley. The Marquis of Jerningham — Mr. Beverley. And now," said the Viscount, as Barnabas shook hands, "now tell 'em

why you bought the horse, Bev."

"I was hoping, sirs," said Barnabas, rather diffidently, "that I might perhaps have the honour of riding in the steeplechase on the 10th. Hereupon the Captain struck his riding-boot a resounding blow with his whip, and whistled; while the Marquis dangled his eye-glass by its riband, viewing it with eyes of mild surprise, and the Viscount glanced from one to the other with an enigmatical smile upon his lips.

"That would rest with Carnaby to decide, of

course," said the Captain at last.

"Why so?" enquired Barnabas.

"Because — well, because he — is Carnaby, I suppose," the Captain answered.

"Though Jerningham has the casting vote,"

added the Viscount.

"True," said the Marquis, rearranging a fold of his cravat with a self-conscious air; "but, as Sling says, Carnaby is — Carnaby!"

"Sirs," began Barnabas very earnestly, "be-

"Expense, sir?" repeated the Marquis, lifting a languid eyebrow. "Of course it is no question

of 'expense'!"

Here the Viscount looked uncomfortable all at once, and Barnabas grew suddenly hot.

"I mean," he stammered, "I mean that my being entered so late in the day, the fees might be made proportionately heavier. Double them, if need be; I should none the less be — be inestimably indebted to you; indeed, I — I can not tell you — " Now, as Barnabas broke off, the Marquis smiled and reached out his hand — a languid-seeming hand, slim and delicate, yet by no means languid of grip.

"My dear Beverley," said he, "I like your earnestness. A race — especially this one — is a doocid serious thing; for some of us, perhaps, even more serious than we bargain for. It's going to be a punishing race from start to finish — a test of endurance for horse and man, over the worst imaginable country. It originated in a match between Devenden on his Moonraker

and myself on Clinker; but Sling, here, was hot gazed at Barnabas, chin in hand and with to match his Rascal, and Carnaby fancied his Clasher, and, begad, applications came so fast that we had a field in no time."

"Good fellows and sportsmen all!" nodded the Captain. "Gentlemen riders; no tag-rag gamest of the game, sir."

"Now, as to yourself, my dear Beverley," continued the Marquis authoritatively, "you're if I had one yet." doocid late, y'know, but then ——"

"He can ride!" said the Viscount.

"And he's game!" nodded the Captain.

"And therefore," added the Marquis, "we'll see what can be done about it."

"And, b'gad, here's wishing you luck!" said the Captain. At this moment Peterby entered the yard, deep in converse with a slim, gentlemanlike person whose noble cravat immediately attracted the attention of the Marquis.

"By the way," pursued the Captain, "we three are dining together at my club. May I have a cover laid for you, Mr. Beverley?"

"Sir," answered Barnabas, "I thank you; but, owing to - circumstances,"- here he cast a downward glance at his neckerchief,-"I am unable to accept. But perhaps you will all three of you favour me to dinner at my house — say in three days' time?"

The invitation was no sooner given than accepted.

"But," said the Viscount, "I didn't know you had a place here in town, Bev. Where is it?"

"Why - indeed, now that you come to mention it, I haven't the least idea; but perhaps my man can tell me."

"Eh — what?" exclaimed the Captain. "Oh, b'gad, he's smoking us!"

"Peterby!"

"Sir?" And, having saluted the company, Peterby stood at respectful attention.

"I shall be giving a small dinner in three days" time."

"Certainly, sir."

sire to know its location. Where do I live now, Peterby?"

"Number 15 St., James Square, sir."

"Thank you, Peterby."

"An invaluable fellow, that of yours," laughed the Marquis, as Peterby bowed and turned away.

"Indeed, I begin to think he is, my lord," answered Barnabas; "and I shall expect you all at six o'clock on Friday next."

So, having shaken hands again, Captain Slingsby took the arm of the Marquis and limped off.

Now, when they were alone, the Viscount

twinkling eyes.

"My dear Bev," said he, "you can hang me if I know what to make of you. Egad! You're the most incomprehensible fellow alive; you are, upon my soul. If I may ask, what the deuce did it all mean — about this house of yours?"

"Simply that until this moment I wasn't sure

"But — your fellow ——"

"Yes; I sent him out this morning to buy me one."

"To buy you — a house?"

"Yes; also horses and carriages and many other things - chief among them, a tailor."

The Viscount gasped.

"But, my dear fellow, to leave all that to your servant! Oh, 'gad!''

"But, as the Marquis remarked, Peterby is an inestimable fellow."

The Viscount eyed Barnabas with brows wrinkled in perplexity; then all at once his expression changed.

"By the way," said he, "talking of Carnaby - he's got the most beautiful eye you ever saw!"

"Oh!" said Barnabas, beginning to tuck in the ends of his neckerchief.

"And a devil of a split lip!"

"Oh?" said Barnabas again.

"And his coat had been nearly ripped off him; saw it under his cape!"

"Ah?" said Barnabas, still busy with his neck-cloth.

"And, naturally enough," pursued the Viscount, "I've been trying to imagine — yes, Bev, I've been racking my brain most damnably, wondering why -- you did it?"

"It was — in the wood," said Barnabas.

"So — it was you, then?"

"Yes, Dick."

"But — he didn't even mark you?"

"He lost his temper, Dick."

"You thrashed—Carnaby! 'Gad, Bev, there "At my house, Peterby - consequently I de- isn't a milling cove in England could have done it."

> "Yes, there are two - Natty Bell and Glorious John."

"And I'll warrant he deserved it, Bev."

"I think so," said Barnabas; "it was - in the wood, Dick."

Ah! do you mean where "The wood? you ---"

"Where I found her - lying unconscious."

"Unconscious! — and with him beside her! My God, man!" cried the Viscount, with a vicious snap of his teeth, "why didn't you kill

"Because I was beside her - first, Dick."

"Damn him!" exclaimed the Viscount bit-

"But he is your friend, Dick!"

"Was, Bev, was! We'll make it in the past tense hereafter."

"Then you agree with your father, after all?"

"I do, Bev. My father is a cursed longsighted, devilish observant man! I'll back him against anybody — though he is such a Roman. But oh, the devil!" exclaimed the Viscount suddenly. "You can never ride in the race after this."

"Why not?"

"Because you'll meet Carnaby - and that mustn't happen."

"Why not?"

"Because he'll shoot you."

"You mean he'd challenge me? Hum," said Barnabas, "that is awkward; but I can't give up the race."

"Then what shall you do?"

"Risk it, Dick."

But now Mr. Smivvle, who from an adjoining corner had been an interested spectator thus far, emerged, and, flourishing off the curly-brimmed hat, bowed profoundly and addressed himself to the Viscount.

"I believe," said he, smiling affably, "that I have the pleasure to behold Viscount Devenden?"

"The same, sir," rejoined the Viscount, bowing stiffly.

"You don't remember me, perhaps, my lord?" The Viscount regarded the speaker stonily, and shook his head.

"No, I don't, sir."

Mr. Smivvle drew himself up and made the most of his whiskers.

"My lord, my name is Smivvle - Digby Smivvle, at your service; though perhaps you don't remember my name, either?"

The Viscount took out his driving-gloves and began to put them on.

"No, I don't, sir!" he answered drily.

Mr. Smivvle felt for his whisker, found it, and smiled.

"Quite so, my lord; I am but one of the concourse — the multitude — the — ah, the herd though, mark me, my lord, a Smivvle, sir, a Smivvle, every inch of me- while you are the owner of Moonraker, and Moonraker's the word just now, I hear. But, sir, I have a friend ----"

"Indeed, sir!" said the Viscount, in a tone of faint surprise, and, beckoning a passing hostler, ordered out his curricle.

"As I say," repeated Mr. Smivvle, beginning to search for his whisker again, "I have a friend, my lord ---"

"Congratulate you," murmured the Vis-

count, pulling at his glove.

"A friend who has frequently spoken of your lordship ——"

"Very kind of him!" murmured the Viscount.

"And though, my lord, though my name is not familiar, I think you will remember his. The name of my friend is" — here Mr. Smivvle, having at length discovered his whisker, gave it a fierce twirl — "Ronald Barrymaine."

The Viscount's smooth brow remained unclouded; only the glove tore in his fingers; so he smiled, shook his head, and, drawing it off, tossed it away.

"Hum?" said he. "I seem to have heard such name - somewhere or other. Ha! there's my Imp at last, as tight and smart as they make 'em, eh, Bev? Well, good-by, my dear fellow; I sha'n't forget Friday next."

So saying, the Viscount shook hands, climbed into his curricle, and, with a flourish of his whip, was off and away in a moment.

"A fine young fellow, that!" exclaimed Mr. Smivvle. "Yes, sir, regular out-and-outer, a bang-up!—by heaven, a blood, sir! a tippy! a go! a regular dash! High, sir, like my friend Barrymaine - indeed, you may have remarked a similarity between 'em, sir?"

"You forget, I have never met your friend," said Barnabas.

"Ah, to be sure. A great pity! You'd like him, for Barrymaine is a cursed fine fellow in spite of the Jews, damn 'em! Yes, you ought to know my friend, sir."

"I should be glad to," said Barnabas.

"Would you, though — would you indeed, sir? Nothing simpler. Call a chaise! Stay, though; poor Barry's not himself to-day under a cloud, sir. Youthful prodigalities are apt to bring worries in their train — chiefly in the shape of Jews, sir - and devilish bad shapes, too! Better wait a day - say to-morrow, or Thursday — or even Friday would do."

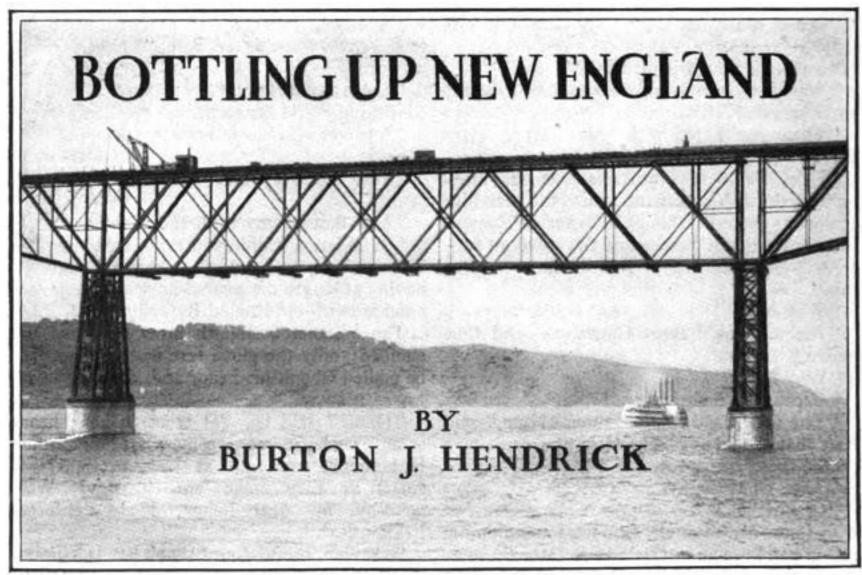
"Let it be Saturday," said Barnabas.

"Saturday, by all means, sir; I'll give myself

the pleasure of calling upon you."

"St. James Square," said Barnabas; "number 15." As he turned to follow Peterby into the inn, Barnabas must needs pause to glance toward the spot where lay the Viscount's torn

TO BE CONTINUED



THE GREAT POUGHKEEPSIE BRIDGE, THE KEY TO NEW ENGLAND, WHICH MELLEN CAPTURED IN HIS STRUGGLE WITH THE NEW YORK CENTRAL

LEN, the president of the New mind and character that Americans look for in their business leaders. He is bold, aggressive, masterful, and courageous. He talks well and pointedly, and seeks rather than dodges opposition. His more than six feet of stature, his lofty bald head, his sharp blue eyes, his large, erect frame, the swinging, confident gait with which he walks, the unostentation of his manners and his accessibility—all these qualities make him a commanding and, to a considerable extent, an attractive figure. His personal record likewise includes all those episodes of humble origin, absence of early opportunities, and struggle for success that furnish biographical material of the most popular kind. Mr. Mellen started life upon a high stool in an obscure department of a still more obscure New England railroad, and in less than twenty years he had clearly shown himself to be the most dominant railroad leader in New England.

His career represented a continuous triumph, not only against adverse circumstances, but against himself. His sharp and vivid speech, his habit of walking over other people in his

R. CHARLES SANGER MEL- wearied day-and-night absorption in work, his abundant egotism, which makes him intolerant York, New Haven, and Hartford of public opinion and of any kind of restraint -Railroad, possesses many traits these are not the qualities that conduce to personal popularity. No: opportunities have come to Mellen only because he possessed the abilities that commanded them. Railroad capitalists have everywhere pressed him into service, not because they loved him, but because they needed him. As the commanding mind, twenty years ago, in the New York and New England Railroad, he made that poverty-stricken property a serious rival to the old established New Haven. "There's a man on the New England named Mellen," Charles P. Clark, the New Haven's president, informed his directors. "If we don't get Mellen, the New England will get us."

Morgan, "One of the Folks"

Largely as a matter of self-protection, therefore, Mr. Mellen, in 1893, became vice-president of the New Haven road. The position proved an irksome one. There was little in this oldfashioned property and its old-fashioned management to inspire such a restless and ambitious spirit. For many years the "consolidated railroad" had typified the conservatism, the soinexorable progress toward his goal, his un- briety, and the thrift of New England. Its heavy earnings almost made the people overlook its rotting wooden bridges, its filthy stations, its dilapidated road-bed and equipment, and ignore the fact that it was a debasing influence in Connecticut's civic life. The annual shareholders' meetings were rather curious proceedings. Old ladies in their best black silk dresses attended; the road transported them gratis to New Haven — a stock certificate, exhibited to the conductor of any train, served as a free pass; and there were usually delegations of farmers who loudly protested against running milk-trains on Sunday. These stockholders cared little for expansion, for "communities of interest," or for modern equipment — about twenty years ago the roof burned off the station in New Haven, and has never been rebuilt.

In their eyes, there was only one unpardonable railroad sin, and that was the reduction of dividends. The one anxiety was that Wall Street would get possession of the property. This danger was an ever-present one. J. P. Morgan was a regular attendant at the New Haven meetings, and Morgan had a sentimental as well as a heavy practical interest in the New Haven road. In a New Haven meeting Morgan was at home; he was "one of the folks." Was he not himself a native of Hartford, Connecticut? Had he not had an intimate acquaintance with the property as a child? Nor has he ever lost his fondness for the New Haven; of all the many and larger properties which Morgan controls the New Haven road has always been his "pet."

Mellen, Morgan's Man

This mighty capitalist, Morgan, seated at the New Haven's meetings among the miscellaneous gathering of black-bonneted ladies and Connecticut farmers, certainly contrasted the new and the old in American finance and railroaddom. He was about the only person in the New Haven's management who even slightly interested Mellen. With his daily entourage, indeed, Mellen was decidedly out of key. His nervous spirit constantly demanded great and important things to do; and here he was held down by an unimaginative routine and the jealousy of weaker men above him. The inevitable resulted: he became irritable, dissatisfied, continually on bad terms with his associates. His one consolation was his close association with Morgan. There was every reason why these two men should admire each other; both were dominant, arrogant, and cynically contemptuous of restraint. A few years after Mellen went to the New Haven road, Morgan began gathering together the railroad mileage of the Northwestern and Eastern States. He needed able pro-consuls in building up this concentrated railroad empire — men like Mellen, sympathetically in tune with his own ideals.

One day Mellen's telephone rang.

"Mr. Mellen," came from the other end of the wire, "this is Mr. Morgan. Will you go to St. Paul for me and leave the details in my hands?"

Mellen's attitude toward Morgan is about the same as that of Ignatius Loyola and the Jesuits toward the Pope. "Saint Ignatius said," writes one of his biographers, "that if the Holy Father were to order him to set sail in the first bark which he might find, and to abandon himself to the sea without a mast, without sails, without oars or rudder, he would obey, not only with alacrity, but without anxiety or repugnance and even with a great internal satisfaction." That nearly describes Mellen's enthusiasm for Morgan. Immediately after this telephone conversation, Mellen went to St. Paul, hardly knowing what he was to do when he got there. For seven years, however, he served as president of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Here again Mellen quarreled with his associates, including this time several members of the Hill family. As the man who largely reconstructed the property and as the operator who piled up enormous earnings, Mellen made a dazzling success. In the larger matters of finance and expansion, however, he had little to do. One has only to read his testimony in the Peter Power case to appreciate the extent to which he was obscured. Those were great days on the Northern Pacific; Mellen witnessed such stirring episodes as the purchase of the Burlington, the struggle with Harriman for control, the Northern Pacific corner, and the organization of the Northern Securities Company. Although president of the Northern Pacific, Mellen apparently played little part in these events: he testified that he had first learned of all these happenings "through the newspapers."

Mellen Gets His Opportunity

It was a half-starved man, therefore, who, in 1903, went back to the New Haven road, this time as president. Mellen was fifty-two years old, and now, for the first time, he had his taste of power on a large scale. His elevation meant the changed situation which Connecticut had dreaded for so many years — Wall Street control of the New Haven; for now Morgan added his pet New Haven to his already extensive chain of railroads. The time had come, indeed, when a vigorous hand was needed. A policy of cheese-paring had prevailed for several decades.

All this time the road had maintained its record for high dividends and fat surpluses,

but the property had largely

New Haven with the idea that I was going to operate a railroad," said Mellen, soon after his arrival. "I find that I have got to build one instead." The bridges on the New York- New Haven line

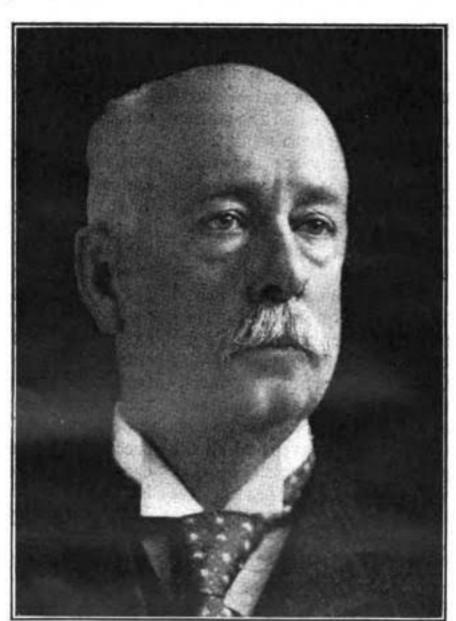
could not bear the weight of modern locomotives, and on all divisions the road did not have sufficient trackage and equipment to handle the proffered traffic. In other respects the stockholders were living in a fools' para-They thought that they had the traffic field of New England under their thumb; that the existing situation would last forever. As a matter of fact, their

position was a highly precarious one. Hostile yard. interests were rising everywhere to dispute richest in the world. Successful inroads had already been made upon the New Haven's passenger business. New England is thickly settled; towns and moderately sized cities shoot by one almost as frequently as telegraphpoles. Local passenger traffic, therefore, contributes about one half to the New Haven earnings. By the time Mr. Mellen arrived, however, these communities had been closely knit together by trolley lines, which were daily drawing away thousands of passengers from the steam roads. Certain capitalists from Philadelphia had secured franchises all over these

States, had bought and built new roads, installed the most modern equipment, enormously watered their stock, and energetically gone after the New Haven's business. They had paralleled the New Haven in all possible directions, and, as a result, the most densely settled sections of New England had something for which they had vainly prayed for years — real competition in passenger traffic. It was an excellent thing for gone to decay. "I came to the people, but promised to have an unfavorable

effect upon the New Haven's earnings.

As far as its freight traffic was concerned, the New Haven system was everywhere exposed. Here, also, the situation was oneof intensive cultivation. The cotton mills and the miscellaneous factories pile up gigantic heaps of freight, and make the six New England States one enormous freight-



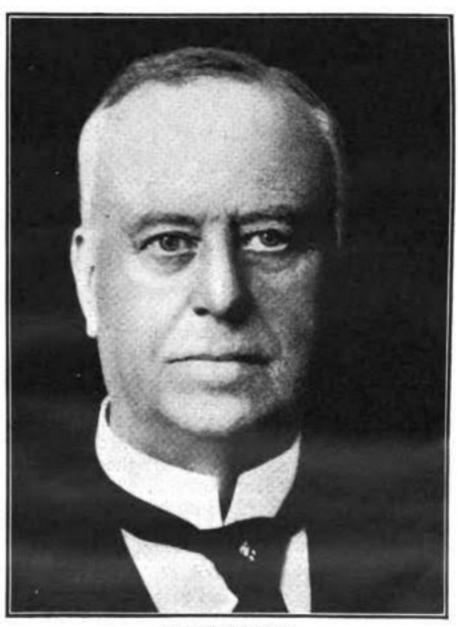
CHARLES SANGER MELLEN THE MAN WHO HAS CREATED AMERICA'S MOST COMPLETE TRANSPORTATION MONOPOLY

The business of the railroads is to collect this traffic and assemble it at conthe New England traffic field, one of the venient points for general shipment by way of the great trunk lines. Mellen's predecessor, C. P. Clark, had already pretty well monopolized the transportation business of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and southern Massachusetts; but in all the rest of New England the liveliest competition prevailed. There were several natural entrances into New England, or "gateways"- places through which "outsiders" could readily slip in and lay violent hands upon these freight accumulations. The ante-Mellen management had left these important points exposed, or had permitted other unfriendly interests to gain possession. An

especially important and neglected point was likewise clearly protected Poughkeepsie, which, with its great iron bridge, New England against the controlled by the Central New England Rail- purchase of the steamboat road, might at any time serve as the basis for a new railroad system into the heart of New England. Farther north the New York Central had seized the Boston and Albany and secured a direct entrance into the greatest New England factory centers and the port of Boston. lines by competing railroads. Everywhere competing steamboat lines were And so New England, which

taking freight business away from the steam roads. In other words, central and northern New England enjoyed as largea measure of competition ten years ago as any transportation field in the country.

It was a competition securely protected by law. No transportation chieftain, as long as he obeyed the State and



LUCIUS TUTTLE EX-PRESIDENT OF THE BOSTON AND MAINE, WHOM MR. MELLEN FIRST ABSORBED AND AFTERWARD DISCARDED

federal laws, could ever secure anything approaching a monopoly. A statute in Massachusetts prohibited railroad companies from acquiring, directly or indirectly, without the absolutely specific and generally known and understood, had represented for a generation Massachusetts' attitude toward railroad monopoly. It did not merely prohibit a railroad from owning such stock; it prohibited it from even purchasing it, without first obtaining the This law would consent of the legislature. clearly prevent a steam railroad from acquiring the Massachusetts trolleys as well as other steam lines. The Sherman anti-trust law



thoroughly believed in competition in transportation, regarded Mellen's arrival with little alarm.

For these same forces and these same laws Mellen constitutionally had the utmost contempt. No railroad



so publicly and so caustically declared his hostility toward the new ideas in corporation control. In his mind, the people who demand these reforms are merely "agitators," "demagogues," and "politicians"; he even once denounced publicly as "blackmailers" certain Massachusetts people who were opposing his plans for the Boston and Maine. At one

time he described the Interstate Commerce Commission as a "blunder" and Governor Hughes' Public Service Commission in New York as "an amateur's experiment." He has publicly consent of the legislature, stock in other stigmatized the Hepburn rate bill as "a most railroad corporations. This law, which was pernicious piece of legislation." In a speech opposing the establishment of a Public Utilities Commission in Connecticut and pleading for a Commerce Court instead, Mellen made clear his attitude on the whole subject of regulation. Such essential matters as rates, service, and capitalization, he said, should be left exclusively in the hands of the railroads themselves. "Watered stock" should be tolerated when useful as an "inducement" to investors. should not investigate accidents. On other

questions, such as the relations of corporations to labor unions, Mellen holds views similarly out of harmony with the most enlightened thought of the day. "They have accomplished much good," he says, "but they are nevertheless not an unmixed blessing to the laboring man. . . . When I say unions do much good, I mean they help the lame, the halt, and the weary at the expense of the really competent." Mellen not only holds these "reactionary" principles, but expresses them on all occasions with a singular tactlessness and pungency. A few years ago he made the meeting of the Connecticut National Grange the occasion for a lengthy diatribe against his favorite "demagogues" and "agitators"— a speech so violent and abusive that his audience, at its conclusion, repudiated its sentiments by a rising vote.

Mellen's most striking characteristic, indeed, is his disregard of public opinion. He serves his corporation loyally — does little except work. He has a fine country place in the Berkshires, and is interested in breeding stock; at his New Haven house, likewise, he makes a good deal of his books, pictures, and rugs. His one absorbing enthusiasm, however, is railroading. He spends little time at clubs and has few personal intimates. Perhaps his closest companion is a certain "Diamond Jim" Brady, a dealer in railroad supplies, distinguished particularly for the extravagance and splendor of his appearance.

Mellen Buys the Trolleys — at an Enormous Cost

It may readily be imagined what happened when an able and ambitious man, holding sentiments of this kind, came face to face with a transportation situation such as that which existed in New England. On one hand was a competitive railroad field, everywhere inviting obvious monopoly; on the other a public strongly and traditionally opposed to monopoly and safely protected against it by apparently impregnable laws. Mellen first proceeded to put an end to the "intolerable" trolley situation. In seizing nearly all of the trolley lines in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and western Massachusetts, he paid little attention to expense. Wherever he saw a trolley line he proceeded to lay hands upon it. The prices demanded by the speculative adventurers who had "reorganized" the properties did not frighten Mellen for a moment. The United Gas Company of Philadelphia had spent about \$9,000,000 in purchasing and equipping the trolley lines of the Connecticut Railway and Lighting Company, and had recapitalized them to the tune of nearly \$30,-000,000. In other words, these roads contained

at a moderate estimate, \$20,000,000 of watered stock. Mellen leased this corporation at four per cent upon this inflated capitalization. The same crowd had corralled nearly all of the trolley lines in Rhode Island, and capitalized them at \$9,600,000. Mellen purchased the same property for \$24,000,000. Prices like this necessarily meant embarrassment for the New Haven road, which had to assume all the burdens, and high prices and inefficient service for the traveling public. In Mellen's view-point, however, the proceeding justified itself; it took the whole trolley business of two States out of the hands of possible competitors, and anchored it, for all time, in the possession of the New Haven road.

Mellen Defies the Massachusetts Laws

Rhode Island and Connecticut had no laws that prohibited things of this kind, and in both States the public conscience had been dead for a generation. When Mellen tried to repeat his exploits in Massachusetts, however, his difficulties began. About 1905 the Boston and Maine Railroad had asked the legislature's permission to purchase competing and "feeding" trolley lines. Mellen and the New Haven appeared in fervid protest, and on this occasion Mellen and his old associate in the New Haven office, Lucius Tuttle, now president of the Boston and Maine, came into conflict. Mellen won; the legislature declined to grant the application. And now Mellen, having blocked the Boston and Maine in its plans for buying up trolley lines, went industriously to work and proceeded to buy them up himself! Unlike his rival, Lucius Tuttle, Mellen did not take the trouble to ask the consent of the Great and General Court, as the law required; he simply went ahead and bought his roads. He managed the thing so quietly and skilfully that he had acquired nearly five hundred miles of trolley lines before the Massachusetts public learned anything about it. Naturally, there was a popular "uprising" when the facts became definitely known. The legislature had explicitly declared that no steam railroads in Massachusetts should acquire trolley lines; and yet, before the ink was fairly dry on this prohibition, the defiant New Haven road had done the forbidden thing. Governor Guild sent a denunciatory message to the legislature, demanding immediate action against the New Haven Company, and the situation became so warm that Mellen threw up his hands and asked for a truce. Perhaps, he said, after all, he had gone too far; but he had not intended to offend; he was prepared to obey the laws. Why not test the validity of his acts in friendly liti-If Massachusetts would settle the gation?



Rumors occasionally cropped out that Mr. Mel- the passage to market of every Massachusetts a controlling interest in the Boston and Maine. of aliens." This property, next to the New Haven, was the largest factor in the New England railroad situa- law and violating his promise. The same tion. The New Haven road practically monopolized railway traffic in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and southern Massachusetts; the Boston and Maine controlled northern Massachusetts, large sections of Vermont, and nearly the whole of New Hampshire and Maine. In spite of its backwardness in service and its many political sins, Massachusetts was devoted to this road. Like Touchstone's wife, it may have been an ill-favored thing, but it was its own.

len's New Haven railroad was secretly acquiring product, is passing from our hands to those

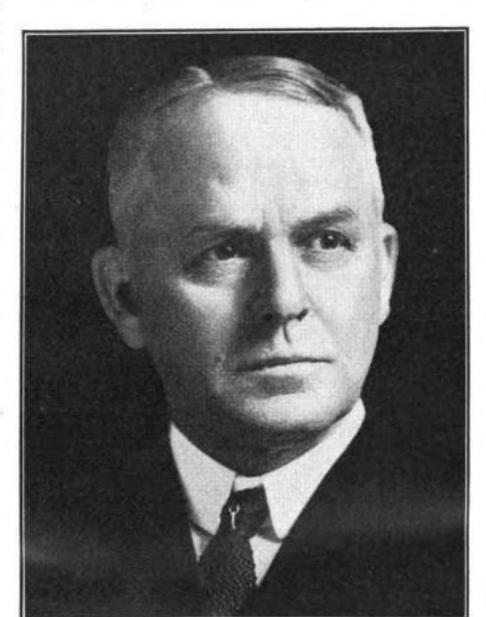
Moreover, Mellen was again breaking the statute that forbade the acquisition of trolleys also prohibited the purchase of steam roads. Mellen, as already said, had solemnly agreed in writing to abstain from further acquisition until the courts had definitely passed upon the legal points involved; and, while this litigation was still pending, he had not only bought up new trolley lines, but had scooped in the New Haven's greatest rival. In course of time the Massachusetts Supreme Court decided this case - unanimously against the New Haven rail- that this transaction represented a real road. But Mellen paid no more attention to sale. the Supreme Court than he had to the existing "The New Haven road," he said in an official

Massachusetts trolleys to a dummy corporation known as the New England Security and Investment Company - the virtual ownership of which by the New Haven road is scarcely concealed. This violates the law as clearly as did the original purchase, inasmuch as the statute forbids such holdings, "either directly or indirectly." Similarly, Mellen "sold" his entire holdings in the Boston and Maine to one John L.

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Copyright, Pach Brothers WILLIAM C. BROWN PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL. ONCE MEL-LEN'S FOE, HE IS NOW HIS CHIEF ALLY

that he had \$10,000,000

declared

law and the legislature. He transferred the statement, "has sold its Boston and Maine

stock absolutely,

without any further agreement, expressed or implied. Delivery of the stock has been made, and the proceeds of the sale are now in the New Haven's treasury."

Mr. Mellen's explanation of his behavior in the Boston and Maine matter was that he had to buy the road in self-defense - that other interests, notably the New York Central, were angling for it. That, however, did not improve his case much with the Massachusetts public. Massachusetts and Mr. Mellen wrangled for

Billard, of Meriden, more than two years over the Boston and Connecticut. Mr. Bil- Maine. Mellen kept the legislature, the courts, lard was a prosperous the press, and a variety of citizens and business lumber merchant and a associations, Boards of Trade, Chambers of bank director, well and Commerce, and anti-merger leagues in a confavorably known in his tinual ferment. Finally, one day, Mellen own town. But no one appeared in the office of Governor Draper and had hitherto suspected delivered what was essentially an "ultimatum."

"You must let the New Haven Company take of ready cash to in- the Boston and Maine, or it will be worse for vest in railroad stock, Massachusetts," said Mellen, in effect — though

or that he aspired to not necessarily in these very words.

assume the manage- A bill was pending in the legislature incorment of so compli- porating the Boston Holding Company, through cated a financial which the New Haven Company proposed to problem as that control the Boston and Maine stock. "Your presented by the legislature must pass that bill," continued Boston and Mellen. "If it doesn't do so, the Boston and Maine. Mr. Maine stock will remain in Connecticut, and Mellen, the New Haven Company will control the comhowever, pany from there."

A certain element in the legislature, under

the leadership of Mr. Norman White, fought were constantly threatening the New Haven's this compromise, but unsuccessfully. Mellen business and almost its very life. Under ordithings with the Boston and Maine Railroad if the Vanderbilt lines should have been friends. Mr.

legislature passed this bill: he would transform the antiquated property into a modern railroad, lav new tracks, build new bridges, buy new cars and locomotives, perhaps electrify the entrances into Boston and build a sadly needed tunnel connecting the North and the South stations. As a result of this mingled pressure and persuasion, the legislature passed the Boston Holding Bill, and Mellen added Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine to the railroad map of the New Haven

JOHN L BILLARD THE CONNECTICUT LUMBER MERCHANT TO WHOM MELLEN "SOLD" THE NEW HAVEN'S STOCK IN THE BOSTON AND MAINE

Mellen displaced his old associate, the Central's greatest road. Lucius Tuttle, from the presidency, and took rival, the Pennsylvania, the place himself.

Mellen "Goes After" the New York Central

Mellen's work has been largely aggressive, of Long Island Sound representing a fight for a monopoly; it has also into Long Island City been defensive - a determined attempt to keep and thence by the new the New Haven independent and prevent its East River tunnels into absorption or strangulation by one of the great the Pennsylvania's new trunk lines. In his difficulties with the New Seventh Avenue sta-York Central, both considerations have in- tion. He purchased the spired him. Whatever one may think of Mel- Central New England len, he certainly has the redeeming quality of Railroad, which concourage; he attacks a railroad giant as readily trolled the great bridge as a railroad pygmy. Most men in his position over the Hudwould have hesitated before "going after" such a colossus as the New York Central, but not Mellen. The Vanderbilts, in getting the Boston and Albany, had entered New England and

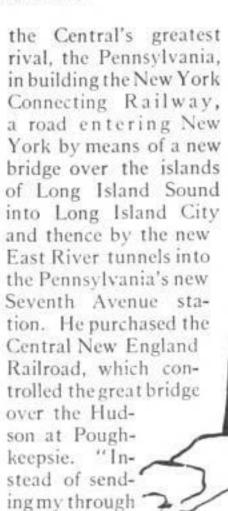
held forth hopes that he would do remarkable nary circumstances the New Haven and the

Morgan practically controlled both properties, and was the most conspicuous director on both boards. For more than half a century the New Haven had entered its passenger trains at the Grand Central Terminal in New York, and had also brought enormous quantities of freight for exchange with the Central at the same point. These considerations, however, did not influence Mellen. He ioined hands with

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Western freight by way of New York and Albany," Mellen informed his directors, "I can divert enormous quantities through the Poughkeepsie Bridge." Here again he struck at the New York . Central - for the New Haven's most accessible connections, west of Poughkeepsie, would not necessarily be the Vanderbilt lines. All this time, however, Mellen was planning a far bolder stroke. One day he dropped in at the office of Jacob H. Schiff, of Kuhn, Loeb & Company. Mr. Schiff, as Morgan's great railroad and banking rival, and the banker and close ally of the Pennsylvania, was not averse to pouring a little oil upon the Mellen-Vanderbilt fire. Mr. Schiff informed Mellen that a half interest in the Ontario and Western was for sale, and suggested that the New Haven purchase it. And so the Vanderbilts learned, one morning, that Mellen had extended his operations outside of New England; that, precisely as they, in getting the Boston and Albany, had entered the New Haven's preserves, so had the New Haven, in capturing the Ontario and Western, secured a road that competed in New York State with their own.

Mellen Sweeps All His Rivals from the Sea

Having secured a new entrance into New York City, closed the Poughkeepsie Bridge to any but the New Haven's trains, virtually eliminated the New York Central as a serious competitor in New England, suppressed all the trolley lines, and captured the extensive trackage of the Boston and Maine, Mellen now transferred his activities to the sea. There is no kind of competition that the railroads fear more than competition by water. It is a transportation axiom that wherever we find water routes we always find low freight rates. New England, with its long coast-line from eastern Maine to New York City, furnishes especial advantages of this kind. Its ports are perhaps the most famous in American history and legend. Since 1800 the federal government has recognized, by generous appropriations for harbor improvements, the wisdom of encouraging this coastwise traffic. As a consequence, a large freight business in and out of New England had developed in a dozen New England harbors. Up to the time when the New Haven began purchasing steamboat lines, - and this long antedated Mellen's presidency,— there were ten independent steamboat lines from New York City to the large traffic centers in New England. These boats reached Bridgeport, New Haven, Hartford, New London, Norwich, Providence, Fall River, New Bedford, Boston, Portland, and several other ports in Maine. The Merchants and Miners Transportation Company had regular boats from Norfolk, Newport News, Baltimore, and Philadelphia into Boston and Providence. All these lines were daily and successfully competing with the New Haven road, and exercised a healthy and restraining influence in keeping down rates.

The New Haven railroad at the present moment owns all these steamboat lines. It had begun their acquisition before Mellen arrived, and he has successfully completed the work. He swept the sea with a clean broom; when he had finished there was not a line leaving or entering a New England port that he did not control.

He showed the same reckless extravagance in purchasing his steamboats as in purchasing his trolleys. It was no time for driving bargains—it was a time for tempting away the owners with absurd prices that they could not afford to reject. Before he had finished these steamboat operations Mellen had expended not far from \$17,000,000 ready money, all borrowed at comparatively high rates.

Mellen Buys Two Expensive Lines into New York

Meanwhile Mellen had to shut off competition into New York. Two separate groups had acquired franchises and nearly completed the financial details for two new lines from points in Westchester County into New York City. The fact that these new roads, the New York, Westchester, and Boston, and the New York and Port Chester, threatened the New Haven's suburban traffic was the least considerable danger. At any time they might be used as entrances into New York by new through railroads from New England. Courageous and even reckless as Mellen seems to be at times, he shrank before the appalling prospect of buying and finishing these roads. In certain sections the mere right of way would cost \$1,000,000 a mile. And there was hardly any chance of making them productive for many years.

Mellen flatly refused to take the responsibility.

"Buy the road," ordered Morgan. "It's going to cost money — but unfriendly interests must not get hold of these new entrances into New York."

Up to date the New Haven road has spent \$30,000,000 on this new suburban line. Mellen recently said on the witness-stand that it would ultimately cost \$40,000,000.

Only a single railroad power in New England now promised to interfere with Mellen's plans. This was an "alien" in the real sense of the



When Mellen got the Boston and Maine, course to other things. Business that the however, the situation changed in a twinkling. Boston and Maine had hitherto turned over to

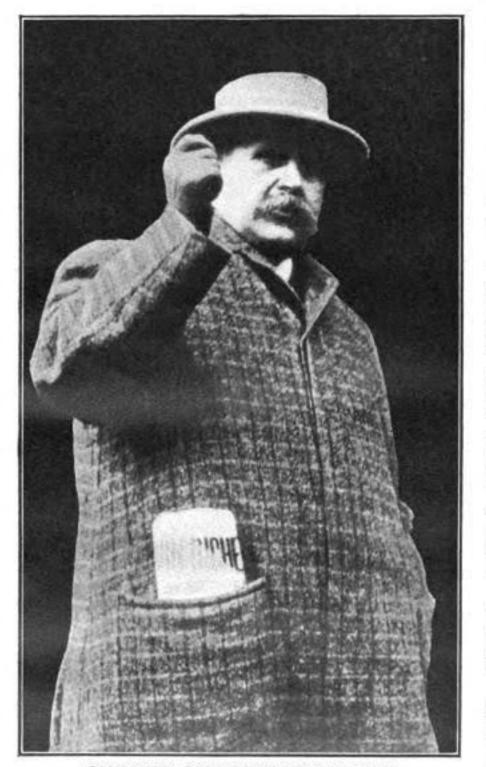
the Grand Trunk Mellen said Mellen, "but you have now diverted to the Cana- no right to establish a tramp dian Pacific. Then Presi- in my front parlor and keep dent Hays began to him there." retaliate. He determined

That remark went sing-

to get access not only to Boston, but to other great New England towns which had been for many years the exclusive province of the New Haven Providence, Worcester, Springfield. He planned to bring to Boston thousands of cars filled with Canadian grain; why not return them filled with the manufactured products of New England? By building a few spurs from his Central Vermont, a line which, rambling from the Canadian border to New London, virtually bisected New England, Mr. Hays would place his road independently in touch with these manufacturing cen-Everywhere, ters. of course, Mellen threw obstructions in his way. When the Grand Trunk began making prep-

arations to build

into Providence,



GOVERNOR FOSS OF MASSACHUSETTS A BITTER CRITIC OF THE NEW HAVEN MANAGEMENT. HE DECLARES THAT THE SERVICE IN THE BOSTON AND MAINE HAS "BROKEN DOWN"

Mellen immediately moved upon that town. He came "like a Crusader donning his sword to go on toward Jerusalem," as one of his admirers phrased it. It was a hard fight for Mellen, because he had to make it singlehanded — against an overwhelming public sentiment. In the arguments before the little group of Rhode Island legislators he lost his temper.

"You may take my property if you will,"

ing over the telegraph wires to the president of the Grand Trunk. Hays turned in his chair and said:

"We will go down into New England, if we never lay another mile of rail." And to-day contracts are being prepared for the construction of the Southern New England — as the Grand Trunk's new extensions are to be called - from the Vermont Central's main line, a few miles south of Palmer, Massachusetts into Providence. That, of itself, has been no easy matter. Everywhere Mellen has thrown obstacles in its way, but unsuccessfully.

Mellen finally saw that he had definitely lost Providence; there was, however, a bigger stake, and that was Boston. A new railroad entrance into Boston

is an appalling proposition, from both a financial and an engineering standpoint. But there was one way in which the Grand Trunk could get in without asking Mellen's leave or without building an expensive line of its own. At a small town named Palmer a possible connection could be made between the Vermont Central and the New York Central's Boston and Albany. Mellen trembled at the thought that Hays and William tral. If Mr. Brown felt so C. Brown, president of the inclined, let him give Mr. New York Central, might Hays his hoped-for access quietly get together and to Boston over the rails of combine against himself. the Boston and Albany;

Mellen, when there is an advantage at stake, has no false pride, and railroad strategy now clearly indicated that he should make his peace with the New York Central. In a few days, therefore, Mellen, William C. Brown, and William H. Newman, chairman of the Central's board, had their heads closely together. Mellen was not all suavity - he still covertly made use of threats. He pointed out to Brown and Newman what evil deeds he could do with that same Ontario and Western, were he wickedly inclined. For example, the Delaware and Hudson had just offered him \$15,000,000 for its stock, a profit of nearly \$2,000,000. If this railroad once got the Ontario and Western it would have an entrance into New York over the New York Cen-



EX-GOVERNOR GUILD

NOW AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA. HE LED THE FIGHT IN

MASSACHUSETTS AGAINST THE MELLEN ABSORPTION

OF THE BOSTON AND MAINE, AND ATTACKED

THE NEW HAVEN AS AN "ALIEN"

tral's own tracks! "But, of course," said Mellen, "I wouldn't sell to the Delaware and Hudson — that would be an act of hostility to my good friend the Central. Really, I would sell the Ontario and Western to you for one dollar rather than to the Delaware and Hudson for \$15,000,000. That is, if —" Again, the New Haven could play the Grand Trunk game quite as successfully as could the New York Cen-

how would he like to have Mr. Mellen give the Grand Trunk access to New York over the rails of the Ontario and Western?

It was about as pretty a game in railroad strategy as was ever played. No one has ever reduced the "club" theory of railroad control to so fine an art as has Mr. Mellen. With these fundamental facts as a basis, he had no difficulty in coming to terms with the New York Central. He agreed to sell to the Central the Ontario and Western at cost price thereby forgoing a profit of nearly \$2,000,000 which he could have obtained from the Delaware and Hudson. That took the New Haven definitely out of the New York Central's front yard. Mr. Brown agreed to share his lease of the Boston and

tral's own tracks! "But, of course," said Mellen, "I wouldn't sell to the Delaware and Hudson — that would be an act of hostility to — and shutting the Grand Trunk line out of my good friend the Central. Really, I would Boston.

Mellen Invades Grand Trunk Territory

Mellen, however, was not satisfied with this. Having shut Mr. Hays out of Boston, his own

"plantation," he now planned to run the New Haven road into Montreal, the Grand Trunk's main headquarters. A direct line from New York and Boston to Montreal over his own lines - that was certainly an ambitious countermove against this militant Canadian railroad. Mellen accomplished this by taking over another New York Central road, the Rutland. About a year after he had purchased the Rutland. Mellen learned that his transaction was illegal — that he had first to obtain the consent of the Public Service Commission of New York, a detail which, in his delightfully informal fashion, he had overlooked. As was the case with most of his acquisitions, the Rutland was a highly unprofitable property; when he purchased the road, its stock was selling at forty cents on the dollar, but the New Haven road paid par.

The New York Public Service Commission vetoed the sale of the Ontario and Western, and so, at the eleventh hour, the Vanderbilt road lost its chief advantage in the bargain, and Mellen still retained his "club." However, he was permitted to keep the Rutland. But the Grand Trunk war is not yet ended. That corporation is planning to build independently into Boston, and will probably do so, unless it establishes some modus vivendi with the New Haven. As President Hays went down with the Titanic, however, the Grand Trunk has lost its greatest and most determined fighter.

And so, for the present, Mellen's monopoly, by land and sea, is complete. In New England he has established a Roman peace. And what, after all, does it amount to?

Certain excellent things Mellen has unquestionably done. In improvements on his main and branch New Haven lines he has poured out money by the tens of millions. He has built scores of new iron bridges, laid hundreds of miles of modern rails, widened cuts, straightened curves, leveled grades, erected new stations, electrified the main line for thirty miles outside of New York, and installed thousands of new locomotives and freight and passenger cars. In this construction work Mellen has been quite Harrimanesque and altogether admirable. Herein he distinctly appears to his best advantage. As far as the New Haven's main line is concerned, Mellen has created essentially a new and highly efficient railroad.

The Cost of Mellen's Monopoly — About \$150,000,000

Since Mellen took charge, the New Haven's capitalization has increased from \$136,000,000 to about \$432,000,000. Of that about \$150,-

ooo,ooo probably represents the cost of needed improvements. The remaining \$150,000,000 represents the price that Mellen has paid for his monopoly. His stockholders and creditors have gone down in their pockets for \$150,000,000 to make Mellen virtually the undisputed Boss of New England. As these securities have been largely marketed in New England itself, this \$150,000,000 represents the price that these six conservative States have paid for their own chains.

If we take up these acquisitions one by one, we shall find that nearly all have been not only unprofitable, but serious financial burdens upon the New Haven railroad. One notable exception is the Central New England, which, under Mellen control, has become highly profitable. In nearly all his other acquisitions, however, he has not fared so well. For instance, Mellen purchased \$10,900,000 stock in the Boston and Maine railroad, exchanging eight per cent stock in the New Haven. When he took over the Boston and Maine it was paying seven per cent dividends; it is now paying four, and, according to expert opinion, is really earning no more than one or two. Even on the present fictitious showing, therefore, the New Haven railroad is losing four dollars a share for every share of Boston and Maine in its treasury, or about \$400,000 a year in all. The trolleys tell an identical story. The railroad editor of the Boston Transcript, after a detailed study of the New Haven's subsidiaries, figures that Mr. Mellen is losing \$2,000,000 a year on a group of railroads that includes the Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Vermont trolleys, and the Westchester suburban railroad. The same authority figures an annual loss of \$421,000 on the investments in previously competing steamboats.

In spite of all this, Mr. Mellen persistently pays the traditional eight per cent dividend on the New Haven. However, the New Haven has not earned it for three out of the last four fiscal years. Sensitive Connecticut gasps as it glances at the annual balance-sheets of its famous railroad and notices that Mr. Mellen coldly acknowledges annual deficits of from \$1,500,000 to \$2,500,000. Connecticut almost covers its eyes when it learns that the New Haven, which used to borrow all the money it needed at four per cent on long-time bonds, now has to pay higher rates on one-year notes! It sees, with wounded pride, that the New Haven, which in the old days used to spend large sums a year out of earnings on improvements, now makes its maintenance charges very largely out of borrowed money. Worse than all, however, is that for the last seven years Connecticut has had to watch the stock of its favorite railroad go steadily down; in 1903 it was selling at \$250 a share, whereas now it hovers about \$135! The explanation, of course, is simplicity itself: the money that formerly went for upkeep and dividends is now diverted to make good deficits upon newly acquired and unprofitable properties. It is the price which the stockholders are paying for their monopoly.

Such are the advantages of monopoly to the New Haven's owners and the investors in its securities. How about the other party to the transaction — the public?

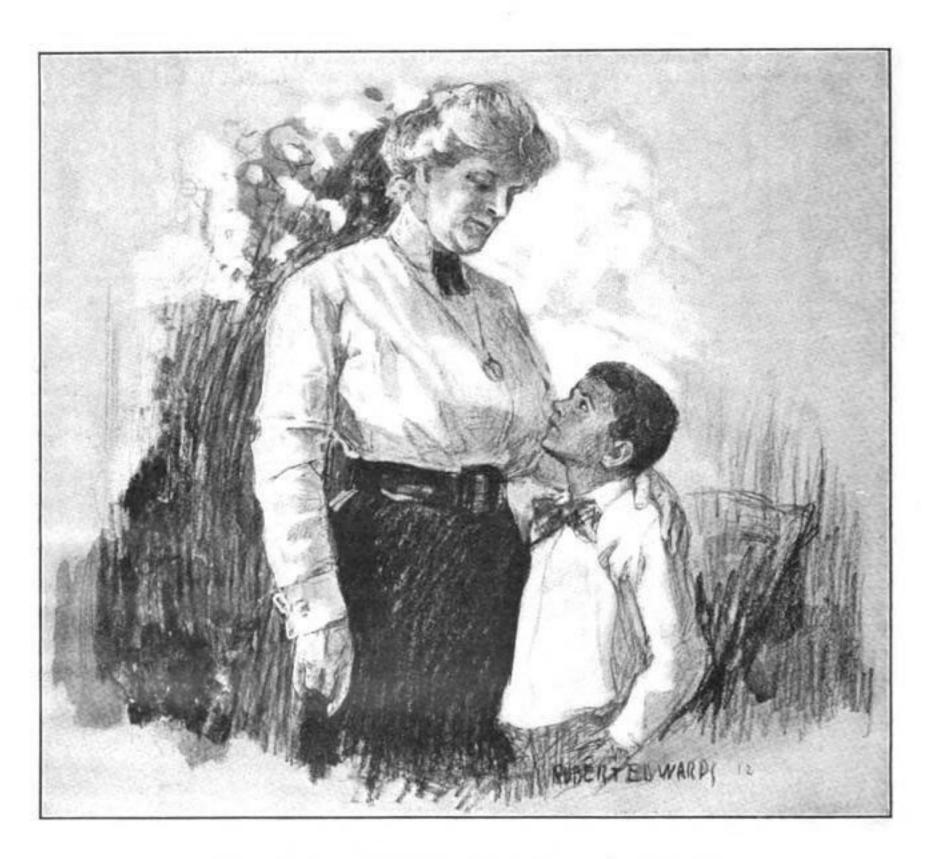
Interstate Commerce Commission Blocks Mellen

When Mellen began these exploitations, he knew that the process would be an expensive one. He unquestionably planned to take it out of the shippers and passengers who used his rails. He would increase freight rates, passenger fares, perhaps curtail service, and even clip his pay-rolls. Everybody who enters the Grand Central Station now pays five or ten cents more than before Mellen came to the New Haven. In furtherance of his plans, Mr. Mellen in 1910 filed a tariff for a general increase in his freight rates. In this act his seven years' policy reached its logical conclusion. But now the governmental agency that Mellen denounced as a "blunder," fortified by the law that he denounced as "a most pernicious piece of legislation," stepped in. Mr. Mellen was not permitted to raise his freight rates. In the Interstate Commerce Commission the New Haven met its first effective check. Never has that body so justified its existence as in the recent transportation history of New England. It is the only thing that stands between six New England States and pitiless railroad exploitation.

In public usefulness, too, this New England monopoly has hardly justified itself. Upon the main line of the New Haven road Mellen has established a fairly standard service. It is the northern section of New England, especially the thickly settled parts of Massachusetts traversed by the Boston and Maine, that suffers chiefly. In a recent official message Governor Foss of Massachusetts declared that the service on the Boston and Maine, under the control of the New Haven, had "broken down." At another time he referred to the present "intolerable conditions," and called upon the legislature for relief. For the last six months a committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, under the direction of Mr. D. O. Ives, has made a detailed

investigation. Its conclusion is "that there has been a great deterioration in service which has had a most injurious effect upon traffic." To find anything like the hostility toward railroads that now exists in the sober State of Massachusetts, we should have to go back to Kansas and Texas in their most fiery days. If half of the specifications made against the New Haven's management in Massachusetts are true, it finds its closest parallel in the Gould control of the Missouri Pacific. "The Boston and Maine has been starved for several years," says Governor The Boston Chamber of Commerce has received a mass of letters from responsible shippers along the lines — all of them alleging a tremendous decline in efficiency since the New Haven took control. According to these complaints, passenger trains that had been running for twenty years have been taken off; thousands of employees have been discharged, leaving the property insufficiently manned; traffic is everywhere delayed, so that shipments that formerly reached destinations in a day or two now frequently take ten days or a couple of weeks; and there has likewise been a general increase in intrastate rates.

What is the remedy? President Roosevelt thought that the remedy was the enforcement of the law. A short time before he left office his Attorney-General, Charles J. Bonaparte, brought suit against the New Haven for violation of the Sherman anti-trust law. President Taft, however, had not been in office a month before his Attorney-General, Mr. Wickersham, withdrew this suit. Inasmuch as Massachusetts acquiesced in the New Haven's holdings in the Boston and Maine and the trolleys, said Mr. Wickersham, there was no reason why the government should not rest satisfied. And there the matter rests. Whatever happens to the Mellen monopoly, however, one thing seems clear. For several years college professors, Wall Street operators, leading railroad experts, and many of our foremost legislators have been saving that railroad monopoly was not only inevitable, but highly desirable. Mellen has gone further than any of his contemporaries in establishing such a monopoly. Up to the present time, however, these expert predictions have not come true. The New Haven monopoly has benefited neither its own stockholders nor the public. As a result of its expansion the New Haven railroad is enormously weakened financially, and New England, at least in its central and northern parts, pays higher prices and gets poorer service than under the old competitive system.



HIS FIRST-BORN

BY

ANNIE HOWELLS FRÉCHETTE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT EDWARDS

covered porch in the moonlight, listening to the sound of retreating wheels until it died away in the distance. Presently came the long whistle and the roar of an incoming train, then a silence, followed by the shrill signaling whistle and the dull rumble of the departing train as it passed into the forest beyond the town.

When no further sound came, she dropped

TRS. LAKE sat on her vine- back from her eager, listening poise, and realized that the decisive step had been taken, that her boy - for he was still a boy to her heart, although he had long ago taken his place among men — had gone forth on the quest which might bring confusion into his life and the other lives united to his.

> As she sat in the moonlight with the heavy fragrance of the honeysuckle filling the air, and silence once more settled over the sleeping village, she tried to understand all that

she had learned in the last two days. No complicated problem had come into her life before, even though while still a young woman she had been left a widow with two boys to bring up. They had given her comparatively little trouble, though she had been far from an unthinking mother. She had been their comrade as well as their mother, perhaps all the more their comrade because she had lost the companionship of their father and her interests were undivided. They had always been very close and dear to each other; and when, a few years after his father's death, the younger of her boys had suddenly sickened and died of one of those swift ailments that overtake childhood, she and the remaining boy clung together, and cried in each other's arms, and found comfort in their sorrow through their love and companionship. And after a time they grew happy again, and their lives went peacefully on.

Often she had said to herself that she knew her boy's every thought, that he kept nothing from her. Even when he had gone from her into a home of his own, she did not feel that she had lost him, or that he had given her place in his heart to another. She knew how devotedly he loved his wife and baby boy, but he had found other places for them in his warm heart, and it was sweet to know that they had not made him indifferent to her. He still came to her with an almost boyish confidence in her power to help him through any doubt or need.

And he had come to her now in his sorest perplexity.

Two days before, she had received a letter from him which had revealed him as she had never dreamed him, and had opened before her an unbelievable page in his past.

The letter had begun with but brief preface, and had rushed into its bitter theme as if the writer feared to lose courage if he paused. He wrote: "I will be with you almost as soon as this reaches you, but only for a day.

"The time has come, dear mother, when I must confess something to you, and you will know that it is not easy for me to tell you my shameful story. I can not tell you how gladly I would spare you the pain of listening to it, did I not so sorely need your wise counsel. I feel that you can and will advise me how best I can right a great wrong I have done. I do not ask you to share my burden for selfish relief, but I come to you humbly, for difficulties confront me whichever way I look, and I need your help as I never before needed it.

"You must know the character of my confession before I go to you, for, face to face, I fear I might not have the courage to make it. It has to do with a sin I committed ten years ago — when I was little more than a boy. At first — I can not tell why — it did not seem a sin, or trouble me much. I can not now understand myself as I must have been then. But I realize the sin now, and each day it confronts me more sternly, and each day I feel more strongly that I must atone for it. But how — how?

"You remember, the summer I left college, you and our old doctor thought I had over-worked my strength, and I was sent out to the far West, to ride and canoe and hunt, and bring back the health you feared I had lost. Ah, well, I went; and in the wild new country and in the freedom from restraint I ran wild.

"But of course you do remember all this, and how I came back to you brown and sunburned, and strong as a young tree. You were eager to hear about all the wild doings, of my life on the cattle-range, my gallops over the plains, and my stories about the Indians I had made friends with. I told you much, but I did not tell you all. And yet, even now, as I look back at myself with the loathing I do, I can't believe that I hid what I did from any sense of guilt, for, strangely, I did not feel any. That sense only came to me the night after your little godson was christened. If you remember, Marian's rector dined with us that evening. After you and Marian had said good night to us, we sat and smoked, and fell into a serious mood and talked of the serious things of life. He is only a few years older than I, and we have the common meeting-ground of years, if not much else. He spoke of my little boy. He said it must be a strange and solemn feeling that came to a father when he held his first-born in his arms. And he looked at me as if for an answer to his thought.

"I could not give him the one he evidently expected, for I could not truthfully say that any deep feeling had come to me with the little chap. Of course I loved him, and I was surprised at him, and I was afraid I might hurt him if I touched him; but the relief that poor Marian was safely through her suffering was what I really felt. Perhaps because all of the great events of my life have come so in their natural order, I have accepted them as natural and have been unmoved by them.

"I walked with him to the gate when he left, and after we had parted I stood thinking of what he had said, and I wondered if I were really lacking in deep feeling. I admired his gentle, calm estimate of life, and I recalled his serious words; I wondered why such thoughts had come to him instead of to me, and whether I was capable of being a good father to my boy — my 'first-born,' as he had called him in his biblical phraseology.

"Then something strange happened. As I stood thinking this, with the soft wind blowing lightly about me, it seemed as if a voice, which was as much the wind as a voice, came like an echo to the words 'first-born' which had been in my mind. As if from a great distance it spoke in the strange, toneless voice, and said: 'I am your first-born. Have you been a good father to me?'

"There was a quality in the wind as if it had swept across great, flowery prairies, and that summer ten years ago came suddenly back to me; and I remembered the Indian girl, whom I had scarcely thought of for years.

"I can only think now of her with bitter shame and remorse; but I am sincere in telling you that the evil I did was done 'for lack of thought.' Though I came back to you knowing that a poor little being was coming into the world, I did not realize the wrong I had done; nor did the girl seem to — or to blame me. She had her savage moral code, and I had my code of civilization; but neither saved us from ourselves.

"I do not know what has become of her, or even whether she is living. She went out of my mind almost as completely as she went out of my life. But since that night when the voice, which was not a voice, questioned me, there has been no forgetting.

"Every time I look at my boy, or feel his delicate little hands, or kiss his tender, warm cheek, another child stands beside me and watches me with wistful, jealous eyes. I am haunted by a fatherless child who tries to slip its little brown hand into mine and become a part of my life. No matter how busy my days are, it keeps at my side, and it lies down with me at night.

"And now, dear mother, since I have told you all, can you forgive me so far as to help me?

"I feel that I must go in search of the child. If it is living, and I can find it, I feel that I can in part wipe the stain from my life by claiming it before the world. I must do this. Through its ten childish years it may always have felt an alien among its mother's people. It may have feelings it can not understand. It may be neglected, or made to suffer for its different nature. I dare not forget it any listened; why should he? longer. Strangely enough, I think of it rather than of the mother as the wronged one. She and I were two wild, irresponsible creatures who wronged each other. But it - the helpless child — may need me. How can I do my duty by it now, with the least harm to others?"

The night that followed the coming of this letter was one of fitful sleep and sudden awakening; of dreams in which the mother and her son were wandering over wind-swept prairies in search of some elusive object which fled before them, now hiding in the tall grass, and now calling to them from the low drifting clouds.

And when morning finally came, she awoke to face the unbelievable situation. The night before she had only suffered. To-day she must think.

Mrs. Lake was not one of those sternly just and righteous women who spring to meet an evil-doer, sure of but the one stony path to point out to him. By nature she loved pleasant rather than stony paths even for the evildoer to walk in. Throughout her simple, uncomplicated life she had tried to do her duty, but she had met duty in such a gay and bantering spirit that she had never felt quite sure she had not somehow evaded it. Now, for the first time, she longed to be stern. She knew her task would be far easier if, when her boy should come to her, she could say to him:

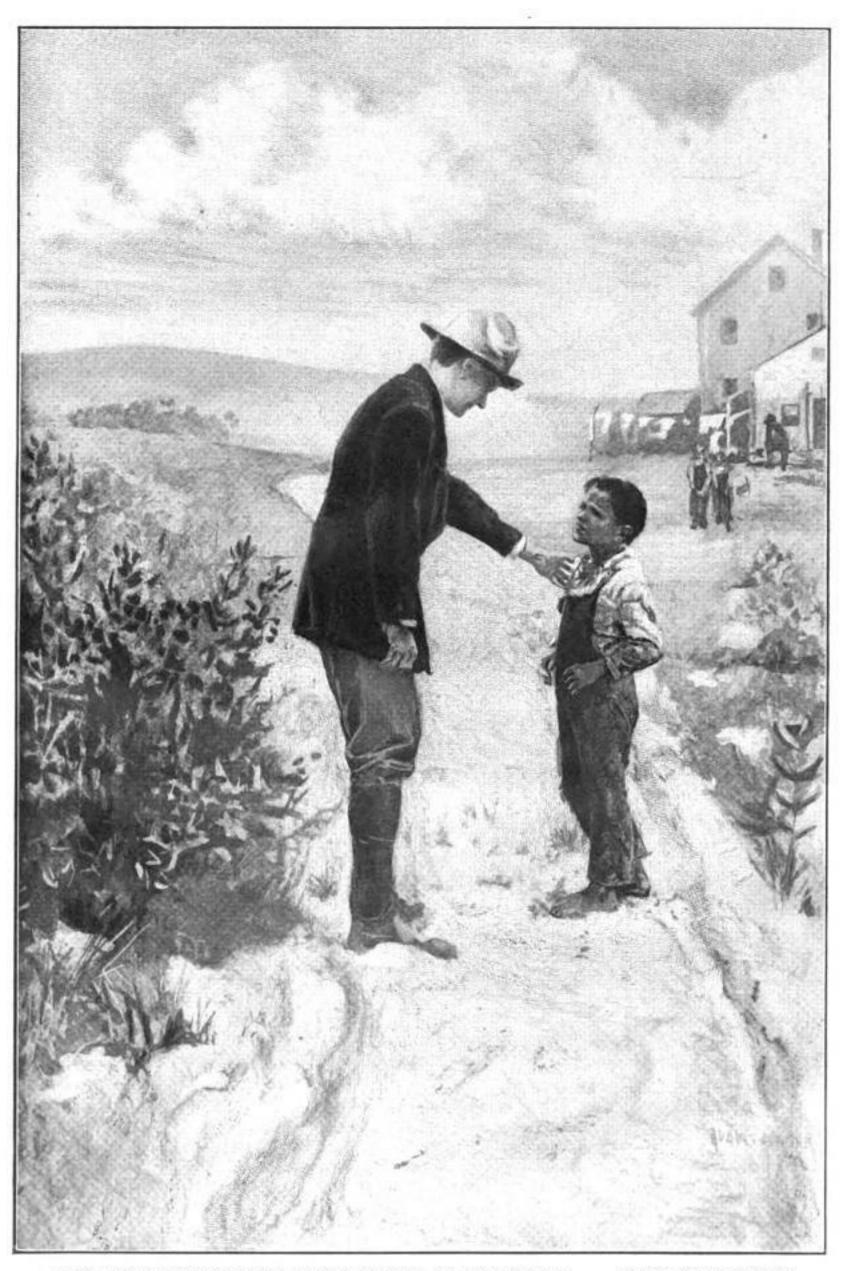
"Why do you come to me to ask what you shall do? You know that a sin is a sin, and one such as you have committed must be atoned for, no matter how bitter the atonement may be."

She tried to realize herself saying something like this to him — to her boy, whom she loved so tenderly, who had come to her now, as he used to come years ago, to ask forgiveness for some boyish fault, and help in curing it.

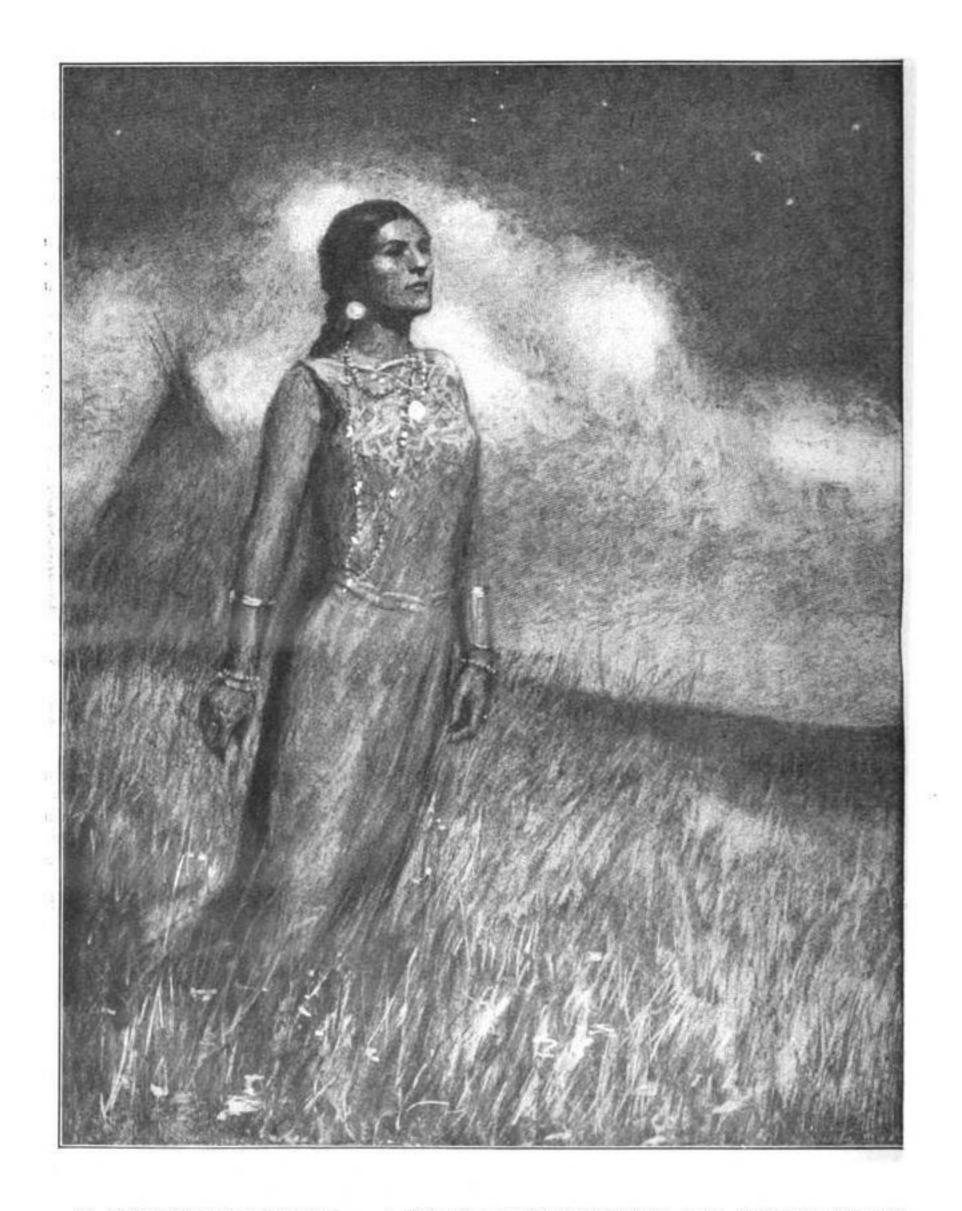
She paused in her slow dressing to gain such comfort as she might by shifting the blame from him to herself. Wherein had she failed toward him, that on the very threshold of manhood he should have done this evil deed which must shadow his whole life? As she looked ahead and tried to reconcile the doing right with the conditions of his life, she tried to see how she could advise him best to do what they both knew to be right without bringing sorrow and shame to all those who loved him. It was all so difficult, look at it as she would, that she almost rebelled against the righting of the wrong. Why need he go back at all? Why not let the past lie buried? Why pay any heed to the voice that had been so slow to call? Other men had not

But, as these questions came in their full meaning to her, she felt her face burn with shame. How dared she allow herself to ask them? How dared she think for a moment of failing her boy, when he had come trusting in her strong support?

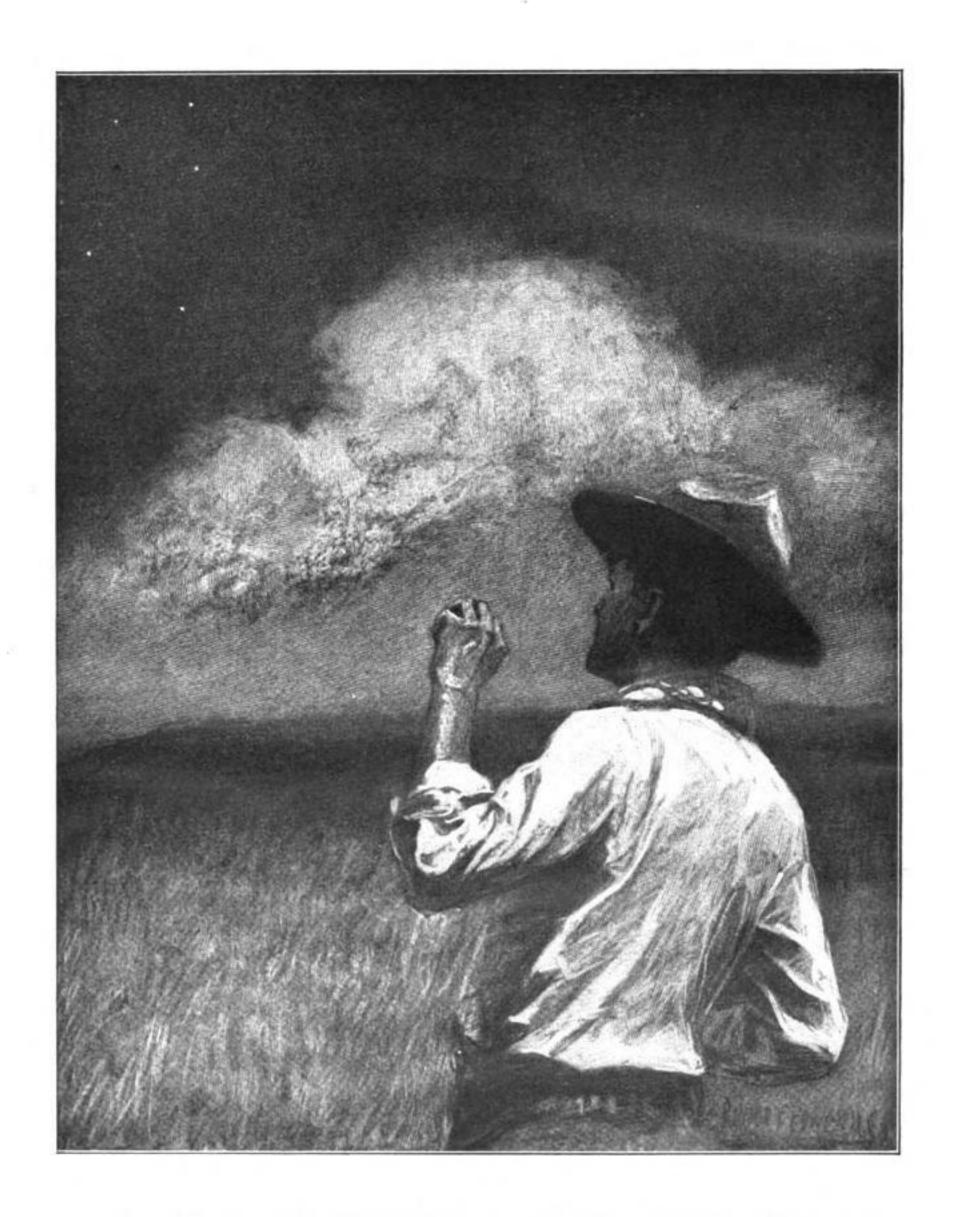
She felt that she was thinking in a circle, always coming back to the point from which she started. She knew that she would sanction



"THE BOY AND I WERE LEFT ALONE, STARING AT EACH OTHER. . . . THINK OF A FATHER SPEAKING TO HIS TEN-YEAR-OLD SON FOR THE FIRST TIME!"



"I REMEMBER THE INDIAN GIRL. . . . I CAN ONLY THINK OF HER NOW WITH BITTER SHAME AND



REMORSE. . . . SHE AND I WERE TWO WILD, IRRESPONSIBLE CREATURES WHO WRONGED EACH OTHER"

what her son felt he should do, since so clearly his tardy conviction was right; but, at the same time, she knew that the consequences of doing right might be direful to him.

But she had the day before her. Inspiration might come and bring a brighter outlook.

When she went downstairs at last, it was to find that Harriet, the servant who had lived with her the greater part of her married life, had chosen this time of all others to exercise her prerogative of long service to have what she herself would later describe as "one of her disagreeable days." So, instead of being able to give herself up to calm thought, she could only be conscious of her misery as a steady undercurrent flowing beneath a surface of angry ripples stirred by many an adverse breeze. No single duty was shirked by the austere maiden, but everything was done with a cold and injured mien which proclaimed these duties drudgery that ought not to be expected of her. The coming of "Mr. Robert," to whom Harriet

felt almost as good a right as his mother, was scarcely commented upon; and, though she prepared the food which she knew he liked best with lofty head and deft hand, into the task went no warmth of heart.

In her mood Mrs. Lake saw a foreshadowing of the world's attitude when his story should be known.

Late in the afternoon, when there was nothing more to do, when the whole house was sweet with summer flowers and the sun came filtering through closed blinds and slowly swaying curtains, Mrs. Lake gave the last touch to the pillows on which her boy's head would rest that night, and then went to her room to put on one of the pretty cool muslins that he liked and never failed to admire her in.

He would be with her in less than an hour. She dreaded his coming, and yet was thankful that the day was so nearly over — the day which, when she awoke to it, she had wondered how she should get through. Perhaps, after all, it was well that Harriet had chosen to be



"THERE WAS NO LEAVE-TAKING BETWEEN THE BOY AND HIS MOTHER. I FANCY THE POOR THING WAS GLAD TO SEE HIM GO. SHE DID NOT KNOW MY NAME, NOR WHERE I WAS TAKING HIM"

disagreeable. She had kept her perturbed, and interrupted her futile plans, which she felt were so unequal to the demands of the occasion. Even now, with the brief time left her, she wasted the precious moments in a whimsical review of the day and Harriet's part in it. Under happier conditions she knew she would have dramatized it all for her own and Robert's amusement when he should come. How he would have laughed! Ah, would she and Robert ever feel the same again, or laugh their light-hearted laugh together?

As she sat before her mirror, combing her hair, she saw reflected from the doorway behind her Harriet's forbidding countenance.

"Mrs. Stone is downstairs, ma'am," she said, without a touch of that sympathy with which she was wont to announce the arrival of that lady.

"Oh, surely not, Harriet. And to-day of all days!"

"It is not my fault, ma'am. I have never made a habit of keeping her for tea — and getting her wonted to coming."

"You know very well I have only kept her because I am sorry for her." Harriet sniffed. "And to think that Mr. Robert is to be here only one day."

"Quite a short visit," said Harriet coldly. Then, relenting slightly as she detected the nearness to tears in the voice of her mistress, she added: "I told her that you were expecting Mr. Robert, but she didn't take the hint. She said she 'enjoyed meeting people from the outside world."

"Then there is no help; she means to stay. Tell her I'll be down soon. Mr. Robert always says she drives him wild."

"I guess she drives other people wild, too — people who don't feel sorry for her just because she is a useless, lazy thing." And Harriet gloomed herself out of the room.

Mrs. Lake sat with brush in hand, thinking bitterly. Had Harriet and her misery not been enough, without having Mrs. Stone heaped upon her? And Robert — poor Robert! How he would hate to find her awaiting him, when he had come with his heavy heart — longing to be alone with his mother. With the sudden inconsequence that she had always condemned in herself, she realized that she was on the verge of laughter as she pictured him sitting throughout the tea, listening to her sentimental platitudes.

Ah, well, perhaps Mrs. Stone was to be a part of his punishment. At another time she knew how he would have grumbled an aside in her ear at finding their visitor ready to greet him, and then, when she was safely gone, beginning, "By Jove, mother, that woman!"— and then breaking into his hearty laugh. But not to-day. There would be no comedy to-day. It was all tragedy.

She went downstairs at last, when she could find no further excuse for lingering, and greeted her visitor with such cordiality as she could force herself to show.

But, happily for the visitor, she was of that self-centered class which sees little beyond itself, and, as long as she was being gratified, cared little for the feelings of others. If she detected any lack of warmth in her victim, she readily forgave it when Mrs. Lake explained that she had not slept well the night before. She playfully patted the cheek of her hostess, and said that clearly it had been an inspiration of hers to come and bring a gleam of sunshine to cheer her in her dullness.

"And Harriet tells me that our dear Robert is coming. I must stay long enough to see the handsome fellow! You know, Robert and I are old sweethearts. Then I'll run away."

"But that will make you late for your tea. If you stay to see Robert, you had better stay to tea."

"How sweet of you! If you really are determined to keep me, I may as well say yes"; and she quickly began to remove her hat and gloves and settle herself in the most comfortable chair in the room.

After listening to a short monologue, Mrs. Lake excused herself and went guiltily to face Harriet with the intimation that a third place would be required at the table, and meekly received the curt reply that the table was set for three.

And then she heard Robert's quick step upon the porch, and she was greeting him in her old loving way.

Through the meal that quickly followed his arrival, Mrs. Stone led the conversation, and Robert rallied his forces with commendable grace, partly because in his gallant heart he could not be rude even to a bore when the bore was a woman, but chiefly because he knew that his mother was suffering, and he longed to save her as far as he might.

After tea they strolled about the garden and gathered a handful of flowers for the unwelcome guest, and Mrs. Lake was asking herself how much longer the infliction would last, when Harriet appeared around the corner of the house, wearing an expression of haughty humility. She wished to know whether Mr. Robert meant to take his mother for a drive during the evening. If not, she would like the horse herself, as she wished to drive out to her sister's. She could take Mrs. Stone home on her way, if she was ready to go?

It was the olive branch which Harriet was holding out to her dearly loved but often disciplined mistress, and, even if she did have the manner of switching her with it, Mrs. Lake sent her a look of gratitude and hastily put the family horse at her disposal. A few minutes later she drove up to the gate with a masterful mien, and sat, stiff and angular, while, with Robert's help, Mrs. Stone airily took her place beside her and was quickly driven away into the gathering shades of evening.

"What a general Harriet is!" exclaimed Robert, with a laugh, which turned into a sigh as he took his mother's hand and they continued their aimless walk about the garden. Silence fell between them, and after a time his

mother said:

"I am tired, Robert; let us go and sit down."

On the porch he put her into her chair and took his place on the step at her feet, resting his head against her knee. She stroked his hair gently, and thought of the times, when he was a boy, that they had sat thus, talking fitfully of the things that come and go through the mind of a boy, which are so precious to his mother.

Her heart yearned over him now in his trouble. If only his father had lived!

Presently a tear fell upon the bowed head.

"Mother!"

"We may as well speak of it, Robert. We must face it."

"Oh, mother, you have always been so good to me, and I have repaid you so cruelly!"

"Don't think of me, dear; we must just try to think what is best for you to do."

"Is there any question of that, mother?"

"No — I suppose not; but there are so many to consider."

"Oh, I know - I know!"

"Have you ever thought—remember, I do not say that you should think it—that it might be better to leave things as they are?"

"Yes; I'm ashamed to say I've often thought that — at first. But now — no! Mother dear, don't let us go back to that time, and pretend to ourselves that it would be right for me to keep on doing wrong."

"Oh, I know what would be right for you to do, but I hardly have the courage to have you do it. If it were only you and I; but there is

Marian — and — the whole world."

"Only poor Marian. The world will very soon get over it. I'll have to endure a few coarse jokes from some men, and bear cold looks from some women; and from time to time I'll have to make explanations, for I'm going to rob the wretched business of all mystery. I've thought it all out. There are many men who have something to hide, and I've always

noticed that the more they try to hide it, the more determined people are to find it out. They get to thinking they have a right to know. They haven't, but I'll allow them to know. I will say: 'This is my child. It is my duty to be its father openly.'"

"Perhaps it is dead, Robert."

He laughed bitterly. "That would make it easier for me than I deserve to have it made. If it is not living, then the horrible nightmare will have passed. It will be known only to you and me. Even Marian need not know; that phase of my life ended before I knew of her existence. You don't think it would be wrong for me not to tell her, do you?"

"No, no — it would be wrong to tell her. She might never feel the same toward you."

"Oh, don't say that! For if it is living she will have to know. Tell me, dear mother, do you feel differently toward me?"

"Ah, that is different, dear. You can never change in my eyes. And, though I am sorrier than I can ever tell you for what has happened, I am still sorrier for you, and you are just as dear to me as ever. And if the child is living and you have to bring it to Marian, she can forgive you the more easily because she will feel that you need her love and sympathy. She will stand by you and help you, for she is a good woman. And can't you see that it will be easier for her to forgive you if you need her than if you went to her and confessed all, and told her that the child was dead, but that you had intended to atone for your sin by doing your duty by it? She might only remember the sin and forget that you were willing to make atonement. But if she sees you making it day after day — yes, then it would be different."

Before they separated for the night they went over all there was to be done. And the next day they could talk of the present and the future with a calmness they would not have believed possible twenty-four hours earlier. Something of the horror had already passed, through acceptance of the situation. Even the cold, stern justice that they were willing to accord "the child" was already tempered by pity and a faint glow of kindliness.

And so they parted — he to go in search of what he prayed was no longer to be found, and she to sit and wait.

The first letters that came back to her were short and brought only news of the fruitlessness of his search. He had gone over his paths of those early years in vain, before his inquiries brought any promise of ultimate success. All traces of the young Indian girl seemed hopelessly lost. In the shifting life of the West, the

men he had known were widely scattered. Even where the great cattle-ranges had stretched away to the horizon, little towns had sprung up and altered the aspect of the country until it was a new land to him.

He wrote that he was discouraged and would soon turn homeward.

With the reading of each letter his mother's heart grew lighter and more hopeful. Then there came one that, before she drew it nervously from its envelop, she knew would tell her what she dreaded to learn. It bore an unknown postmark — the name of one of those unpainted settlements which are strung along the line of railway.

It was a closely written sheet, every line showing the tense excitement of the writer.

"I have found the child," it began. "And how can I ever forgive myself for not having come years ago to look for him!

"As I write he is sitting close beside me, watching me with the haunting eyes which have been following me for months; and now and again he silently puts out a slim, shapely hand — an Indian's hand — and lays it so lightly on my knee that I hardly feel its touch; and when I look at him a timid, happy smile flits across his face. Except for his hands and tall, slim figure, there is little of the Indian about him.

"I know you will want to know how and where I found him. I had said to myself, when I wrote my last letter to you, that I would give two days more to the search, and if at the end of that time I had come upon no trace of him I would not look further. And just at the end of the second day I found him. I had learned that an Indian girl, answering to the description of the one I was looking for, had married a half-breed eight or nine years ago, and had gone with her husband far from her former home. So I hurried after her.

"At a little railroad town I got a horse, and rode all day across the prairie, and at last came in sight of the settlement where I had been told I would find her. It had the characteristic features of discomfort and thriftlessness I had learned to know. On its outskirts grazed a few sullen-looking ponies, and the usual surly dogs raised their voices at my approach. From a thicket of low bushes half a dozen boys rushed out in pursuit of one who ran ahead. As I watched, they overtook him and renewed the badgering from which he was evidently trying to escape. They all came scurrying toward me, so intent upon their victim that they paid no attention to me until I shouted at them. Then they halted, and the boy they were tormenting stumbled to within a few yards of me, and looked up.

"I knew him instantly.

"His poor little face was distorted with the terror he was trying not to show, and his eyes were half blinded by the tears he was doing his best not to shed. As he lifted his face to me I could think of but one person — my little brother George, who died so long ago. It was the same sensitive, sunburned face, and the same dark brown eyes.

"I jumped off my horse and scattered the young ruffians, who ran whooping off toward the houses, and the boy and I were left alone together, staring at each other. He studied my face as if trying to recall one half remembered. I think he forgot me in trying to remember, for he stretched out his hands slowly and gropingly toward me. But when I tried to take them in mine, he started back timidly and turned to run away. Then I spoke to him.

"Think, mother, of a father speaking to his ten-year-old son for the first time!

"I questioned him as quietly and as carefully as I could, in order not to frighten him; for he seemed like some timid, alert little wildwoods creature. But, between my agitation and his limited understanding of English, I learned little. He finally beckoned me to follow him to the cluster of houses. There were plenty of curious ones waiting us there, for the boys I had put to flight had evidently reported my coming. And among them I had no great difficulty in recognizing the mother of my boy. She had changed greatly from the graceful, vivid girl of those other days, and stood looking at me dully, with two or three beady-eyed children peeping from behind her. When I spoke to her, she said she remembered me, and I at last succeeded in getting her apart from the others. I told her why I had come, and asked her if she was willing to give me the boy. She said she was willing, and went in search of her husband, whom she soon brought back.

"That he was the worst type of that halfbreed which comes from a worthless white man who is too lazy or too dishonest to live among his own people, and who sinks below the people of his wife, I saw at a glance. He came lounging toward me, with his shifting, cunning eves glancing me over to see what he could make out of me. I knew that money would do anything with him, so I cut short his story of the expense and care that the boy had been to him by telling him to name the sum that he and his wife would want in order to renounce all further claim to the child. He tried to pave the way for his demand by telling me what a care the boy had been, how cowardly and lazy he was, and how he had worked for and supported him as if he had been his own, until I lost patience and

tioningly what he asked.

"The boy had stood by in meek silence, listening to the character given him, as if too accustomed to it to be moved. And when I finally took his hand to lead him away, he seemed perfectly willing to come with me. There was no tearful leave-taking between him and his mother. I fancy the poor thing was glad to see him go, for there was nothing but relief on her face as she watched him away.

"She did not know my name, nor where or

to what I was taking him.

"And now, dear mother, I am bringing him to you. I know you will see little George in him, just as I did, and that you will take him in your arms and cry over him and love him - for George's sake. My heart is full of remorse as I think what he must have endured

hurried him to the end. I paid him unques- through these lonely, boyish years — so different from mine, with your love to make them rich and happy. He is a sensitive, gentle creature, and must have suffered keenly from his environment. Poor little fellow! He is just one of the many desolate, bewildered children cast upon the world, who can not understand themselves, or why or whence they have come.

> "He is contented and peacefully happy with me, and is more responsive than I had expected him to be to my affectionate advances. I find my heart going out strangely to the shy little fellow as I take him in my arms and press my cheek against his weather-beaten face.

> "Once, when I held him so, he drew away from me and laid his hand against my face, and told me it was hot. He did not dream of the shame that made it burn."

THE FACTORIES

ΒY

MARGARET WIDDEMER

HAVE shut my little sister in from life and light (For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair), I have made her restless feet still until the night, Locked from sweets of summer and from wild spring air: I who ranged the meadow-lands, free from sun to sun, Free to sing and pull the buds and watch the far wings fly, I have bound my sister till her playing-time is done — Oh, my little sister, was it I? — was it I?

I have robbed my sister of her day of maidenhood (For a robe, for a feather, for a trinket's restless spark), Shut from Love till dusk shall fall, how shall she know good, How shall she pass scatheless through the sin-lit dark? I who could be innocent, I who could be gay, I who could have love and mirth before the light went by, I have put my sister in her mating-time away— Sister, my young sister—was it 1?—was it 1?

I have robbed my sister of the lips against her breast (For a coin, for the weaving of my children's lace and lawn), Feet that pace beside the loom, hands that cannot rest: How can she know motherhood, whose strength is gone? I who took no heed of her, starved and labor-worn, I against whose placid heart my sleepy gold-heads lie, Round my path they cry to me, little souls unborn-God of Life-Creator! It was I! It was I!

IN THE WIRELESS HOUSE

BY

ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

Preceding instalments.—Micky Fitzgerald, a younger son of the English aristocracy, is in love with the Hon. Evelyn Farqubar and she with him; but her grandfather, the Earl, dismisses Micky, and Micky leaves England and becomes a wireless operator. At the time the story opens, he is wireless man on the "Pavonia," bound for New York. On board the ship are Mrs. Trevelyan, a famous beauty and London society favorite, an Englishman traveling second class under the name of Cloud, and a young couple, also traveling second class, known as William Bennett and Miss Bennett.

Micky receives a wireless reporting the murder of the Earl of Roakby and the disappearance of Cosmo Graeme, youngest son of Lord Varricks, who is suspected of the murder. By the description Micky recognizes Cloud as the man. Before he has had time to act on the discovery, he overhears a conversation between Graeme and Mrs. Trevelyan disclosing that Graeme is engaged to the Hon. Evelyn. In a moment of despondency Graeme tries to throw himself overboard; but Micky saves him, and promises Mrs. Trevelyan to suppress the wireless. A second wireless now arrives, reporting an embezzlement from the Royal Bank of Edinburgh (of which Mrs. Trevelyan's husband is a director). The Captain is asked to search his ship for Chilvers, the clerk accused of the embezzlement. Mrs.

*Trevelyan identifies Bennett as the missing clerk. He is put under arrest, but Micky learns from Miss Bennett (who is really Mrs. Chilvers) that her father, an old employee in Trevelyan's bank, took the money to send his dying wife to Egypt, and that Chilvers has shouldered the blame for his wife's sake.

In the meantime, Mrs. Trevelyan is in a bad humor because, through a blunder, she has betrayed Graeme's incognito, and because her husband has wired her that the government is "wise" to her \$50,000 pearl necklace, which

she intends to smuggle through the customs.

XIII

HE next day was as thick as ever, and the Pavonia poked her way through the fog toward Fire Island in the company of half a dozen other screaming liners, with whom Micky kept in constant conversation. Indeed, there ing him on his arrest of the latter; but there was nothing further officially about the murder of the Earl of Roakby. Nevertheless, Micky knew that the boat would be searched from keel to crow's-nest before she was half way to her dock from quarantine, and that, if anything were to be done for Graeme, it would have to be done within the next few hours.

Just at dusk a shrill whistle out of the obscurity announced the presence of a tug with

the pilot on board, and the engines ceased throbbing while the little one came puffing alongside, and the pilot, in tarpaulins and rubber boots, appeared up the gangway with a huge bundle of papers in his arms. These he tossed to the Captain's steward, and then, dripping, made his way toward the bridge.

The tug snorted and darted away from the were so many messages to and from shore that side, the bell rang once in the engine-room, and he was busy in the wireless house all the morning the Pavonia surged ahead. Micky, looking out and all the afternoon as well, and he had little of the window of the wireless house, made a time to think of either Graeme or Chilvers. A rapid calculation. Those papers would be demessage had come for the Captain congratulat- livered at once to Captain Ponsonby, who would immediately retire to his room, light a big black cigar, remove his boots, and hold a reading fest. The papers were for the last fourteen days. Ponsonby would begin by hunting through them for the accounts of his own exploit. That might take thirty minutes. It was now a quarter after six, and that would make it six-forty-five. Dinner was at seven-thirty, and of course Ponsonby would have to go down, the last night of the trip. He always shaved himself and was a slow dresser. No, it was unlikely that the Captain would learn of the murder of Roakby before half after eight or nine o'clock. But he certainly would discover it then, and begin to suspect that Micky had held back something from him.

The ship was now about half an hour from quarantine, and it was a question whether or not she would come to anchor before the Captain learned that he might add to the luster already surrounding his name by identifying yet another fleeing felon on board his ship. Once at anchor, Graeme must swim for it. Micky had already figured out that that was his only chance. With a life-preserver or an oar pitched from the last life-boat aft, he might, if the tide were favorable, make the Long Island shore. But in the meantime? Suppose Ponsonby stumbled on the Roakby affair the first thing?

The ship's bell struck six times, and the bugler began simultaneously to blow the first call for dinner. Seven o'clock. It still lacked thirty minutes before the ringing notes of "Roast Beef of Old England" would send the passengers in their every-day clothes down into the saloon for their last musty meal at the line's expense.

Micky put out the lights in the wireless house and climbed down the ladder. Graeme's porthole showed a yellow circle through the fog, and he turned the handle of his door and opened it without knocking. Cosmo was sitting on the bunk — writing a letter. His face was ashen. He nodded, finished writing, licked the envelop, and, sealing it, wrote an address. Then he handed it to Micky.

"I say, old chap, mail this for me?" he said.
"I mayn't get a chance. This is my last night of freedom, I fancy."

"Freedom — fiddlesticks!" retorted Micky.

"I'll have you safe on shore before midnight —
if you don't mind swimming in water that's a
trifle cold."

Graeme shook his head.

"I don't mind cold water, but they'll have me under arrest before we're within reach of land. By the way, here's thrippence for the stamp."

Micky took the threepenny bit and the letter.

The Hon. Evelyn Arabella Farqubar, Toppingham Manor, Toppingham, Old Stotesbury, Hants.

The blood rushed to his freckled face. He had striven to keep this phase of his relation to Graeme in complete abeyance, but now! It would be his last chance. What if it weren't his business? Was Graeme the accepted suitor of his Lady of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem

No, it was unlikely that the or not? He opened his mouth as if in interrolearn of the murder of Roakby gation.

> "It's only a penny to England," he said in a queer voice, fumbling awkwardly in his pocket and producing twopence. "You'll need the change when you get ashore."

> Graeme laughed in spite of himself, and pocketed the two coppers.

> "You're a queer chap," he said. "Somehow, when you are with me I feel as if nothing could happen."

He hesitated.

"Do you mind if I give you my watch? I'd like you to have something of mine. Your taking it would make me feel as if, somehow, you didn't blame me too much for what I'd done."

He unhooked his watch from its guard and laid it in Micky's hand.

"I'll exchange with you," said the Marconi man.

"You're an understanding sort of fellow," continued Graeme. "Maybe we'll meet again. I hope so."

"No," answered Micky; "we sha'n't ever meet again. But sometime, when you're mining out in Vancouver or farming in Manitoba or trading in the Malay Peninsula, you might look at the name engraved inside my old turnip and drop me a line how you are."

"Done!" said Graeme.

Each snapped on the other's timepiece, and Micky laid his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Now," said he, "put out your light and follow me up the ladder."

Graeme turned the switch and, locking the door of his state-room, placed the key in his pocket. No one was on deck. Indeed, the night had fallen swiftly and black darkness covered their movements. Micky opened the door of the wireless house stealthily and closed it after them.

"In about two hours," said he, in a whisper,
"old Ponsonby will wake up to the fact that
you are on board. Of course he knows you're
Cosmo Graeme; Mrs. Trevelyan's responsible
for that. Then he'll probably search the ship.
I've got to keep you out of the way until you
can swim for it, and that won't be until we're
off Fire Island."

Behind the bunk was a narrow closet, totally concealed when the door of the wireless house was open, and amply large enough to contain a human being standing.

"I won't turn on the lights," said Micky;

"and, even if any one comes up, there isn't a
chance in a hundred of his finding you. You
can sit on the bunk, and hide in the closet if we
hear anybody on the ladder."

Micky sat down at his desk and put the re-



"'CAPTAIN PONSONBY! WHAT DO YOU MEAN? YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO INSULT ME IN THIS WAY!!"

ceivers to his ears. Instantly he found himself in the midst of a babel of sound. Within fifty miles of New York at nine o'clock at night the ocean is as noisy as a department-store. Everybody is working all along the coast from Hatteras to Glace Bay.

There was an unexpected diminution of speed and the engines of the *Pavonia* stopped. Through the mist appeared a row of yellow lights. Beyond could be seen the feeble ray of a searchlight creeping here and there around the zenith.

"Quarantine!" cried Micky. "It's now or

never!"

There was a thunder of running chains, a thud, a roar — and the *Pavonia* was still. Suddenly he snatched up the receivers and placed them at his ears. A second or two more, and the blue flashes leaped in showers across his spark gap.

"Do you see those lights?" he whispered in running comment. "Over there to starboard? That's the Patrie — French liner — bound for Algiers. Operator is a friend of mine — Gaston Bruyère. She's waiting for the tide to turn and the fog to lift. To-morrow she'll be three hundred miles on her way to Africa. What do you say? Will you try it?"

"How can I get aboard?" asked Graeme.

"Wait a minute!"

Again the crackle of the leaping sparks.

"I've asked Bruyère to lend you a hand, and he says he will. Wants you to swim around to the starboard chains and he'll throw you a line. Are you on?"

"Yes!" replied Graeme.

Micky dropped his receivers and turned to where Graeme was sitting in the dark.

"I've a hunch Africa is the only place for you. This is your chance. You can trust whatever Bruyère says — and you're safe on board the Frenchman. No extradition papers are valid on the high seas. And it must be a great life — fighting the desert and the Arabs!"

"I've thought of it myself — often," answered Graeme. "Yes, I'll take the chance, and thank you for it."

They crept out of the wireless house, climbed down the ladder to the after-deck, and side by side walked silently toward the stern — the stern where a week before they two had struggled so fiercely together in the moonlight. Not more than two hundred feet away, the Frenchman lay with her nose toward the sea, her lights gleaming, the water pouring from her vents. Graeme took off his coat and waistcoat, and held out his hand.

"God bless you!" he whispered.

For the last time Micky turned to ask him a single question — but he did not ask it.

"Good-by," he answered. "Good luck and God bless you!"

Graeme lowered himself as far as he could over the stern, and dropped. There was a slight splash. A moment more and Micky could see his head bobbing among the waves as he was carried by the tide toward the Frenchman. Presently he was lost in the darkness.

"Well!" sighed Micky to himself. "That

disposes of one of them!"

He folded the coat and waistcoat into as small a bundle as possible, and stole back to the wireless house.

XIV

Micky slowly climbed his ladder, carrying Graeme's clothes on his arm, and wondering what luck the poor devil was having. He felt sure of Bruyère, and the tide was not so very strong. Anyhow, Graeme had been stroke at Oxford and certainly could take care of himself.

He opened the door of his office and steppedinside, drawing it to behind him, and, as he did so, became aware of that same delicate fragrance of violets that he had noticed the week before when he had awakened from sleep and observed Mrs. Trevelyan going down the ladder. But this was stronger.

"Micky!" Lily's voice came from out of the

darkness.

"Why, Mrs. Trevelyan!" he stammered. "You here — in the dark?"

"Oh, I don't mind — if you don't," she answered in honeyed tones. "I love seeing the lights and things — and not being seen. Micky," she added, "I've come to say goodby to you. You've made the voyage so much pleasanter than it otherwise would have been!"

"It's been awfully jolly to have you on board," he answered gallantly, a vague uneasiness such as he had felt earlier in their acquaintance again coming over him. "Don't you want me to turn on the lights?"

"Oh, no!" she replied. "Unless it's against the rules to sit in the dark. Oh, Micky! Won't you be sorry to lose me?"

down the ladder to the after-deck, and side by "Why — yes!" he answered truthfully, wonside walked silently toward the stern — the dering what was coming next. She certainly stern where a week before they two had strug- was a wonderful creature.

> "Micky!" She laid her hand on his arm. "You do like me, don't you?"

> "Of course I do, Mrs. Trevelyan!" he replied, his voice trembling. He could smell now that curious perfume that exuded from her hair — her neck — like a drowsy odor of Araby. "Everybody does," he added after a moment.

"Oh, Micky! Shame on you! That's not what I want!" she laughed playfully. "You do,

and that's enough! Here, you naughty boy! Give me your hand!"

In the darkness of the wireless house Micky felt her soft, gloved hand slide along his arm to his wrist and clasp his fingers. He knew it was wrong for him to be there. He wanted to run away, but he couldn't. He was fastened to where he sat as by a spell — by a spell which the enchantress was weaving tighter and tighter every moment. The blood had rushed to his face and neck and his pulse was beating a hundred and fifty to the minute.

"Micky dear! You'll come to see me in New York? Say you will! We mustn't lose sight of each other entirely."

"Of course I'll come," he answered weakly, the blood pounding in his ears.

"Come day after to-morrow — at five. We'll have a cup of tea together and talk over old times."

"Very well." He no longer tried to withdraw his hand.

There was a moment's silence. Then:

"Micky! Will you do something for me?"

"Why, certainly!" he answered, wondering what he could do for her.

"Bring this box with you."

She laid the box containing the necklace gently on his knees.

"You will — won't you?" she urged, bending toward him.

"Is it — all right?" he asked faintly.

"Why, Micky! Of course it's all right!" she whispered, and took his other hand in her left.

There was a stamp of feet outside, the door was thrown rudely open, and a ship's lantern held high in the hairy fist of a seaman illuminated the wireless house and disclosed Captain Ponsonby glaring at them, white with anger.

"Ex-cuse me!" he thundered, with elaborate sarcasm. "I did not know I was interrupting a — meeting!"

Lily sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing.

"Captain Ponsonby! What do you mean? You have no right to insult me in this way, a passenger on your ship!"

"Passengers are not allowed in the wireless house — at this hour!" he retorted. "May I offer you an escort to your cabin?"

Mrs. Trevelyan stood before him, speechless with fury. Her lace shawl had fallen upon the floor and her yellow hair had been slightly disarranged. For the first time Micky saw that she had on evening dress, and that her neck, which was quite bare, had blushed as red as her cheeks.

"I — I'll assist Mrs. Trevelyan," interrupted Micky.

"Oh — you will!" roared Captain Ponsonby.
"Then assist her at once!"

He leaned over and turned on the electric lights. Micky stooped and picked up the filmy lace shawl and handed it to Mrs. Trevelyan. Then he offered her his arm and led her past the Captain and to the top of the ladder.

Lily gave a hollow laugh. "Charming fellow — Ponsonby!" she remarked nervously. "No, don't come down. I can take care of myself. Good night."

The Captain and his attendant were leaving the wireless house as Micky turned back, and he stood aside to let them pass. Ponsonby did not deign to notice his presence, and strode by in haughty silence; but the seaman with the lantern indulged in an expansive grin and a wink that distorted half his face. The glimmering line of lights that marked the Frenchman suddenly seemed to slide forward. She must be getting off. He threw over his mains, wound up his detector, and hurriedly called the *Patrie*.

"Friend arrived safely," flashed back Bruyère.

"Thank God!" muttered Micky, pleased at the sagacious manner in which his fellow operator had veiled his answer.

"Much obliged. Will write Algiers," he answered. "Good luck and GB."

As he removed the receivers something white upon the floor at his feet caught his eye. It was Mrs. Trevelyan's package, which she had overlooked in her embarrassment. Perhaps she had not overlooked it. Had he not intimated that he would accede to her request? Had he not, in fact, practically promised to do so? He weighed the package in his hand.

"There's only one thing that can be in that," he remarked judicially, "and that's pearls!"

Micky had been correct in his supposition that Mrs. Trevelyan's absent-mindedness had been intentional. She had gone to the wireless house with a well-matured plan which contemplated concealing the package somewhere in Micky's chest of drawers, provided he did not return during her visit, and of communicating her request to him next day under circumstances that would make it seem discourteous on his part to decline. Should he refuse, it was her determination to return to the vessel a day or two later, secure the pearls from him, and take them ashore herself, when the customs inspectors were no longer on duty. She was wrathful at the Captain for his ill-timed interruption and the hippopotamus-like manner in which he had burst upon her rendezvous, and she was furious with herself and everybody else at the series of blunders which had characterized her



"THE GIRL FIXED HER EYES IMPLORINGLY UPON THE BARONET, 'YOU WON'T—YOU WON'T
PUT JIM IN PRISON?' SHE PLEADED".

But, having determined upon her course, she made up her mind to fight it out on that line to the best of her ability. She had already filled out and signed a declaration in which no mention of the pearls had been made, and this she now sent to the purser's office by the hands of Fantine before going to bed. Micky had her address — the St. Regis — and she would trust to his honor as a gentleman and a sailor. For a moment all thought of Cosmo had vanished from her mind. Meantime the Captain sedulously searched the ship for Graeme, but without success. Certainly the man must be somewhere on board — it was only a question of finding his hiding-place; and it never occurred to the honest Ponsonby that his quarry could at that moment be safely on board a French liner speeding eastward toward Africa, and sound asleep in its wireless house, in a uniform belonging to an operator of the Marconi Company.

X۷

THE Pavonia was already under way the next morning when Lily Trevelyan awoke from a nervous and troubled sleep. The fog had cleared and the air sparkled with the brilliancy of autumn. But her discontent and melancholy had not vanished with the mist. Uneasily she wondered if she had not made a mistake in trusting so much to Micky's good nature wondered if she had not obviously overplayed her hand — had not given herself away. What if he should hand the package back to her as she was leaving the ship?

She sprang out of bed and called for Fantine, but the maid was not there. Where could she have gone? Lily's anxiety increased. Hurriedly she began to dress herself without Fantine's customary assistance. But in the midst of her toilet the door opened, and the maid, dressed for landing, made her appearance.

"Oh, madame!" she cried. "Quel malbeur! I have overheard the stewardesses talking. This Dorrance is a detective!"

"A what!" cried Lily faintly.

the government!" answered Fantine, with a deception made known? Or had he merely white face. "And madame has not declared come towarn her against any attempt at evading her pearls?"

"No," answered her mistress. "Why? They were not purchased abroad — you understand?"

"Oui, madame," said the maid. "But the stewardess believes them to have been bought in Paris. Oh, madame! Last week they put a lady in prison who did not declare her furs."

Fantine began to wring her hands and walk excitedly up and down the room. Lily turned in his direction as he hurried toward her.

hot and then cold. Her knees seemed to have lost their strength.

"Nonsense!" she cried, in a tone unconvin-

cing even to herself. "Nonsense!"

"It is true, madame!" wailed Fantine hysterically. "Madame Corwin-Hill was sent to the -comment l'appelez-vous - the sépulcre --" "Tombs" — corrected Lily.

"And another lady hung herself out of a window for shame and disgrace!"

"Stop, you fool!" almost shouted Lily. "Why do you tell me such things?"

But she sank into a chair and ground her nails into her palms. No, it was too late. The declaration was beyond her control — and so were the pearls. She must bluff it through.

As soon as she was dressed, she stepped out upon the deck into the gorgeous sunlight that flooded the harbor. The Pavonia was slowly sweeping by the green shores of Bay Ridge. Here and there, other huge liners were moving in the same and the opposite direction. The Auguste-Victoria, outward bound, bands playing and decks black with swarms of waving passengers, majestically swung past and gave the Pavonia a roar of welcome:

> Fest steht und treu die Wacht, Die Wacht am Rhein!

As she stood there at the steamer's side, a tug, whistling shrilly, came darting down channel toward the Pavonia. She looked at it idly, then focused her eyes upon the figure standing in the bow. It was her husband, Hubert Trevelyan, immaculately clad, as usual, his iron-grayish hair blowing back over his bald spot — a tall, rather stoop-shouldered figure, with an anxious, melancholy face. Behind him were stationed two other men, and the sunlight flashed and twinkled from time to time as it caught something upon the breast of each. Fear rose in her throat. Who were these men and why were they with Trevelyan? Were they customs inspectors, dogging him in order to prevent possible collusion as to the necklace? Why had he come down the harbor, anyway? "A detective, madame! In the employ of Had the declarations already been filed and her the law? But already he had seen her and waved his hat passively. In reply she nodded. That was all — the only recognition between husband and wife separated for four months. The tug cut a wide circle, came up alongside, the companionway was lowered, and Trevelyan made his appearance, followed by the two officers. Lily did not go to meet him. She only turned of-fact tones. "Why this excitement?"

He shook hands with her ceremoniously.

"I've come for Chilvers, of course," said he. "I wanted to avoid any publicity at the dock. You received my Marconigram? Why haven't you got on the necklace?"

She choked in spite of herself.

"I — I —" she stammered in a low tone. "I — haven't got it!"

"Haven't got it!" he cried, aghast. "Haven't kicked himself for a fool.

got it! Why not? Where is it?"

"I haven't declared it," she answered. "Don't be cross with me! I shall manage. A friend of mine on the boat is going to bring it ashore for me."

He looked at her in consternation.

"You must be mad!" he whispered. customs people know all about that necklace. It's historic. Its sale was reported next day by cable in New York. You must get it back at once and wear it in."

"I wish I could," she gasped. "But I'm afraid it's too late."

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Why too late?"

"Oh, you wouldn't understand," she answered. "I didn't tell him what it was - but he suspects, do you see? And I really didn't give him a chance to refuse. We're in his hands — at his mercy."

She hurried him to the ladder leading to the wireless house, and the eyes of those on deck followed them curiously — this joyless aristocrat and his butterfly! Behind them walked the central office men.

"You have to go up here," she said. "I left it with the wireless operator."

Sir Hubert preceded her stiffly up the ladder, and waited while she knocked at the door of the wireless house. In a moment it was opened by Micky Fitz.

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Trevelyan!" he exclaimed in his usual cheerful manner. "What can I do for you?"

"I wish to present my husband, Sir Hubert Trevelyan," she answered. Micky held out his hand, but the baronet merely bowed. Then a look half of inspiration, half of mischief, crossed Micky's freckled face.

"Won't you step into my parlor?" he said, politely holding open the door.

They passed in, leaving the officers outside. Sitting on the bunk, with her handkerchief to her eyes, was the Bennett girl. Mrs. Trevelyan did not recognize her.

"Mr. Fitzpatrick, my husband and I have come to find out if you have the package I left here last night," said Lily formally. She might

"Hello, Trevelyan!" she remarked in matter- have been the merest acquaintance. Indeed, from her tone one would have gathered such to be the case.

> Micky hesitated, and looked inquiringly from one to the other.

> "Yes," echoed Sir Hubert with emphasis. "What I want is my wife's necklace!"

> "Necklace?" returned Micky innocently. "Was there a necklace in that package?"

> Trevelyan bit his lips and metaphorically

"Yes — it contained my necklace," said Lily frankly. "I was trying to smuggle it in. I might as well tell you the truth."

Micky nodded.

"Right-o!" he exclaimed, experiencing one of those quick changes of emotion that Lily Trevelyan could always inspire. "But don't you think you were a bit rash?"

Trevelyan scowled.

"We are not here to discuss the wisdom of my wife's course," he remarked coldly. "The only question in which we are interested is whether you intend to return the necklace at once."

It would have been quite impossible for Micky to formulate the vague hope which the juxtaposition of Sir Hubert and the wife of the latter's unfortunate employee had suggested to him. Indeed, he would undoubtedly have then and there produced and turned over to Lily the package, had not the hitherto silent witness behind them created an unexpected diversion by suddenly swaying and toppling over upon the bunk. Micky darted forward; but Lily had taken in the situation and thrown herself upon her knees by the girl's side.

"She's fainted!" she cried. "Hand me that pitcher, Micky!"

In another moment she was gently bathing the girl's forehead, while Micky opened the door and windows.

The girl on the bunk opened her eyes and fixed them imploringly upon the baronet.

"You won't - you won't - put prison?" she pleaded in a weak voice.

"Er — are you speaking to me?" inquired Trevelyan, in an embarrassed manner. "Who is this young person, may I ask?"

"It's Mrs. Chilvers," said Micky, turning to the representative of the Royal Bank of Edinburgh. "The wife of the man who took that money from your London branch - that is, he didn't take it, but he was willing to assume the blame of it."

Trevelyan and his wife both turned to Micky in astonishment.

"What do you know about it, may I ask?" snapped the baronet, his manner changing abruptly. "That is what she says, I assume."

"It's God's own truth!" cried the Chilvers girl. "Every word of it! Father took the money for medicine and doctors and to send mother to Egypt. Without it she'd have died."

"Who is your father?" asked Sir Hubert.

"Fergus MacPherson," she replied.

Trevelyan seemed stunned.

"MacPherson! Why, he's been with the bank for over thirty years! It's impossible! He wouldn't betray his trust like that!" he cried angrily. "And wby should any one else want to shoulder the blame for him?"

"On mother's account," answered the girl.

"If father had been arrested, the shock would surely have killed her. So Jim — Chilvers — said it was better for him to pretend be was the one. So we ran away, and here we are."

"Oh, Hubert!" groaned Lily, in a rush of

sympathy. "Don't arrest him!"

"A fine fool I'd make of myself with the directors if I didn't!" he retorted, the veins in his temples swelling ominously. "I never heard such a cock-and-bull story in my life! Aged father — dying mother — heroic lover! No, no! I'm too old a bird to be caught that way. Why, you've only got this girl's word for it! No man ever admits that he's a criminal. If there's any truth in his yarn let the jury acquit him!"

"It's true! I swear every word is true!" moaned the girl. "Are you going to lock him up in prison because he was too kind-hearted to let my mother know what father had done? Oh, Sir Hubert, have some pity! And father had worked for you thirty years,— thirty years,— and the most he was paid — at the very end — was two bundred and fifty pounds a year! He couldn't support us all and educate me, and have proper care for mother, on that!"

"Trevelyan," interrupted Lily, speaking very steadily and clearly, "let me say a word. I believe this girl. I don't believe her husband is a criminal. All I ask you is not to be hasty in the matter. Save him the humiliation of an arrest and have his story investigated. The directors certainly would not want to punish an innocent man, and they probably wouldn't want to prosecute old Fergus MacPherson under the circumstances."

"But my duty!" returned Trevelyan doggedly. "How about my duty? Are we to let people commit crime without being punished for it?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir Hubert," said Micky quietly. "I believe you were asking for Mrs. Trevelyan's necklace. Here it is — without any strings to it, either."

Trevelyan turned a deep red.

"Hubert," murmured Lily, "do you know

whom I thought those officers were coming for? I thought they were going to arrest a woman for attempting to violate the customs laws. She was guilty, too. But it turned out they were after a poor fellow who had committed no crime at all. Can't you do something for him, Trevelyan? Let him go! Let them start life over again somewhere else! Do it for me! I ask you! For me!"

Trevelyan gnawed his mustache and looked nervously out of the window.

"Of course," he stammered, "I have no personal feeling in the matter. On the contrary, I am very much affected by what the young woman tells me. But the writ has been issued and the warrant will have to be served."

"Excuse me," contradicted Micky. "Extradition is simply a courtesy extended by one country to another. If the complainants request it the warrant need not be served. It's up to you!"

Trevelyan started toward the door, but before reaching it he turned.

"In view of all the circumstances, I will take the matter up with our local board before sending Chilvers back to England," he said gruffly. "Meantime I will withhold the warrant and merely keep him under surveillance. But I warn you," — he looked sternly at Mrs. Chilvers,— "that this is only temporary, and that the chances are we shall allow the extradition proceedings to be carried through."

He walked out sententiously.

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Lily. "He thinks he means it — but he doesn't. He's all for law and order and all that sort of thing — theoretically. But he'll cool off. I promise you — I promise you that nothing shall happen to Chilvers. You can trust me for that. I'll make him see the truth!"

She nodded to the girl and started to join her husband.

"Micky," she added over her shoulder, "don't forget our engagement — to-morrow afternoon at the St. Regis, at five o'clock precisely."

Micky laughed and took off his cap to her.

"I fancy everything is all right, Mrs. Chilvers," he said.

XVI

THE great ship steamed up the channel, swung round the Battery and into the North River amid a throng of shrieking tugs and ferry-boats. Micky sat aloft in his little cage, smoking his pipe and taking in the scenes at the dock with huge enjoyment. He was in no hurry to go ashore. In fact, unless he were fooling with

horses, he'd rather be on a boat, even with nothing to do, than hanging around town, any day in the week.

"Hello, Micky!" said Binks, sticking his head in the door. "Ere's a pyper in exchange for that Pink'Un you gave me! Goin' ashore?"

"Thanks, old chap!" replied Micky. "No -- not just yet."

Binks departed down the ladder, and Micky lazily opened the paper; but he found little in it to excite his interest, since he had heard most of the news through the air the evening before and during the early morning. Sheet after sheet he scanned of murder mysteries, divorce actions, run-overs, and political upheavals, until on the fourteenth page his eye caught a column entitled "Social Gotham," with the sub-heading of "Earl of Toppingham Visits America."

"Humph!" thought Micky. "The old scallywag! What does he want to visit America for?" He ran down the column. Toward the bottom appeared the following:

The Right Hon, the Earl of Toppingham, accompanied by his granddaughter, the Hon. Evelyn Arabella Farquhar, is stopping for a few days at the Plaza, preparatory to making a trip over the Canadian Pacific to Vancouver, and thence to Japan and India, where his eldest son is in command of a division of the regular army. The party consists of the Earl, his granddaughter, a secretary, valet and maid. It is the Earl's intention first to visit Niagara before proceeding west. His lordship expresses himself as much pleased with our country, but comments unfavorably upon the rates of cab hire, the prevalence of pictorial advertising, and the character of the Broadway musical shows. The Hon. Evelyn Farquhar is a well-known favorite in London society, and her engagement to Cosmo Graeme, youngest son of Lord Varricks, who disappeared two weeks ago after the Roakby murder, has been announced. It is supposed that the visit of the Earl is upon his granddaughter's account and for the purpose of diverting her mind by a prolonged journey in the Far East.

Micky swung his feet to the floor and sat bolt upright. The alarm-clock before him pointed to ten minutes past twelve. The passengers were all safely down the gang-plank and still engaged in combat with the inspectors. He felt in his pocket for change, grabbed his faded cap from its hook, and ran down the ladder. On the main deck he met Binks.

"Sorry," he said, as he hurried by; "I find I can't go with you this afternoon. Got another engagement."

"Oh, you have, have you?" remarked Binks suspiciously. "Wot's her name?"

"None of your blooming business!" retorted Micky, turning the color of a tomato. Then he escaped down the gang-plank, and, parrying the questions of the guardian at the gate, hurried across to Ninth Avenue.

It was exactly three minutes before one when there entered the Plaza Hotel from the Fiftyninth Street side a somewhat short, frecklefaced, auburn-haired, and anxious-looking young person in a shabby blue uniform. The sleek youth at the revolving doors looked at him doubtfully.

"Whodoyerwant?" he shot at him.

But Micky was already at the marble-topped desk, with his eye fixed on the elegant frockcoated figure that lounged behind it. The figure continued to lounge even after Micky had accosted him.

"Earl of Toppingham? Sure, he's staying here. What do you want to see him about?" answered the clerk, eyeing him condescendingly.

Micky clenched his fists. He would have liked to knock the fellow's block off.

"I wish to see Miss Farquhar," he growled, controlling himself.

"Oh, you do? Well, how do you know she'll see you?" inquired the clerk, who spoke as if Micky should have applied for admission to the hotel at the kitchen entrance.

"I'll take a chance on it," he muttered. "Give me a blank card — Lord Algernon."

The clerk glared at him, but haughtily indicated a receptacle containing cards.

Micky wrote something upon one of them, carefully inclosed it in an envelop, sealed and addressed it, and delivered it to a hall-boy, together with half a dollar. Then he stared the clerk out of countenance and took a seat in a grove of potted palms. The boy was gone about ten minutes. Then he appeared, looking eagerly in every direction.

"Come right up," he said, nodding hospitably.

Micky stumbled after his guide into a bronzegilt elevator, and along miles and miles of highly polished hall to a mahogany door. His guide turned a handle that caused the feeble imitation of a decrepit alarm-clock on the inside. The door was opened by Morley, the gray-haired valet of the Earl of Toppingham, who unemotionally took Micky's cap and preceded him to another door, knocked, and left him.

"Come in," said the Hon. Miss Evelyn.

Micky felt the blood rush to his eyes and head. Suppose the Earl should be inside there too? He felt himself choking.

"Don't be a blooming ass!" he muttered, and turned the handle.

It was a big room, furnished severely but expensively, and there was no one there except a young lady standing by the window, in a trim gray walking-suit, her golden — really golden hair neatly done up under a small but rakish



"EVELYN STOOD QUITE STILL, STARING AT HIM IN WONDER. 'MICKY!' SHE GASPED.

hat. It was not his Lady of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, but another — a glorified, an apotheosized Evelyn; only her eyes and lips were the same. She stood quite still, staring at him in a sort of half wonder, and he approached her speechless.

"Micky!" she gasped. "I thought you must be dead!"

"Is that why you didn't answer my letters?" he asked stiffly.

"But I did," she replied tremulously — "all I got. I only received three. And I went on writing to you just the same. Haven't you got them?"

"None," answered Micky, with a lump in his throat. "Oh, Evvy! I haven't had anything but that postal from Cortina!"

"You poor boy!" she exclaimed, coming toward him. He started forward, questioning her with swimming eyes.

"Then you're not engaged to Cosmo Graeme?"

"No — of course not!" she cried, with a little laugh that was half a sob. "How could I be, when I'm engaged — to some one else?"

That most sedately correct person, Mr. Jonathan Morley, several times poked his head inside the door to announce that luncheon was ready, and each time discreetly withdrew it. His lordship had gone downtown to attend a midday banquet in his honor given by the Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. Morley did not feel at all at his ease with respect to what he observed in the drawing-room of his master. More especially, however, his conscience began to smite him for having arranged for the abstraction of the letters of the pair inside, who, he observed, were quite oblivious of his existence. The luncheon grew cold — colder — stone-cold. At the end of an hour Mr. Morley regretfully ordered its removal, and retired to his lordship's bed-chamber to lay out the evening clothes of his master.

In the embrasure of the window these two babes in the wood sat in much the same posture that they had occupied in the grove behind the gamekeeper's on that memorable afternoon three years before.

"You must never, never leave me now, Micky dear," whispered the Hon. Evelyn. "I've been so lonely! Grandpa has been utterly unreasonable. Why, he used to instruct me just what I was to say to different people — imagine! And I'm sure he gave it out that I was engaged to Cosmo."

"The old ruffian!" answered Micky, patting the back of her hand. "But, poor old chap, perhaps he was right. I might have become an awful bounder, you know, batting around this way all over the globe. But I'm going to settle down now — and I'm going to find your letters, if I have to visit every Marconi office in the civilized world!"

"But you've enjoyed it, haven't you?" she teased him.

"Enjoyed it! Have you?" he answered.

He drew her to him and kissed the lips that quivered and smiled at the same time.

"Lunch!" she suddenly exclaimed, disengaging herself from his arms. "Why, it's half-past two!"

"Oh, hang the lunch!" answered Micky. "Let's cut it out and go for a drive. We can get tea somewhere."

A moment later the much scandalized Morley saw his mistress depart with her shabby visitor. He shook his head resignedly.

"Hit's no use kickin' against the pricks!" he ruminated sadly, as they entered the elevator.
"What is written is written! I wonder what his lordship'll say when he comes back!"

The elegant young man in the office almost lost his balance as he saw the Hon. Evelyn Arabella Farquhar and her escort pass unconcernedly through the hall and enter a hansom, and his excitement was shared in almost equal degree by the six-foot starter on the sidewalk.

"Where to, sir?" asked that stately person, touching his cap respectfully.

"Oh, anywhere!" answered Micky casually. "Anywhere that'll take until about half after six to get back from."

"Very good, sir!" gasped the starter. "Yonkers!" said he to the cabby, with a grin behind his gloved hand.

The Hon. the Earl of Toppingham did not return to the hotel until nearly five o'clock. He was somewhat out of temper, as his taxicab had collided with a brewery wagon, and he had been obliged to give his name, occupation, and address to an assiduous policeman, very much to his disgust. He had also essayed to walk from the scene of the disaster, and had lost himself in the neighborhood of the East River.

Morley followed him deprecatingly into his bedroom and coughed suggestively.

"Mr. Michael has turned hup, sir," he said in well-considered tones.

"What!" ejaculated the noble Earl. "Here?"

"Just so, sir!" replied Morley regretfully.

"And I should tell your lordship that Miss Farquhar went out with him at 'arf after two, sir, and 'as not yet returned, sir."

The Earl of Toppingham made no reply. Then, with his back to Morley, he said:

"Have you still got all those letters?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Well, give them to me," directed his master.
"I may be able to arrange to have them de-livered."

Then the Earl of Toppingham, who was really a nice old man according to his lights, went alone into the drawing-room, and, having lit a very cheap and nasty cigar, stood looking out over the waving tree-tops in the park for upward of an hour; and he was still watching the lines of misty lights that circled among the foliage or marched in double columns along its boundaries when the door opened and Evelyn came in.

"Hello, grandpa!" she cried, going over and putting her arms around his neck. "I suppose Morley has told you the whole thing?"

His lordship bent and kissed her flushed cheeks. "My little Evvy!" he whispered. "My little Evvy!"

"Beg pardon, sir!" called the astonished cabby after Micky, as the latter was leaving the steps of the Plaza just as the Hon. Evelyn had entered her apartment on the twenty-fifth floor. "Ain't yer goin' to pay me? This here old hoss is clean played out."

Micky stopped short and thrust his hands into his pockets one after the other.

"How much is it?" he inquired calmly.

"Thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents," answered the cabby.

"Is that all?" said Micky. "That's much too cheap. I shouldn't think you could feed the horse on that — apart from yourself. But, you know, I haven't any small change about me."

"Eh!" cried the cabby. "What are you givin' me?"

"Charge it to the Earl of Toppingham!" said Micky, lighting a cigarette.

"Charge nuthin'!" shouted the cabman.
"You give me my money!"

"Oh, well," retorted Micky, climbing into the cab, "drive me down to the Cunard Pier!"

He had finished his last cruise! His job with the Marconi Company was over. The leggy little girl with the big dog was his! He was going back to England — dear, rotten old England, as Graeme had called it — to begin a new and very different life, a life of responsibility, he hoped of usefulness, with Evelyn beside him. It had been a strange mix-up, yet it had all come out better than any one could have expected.

The cab rumbled across car-tracks and cobble-stones until it stopped in front of the big pier with its flashing rows of electric lights.

"Wait a minute," said Micky, as he climbed out. "I'll be back in a minute and give you the money."

"No, you don't!" remarked the cabby. "Me an' you will go along together."

"Oh, very well," answered his fare. "Come along. Perhaps sometime you'll want to take a state-room on the boat." They climbed the stairs to the upper story, passed the watchman, who looked suspiciously at the shabby fellow carrying his whip in his hand, and thence ascended the gang-plank to the *Pavonia*.

"This way, my friend," said Micky, leading him to the purser's office.

The rat-faced purser was hard at work at his accounts, and did not look up at his visitor's approach.

"Hello there, old chap!" called Micky through the grating. "Come over here a minute, like a good fellow; I want to speak to you."

"Wait a minute, Micky," answered the other meditatively, still counting — "and nine is sixty-seven." He wrote it down, and stepped to the window. "What do you want money?"

"Yes," said Micky, "among other things."

"What are the others?" laughed the purser.
"Perhaps they're easier to get."

"Well," replied Micky in his most casual manner, "I want to engage Saloon A 1, and the rooms that go with it, for the return voyage. You call it the 'bridal suite,' don't you?"

The purser looked at him reprovingly.

"What kind of a joke is that?" he asked. "Are you tight?"

"Haven't had a drink since we left Naples," answered Micky. "This is on the level."

The purser eyed him suspiciously.

"Who for?" he inquired.

"Myself," said Micky, with dignity.

"You make me sick!" snapped the purser.

"I'm not kidding," answered Micky. "I want to engage it — honor bright."

"Go soak your head!" rapped out the other.

"Are you going to take my order or not?" inquired Micky loftily.

The purser shoved a yellow blank toward him under the grating.

"All right, smarty," he retorted; "sign an application if you want it."

Micky took up the pen, and hesitated a moment as if trying to recollect something he had almost forgotten. Then he filled out the slip carefully, taking a long time about it, and slid it back to the purser. At the bottom, after the words "Signature of applicant," appeared in Micky's labored scrawl the name:

Michael Fitzpatrick St. Giles Stanley Hamilton, Earl of Roakby, Viscount Chiselburst, Baron Montagu.

"You see," he explained semi-apologetically, "that Roakby chap who was shot in England the other day happened to be my uncle. Now, Shylock, old chap," he added patiently, "just give me a month's wages to pay my cabby, will you?"



WILLIAM JAMES SIDIS, WHO ENTERED HARVARD AT FOUR-TEEN, AND ASTONISHED ALL HIS INSTRUCTORS BY HIS PROFOUND GRASP OF MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLES. AT FIVE HE COULD STATE OFFHAND ON WHAT DAY OF THE WEEK A GIVEN DATE WOULD FALL

LIGHTNING CALCULATORS

A STUDY IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HARNESSING THE SUBCONSCIOUS

BY

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

OT so very long ago there passed through New York a seven-year-old boy who, although the general public had heard little about him, was an object of considerable scientific curiosity. His name was Miguel Alberto Mantilla, he was the son of a Mexican banker, and he was then on his way to Europe for a pleasure tour with his father. There was nothing about his appearance to suggest that he was in any respect an extraordinary boy. But, as certain scientists had been informed, and

OT so very long ago there passed through New York a seven-year-old boy who, although the general public had heard little about him, was an object of considerable ariosity. His name was Miguel ntilla, he was the son of a Mexican pectedness.

Briefly stated, the story that had preceded him to New York, backed by the weight of affidavits sworn to by judges, lawyers, educators, and prominent business men of his native town of San Juan Bautista, was as follows:

Miguel Mantilla, the Mexican Child Prodigy

Until he was six years old, little Miguel's life had been that of the average child, a life made up mostly of eating, sleeping, and playing. No attempt had been made to educate him, except that he had been given some elementary instruction in reading. On the evening of February 1, 1910 — that is, two days after his sixth birthday — his father was discussing with his mother the advisability of keeping open, on at least one of the three holidays that would occur in February, the bank of which he was manager.

"I think," he observed, "that I will close it on two of them, but keep it open the third" naming a date.

Miguel, playing on the floor, looked up sharply. "But, father," said he, "you certainly will have to close it that day, for it will be Sunday."

"That is true," responded his father, after a moment's thought. "And how did you know it would be Sunday?"

"Why, that was easy for me. I can guess many things much more difficult than that."

"In that case," said Mr. Mantilla, smiling, "perhaps you can tell us on what date the first Sunday of April will be in 1918?"

What Day of the Week was January 24, 1839?

To his amazement, the child, after an interval of only a few seconds, named a date which investigation proved to be correct. Other questions of a similar character followed. Always the right answer was given. Astonished, perplexed, and possibly a little worried, the Mantillas called in some of their neighbors. Again the boy was questioned; again he displayed an unerring knowledge of the intricacies of the calendar. "What day of the week was January 24, 1839, my birthday?" asked one neighbor, Professor C. M. Maldonado, of the Institute of Juarez. "Thursday," came the prompt and correct reply.

"And the same date in the year 2000?"

"Monday," was the equally correct answer.

Other leading Bautistans examined Miguel in the course of the next few weeks, and so impressed were they with the seemingly supernatural character of his "gift" that they decided that a report should at once be made to the American Society for Psychical Research. In the statement accompanying their affidavits it

"He has the rare and surprising faculty of resolving as quickly as he is asked, and with entire precision, such questions as: 'What days of the week coincide with the date of a known month and year?' 'What dates of a month

was stated that:

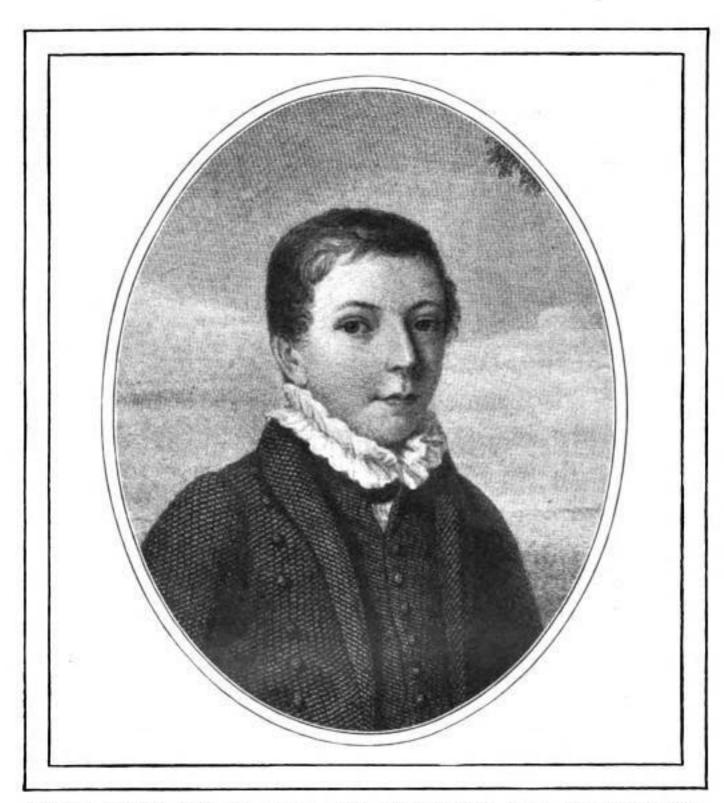
'What years will have, in a month indicated, a certain date which coincides with any given day of the week?' This alike in regard to years past as well as those in the future, taking into account leap years. He has been asked repeatedly on what date falls, for example, the second Sunday of a month and year indicated. All of which he answers with accuracy and without doubt or hesitation."

Seven-Year-Old Miguel is Put through the Third Degree

Tested in New York by Professor J. H. Hyslop, of the Society for Psychical Research, the boy fully bore out this glowing report from Mexico. In a long examination he made but two mistakes,— barring one slip, which he immediately corrected,— and both of these errors referred to dates in the sixteenth century previous to the change from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar. He named correctly the days of the week on which would fall such a variety of dates as July 4, 1876; August 18, 1854; September 10, 1910; October 1, 1901; and June 6, 1900. He gave 1522 (incorrect), 1910, 1916, and 2000 as years when February 4 would fall on a Friday; and 1630, 1799, 1805, 1811, 1822, 1901, 1907, 1918, 1929, and 2002 as having December 15 on Sunday. All of these and other days and dates, according to Professor Hyslop, he gave with scarcely an exception in less than a quarter of a minute after each problem was put to him. And this at a time (May of last year) when he was not eight, and was barely able to read!

Now, what is the explanation of such astounding mental mastery of the calendar, especially in one so young? Is it necessary to assume that Miguel Alberto Mantilla is the happy possessor of a supernormal faculty denied to the vast majority of men? Is it that his peculiar ability is perfectly normal, but the result of an exceptional inheritance? Or is it merely that he utilizes a power common to all mankind but not commonly drawn upon? And, in this case, would it be possible for others, by appropriate training, to develop the same "gift," or one analogous to it?

For myself, after a somewhat prolonged study of the whole problem of "lightning calculation," I am strongly inclined to answer both of these last two questions in the affirmative. I believe, indeed, that the prevalent tendency to regard "boy wonders" of the Mantilla type as products of a bizarre heredity — and honce inexplicable on any developmental theory — is simply the result of neglect on the part of scien-

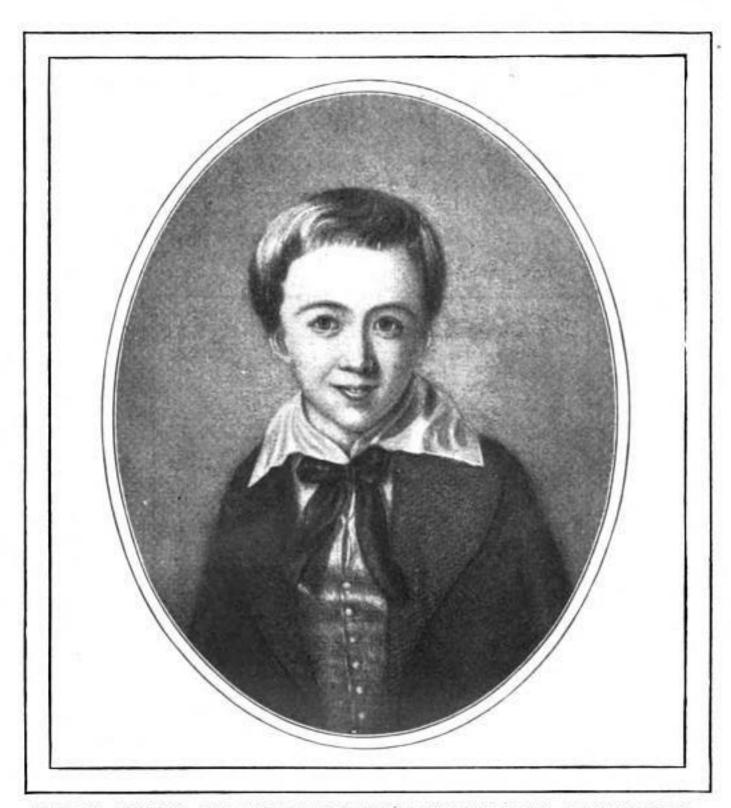


GEORGE BIDDER, SON OF AN ENGLISH STONE-MASON, WHO AT TEN COULD ANSWER SUCH QUESTIONS AS: "HOW MANY DROPS IN A PIPE OF WINE, SUPPOSING EACH CUBIC INCH TO CONTAIN 4,685 DROPS, EACH GALLON 231 INCHES, AND A PIPE 126 GALLONS?" BIDDER BECAME A GREAT ENGINEER

tists to inquire closely into the life histories of such prodigies. The few really stimulating investigations that have been made — notably those by the Englishman F. W. H. Mvers and the Frenchman Alfred Binet - have attracted scant attention from the scientific world. The average scientist, almost as much as the average layman, regards the lightning calculator as a freak of nature, a thing to be marveled at but not understood — as presenting, for that matter, a riddle the attempted solution of which can only be a waste of time. Whereas, for reasons that I shall endeavor to make entirely clear, there actually is warrant for the assertion that few problems in any field of scientific inquiry, from a practical no less than a theoretical point of view, are more deserving of systematic, thorough, and extensive research.

Lightning Calculation a Manifestation of Genius

My own belief, to be specific, is that the mental processes of lightning calculators like little Miguel Mantilla differ not at all from those of ordinary human beings; that the only difference is an unusual facility of access to resources shared by everybody of normal mentality; and that this facility of access, in turn, depends on a factor utilizable by all. I believe, further, that the performances of lightning calculators are essentially, if in a low degree, manifestations of what we call "genius," and that, through diligently studying the mechanisms operant in their feats, we shall gain not merely greater insight into the nature of genius, but assistance in enabling us to approximate more



TRUMAN SAFFORD, THE "YOUNG VERMONT MATHEMATICIAN." HE WAS AN EX-TREMELY RAPID CALCULATOR, AND AT TEN COULD MULTIPLY ONE ROW OF FIFTEEN FIGURES BY ANOTHER OF EIGHTEEN IN A MINUTE OR LESS. HE WAS ONE OF THE FIVE KNOWN LIGHTNING CALCULATORS WHO SHOWED HIGH ALL-AROUND MENTAL ABILITY

of men of genius.

Assuredly, plenty of material is available for the work of investigation. Authentic records are extant of more than a score of lightning calculators, several of whom, it is worth noting, are or at one time were calendar experts on the order of the Mantilla boy. When William James Sidis, that remarkable fourteen-year-old Harvard student who for several years has been astonishing his instructors by his really profound grasp of mathematical principles, was a child of five, he could similarly state almost offhand on what day of the week a given date would fall. This, by the way, was his sole accomplishment in the realm of lightning calculation, just as it seems to be young Mantilla's sole accomplishment. On the other hand,

and more closely ourselves to the achievements mental juggling with dates is but an item in the repertoire of Jacques Inaudi, one of the best known and most spectacular of present-day professional calculators.

The Spectacular Performances of an Italian Peasant

Inaudi, who was born on an Italian farm forty-five years ago, grew to manhood quite uneducated, not learning to read or write until he was nearly twenty. None the less, he was only six when he first manifested a passion for figures, and at the tender age of seven he was nonchalantly executing mental multiplications of two numbers each containing five figures. He was not much older when his brother took him on an organ-grinding tour, Jacques' duty

being to hold his cap for pennies, and to try to coax in a few more by giving exhibitions of his arithmetical dexterity. In this way he was brought to public notice, and in due course graduated from the road to the café and from the café to the variety-hall. At twenty-four, while performing in Paris, he was examined by a number of scientists, including Charcot, Darboux, and Binet, who confessed themselves staggered by the rapidity of his calculations and the extent of his memory for figures.

At the close of one sitting he was asked to repeat the figures used in the different problems set him during an examination of upward of two hours. These totaled two hundred and thirty, a careful record having been kept. Inaudi, Binet declares, went through the entire list without a mistake. At another sitting he was given a number containing twenty-two figures; eight days after, having meanwhile been giving his daily performances in the. theater, he was unexpectedly asked to recall this number, and, to the general amazement, he succeeded in doing so. Requested to cube the number 27, he gave the correct response in ten Three seconds.

KARL GAUSS, A FAMOUS MATHEMATICIAN WHO AT NINE ENTERED THE ARITHMETIC CLASS OF A LOCAL SCHOOL, WHERE HE STARTLED AND ANNOYED HIS TEACHER BY WRITING DOWN THE ANSWERS TO PROBLEMS AS SOON AS THEY WERE STATED

seconds after the last word had fallen from the lips of his examiner, he gave the exact number of seconds in a period of thirty-nine years, three months, and twelve hours. He gave the square and Boston to be 65 miles, how many steps seconds, and multiplied five-figure numbers in I go three feet at a step?" forty seconds.

Yet Inaudi's rapidity of calculation is, after all, not more impressive than that of the majority of first-class performers in the same field; and many have attacked successfully problems much more complicated than he essays. Arthur F. Griffith, "Marvelous Griffith," the Syracuse, Indiana, calculator, who died last Christmas at

the age of thirty-one after many years' service on the vaudeville stage, is credited with having raised a number to the sixth power in eleven seconds, and with having multiplied two rows of nine figures in considerably less than half a minute.

Some Questions Answered by a Six-Year-Old American Child

Great rapidity also characterized Zerah Colburn, an American prodigy of last century, who

> attained fame as a professional calculator before he had passed his seventh birthday. Here are a few of the mathematical questions correctly answered by him when he was a child of six:

"Assuming that a clock strikes 156 times in one day, how many times will it strike in two thousand years?"

"What is the square of 1,449?"

"Supposing I have a corn field in which are 7 acres, having 17 rows to each acre, 64 hills to each row, 8 ears to a hill, and 150 kernels on an ear; how many kernels in the corn field?"

"What sum multiplied by itself will produce 998,001?"

The answer to this question was

given in four seconds, while in ten seconds the answer was given to the question:

"Admitting the distance between Concord root of four-figure numbers in from one to three must I take in going this distance, allowing that

> "If You Will Tell Me Your Age in Years I Will Tell It in Seconds"

> Henri Mondeux, a French calculator of the same order, specialized, as a child, in rapid reduction of time to seconds. It was through his ability in this respect that he first became a pub

lic character. Walking, one day, a ragged, barefoot urchin, across a field near Tours, he fell into conversation with two young ladies, strangers to him, and, after answering their questions regarding the neighborhood, astonished them by saying to the younger of the two:

"If you will tell me your age in years, I will

tell it to you in seconds."

"I am nineteen," said she.

"Then you have lived 599,184,000 seconds." Noting his reply, which was given without an

instant's hesitation, the young ladies showed it to a schoolmaster in Tours, who verified it by working out the calculation for himself. Profoundly impressed, he sought Mondeux, found he could not read or write and knew nothing of arithmetic as taught in the text-books, and invited him to Tours to receive some education. From Tours, at fourteen, he was taken to Paris, where his powers as a ready reckoner were tested by a committee of the Academy of Sciences.

This committee, besides ascertaining that he undoubtedly could in a very few moments reduce to seconds any given number of years, discovered also, in

operations of arithmetic, but even, in many invents processes, sometimes remarkable, to solve various questions which ordinarily are treated with the aid of algebra." Problems of the most puzzling kind were answered by him with an ease that amazed his every questioner. Thus, on one occasion he was asked:

The Problem of the Fountain

"In a public square there is a fountain containing an unknown quantity of water. Around

it stand a group of people with vessels capable of containing a certain unknown quantity. They draw at the following rate: The first takes 100 quarts and 13 of the remainder; the second, 200 quarts and 73 of the remainder; the third, 300 quarts and 13; and so on until the fountain is emptied. How many quarts were there in it?"

Without so much as touching pencil to paper, and after only a few seconds' deliberation. Mondeux gave the correct answer. Small wonder

that the superstitious peasants of his native village of Neuvy-le-Roi suspected him of being in constant touch with an evil spirit that whispered the answers to him. Had he lived in the Middle Ages he surely would have been hanged or burned as a wizard.

Vito Mangiamele, a Sicilian, was another calculator quizzed by members of the Academy of Sciences. He was even younger than Mondeux, and totally lacking in education, when he appeared before that learned body; yet he was able to entertain it with several startling arithmetical feats. In half a minute he found the cube root of 3,796,416, and in little longer

"MARVELOUS GRIFFITH," AN INDIANA CALCULATOR WHO COULD RAISE A NUMBER TO THE SIXTH POWER IN ELEVEN SECONDS. HE COULD NOT HOLD AN ORDINARY CONVERSATION THREE MINUTES WITHOUT BRAIN-FAG, BUT COULD TALK FOR HOURS ABOUT MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS

the words of its report to the Academy, that he time the tenth root of 282,476,249. He also "easily executes in his head not only diverse solved the equation x⁵-4x-16,779 - o, and in less than a minute correctly answered the quescases, the numerical resolution of equations; he tion: "What satisfies the condition that its cube plus five times its square is equal to fortytwo times itself increased by 40?" Mangiamele was then only ten years and four months old.

Mental Multiplication in 100-Figure Numbers

But more remarkable than any of the foregoing was the German calculator Zacharias Dase, who began giving public exhibitions at the age of fifteen. His ability to retain and mentally manipulate vast masses of figures has never been equaled by any other calculator on record. Most calculators, for example, have found it impossible to multiply in their heads two numbers containing more than ten or fifteen figures Excepting Dase, only one - that eighteenth-century marvel, Jedediah Buxton has thus multiplied as high as two forty-figure Dase, however, went far beyond this, for at least once he mentally multiplied two one-hundred-figure numbers. Besides which, he once extracted, entirely by mental processes, the square root of a sixty-figure number, and another time that of a hundred-figure This last operation took him only number. fifty-two minutes. Almost always, in fact, no matter how large the sums with which he had to deal, his calculations were performed in less time than would be required by the average mathematical expert working on paper.

Most Lightning Calculators Lack All-Round Mental Ability

Oddly enough, outside of calculation, Dase was a sad ignoramus. Still, this has to be said of most lightning calculators. Of the more celebrated, only five, so far as the records show, have displayed anything like a high all-round mental ability — Truman Safford, George Bidder and his son of the same name, André Ampère, and Karl Gauss. Of these, Safford, like Colburn, the son of a Vermont farmer, became in 1876 professor of astronomy at Williams College, where he remained until his death in 1901. He was a child of less than three when his parents discovered "the grand bias of his mind" toward mathematics, and by the time he was six he was able to calculate mentally the number of barleycorns (617,760) in 1,040 rods. Before he was eight he had begun to study algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and astronomy; and in his tenth year he published an almanac computed entirely by himself. He was, too, like Inaudi, Mangiamele, and the rest, an extremely rapid calculator, even then multiplying one row of fifteen figures by another of eighteen in "not more than one minute," as has been testified by the Rev. H. W. Adams, a mathematician who put him through a grueling three hours' examination.

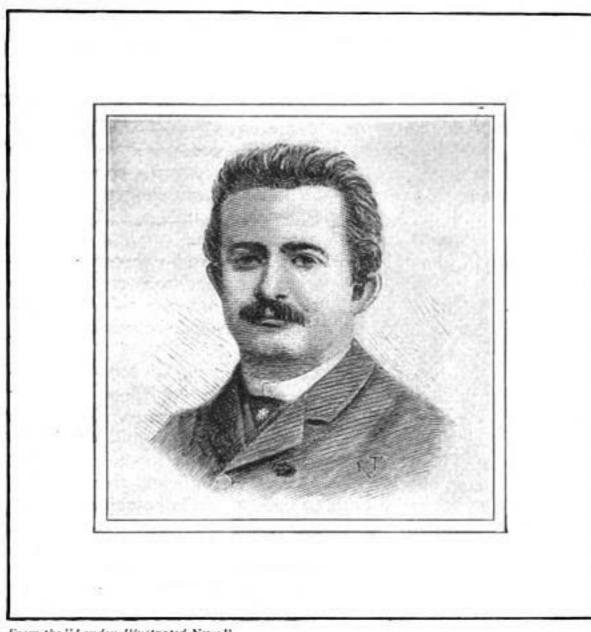
The elder Bidder, son of an English stonemason, received his "first and only instruction in numbers," at about six years of age, from an older brother who taught him to count up to a hundred. At ten he was answering such questions as: "Suppose a cistern, capable of holding 170 gallons, to receive from one cock 54 gallons, and at the same time to lose by leakage 30 gallons, every minute; in what time will the cistern be full?" "How many drops are there in a pipe of wine, supposing each cubic inch to contain 4,685 drops, each gallon 231 inches, and a pipe 126 gallons?" At the age of eleven, some of Bidder's admirers raised a fund to place him in school, and eventually he attended the University of Edinburgh, where he had a brilliant career. Afterward he became one of the great engineers of England, his most notable work being the construction of the Victoria Docks at London. His son, somewhat inferior to him in calculating ability, won honors as a student at Cambridge, and, entering law, quickly made himself a successful barrister.

A Three-Year-Old Child Corrects His Father's Reckoning

It is in Ampère and Gauss, though, that we find the most distinguished representatives of the fraternity of calculators. The former will always be esteemed for his discoveries in the realm of electro-dynamics, the latter for his important contributions to the progress of mathematical science. Both were unusually precocious as children, and a curious story is told regarding the first manifestation of Gauss' powers in the way of mental calculation.

"His father"—I quote from Prof. E. W. Scripture—"was accustomed to pay his workmen at the end of the week, and to add on the pay for overtime, which was reckoned by the hour at a price in proportion to the daily wages. After the master had finished his calculations and was about to pay out the money, the boy, scarce three years old, who had followed unnoticed the acts of his father, raised himself and called out in his childish voice: 'Father, the reckoning is wrong; it makes so much'—naming a certain number. The calculation was repeated with great attention, and, to the astonishment of all, it was found to be exactly as the little fellow had said."

At nine Gauss entered the arithmetical class of the local school, where he startled — and annoyed — his teacher by writing down on his slate the answers to problems almost as soon as they were stated to him. A year later he was engaged in the study of higher mathematics, and it is said that by fourteen "he had become acquainted with the works of Euler and Lagrange, and had grasped the spirit and methods of Newton's 'Principia.'" His memory for figures must have been at least equal, if not superior, to Jacques Inaudi's, since it is claimed for him that "at once, or after a very short pause, he was able to give the properties of



From the "London Illustrated News"

JACQUES INAUDI, SON OF AN ITALIAN PEASANT, WHO AS A CHILD EARNED PENNIES BESIDE HIS BROTHER'S HAND-ORGAN BY HIS ARITHMETICAL FEATS. AT TWENTY-FOUR HE WAS EXAMINED BY A GROUP OF FAMOUS SCIENTISTS, WHO ASKED HIM TO REPEAT THE FIGURES USED IN DIFFERENT PROBLEMS SET HIM DURING A TWO HOURS' EXAMINATION. HE WENT THROUGH THE ENTIRE LIST WITHOUT A MISTAKE

each of the first couple thousand numbers," and "if he could not answer a problem at once, he stored it up for future solution."

The Power of Rapid Calculation Latent in All Normal People

Such, in bald outline, are the principal lightning calculators of whom we have authentic knowledge. They clearly fall into two distinct groups - mere "reckoning machines," like Inaudi, Mondeux, and Dase, and a far smaller group possessing accomplishments over and above the faculty for mental calculation. The natural inference would be that these two groups are essentially different in their native mentality, the latter being blessed with innate endowments superior to those of the former. But I believe it can be shown that such is not really the case; that, on the contrary, the two groups start, so far as inherited ability is concerned, at about the same level; and that if in the end the members of

the one achieve more than the members of the other, it is by reason of external rather than internal influences.

More than this, I venture to affirm, as I have already hinted, that the unusual ability for calculation exhibited by both groups is but the result of a peculiar development, through the force of environmental circumstances, of powers latent in all normal men and women.

Most Lightning Calculators the Children of Ignorant Peasants

Certainly, any serious scrutiny of the facts in the lives and antecedents of the calculators soon reveals the impossibility of explaining them adequately on the basis of hereditary transmission of their singular talent. In the case of the Bidders the power for rapid mental calculation was, to be sure, manifested not only in father and son, but also, in a partial form, in two of the elder Bidder's grandchildren. Mangiamele had a brother and sister who could calculate far more rapidly than the average person. Inaudi's mother is said to have been much occupied in financial calculations just before his birth. Otherwise there is absolutely nothing to suggest the operation of heredity in the making of the calculators. With extremely few exceptions, they were, in fact, the children of ignorant peasants, men and women of good enough mentality, no doubt, but with little or no education, and whose ancestors, so far as they have been traced, were similarly conditioned.

If anything, then, the majority of lightning calculators have entered life handicapped rather than favored by heredity. It is of importance to notice also that in many cases they were decidedly handicapped, in childhood at all events, by physical defects. Safford suffered from a form of St. Vitus' dance. So did Colburn, who was, in addition, afflicted with the abnormality of an extra finger on each hand and an extra toe on each foot. Miguel Mantilla is deformed with a club-foot. Grandmange, a French calculator of some renown half a century ago, was born without arms or legs. Luigi Pierini, an Italian ten years Inaudi's junior, had frequent epileptic attacks while a child. Others were troubled with lesser but annoying bodily ills, particularly of a neural character.

The importance of this lies in the fact that their lives as children were thereby narrowed and restricted in comparison with the lives of other children. They could not romp like others, they were thrown largely on their own resources for entertainment, their interests from the start were less varied than those of the average child. And, besides this, in several instances they were, while yet very young, set at tasks which, though still further narrowing their interests, must have had a direct and powerful influence in turning their thoughts to and concentrating their attention on problems of calculation.

Boy Shepherds Who Became Lightning Calculators

It is no mere coincidence that Inaudi, Mangiamele, Mondeux, and Pierini were, in their earliest boyhood, sent into the fields to tend sheep day after day. Whether the flocks were large or small, they would need to know how to count in order to make sure that none had strayed; and if they were obliged or chose to master the first principles of counting for themselves, it would not be extraordinary did they, out of sheer delight in their accomplishment and as a relief from the monotony of their occupation, develop an uncommon interest in reckoning. This interest, again, would naturally be intensified if they found a way to make a plaything of their counting, as Mondeux, for instance, is known to have done. In his lonely hours in the meadows, possessed of none of the ordinary toys of childhood, this little fellow used to amuse himself by incessantly counting over heaps of pebbles and arranging them in different ways to represent sums in addition, multiplication, and subtraction.

In the same way the influence of environmental conditions is plainly discernible in the case of other calculators, as is the fact that they learned to calculate through play. Ampère, like Mondeux, used pebbles for his self-education. Young Master Sidis, a few months before he manifested his ability to calculate dates, had been given several calendars by his father, who wished to familiarize him with the uses of numbers, and for a long time these calendars were his principal means of amusement. The little Mantilla boy similarly played with calendars, as the ordinary child does with picture books or blocks, for about a year before the discovery of his strange power. And the elder Bidder, whose interest in calculation was undoubtedly awakened by the lessons he received from his brother, taught himself multiplication by means of self-devised toys.

Learning the Multiplication-Table with a Bag of Shot

"Having," he says in an autobiographical statement, "acquired the power of counting up to one hundred by ten and by five, I set about, in my own way, to acquire the multiplication-This I arrived at by getting peas or marbles, and at last I obtained a treasure in a small bag of shot. I used to arrange these in squares of eight on each side, and then, counting them throughout, I found that the whole number amounted to sixty-four. By that process I satisfied my mind, not only as a matter of memory, but also as a matter of conviction, that 8 times 8 were 64; and that fact, once established, has remained there undisturbed until this day. . . . In this way I acquired the whole multiplication-table up to 10 times 10.

In other words, as this passage suggests, whether teaching themselves by means of pebbles, marbles, peas, or shot, by counting on their fingers, or by a wholly mental process, as Inaudi did, these children developed, solely because of an intense interest, a rich store of subconscious memory associations along a definite line. Herein, I am convinced, we have the clue to their achievements as calculators.

Most children are drawn hither and thither by a variety of interests. They have a real interest in nothing; they diffuse their energies; they concentrate their attention scarcely at all. In this they are encouraged by their parents, who, owing to the prevalence of a false pedagogical doctrine, are of the opinion that sustained intellectual effort must inevitably be harmful to the mind of a child. As a result, the average child grows up more or less "scatter-brained," with habits of superficial thinking, and, worst of all, without the ability to utilize in any markedly effective degree its subconscious memories and powers.

Making the Subconsciousness Do the Work

The lightning calculator is differently situated. Born, as a rule, of poor parents, left much to his own devices, and often debarred from the society of other children because of living in an isolated home or because of physical infirmities, he craves, as all children do, playthings and pleasure. Circumstances arouse in him an interest in numbers, not as a study, but as a form of entertainment. No other diversion presenting itself to stifle this interest, calculation soon becomes to him as truly "fun" as a game of ball. His interest in it augments with the applause he receives upon the discovery of his "wonderful gift." He perpetually ponders combinations of numbers, and works out, or hits on, short cuts in mathematical methods. These he preserves in the depths of his mind, whence, likewise because of his colossal interest in the subject, he can draw on them freely whenever the occasion arises. He has, in effect, "harnessed his subconsciousness," and is so thoroughly in control of it that not infrequently it directly solves his problems for him. As one investigator has testified of the elder Bidder, in describing how he could determine mentally the logarithm of any number to seven or eight places:

"He had an almost miraculous power of seeing, as it were, intuitively what factors would divide any large number not a prime. Thus, if he were given the number 17,861, he would instantly remark it was 337 x 53. He seemed a natural instinct to him."

And we have Bidder's own testimony:

"Whenever I feel called upon to make use of the stores of my mind, they seem to rise with the rapidity of lightning."

Bearing out the theory that the power to calculate rapidly is not an exceptional trait of inheritance, but is developed so amazingly only because external conditions have inspired in the calculators an unusual interest in numbers,

is the curious circumstance that it disappears, in whole or in part, as soon as they become interested in other things, to the extent that they cease to practice calculation with any regularity. That, however, its disappearance does not necessarily involve a weakening of the control its practice has given them over their subconsciousness, is strikingly evidenced by the examples of Safford, Ampère, Gauss, and the Bidders. These men, to the end of their days, retained a superlative power for executing mental tasks of the most exacting nature. Yet the only difference between them and calculators of the Mondeux-Mangiamele-Inaudi type, so far as one may assert with any positiveness, is that, whereas the former were led at an early age to interest themselves keenly in matters other than mere reckoning, the education of the latter was neglected until it was too late for them really to acquire new interests; and they were, indeed, through the cupidity of those who had them in charge and dragged them from place to place for exhibition purposes, encouraged to concentrate their minds on calculation, and on calculation alone, until at last they could think of scarcely anything but figures.

Griffith, for instance, "could not hold an ordinary conversation for three minutes without getting brain-fag, but he could talk for hours about mathematical problems," and calculation was such an obsession with him that, even when taking a walk, his mind was wholly occupied in "calculating simultaneously the distance, time, and energy consumed, the distance being calculated in inches and the time in seconds." Inaudi, according to Professor Binet, is so absorbed in numbers that he pays little attention to what goes on around him, and is strangely absent-minded with regard to the affairs of everyday life. Often he even fails to recognize towns in which he has already given performances.

What a Lightning Calculator Saw in "Richard III"

Of Buxton it is recorded that when he went to church he came away without remembering a word of the sermon, "having been busied in could not, he said, explain how he did this; it dividing some time or some space into the smallest known part." Once, during a visit to London, he was taken to Drury Lane Theater to see Garrick in "King Richard III." It was noticed that he followed the play with the greatest intentness, and after the curtain had fallen on the last act he was asked how he had liked it.

"Splendidly," he replied.

Somebody spoke of an especially dramatic scene, but he said that he did not remember it, Then the astonishing discovery was made that, so far as plot, action, and dialogue were concerned, he might as well not have been in the theater. From first to last he had been engaged in counting the number of times each actor came on and went off, the number of steps taken by each, and the number of words spoken. Of the play itself he knew nothing.

Yet,—and most significant,—in the case neither of the one-sided nor of the many-sided calculators, does the constant strain they put on their minds seem to have been in the slightest injurious. Not one broke down mentally. Not one, so far as I have been able to ascertain, died before thirty, and only four — Griffith, Colburn, Dase, Mondeux — before forty. Ampère lived. to sixty-one, Safford to sixty-five, Buxton to seventy, the elder Bidder to seventy-two, and Gauss to seventy-eight. The average age, too, at which their power for rapid calculation was first observed was six — which means, of course, that their minds must have been more or less occupied with problems in calculation long before that time, or at the age probably of four or five. Gauss and Safford we know to have been calculating as early as three.

Obviously, all of this implies one of two things: Either these calculators were born—despite the hysteria and other neural defects from which many of them suffered—with a mental equipment vastly superior to that of the average healthy child; or else their unusually early start in vigorous and systematic thinking had of itself the effect of enabling them to use the mental faculties common to mankind with an ease and fullness that would have been impossible had the process of real thinking been postponed until a later day, as it is with most children.

How Arithmetic Ought to be Taught

Admitting this second explanation to be the correct one,— and, for myself, I am firmly persuaded that it is,— the lightning calculator at once becomes an object of the utmost interest

may learn, for one thing, the urgent desirability of beginning the work of education at a much earlier period in the life of a child than is now the rule. From him, also, they may learn that it is just as easy to interest young children in things that will truly exercise their intellects — will train and develop their powers of observation, concentration, and reasoning — as it is to interest them in the multitudinous useless activities common to the children of to-day. It is only a question of modifying the environment, of skilfully kindling the child's curiosity, appealing to his instinct for knowledge, and setting him thinking for himself.

It is not a question, however, of "forcing" the child to study. The lightning calculator never studies, in the sense of mastering calculation as a set task. He acquires its principles in play, as was said above. He learns the meaning and uses of numbers because he finds it "fun" to do so. And any parent, I have not the least doubt, if only he will go the right way about it, can inspire his own child with the idea that he can get as much "fun" out of learning calculation, reading, history, or any other subject, as out of playing games that have no developmental value. He need not fear that by so doing he will injure his child's mind. On the contrary, as the lives of the calculators prove, so long as a really vital interest — the sense of enjoyment - is maintained, there will be no tax on the mind, but an ever-increasing growth and control of the mental powers, conscious and subconscious alike.

The one danger to be guarded against will be an excessive development of interest in a narrow field. No parent would wish his child to be an Inaudi rather than a Gauss, a Mondeux rather than a Bidder. Yet such undue, such one-sided development may after all be easily prevented. All that is necessary is a wise broadening of the educational process, the cultivation of more than one interest at an early enough age.

Owen Johnson's new serial, "The Sixty-first Second," begins in the October number. Also Detective Burns' great story, "The Mystery of the Double Eagles."

av or



HE most successful woman dramatist in America is Margaret Mayo. Twelve years of tireless industry, culminating in the production of "Baby Mine," have given to her all of those coveted prizes for which hundreds of men and women struggle for a life-time, and to-day, at a trifle over thirty years of age, she is having plays performed in all parts of the United States, and "Baby Mine" is still running in every civilized country in the world.

Miss Mayo—now Mrs. Edgar Selwyn—came to New York from Portland, Oregon, twelve years ago, with little money and no friends. Her ambition was to be a character actress. After an unprofitable and perhaps discouraging experience in a dramatic school, she found an engagement to play conventional *ingénue* parts. These, however, by no means satisfied her ambi-

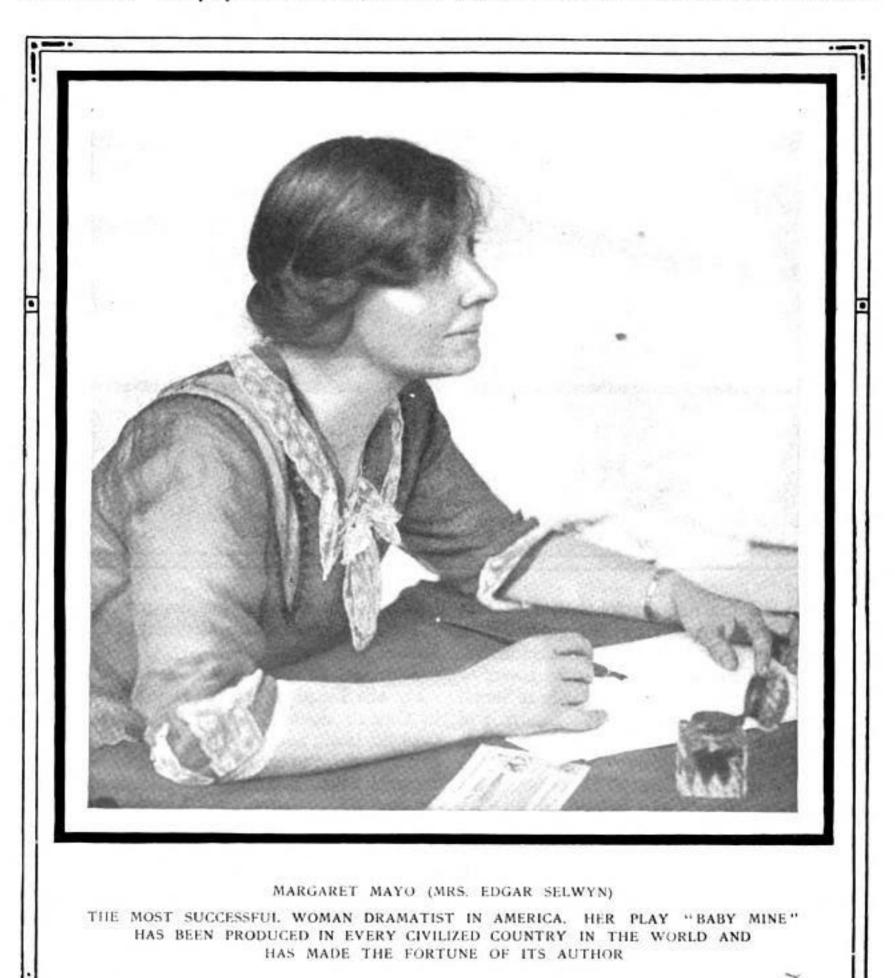
tion, and the work she was doing was irksome; a great character part was her goal, and it seemed very distant.

She had been in New York five years when she heard of the character of Cigarette in Ouida's novel "Under Two Flags." She read the book, and, under the urging of friends, boldly set out to write a one-act version of the story in which she herself could appear in the leading rôle. Encouraged by the success of this one-act version, she extended the play to five acts. Then, upon the day when the completed manuscript came back from the typewriter, the newspapers announced that Belasco was about to stage a production of "Under Two Flags"—his own version. Forthwith Miss Mayo's chances of appearing as Cigarette and becoming a great character actress seemed to disappear; but she had the manuscript.

the character of Lena in that play, she made one more effort to realize her ambition to be an actress, but it came to nothing. Shortly afterward she left the company; and at that stage of her career Miss Mayo sat in a boarding-house room, convinced that she would become neither a playwright nor an actress. In desperation, she sent her version of "Under Two Flags" to the manager of a New York stock company. It was accepted for performance at the Murray of the sort of part she should write for herself.

In utter discouragement, she secured an en- plan of taking the leading rôle, which she had gagement in the production of "Arizona." In written for herself, was never realized because the stock company manager was unwilling to admit a new member to his organization. This version of "Under Two Flags" has since been performed all over the United States and even in Africa.

Following this, she went to London to play again in "Arizona" - this time in the leading rôle, Bonita; and this time she was successful. With this success came a change in her ideas Hill Theater. The play was a success, but her She felt that she could succeed as an emotional



ingénue, and with that idea she wrote "Polly of the Circus," a play which was rejected by every manager in New York City. This discouragement again sent her back to acting, and she played with Miss Grace George in "Pretty Peggy." It was during this engagement that she was commissioned by Miss George to dramatize "The Marriage of William Ashe," and also to adapt for the American stage the French play "Divorçons."

Both were successful, and Miss Mayo found herself definitely launched as a playwright. She abandoned her old ambition of a career as a character actress, and was pressed with orders from managers to write plays for various stars.

Frederic Thompson accepted "Polly of the Circus" for Mabel Taliaferro. It caught the public fancy, and to this day is being played by road companies across the country. And then, in 1910, "Baby Mine" was produced.

The story of how "Baby Mine" came to be written will bear repetition. A dispatch from Chicago appeared in a New York paper saying that there were thousands of fond fathers in Chicago who were heaping devotion upon children that their wives had got from foundling homes and presented to their husbands as their own offspring. Miss Mayo immediately began work on this idea. In three days she had written completely one of the most finished and skilful farces ever produced on the American stage—a play altogether unique for its clean and absolutely inoffensive presentation of a theme full of pitfalls and temptations to the salacious. "Baby Mine" is probably as successful a play

as has been written in America in a decade. It has been translated and produced in half a dozen different languages, and has been earning richly for its author ever since. So universal is its appeal that it would seem that the only country where it could not succeed would be a country that had no babies.

Miss Mayo works tremendously hard; but she never begins the actual business of writing a play until she is absolutely sure of her idea. Consequently she has reduced waste effort to a minimum. She has had only one failure in her record as a playwright. She dramatized Upton Sinclair's "Jungle," and it failed. Miss Mayo believes she learned more from that failure than from all of her successes. For one thing, she says, a play the characters of which all live in tenements and shirt-sleeves can never succeed in the modern two-dollar-a-seat theater.

Miss Mayo is short in stature, nervous of temperament, and almost shy. She reads very little and had never read a single play in manuscript before she wrote her first one. Miss Mayo is very sensitive to impressions and of quick sympathies. Thousands of letters asking help and advice reach her each year, and every one is duly answered. The enormous earnings of her plays have put her beyond all money problems, and she hopes to use her time, and her splendid training and equipment, for work that will be more than simply commercially successful.

"Though never forget," she declares, "that, after all is said and done, the box-office receipts are the only test of whether or not you have achieved a success."

A remarkable new serial, "The Sixty-first Second," by Owen Johnson, author of "Stover at Yale," will begin in the next number of McClure's. "The Sixty-first Second" is a story of modern New York — a story which reflects the tremendous tension, the relentless power of the most highly vitalized city in the world. It is a story of love, of adventure, of finance — of great fortunes and beautiful women — of the warring passions and ambitions that create the greatest drama in modern society.

THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

THE CHAOS IN NATIONAL POLITICS

TN 1896 Mark Hanna gave up the coal and ■ iron business, and — seeing there was no rational method of choosing presidents in the United States — decided to choose them himself. He had worked out the possibilities of the Republican National Convention.

This convention is probably the most extraordinary political institution on earth. In the first place, it has chosen for fifty years the most powerful ruler in the world; for it has named every President of the United States, except one, in the past two generations.

In the second place, it is under absolutely no legal control in doing this. No State has any power over it; it is a thing outside of States; the national government has no jurisdiction over it, for the United States - by the terms of its eighteenth-century Constitution — is given no authority over the election of its presidents. The national convention which names them is a so-called voluntary association, an independent, self-governing body, which makes its own laws. If it required that all its members must balance themselves five minutes on their thumbs before becoming eligible to nominate presidents, it would be perfectly within its rights.

In the third place, this national convention is an absolutely unrepresentative body. Other political conventions are made up of delegates each one of whom represents a certain number of party votes. The national convention is made up on the plan of the federal Congress two delegates for every United States Senator and Representative in the country, and a few extra delegates for territories and districts. About two thirds of these men are elected by the voters of the Republican party; the other third, in the South and federal districts, where there is no Republican party, in practice elect themselves.

Hanna Starts the "Steam-Roller"

Hanna, being a practical man, very soon brought to a full system the possibilities which were always in the Republican national convention. He made a business contract with the self-elected delegates in the South and other over the Republican national committee, which has the power to make up the "temporary roll" of the convention—that is, to decide in case of contest which delegates shall be admitted to it.

Hanna nominated and elected McKinley, and established the system of choosing presidents - now known as the "steam-roller"which has named every President of the United States since that time. Its operation is this:

The President of the United States and his agent, the chairman of the Republican national committee, appoint to federal offices the men, in the sections where there is no Republican party, who are capable of electing themselves delegates to the national convention; these delegates repay them with their votes at the next convention to nominate a President. In this way the President and chairman practically appoint nearly one third of the delegates in a national convention, and vote them as they choose.

If this does not give them enough delegates, they have in reserve the control of the national committee, which is committed to go as far as possible in seating their delegates, as against others contesting their places.

With these two instruments, the weakest President can scarcely fail to win a majority of a national convention, nominate himself or his candidate, and choose his own national committee again. With the patronage of the country in his hands to dispense, he has all the time nearly a majority of a national convention in his employ.

McKinley was murdered, Hanna died, and the control of this federal machine passed from them to Roosevelt, and from Roosevelt to Taft. Under increasing Republican majorities it grew stronger every year. And so at last the present year for choosing another President came.

How Our Presidents Have Been Chosen

The process was begun early in 1911 months before action was legal - by overeager professional delegates in the South electing themselves to the Republican national convention. Then came, in early December, the places for their votes; he then secured control national committee's call for the convention,

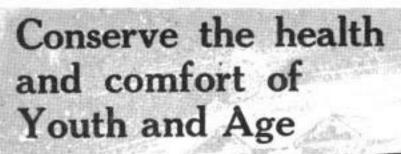
600 "The World We Live In" is continued on page 50 of the advertising section

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Author of Stover at Yale





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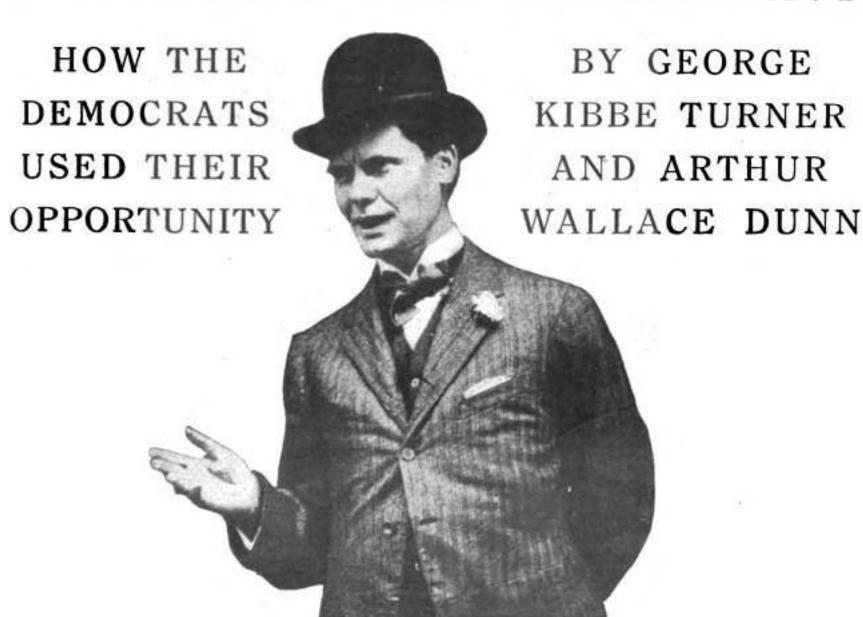
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PURSUING THE PRESIDENT



CONGRESSMAN SULZER OF NEW YORK WHO PLAYED A LEADING RÔLE IN THE TACTICS OF THE HOUSE LEADERS

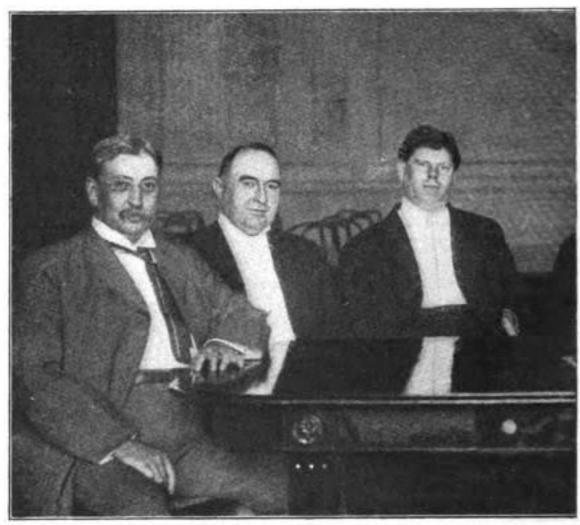
To hold the last two sessions of Congress has cost the national government approximately \$10,000,000; for speech-making all previous records have been surpassed; it was a 25,000,000-word session. What was accomplished by this huge expenditure of money and effort? How much better off is the country because this last Congress met at all? The answer is interesting.

OVEMBER 8, 1910—the Day of Wrath! The solid political firmament resolved into lambent flames; Aldrich consumed; Cannon blown to pieces: Congress torn from the old control! Only one old landmark still remaining — the Presidency. Alone in the White House stood William Howard Taft — the man who accidentally set fire to the Republican party. agents of an The Democrats, chosen

angry people, moved at once to organize a House of Representatives suited to a free republic. Cannon, that violent patriarch, had been deposed forever; and the wreckage of his cunningly devised machine lay around him. No Speaker would again be given that sovereign power to appoint the House committees, and thus create a Congress after his own image.

"Legislative government," said the national Democratic platform of 1908, "becomes a failure when one member, in the person of the Speaker, is more powerful than the entire body." So now the Democratic membership, in free and independent caucus, would itself choose those minor bodies that really do the work and the thinking of our Congress.

The call for the first free caucus was sent forth - for January 19, 1911, in Washington. Before it came together, the new leader of the House stepped forward—a new national figure: Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama. A* week before the Democratic caucus had assembled, this man was showing to his friends the names of the men whom the caucus was to choose upon the committee which would organize in its behalf the coming House of Representatives, and would



THE STANLEY
WHICH SUMMONED A SCORE OF FINANCIERS BEFORE IT,
CENSURED THEODORE ROOSE-

ruling figure in the House, was dead; the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee had succeeded him.

The New Dictator

The Senate was controlled — so far as it was controlled at all — by a combination of Democratic and Republican insurgents. There was no great leader there. But the triumphant Democrats controlled the House themselves. And so one new main figure, and only one, had been projected into national life — the leader of the House of Representatives. In place of the bristling Cannon appeared Oscar W. Underwood, smiling. No change in personalities could have been more abrupt.

Smooth-voiced, well-groomed, with a sleepy, boyish smile, this Underwood had been for many years the general harmonizer of the Democrats in Congress. He was a born pleaser. In appearance, the popular young leader of a Southern cotillion; in actual age, nearly fifty; in length of service, surpassed by only nine men in the House, and by only one Democrat. He was an odd combination — a youthful veteran, a smiling dictator.

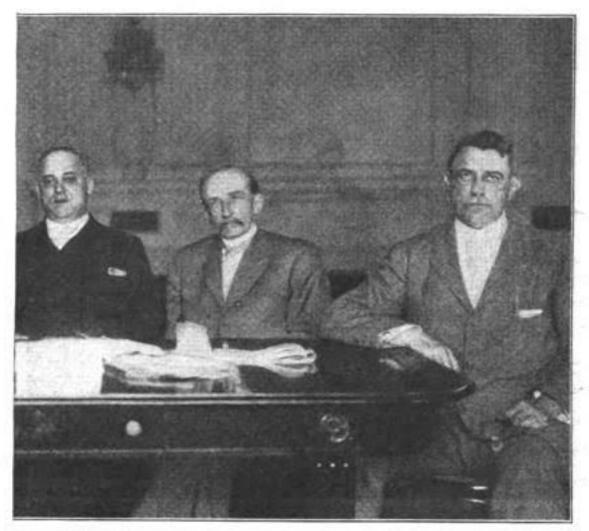
It had been a curious development of a popular political revolution, that this one man should name in advance the agents and the program of the House of Representatives. Viewed



THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR WHO WAS CHAIRMAN OF THE PRESIDENT'S TARIFF BOARD

direct its great financial policies. Underwood himself was to be chairman of this body.

The caucus met, and followed out his prophecy exactly. Underwood was chosen head of the great Ways and Means Committee, which originates the revenue measures of the government. His list of its members was selected with him, and to the Ways and Means Committee was given the power of naming all the other



WENT THROUGH THE AFFAIRS OF THE STEEL TRUST, VELT, AND ADJOURNED

from the same standpoint, the House committees, which he and his associates named, were just as singular. These men were veterans, too, especially the chairmen, the main figures of the committees. Nearly all of them were Southerners - Clayton of Alabama, Adamson of Georgia, Lamb, the Confederate captain from Virginia - the old type of Southern lawyer, elected for life to Congress from the solid South. Tammany Hall of New York had two chairmen —"Billy" Sulzer and John Joseph Fitzgerald, the man who deserted his own party ranks in 1910 to stand by Cannon in his death-struggle. The solid, old-time South had organized this Congress, plus the representatives of Tammany Hall. In the Speakership was exactly the same type - Champ Clark, the veteran from Missouri, like Underwood now serving his ninth term in Congress.

"This is Not Revolution"

The casual reader, picking up the new committee list, involuntarily exclaimed: "This is not revolution!" Apparently he was right. For, when you stopped and read, the House committees, generally speaking, were merely the old committees of Joe Cannon turned upside down — the Democrats on top.

The committees framed the business of the House; their chairmen dominated the caucus of the Democratic members; and every Demo-

cratic member would be bound in the casting of his vote by the decision of the caucus. The old-time Democracy had organized the new Congress. What net result could be expected?

The time of actual test arrived - April 4, 1911, the day of the assembling of the President's special Canadian reciprocity session. The tariff was the greatest Democratic issue; the Democratic representatives gathered to meet it. Democracy - the uprising of the people - advanced to carry out its purpose, led by Underwood. Alone, at the White House, without the fraction of a budging, William Howard Taft observed his party's rout.

Having set off the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill,—that explosion heard round the



WILLIAM B. WILSON
THE "LABOR" LEADER WHO BROUGHT
FORWARD LEGISLATION FOR THE
UNIONS

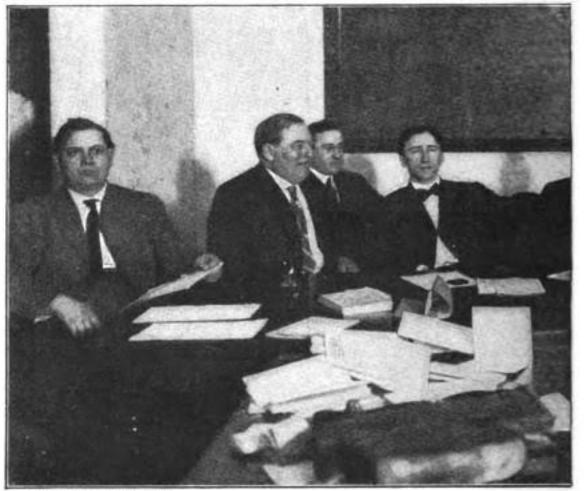
world,— the President sat waiting for light on tariff-making from his special tariff board. But in the meanwhile he had not rested. Conceiving the many advantages of Canadian reciprocity, he had organized his dashing attack upon the farmers, and their representatives in Congress, to obtain it. The farmers—that solid forty per cent of the voters of this country—observed this movement in amaze-

ment; the cultivators of the Mississippi Valley and the great Northwest stood aghast.

Nevertheless, the President pushed his legislation down their throats. It was left for Underwood — the leader of a Democratic Congress— to offer the Republican farmers of the North the one substantial palliative for their injuries.

Now, theoretically, the South is the section of the tariff for revenue only. Practically, no more heroic defense is made by any section for protection of the products of the soil. No lover of the Payne-Aldrich bill can yet forget the Southern votes in Congress which kept the rates on lumber high; the fight of Louisiana for her sugar, of Texas for her hides; nor yet, pursuing principle to its last

fraction, the stand of Florida



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THE "MONEY TRUST"

NONE OF THE CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATING COMMITTEES HAD POWER ATED PUBLIC INTEREST IN THEIR WORK, AND ADJOURNED.



Congressman Pujo

A Conservative from a Conservative State

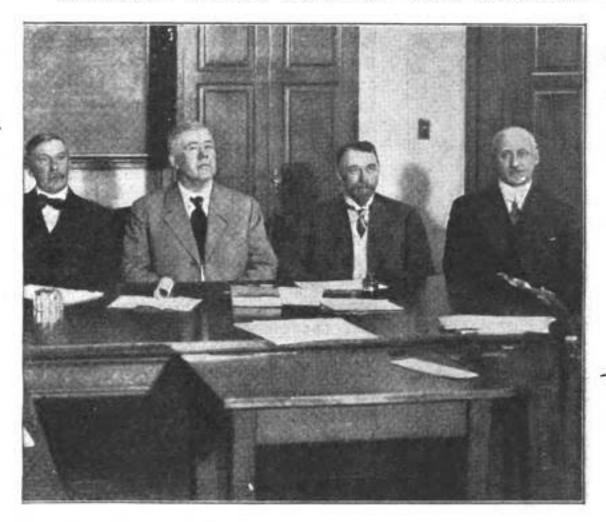
for her pineapples, of Georgia for her peanuts, or the magnificent devotion of Virginia to the sacred interests of her native quebracho.

The House Democrats had voted for Canadian reciprocity; they were really compelled to this by their public policy. Besides, the South did not raise cereals. But no one could excel the South in its devotion to a proper general tariff for the farmer. Scarcely had the reciprocity bill become a law when Underwood advanced, bearing his farmers' free-list bill. No similar instance of wholesale generosity has appeared in recent legislation. At one full, easy sweep, he offered to set free all of the instruments, and a great part of the supplies, used by this great underlying forty per cent of our voters.

The Triumph of Strategy

The Senate — controlled now, in many matters, by Democrats and the Republican revolutionists from the agricultural West — passed this bill, after the House. And only by the veto of the President did it fail of enactment into law. The solid underlying forty per cent of our voters engaged in agriculture learned this with active regret. The farmers of the Mississippi Valley and the great Northwest, stirred by this double insensibility of a Republican President to their interests, tramped up and down their borders, taking the name of Taft in vain.

The President stood firm. On this, as on everything, he announced that tariff-making would await the special information of his tariff board. The Democrats were in possession of a majority of the House, but lacked the two thirds necessary to surmount a President's veto. In the Senate the situation of the Democrats with the Republican insurgents was the same. One man, in face of all the continent, by his individual will,



INVESTIGATION COMMITTEE
TO REPORT BILLS. THEY MERELY EXAMINED MANY WITNESSES, CRETHIS COMMITTEE DID NOT EVEN MAKE AN INVESTIGATION

stood off all tariff legislation; defied the lightning of popular opinion. Erect he stood, and waited until the whole shock fell upon his own shoulders.

Underwood, smiling, prepared those blows; no easier or more grateful task had ever yet engaged the efforts of an experienced politician. The Democratic leader sent up to the President a new low-tariff bill on wool. He vetoed it. Underwood sent another bill on cotton. Taft vetoed that. Of all the loathed provisions in the despised Payne-Aldrich bill, these two were most frantically hated. And with them Leader Underwood closed his case.

Radicals like William Jennings Bryan called out that he should have tried for other tariff legislation which might have passed. There were tariff schedules that could be found, undoubtedly, which even Taft might well have passed on into law — a lumber tariff, for example. These were not brought up.

"Presidential Year — Nothing Must be Done"

And so the special tariff session closed — with nothing done. Canadian reciprocity, even, was dead — because of the refusal of the Canadian people to accept it. The only net result had been the increase of the bitterness of the farmer to the incumbent in the Presidency, and the resentment of the general consumer. And now

the year of the presidential election approached — with the Republican party even more unpopular than it was two years before. The old-time leaders of the party left in the Senate appealed to the man in the White House for the old-time policy. "Presidential year; nothing must be done—nothing whatever! In this way no one will be offended."

But now the representatives of the people held the lower branch of Congress. The new policy of action pleasing to the people should be expected here. The Democrats, responsible, for the first time since election, for legislation affecting the general conduct of the nation, would introduce it. And immediately at the opening of the new session in De-



ONE OF THE OLD-LINE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS
IN THE HOUSE

cember they did so — the House taking up House Bill Number 1.

The Campaign of the Veterans

The great tumultuous movement of revolt in 1910 had been against the Payne-Aldrich tariff; but back of that, silent, unadvertised, but looming large for every politician in the



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CYRUS SULLOWAY

THE GIANT REPUBLICAN CHAMPION OF CIVIL WAR
PENSIONS

land, had been another movement—
the great campaign for the dollar-aday pension. Exactly as the eyes of
the farmer and the consumer had
fixed themselves upon Taft for his
tariff views, so had the eyes of the
organized veterans of the country
fixed themselves upon him in this
matter of the pensions. In 1910 the
House had passed one type of dollara-day pension bill; it died, strangled
with technicalities, in the Republican
Senate. And Taft, it was well known,
had encouraged and aided its destruction.

Two thousand pensioned veterans vote, on the average, in every Congressional district in the North; in Indiana there are more than four thousand to the district. And throughout the North, especially in those States just north of the Ohio River, veterans had lately tended — stung by indifference — to turn from the Republican party, into which they had been born, to the Democratic party, which had been their old hereditary foe. The veterans held, quite clearly, enough strength to throw the election in almost any Congressional district from one party to another; and, in such States as Indiana and Ohio, there was little doubt in the minds of practical politicians that they had done so in 1910. The first insistence of the newly elected Democratic Congressmen from the Middle West had been the satisfaction of their obligations in that measure which, as a delicate recognition of the veterans' claims, had been given by a Democra.'s House the position of House Bill Number 1.

Cyrus Sulloway, the giant statesman from New Hampshire, had introduced and fought through, as the Republican chairman of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, the generous new pension bill of 1910 which bore his name. Twenty-eight State legislatures had indorsed it. It bore an increase of some \$45,000,000 a year to the \$150,000,000 annual expenditures of the national government for war pensions.

Bill Number 1 of the Democratic House was championed by General Isaac R. Sherwood of Ohio, a veteran of forty-five battles in the Civil War. It raised the Republican offer of more

pensions — according to the experts' estimates — by \$30,000,000 a year, to a total additional annual expenditure of \$75,000,000. The original plan of pensions, years ago, had been that veterans of the war who had been injured or incapacitated through service should be pensioned by the government. The new idea was that any man who had seen service in the Civil War should be paid a monthly stipend by the government, regardless of wounds or injury. And under this last Sherwood bill more than three quarters of the living veterans of the war would be entitled to receive their dollar a day.

The House of Representatives — Democrats and Republicans alike — flamed forth in oratory, under the stimulus of the Sherwood bill, for well toward a week - hundreds of thousands of ringing words. Sulloway and Sherwood engaged in a duel of generosity. That veteran cynic, ex-Speaker Cannon, whose district includes a soldiers' home, spoke warmly for this Democratic measure; man after man exclaimed at the contemptibility of counting the cost in such a cause; and James M. Curley, Boston's greatest Democratic orator, stated without contradiction on the floor the remarkable biological theory that the veteran was "a living flag, starred and scarred." Overwhelmingly, the House - Republicans and Democrats — voted the \$75,000,000 pension increase for the Civil War veterans.

There was no stopping of the measure this time; but the influences that had killed it in 1910 modified it now. The Senate - backed quite openly by Taft — cut down the annual increase to \$30,000,000, under a new bill. The veterans had lost \$45,000,ooo by this repression. Everywhere in the United States, the two thousand veterans in the Congressional districts, and all their friends and relatives, are remembering this, and holding in their hearts the attitude of William Howard Taft. The scar remains, as every practical politician reports in Washington.

The first great matter of national business having been taken up and so fortunately disposed of by the Democratic House, attention turned.



JOHN JOSEPH FITZGERALD
THE NEW YORKER SET TO GUARD THE NATIONAL
TREASURY IN THE HOUSE

on the very next day, to the call of the Hebrew voters of New York. The treaty under which Russia was excluding Jewish citizens of the United States from the privilege of passports in that country must be abrogated.

Now, the attitude of William Howard Taft upon this matter was no more secret to any one in active Washington life than was his stand upon the tariff. In spite of heavy pressure, he had put off action looking toward this treaty's abrogation. He went even further than that — so men who claimed to know his feelings said. He stated that he could not be forced to act,

Rising in his seat, the second week in December, William Sulzer, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, opened the second program of oratory in the new session. One after another, the Democratic members arose and spoke in favor of the Hebrew race and against Russian tyranny. The Republicans looked strongly in the same direction. Even James R. Mann, the Republican House leader, recalled that his grandfather was a Hebrew, and that he was said strongly to favor him of all his ancestors. One lone dissenting voice in all the House was raised against the resolution asking that the President should abrogate the Russian treaty; 301 votes were cast for it.

All eyes were fixed again on William Howard Taft. Would he block this legislation for the Jewish race? Friends then hastened to his side and exclaimed:

"One quarter of the greatest pivotal city in the greatest pivotal State in the national election of the United States! One third of the Republican county committee of New York! Whatever may be your academic reasoning on the Russian passport situation, this much must be recognized concerning the Jews in the United States."

And so at last the Russian treaty was abrogated. The President finally had acted; but there was tempered enthusiasm over his act. A doubt remained.

Second Round of Tariff Bills

And now, a beginning having been made of the work of Congress in this full and generous fortnight, the Christmas recess came and went, and it was time to strike the scenes and set up once again the background of a tariff. The long-expected tariff board were filing back with their reports. For this official council of the administration — two college professors, the publisher of a breeders' journal, an ex-Congressman, and an ex-secretary of a Republican State committee — had examined the wool and cotton industry of the country in the preceding year,

and worked out that hidden key to tariff legislation, the difference in cost of production here and abroad. The President received their work and praised it.

So Leader Underwood, smiling still, began again the introduction of more tariff bills: a wool bill, practically the same as in the year before, and well below the apparent findings of the tariff board which governed Presidential action, went in soon; a bill on steel; and one on chemicals — concerning which the President could have no opinion, not having heard yet from his board; a bill for free sugar, which in any case was destined to sure death at the hands of the administration. They passed the House; the Senate took them up, and started grinding. But nothing was more certain to every one in Washington than that they would not become laws.

A Safe, Sane Raid upon the Trusts

The tariff having now been offered up again, attention was turned to that great subject of the trusts. The plan of safely taking up thematter was somewhat different than in the various matters which preceded it, and yet it could be made absolutely safe. The year would be exhausted in investigation. This was a great problem — the gathering of information was all that could be expected in one session. And so, from the first, arrangements were made that would result in no bills being put through upon this subject.

The sugar trust investigation was given to a special committee under Congressman Hardwick of Georgia. It brought out some familiar facts, but no bill. A special investigating committee has not the power of reporting bills in Congress.

The special committee on the steel trust, under Mr. Stanley of Kentucky, haled countless magnates to Washington, held continuous space in the daily press, dwelt heavily on the contributions to Republican national campaign funds, and strongly condemned the action of Theodore Roosevelt in connection with the enlargement of the trust in 1907. But there was no legislation on the trust. The committee brought in no bill; it had no power to do so.

The plan for the investigation of the so-called "money trust" stirred the Democratic caucus to its depths. Insurgents were developing in the Democratic organization of Congress, as well as in the Republican. It was with difficulty that Leader Underwood was able to subdue the Democratic caucus and finally to refer the matter to the House Committee on Banking and Currency, headed by Mr. Pujo, the con-

servative member from that most conservative of Democratic States-Louisiana. The investigation was then put over until after next election. So here again there was no step toward action.

Never had a popular legislature, with a more determined front, made a more threatening demonstration against that general foe. Monopoly. Neverhad there been less danger to Conservatism.

Capital was pleased by both parties, but not so labor. For here, again, Democracy assumed its rôle of infinite generosity, thwarted by superior force. The Democratic party, by its platforms, was committed to judicial doctrines which William Howard Taft, the jurist, was well known to abhor. A "labor group" had come into the House with the Democratic party; some dozen Congressmen had union cards, and through these, and especially their spokesman, —"Billy" Wilson of Pennsylvania, -"Sam" Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, pushed his program of labor legislation upon Congress. With the Republican administration he was openly out of sympathy.

Much labor legislation passed the House. An eight-hour day for government contract work went through into law. But the chief, burning issues in the campaign of organized labor the severe check upon judicial action provided by the antiinjunction law, and the bill affording the right of trial for contempt cases arising Copyright. International News Service out of labor disputes - went at once into the eternal slumber of that old "grave-

yard of the Senate," the



CHAIRMAN STANLEY OF THE STEEL IN-VESTIGATION, AND ANDREW CARNEGIE AS SEEN ON THE WITNESS-STAND

judiciary committee. And labor, throughout the country, was reminded once again that the Republican party and William Taft, its ruling head, were out of sympathy with the main issues in its program.

The policy of pleasing every voter, until repressed by the blighting hand of the hostile President and his administration, had proved successful beyond all hope. Farmers, pensioners, consumers, organized labor — one

by one, the chief classes of American voters had been offered what they wanted most by Underwood, and had it snatched away by Taft or his followers. But, sooner or later, the Democrats must face another and more exacting issue - the definite and mathematical problem of economy in national affairs - so inconsistent, apparently, with a program of generosity to all. The platform of the last Democratic national convention had taken a clear stand on this,

> of the Republican "billiondollar" Congresses. Committed by these party principles, the committees of the Democratic House went forward to their hard undertaking. The first great saving must be made in the military establishment of the United States, and, first of all, the

denouncing the extravagance

navy. Millions of dollars could be saved, as is well known to every one in the government at Washington, by the closing of political navy-yards which distribute government money to localities. This, however, is not a matter to be taken up in Presidential The Democratic policy left this form of saving severely alone. Its saving should be made by cutting off the two new battleships upon which the program of the fighting navy has been built. By doing this, the same amount of money would be distributed through the navy-yards - and in two years the United States navy would fall from third to fifth place among the nations in the number of its modern fighting-ships.

The committee on military affairs arranged its saving in a similar way. The active management of the War Department was at work blocking out a new scheme of army reorganization in which it planned to cut out the expenses of a score or more of useless local military posts and to strengthen with this saving the fighting forces of the army.

Congress, on the contrary, planned to make its saving — not in any such arbitrary withdrawals of the funds widely distributed to the local army posts. It hoped to accomplish its economy - exactly as in the navy — out of

men hoped for by the War Department. And, and left. as this plan conflicted violently with the idea of the active army for its own reorganization, the present active head, Chief of Staff Leonard Wood, was legislated out of office March 4, 1913. Then the President vetoed the whole bill.

The Daughters' Attack on Captain Lamb

could not be stinted, either - along its main



Copyright, Harris & Ewing GENERAL SHERWOOD DEMOCRATIC CHAMPION OF CIVIL WAR PENSIONS IN CONGRESS

lines for the service of the farmer. Year after year, especially Presidential years, it necessarily increased. There was a chance, however, in one section of this bill, the charges of the forestry division. Captain John Lamb, the Confederate soldier at the head of the agricultural committee, belonged to a period antedating the days of governmental fancies in the way of conservation. He favored sharp economy in this place; and there would have been a considerable saving here, but for the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Daughters - in conference at Washington during the hearings on the agricultural bill - decided they would plead with Captain Lamb for forest preservation, and sent out delegates for this purpose. Entering Captain Lamb's ante-room, they were received with scant alacrity. For three quarters of an hour they sat in the outside office, until finally Captain Lamb

the fighting machine itself. The accumulation of came forth. It was one of the briefest engagemilitary stores would be decreased; the fighting ments in military history. The Confederate army would be reduced; great sums would be veteran expressed shortly his feelings of an oldtaken from the pay of the enlisted men by time ruler of a household concerning the interlengthening their terms of service, and a little ference of women in public life. The Daughters army of old professional soldiers provided for of the Revolution arose with warlike precision, the United States, instead of the army of young spoke briefly of the courtesy of Captain Lamb,

> "You will hear from us," they stated, upon parting.

> He did. In every cross-roads hamlet of Virginia a squad of Daughters of the Revolution is stationed. All were informed by letter of the conduct of Captain Lamb; all simultaneously arose and wrote to Captain Lamb.

On the third day Captain Lamb was in sur-The bill for the Agriculture Department render. "Call off the women!" he exclaimed, The forestry items were nearly all restored, and

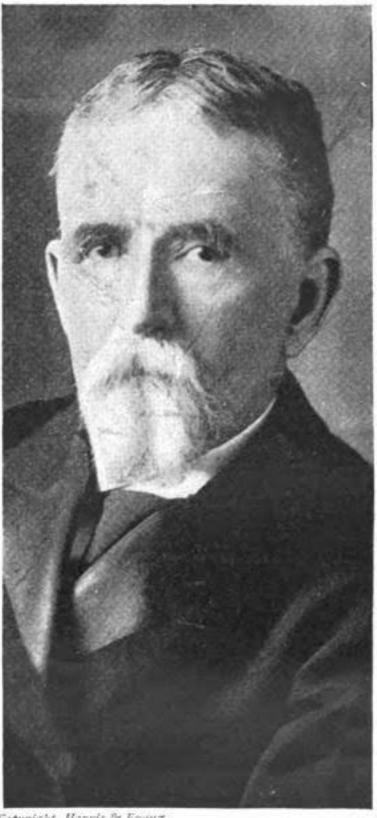
the agricultural bill, fattened in its other sections, as usual, went through larger than

In vain did Congressman Fitzgerald of New York, chairman of the committee on appropriations and official "watch-dog" of the Treasury, furiously object to the mounting totals. One by one, appropriation bills came in about as great as ever. The river and harbor bill took millions to the Mississippi River, and started well upon their way improvements to the Missouri which call eventually for the distribution of over \$40,000,000 upon the preparation for navigation of that tortuous stream. The policy of pleasing all had reached its inevitable mathematical conclusion. There would be another billion-dollar Congress, after all.

June had come, and it was possible to secure some clear estimate of the session's net result. So far, almost nothing had been done. never, in the history of

such fullness and abandon. The Congressional Record swelled beyond all precedent with political speeches. Some eighteen or twenty million words — entirely aside from the great under a mutual agreement that meanwhile nothing should be done.

As the Democratic gathering was coming to a close, a sudden wave of apprehension swept over Washington and its great clerkly population. Was the United States government about to come to a standstill? The fiscal year was coming to a close June 30. The appropriations for carrying on the work ended on that day, and



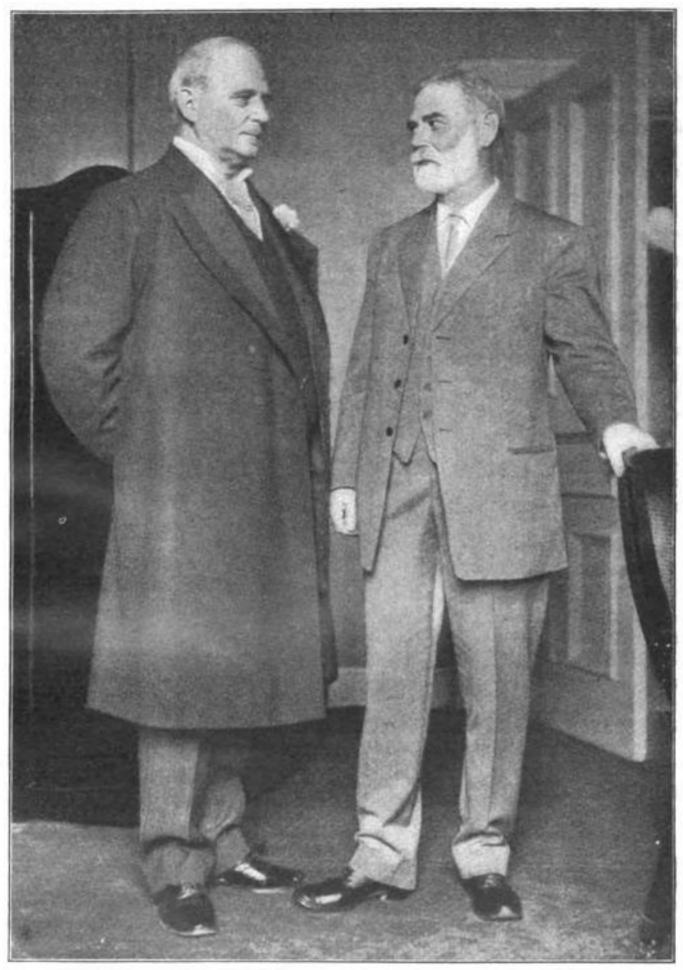
Capyright, Harris & Ewing CAPTAIN LAMB WHO UNDERWENT A SEVERE POLITICAL ASSAULT AT THE HANDS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Congress, in its devotion to current politics, had not only not passed the annual appropriation bills as usual, but had apparently forgotten them. Government clerks were overwrought; the pension offices all over the country were being emptied of funds; and the army, whose appropriation had been too small the year before, had been out of pay money since June first. There had never been such a mess threatened since the historic time when I. Pierpont Morgan had come forward, in the Haves administration in 1877, and cashed the pay vouchers of the army, in the absence of an army appropriation. One bank in Washington offered now to cash the pay vouchers of all government employees. Then the soothing news came - given out from the Baltimore convention—that a resolution would immediately be passed by Congress, extending the appropriations of the current year one month to August first.

legislation, had opinions been recorded with And the business of government went on. William H. Taft having finally been renominated, the Democratic Congress returned to hunt him to the bitter end. He stood, back to the wall, hurling down his vetoes upon Congress. volume of the special hearings — reated every The more he hurled, the more it warmed him. variety of political question. Then Congress, Withdrawn in the White House, removed from to all intents and purposes, adjourned over the contact with the world almost as completely as fortnight of the two national conventions, if he were in a monastery, surrounded by the half dozen people of the ninety million in the United States with whom he really associates, he had all the approval any man can have — the approval of his own conscience and of his world. *

> Against him the amiable Leader Underwood, and his Cabinet of old-time politicians, industriously played old-time politics with national affairs.

Two tariff bills went to Taft, on wool and



CHAMP CLARK SEES "JIM" MANN AN INFORMAL AND WATCHFUL MEETING OF THE SPEAKER AND THE REPUBLICAN LEADER OF THE HOUSE

steel. He vetoed them, as it was certain that there was no tariff legislation in the session he would do. The House, in the absence of Republican votes, passed them over his veto; and they died in the Senate, as it was certain that they would do. A chemical tariff died in the Senate; free sugar and an excise bill died in conference between the committee of the Senate and the House; and a cotton bill, introduced at the last moment, passed on in the same way. he terms of all these bills made it mathematcertain that they would fail; and the Demoinsisted on the letter of these terms. So

exactly as both parties intended there should not be.

Playing with Appropriation Bills

The great cry for governmental economy became a death rattle as the session moved toward It was the same old billion-dollar its close. Congress. What saving did appear was largely nominal, to be made up by special deficiency bills at next winter's session. In pensions, there will be \$15,000,000 or \$18,000,000 more to be provided in this way, besides the \$12,000,000 already added by the new bill. In various departments, regular items which it is clearly known beforehand must be provided by the government are omitted this year in the general scheme of economy.

Other savings, as planned in the first measures of the House, came directly out of the working machinery of the government departments — out of the forces of the army, for example, and the ships of the navy. Pressure from outside eliminated much of this economy, but much of it remains. In the navy bill a rising public agitation for two ships was satisfied, at last, by one "Tillman Terror" a strange new marine monster, created especially for use at political barbecues — the greatest, grandest, swiftest battleship in the world for America:

The Navy Department has taken the appropriation and will build a ship designed to meet its present requirements, and not this freak.

Congress' Record - 25,000,000 Words

August 1 had come, and another temporary extension of the appropriations for carrying on the government while Congress talked. There now had been some twenty-one million spoken words — a record. The time dragged on; August was almost gone. Then, finally, with many struggles, the session came to a close. It had reached and passed the extraordinary limit of twenty-five million spoken words.

Nearly three quarters of a year this last twenty-five-million-word session had contin-

ued; with the special session before it, there had been over a year of solid talk. No subject of human interest had been neglected. Since the Congress opened in April, 1911, over twenty-six thousand bills had been brought into the House, and over seventy-five hundred in the Senate.

Out of all this, nearly nothing; in some things, worse than nothing. No tariff; little economy; no trust legislation; actual injury in various departments to the government machinery. A year of gorgeous and spectacular jockeying between the two old political parties for position in the campaign.

To-day the Democrats — that great party of foiled and thwarted generosity to all mankind — cry aloud from the stump to the American public to sweep away the only barrier to the people's rule by placing in their hands the Presidency — to hunt from power that most ungenerous of reactionaries, William Howard Taft.

There was no tariff legislation. Why not? The intelligent consumer knows the answer: Taft!

There was no farmers' free-list bill. Why not? The farmer knows the answer: Taft!

There was no real dollar-a-day pension bill. Why not? The veterans know the answer: Taft!

There was no fundamental legislation establishing the full legal rights of organized labor. Why not? Organized labor knows the answer: Taft!

Alone in the White House—surrounded by his few faithful servitors—William Howard Taft follows the dictates of an angry conscience and a sense of rectitude more and more inflamed. And daily he is assured by his household guard of his inevitable victory at the polls.



A PIECE OF STEEL TRUST EVIDENCE
MESSRS. LINDABURG, THE TRUST LAWYER, AND DICKINSON, THE GOVERNMENT PROSECUTOR,
SEEING AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT FOR THE FIRST TIME

WILD JUSTICE

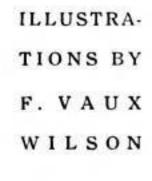
BY

WILLIAM

PATTERSON

WHITE

MIND that day well. 'Twas hot - blaz-There was ing hot. a land breeze, and ve know what that means in Tripoli. I wiped my face more than once as I slanted along through the foreign section, bound for the house of Émile Gran. There was a girl standing on the street corner near the house. A darkskinned, blackhaired lass she was, with a shawl over her head. Handsome. too. I'd have given her no more than a passing look, as a man will to a pretty girl, but I caught her eyes square. Man dear! They minded me of a wild tiger's. Black and hard they were, with a bit of a light behind 'em. And they stared at me without winking. I walked on, feeling like I'd just looked down a loaded gun-barrel by mistake. Not till I got by did I take note that there'd been a look of sorrow on her face—not common sorrow, but a grief that leaves a Tark.



But I'd small time to think longer of the black-haired lass, for I'd a chance at a berth at last. I'd been out of a job long enough. A cafékeeper in Tripoli put me on to it. He said a man had asked him the day before if he knew of an engineer who could run a motor-boat. So the café-keeper told me, and handed over a piece of paper with Monsieur Emile Gran's address written on it. I bade him goodby and slanted away quick, I can tell you. The café-keeper had spoken of danger, and I scratched my head and thought hard as I walked along. I'd an idea it meant a job connected with the war, but just what I couldn't guess. Ye'll mind, Italy and Turkey were scrapping at the time. Italy had landed troops in Tripoli, captured the city, and driven the Turks inland. Wherever you went in Tripoli you were running down the Italian soldiers, and offshore a line of Italian battle-ships and cruisers lay at anchor. Inside the Italian line the German cruiser Wiesbaden was anchored. She'd been sent to watch operations. The Italians didn't like that at all. They've small use for the Kaiser anyway, and when the Wiesbaden dropped her hook they fair went off their nuts. The Dago papers were full of it, and, what with calling hard names and slinging mud, matters were in a bad way between Italy and Germany. Germany was holding off. She'd no wish to fight. All she wanted was to see how the I'd have room to turn in case the lad came war was going.

I'd have room to turn in case the lad came through the door with a knife. Scary of me,

I soon came to Gran's house, and as I hit the door a rap I looked back down the street. The black-haired lass was still staring, interested as could be; but she turned her head quick when I looked. A servant let me in then, and I took note he bolted the door most careful when I was inside. There was a bit of a delay, then the servant led me upstairs into a room. A large room it was, and a lad sat behind a table in the middle of it. A skinny, foxy-faced josser he was, with bright, black little eyes. His hair was black and oily, and when he opened his mouth his teeth showed bent and stumpy like a stove-in bulwark. Oh, he was a beauty, was Monsieur Émile Gran.

"You are the Englishman, Mister Allis?" said he, quick as I came in. "Sit down."

"First off, Mister," I said, "just understand I'm not English; I'm half Scotch, and don't ye forget it."

He grinned like a dredge-bucket opening out. "So much the better," said he; "you will then be cautious as well as brave. I remember now that the café-keeper said you were Scotch. But sit down, Mister Allis, sit down. You will find that chair comfortable."

I sat, and I was surprised. He had the English fine, this one. Spoke it as good as I can myself, and that's saying a bit. And he called me Mister. D'ye mind that?

"You run a motor-boat?" he asked next.

I told him what I'd told the café-keeper, and it seemed to satisfy him, for he nodded his head and grinned pleased-like.

"Good," said he. "To business, then. But tell me, have you any objections to a little smuggling?"

"None," I said, "provided I'm paid for the risk."

"The stipulation does your caution credit. You will be paid — and well."

Emile Gran got to his feet and crossed over to close the door — the servant had left it ajar. As he went I chanced to look up. Behind the chair he'd been sitting in — his body had hidden it before — was a small square mirror. It reflected an open door on my port hand, and through the door I could see the side of a man's face. He wasn't looking at me, but he was listening all right. I could tell that, from the way he held his head. He was dark, was this josser, like Gran; but he'd a better-looking face. Young, too, he was, and his little black mustache and goatee were waxed as sharp as needles.

I took him all in; then I bent over as if to tie my shoe. I'd no wish to have him catch me staring at him. I moved my chair a bit, too, so I'd have room to turn in case the lad came through the door with a knife. Scary of me, you'll say. Right. But this was Tripoli in wartime, and I'm a great hand for taking precautions.

Émile Gran sat down and looked at me hard with his bright little eyes. He did not know I'd seen the lad in the other room; I was sure of that.

"My regular engineer was killed by a shell during the bombardment," said he. "I must have an engineer. That is necessary. So I sent for you. I am frank. Yes?"

"Go on, Mister. Where does the smuggling come in?"

"I am arriving at that, Mister Allis. At Houmt Souk there is a small cargo — a perishable, exceedingly valuable cargo. I wish to land it here in Tripoli."

"Man dear!" I almost laughed in his face.
"Ye'll be forgetting the blockade! I thought
you meant on the coast somewhere."

"Brave men can do much," said Émile Gran, and his mouth turned up contemptuous. "Are you afraid?"

"Go slow, Mister! Or I'll be tempted to handle you!"

I'd clean forgot the lad in the other room. I remembered him then, and I put my hand in my coat pocket and felt the butt of my gun for comfort's sake. But Émile Gran just grinned.

"No offense, no offense; I was joking. Of course, you are not afraid. Will you be engineer or not?"

"The wages, Mister, the wages. I'll not sign on till I know what I'm drawing."

"Ten pounds English for — well, not more than a week's work at the most. What do you say?"

. "I'll run your motor-boat for you. Houmt Souk, you said. That'll be Jerra Island on the Gulf of Gabes."

"You are right, Mister Allis."

"When do we start?"

"To-morrow night — the exact time I shall tell you later. Come to me here this afternoon at three o'clock, and I will take you to the boat, that you may get the engine in readiness. Here are five pounds in advance. You can find your way out, I think. Don't forget — at three this afternoon."

I took the five, and slanted out and downstairs.

I'd looked over Gran's head and into the mirror as I got to my feet, but I'd seen no one. The lad in the other room had moved, and he'd moved quiet. My ears are fairish sharp, but I'd not heard a sound. Well, well, he'd meant no harm, that was certain. And 'twas none of my affair, after all, if Gran had a dozen men watching. He'd hired me now, and could do as he liked. I jingled the five gold pieces in my pocket and thought how lucky I was. In the street I passed the black-haired lass. She looked at me hard as I walked by. But I paid no attention. I'd other things to think about, and I went to a café. No, not the one I'd been at first. The café joskin there would try to pump me, and I never lie if it can be avoided.

The black-haired lass was still standing on the street corner when I went back to Gran's house. But this time she did not look. Just as I reached the door she began to walk away slow. I was shown into the same room I'd been in that morning. Gran was not there, but the servant bade me wait, and I sat. I watched all doors careful, and ye can lay to that. The sight of that lad in the mirror had given me something to think about. There was no one in the other room now, though, for I looked.

After a bit Émile Gran came in. He was in a tearing hurry, and his bright little eyes glittered like a snake's. He bade me come along, and we slanted away for the dock where the motor-boat was moored. There was no one aboard, and Gran unlocked the engine-room and cabin doors. I took note, as I stepped over the rail, that the life-buoys were stenciled *Aries*, and no home port whatever. And that was another queer thing. I turned to in the engine-room — Gran watching me hard.

A grand craft was that motor-boat. Seventy feet over all, I judged, and built for speed. She'd Elswick engines,—two of 'em,—and Gran told me they'd develop four hundred horse. They looked it. Man dear! They were powerful beasties!

I made a careful inspection. There was naught wrong with the machinery. Even the tanks were full. The spark-plugs were clean, and all I had to do was fill the oil-cups.

"I'll be needing an assistant," I said to Gran.
"Why? Can you not run the engines alone?"

"If ye want no records broken I can, but if ye demand full speed to Jerra Island ye'll just have to give me a man. I can not run two racing engines and mind the oil too."

"I shall see what I can do. Perhaps — yes, I will get you a man. We start to-night instead of to-morrow; I have so decided. Be ready. You will find food in the galley."

Gran went on deck, and I heard him climbing up on the dock. There was naught for me to do then but sit and smoke. There was a fine little bunk in the engineer's room forrard, but 'twas too hot to lie down. I should have been quite content, with the thought of five pounds more coming at the end of the week; but I wasn't.

There was something odd about the whole deal. 'Twas none of my affair, but the more I thought of it, the more I was sure there was some deviltry up. No, no, not the smuggling. That was plain every-day business, and so naught to worry about. I sucked away at my pipe, and thought hard, I can tell you.

"I'll just have to find out," I said aloud, and I looked at the after engine-room bulkhead as if I expected it to answer me. It did. The idea came to me in a flash. 'Twas most unexpected. The Aries' engine-room was entered from for-rard. Aft of the engine-room was the cabin, and between the two was the bulkhead — solid, and no doors at all. I figured Gran might do a bit of talking in that cabin. And my idea was to bore a hole in the bulkhead.

I ran quick to the tool-chest for a brace and bit and a hand-drill. The bulkhead on the cabin side was sheathed with wood and on the other 'twas the bare iron. I looked up the dock as I went on deck. Gran wasn't in sight, and down I went into the cabin. I found a good place for my peep-hole in one corner under the angle of a shelf. I bored through the wood in a hurry, and then I picked up the hand-drill. I had a job then. I'd naught to back it save my shoulder, and that's not enough for iron. I made shift at last with an oar upended against a deck-beam.

I drove that drill all I knew. I sweated, too. Between looking through the port to see that Gran didn't come up unknown to me, and working the lever, I was nervous as a cat. The drill checked and went through at last, and I cleared out with my armful of tools. I went back and picked up all the chips and blew the filings into the crack of the carpet.

A fine little three-eighths hole I had. I looked at it from all angles in the cabin, but ye wouldn't notice it at all unless ye went looking for it. As I say, 'twas in an out-of-the-way corner under a shelf. In the engine-room it came out near a hook, and I could hang my coat on that. Oh, I was pleased with myself. I've not read detective stories for naught.

I was in the engine-room, looking through my bit of a hole and admiring what a grand brain I had, when a shadow dropped down the cabin stairs. That was odd, for I'd heard no sound on deck. I waited, and soon a foot in a stocking came in sight, then two of 'em, and the end of a woman's skirt above the ankles. Whoever she was, she moved stealthy, and with no more noise than a light-hearted cat.

"I'll just wait till I see all of her," thought I to myself.

When she did step down on the cabin floor and I saw her plain, I near jumped. 'Twas the black-haired lass with the tiger eyes — the one I'd seen on the street corner near Gran's house!

But she'd no manner of business in that cabin, and I ran on deck in a hurry. She heard me coming, for when I started down the cabin stairs she was at the foot - waiting. There was a bit of a smile on her face, and her right hand was in the breast of her gown. The smile went quick and her hand fell away when she saw me.

"The Englishman," said she in Spanish, and her voice sounded a bit disappointed.

"I did not come here to steal." And her big black eyes looked hurt. "Truly I did not. Oh, Señor Englishman ----"

"I'm not! How many times must I tell you I'm half Scotch?"

"It is all the same. You are of the North, where there is great reverence for women, especially women in trouble. And I am in trouble great trouble, señor."

"Best explain, then."

"This boat is going to Houmt Souk on the Island of Jerra, and I must go to Houmt Souk.



. . . I WALKED ON, FEELING LIKE I'D LOOKED DOWN "I CAUGHT HER EYES SQUARE, A LOADED GUN-BARREL"

I've shipped in more than one Spanish tramp, so I've a working knowledge of the language.

"No, señorita," I said, "I'm not an Englishman; I'm half Scotch. But I'm chief engineer of this hooker, so you'll just please explain what you're doing here."

then the light went out from behind those black her eyes with the corner of her shawl. I felt eyes of hers, and they only seemed big and soft.

"You are the man," she said, "I saw go into Gran's house this morning, but I did not expect to find you in his boat. Yet it is perhaps for the best. I need help. And you will help me. I know you will."

"I've an idea you'd be helping yourself if I'd not come so unexpected."

My mother is there, and she is dying — dying, señor. Last week I heard of it, but I was unable to go, for there was no boat. Now there is this boat, so I came aboard in the hope that I could hide and so reach Houmt Souk. señor, I must go to Houmt Souk!"

She looked at me a bit, thoughtful-like, and And she began to cry and sniffle, and wipe sorrow for her, and her mother too. I'd an idea she might be telling the truth. All a lass ever has to do is turn on the tears when I'm around, and I'll do all I can for her. 'Tis too softhearted I am, for a fact.

"What might your name be?" I asked next. "Carmencita Alvarez," said she between sobs.

I explained best I knew to Carmencita that the Aries was no passenger-boat, and we just could not be bothered with a stowaway. I told her naught of the smuggling, but I said the voyage would be dangerous, and I made out the Aries to be no end of an unseaworthy boat and like to founder one time if a grayback hit her. But Carmencita wept some more, and spoke of her mother and all, and fair flattened my better judgment. She vowed she cared naught for danger; all she wanted was to reach Houmt Souk — and if I'd get her there she'd pray for me to her dying day.

"I'll hide you in my room," I said. "Small chance there'll be for me to sleep during the trip, so you'll be safe there."

"You will not tell the others," said Carmen-

cita. "They might object."

"What others — Émile Gran, you mean?"

"Émile Gran, of course. Do not tell him."

"I'll not. Don't worry. I've no wish to lose my job. Another thing: how did you find out we were bound for Houmt Souk?"

"I heard."

"Who told ye?"

"I can not tell you, señor. I heard, that is all. Have no fear; you will not be stopped."

What she said gave me a bit to think about. The Aries expedition was not such a secret, after all. How many more knew of it? I'd just have to keep my eyes open, and be ready to run if the police came looking. There was no danger from Carmencita. I was sure of that. She was no spy. We'd have been nabbed before if she had been.

I took her below and put her in the engineer's at the room. I gave her a breaker of water and some as heard bread, and told her not to worry, she'd with see her mother all right. I bade her keep quiet, for any noise after Gran came aboard would der. Then I locked the door. I'd no mind to have for the foxy-faced josser stick his long nose into that room. 'Twas nearing midnight when I heard steps on the dock. They sounded stealthy, and I felt for my gun. It might be beachengicombers. Then I heard Gran's voice, and I 'Twas held up a lantern, that he might see his way I was aboard.

"Put out that light!" said Gran.

I doused it, but not before I'd seen three other men following close astern of Gran. The three men stopped, and Gran came on alone.

"Go below," said Émile Gran, as he climbed over the rail. "We start at once."

I slanted away below and waited for the full ahead. I heard feet moving about on deck, and then the grind of the engine-room hatch closing. A tarpaulin was pulled over the hatch, and I

I explained best I knew to Carmencita that e Aries was no passenger-boat, and we just room. To make matters worse, Gran stuck his head in the forrard door and bade me close all ports and cover them. I did that, and swore to myself. Man dear! that engine-room was going to be one Hades, and no mistake.

After a bit Émile Gran came below and said he would attend to the oiling. I was glad of that. 'Twould be as uncomfortable for him as it would be for me. I knew 'twould be no use to kick about the hatch being closed, so I said naught. Ye'll mind that anything nefarious is best carried on in darkness.

After a bit the gong clanged for half speed, and I started the engines. We'd not made two hundred yards when — clang! the bridge called for full speed. I speeded up to the last revolution, and how those engines hummed and vibrated. The muffler was not cut out, and of course that lowered the speed a bit; but, for all that, the Aries was doing between twenty-four and -five knots. Gran said she could do twenty-six at a pinch.

Of a sudden the Aries lurched and heeled far over. Émile Gran shot head first into the oilcans, and I hit a stanchion with a force that knocked the wind out of me.

"It is nothing," said Gran, and he scrambled to his feet. "We turn, that is all."

Well I knew the reason for that sudden turn. A patrol-boat was ahead. "Hope she don't see us," said I to myself. No shots were fired, and I breathed easier. Soon the Aries began to roll, and I heard the splatter of spray sweeping over the deck. The sea was calm, so I knew the man at the wheel must be hugging the shore as close as he dared, and taking all manner of chances with the surf.

The sweat fair poured off me. And no wonder. The engine-room thermometer showed 120°. It must have been a fairish bit o' Hades for Carmencita Alvarez in that little room o' mine. Émile Gran gasped and panted, but he worked. He watched the oil like a proper P. and O. oiler. I'd my hands full with the engines. I didn't dare take my eyes off them. 'Twas my first berth in a racing machine, and I wanted to make a go of it. No, no, not for Gran's sake; 'twas just my mechanical pride, that's all.

After a half hour's rolling the Aries began to pitch for a bit. Then she went rocking along, gentle as a perambulator. We were out in the open sea. I'd no notion of the passing of time, and I was surprised when Émile Gran looked at his watch and said: "Five o'clock. We must be nearing Houmt Souk."

We were, for a few minutes later the gong clanged for stop, then reverse, then stop. The



"MY IDEA WAS TO BORE A HOLE IN THE BULKHEAD. I FIGURED GRAN MIGHT DO A BIT OF TALKING IN THAT CABIN"

cable roared through the hawse-pipe, and I shut off. I wiped myself dry with a lump of waste before going on deck for a breath of air.

"You must stay here," said Émile Gran,

guessing my intention.

"I'll not," I said. "You may be the owner, but I'm entitled to some fresh air, and I've a coffee, dry meat, and hard bread. When he'd mind to get it."

"No," said Gran, and his eyes narrowed. "You are the engineer. You must obey my orders. You will have plenty of time for fresh air later. We will stay here all day and most of the night. I will now bring you breakfast."

He slanted away, and soon came back with gone, I unlocked the door of the engineer's room She'd stood the heat well, by her looks.

"Are we there?" was her first question.

"We're anchored two hundred yards offshore," I said. "But ye'll have to wait a bit before going ashore. Emile Gran says we'll not leave till long after night comes on. Can ye swim?"

"Yes," said she.

"'Tis all very simple, then. I'll get ye a lifebelt, and ye can just slip overboard during the night and swim ashore. That's the only way, señorita, short of telling Gran and having him put ye ashore in a boat.'

"He must not know," said she — and her black eyes blazed up with that tiger light

behind 'em.

"I hope you'll find your mother still alive," I said.

"Oh, I am sure I will, thanks to you and your great goodness."

"Nothing like that, señorita. 'Tis only what any man would do for any woman. I'll be leaving you now; Gran might come below."

I went back into the engine-room and made shift to use my peep-hole. Man dear! the first face I looked into was the face I'd seen in the mirror at Gran's house!

This lad was sitting at the end of the table in the cabin. Gran and two other lads I didn't know were sitting at the sides. They'd bottles of wine before them, and they were enjoying themselves no end. I wished for a drink myself; water does not break your thirst like wine.

The four of 'em were talking, and after I'd heard a few words I forgot all about my thirst, and the cold shivers slanted up and down my backbone three deep. My four fine gentlemen were talking of a plot to blow up the German cruiser Wiesbaden. They spoke French, which I've only small knowledge of, but I picked up enough to catch their drift. These were the main points: France wanted to declare war on Germany — but not till Germany was scrapping with another country. Italy was growling at Germany like a mad dog already, and a bit of a push would make them come to hand-grips. And the bit of a push was the destruction of the Wiesbaden. The Germans would think the Italians did it, and they'd start a turn-up onetime. The Aries had come to Houmt Souk to meet a French yacht and take aboard a torpedo and launching-tube. The Wiesbaden was to be torpedoed at night. So far as I could make out, all four jossers were French Secret Service men.

But this wasn't all. When the Aries had fired her torpedo, she was to be scuttled, with me

and shared the grub with Carmencita Alvarez. locked tight in the engine-room! Saw ye ever the like? Indeed and indeed, those froggies were bloodthirsty lads.

> "Yes," said Gran; "the man Allis knows nothing, but it is better that he die. What matters the death of another man? I had to kill Juan Cabral, who was engineer before him, because he learned too much."

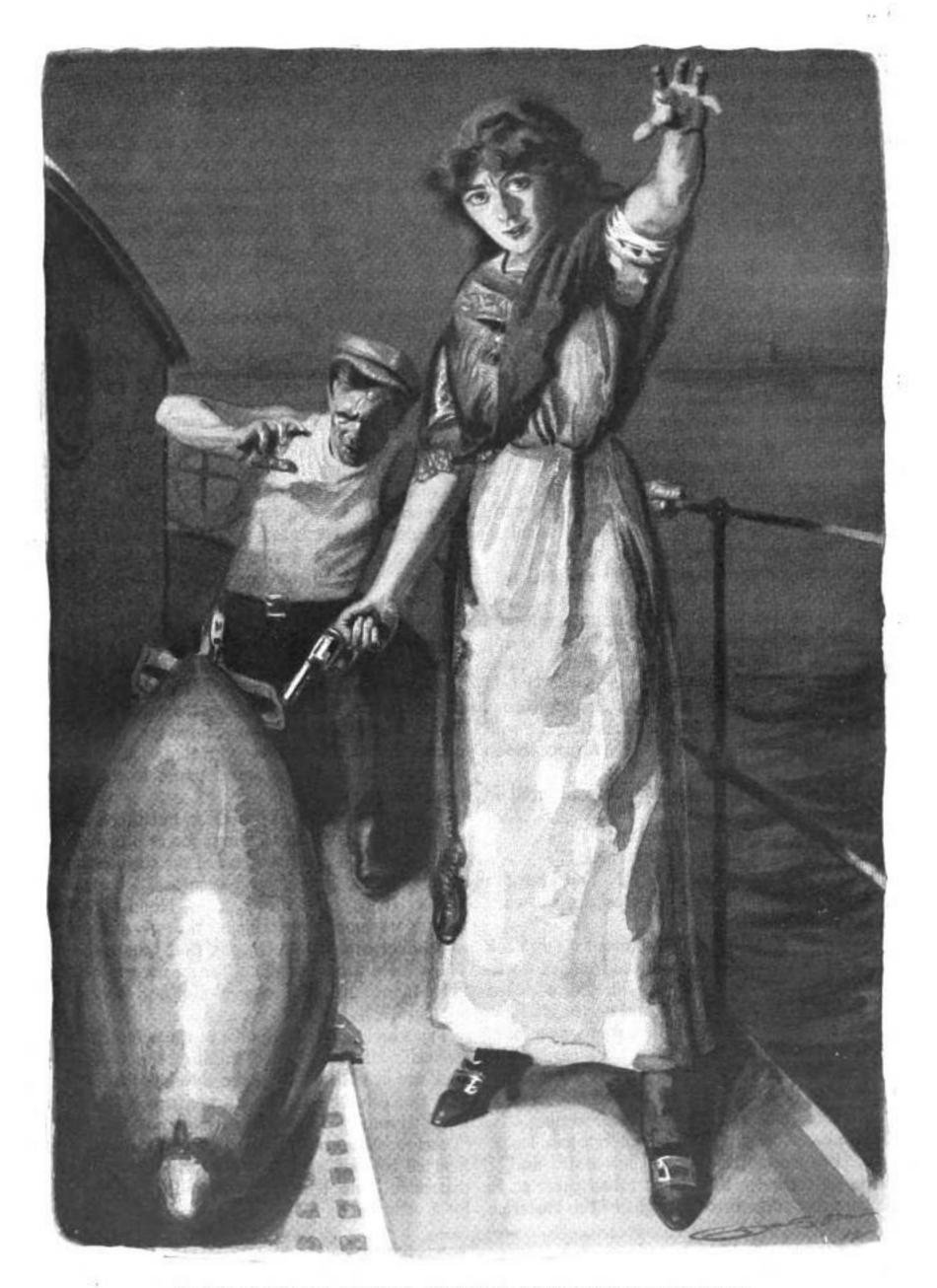
> I didn't wait to hear any more. Man dear! I was in a stew! After hearing what I had of the plot, I was not overly surprised that Gran had lied when he said the old engineer had been killed during the bombardment. A man that'll scheme to blow up a war-ship will not stop at the murder of one man. But I did not mean to be killed too - not me. I've a fine, healthy regard for my own skin.

> I'd a mind to snaffle the engines proper, and then swim ashore with Carmencita Alvarez. I was not doing it for love of Germany,— I've small liking for Kaiser Bill,— but I do not care to see any man stabbed in the back. And I like the French a bit less than I do the Dutch. As ye may well believe, the froggies' little plan for my own finish helped a bit.

> I ran quick with a piece of wire, and jammed the lock of the engine-room door so the key would not go in. Then I turned to with a monkey-wrench on the engines. I'd no more than taken off one nut when Gran poked his head in and wanted to know what I was doing. I told him the packing was loose in a cylinder-head, and he seemed satisfied. He came in, though, and sat, and I had to go on making repairs where none was needed. I fooled him all right, for he was no expert; but I did not dare do any damage with him watching me. No, no, I'd no fear of him trying the door of my room. He hadn't tried it before, and he wouldn't now.

> But he hung to the engine-room like a barnacle to a ship's plate. All day long he stayed there. I got tired o' repairing about noon, and I knocked off. Gran only went out long enough to bring back grub for both of us. The afternoon dragged, I can tell you. Times Gran would talk and smoke, and times he'd scratch his head and grunt. 'Twas all very wearisome, and I wondered if he was going to stay in the engine-room forever. I began to misdoubt I'd have to knock him cold when it came time for Carmencita and me to leave. He'd not stop me there.

> Not till after sunset, when a voice called him on deck, did Gran leave. I turned to and disconnected the feed-pipes, and ran every drop o' gasolene into the bilge. Then I took the sparkplugs and dropped 'em into the empty tanks. I let be then. I'd done enough to stop 'em for a



"'YOU KILLED MY HUSBAND, BUT YOU RECKONED WITHOUT ME!"

a cast across to Gabes, where I might be able to send a word o' warning to the Germans. As I say, I've small love for the Dutch, but I'd no wish to have a lot of 'em killed.

I unlocked Carmencita's door and told her we'd best be going. But she wouldn't go. She said 'twas not safe yet. Very nervous she acted, and she twisted her fingers in and out. couldn't leave her, and I argued all I knew. While I was telling her what I thought of her foolishness, there came a sudden grind and scrape down the Aries' quarter and the slap of ropes'-ends on deck. Another vessel was making fast. Carmencita's instinct was better than my judgment, after all. I squinted through a port, but 'twas too dark to make out more than a vessel's white plates close aboard.

There was a goodish deal of noise on the Aries' deck. Blocks creaked, and big cases slid across the planks. Crack! Crack! and some boards splintered. The froggies were already getting out the torpedo and the launchingtube. The other vessel cast off, and I saw her lights as she steamed away in the direction of Tunis,

There was a world of jabbering going on aft, and I misdoubted the froggies were having their own troubles with the launching-tube. Here was our chance to slip overboard. I told Carmencita, and she came quick enough now. She was a bit excited, and her eyes had the wild look and light in 'em. Oh, ay, the sorrow was in her face, too.

"Has the torpedo come?" she whispered in my ear.

"What — so ye do know it all!" I said.

"Of course. Where is the torpedo?"

"Aft, likely. But what of it? You and I've no interest in torpedoes. It's ashore we want to be, and quick, too."

She made no answer, but followed me on deck quiet. I could see Gran and the froggies working on the launching-tube. They'd a dozen lanterns on top of the cabin and on the deck, so 'twas all plain. Close by the cabin was a long, slim torpedo resting on chocks. I reached to get a life-belt for Carmencita, and when I turned about the lass wasn't behind me.

I looked, and there she was creeping aft. She'd almost reached the torpedo when I saw 'Twas most ungrateful. As I say, I'm too soft-I misdoubted she'd gone daft, and I started after her. Before I'd taken three steps distressful tale I hear - especially if it's told Carmencita came into the light of the lanterns, by a woman.

bit. Once I got ashore at Houmt Souk, I'd get and straightened up. Gran and his crowd didn't see her. She lifted her hand and shoved something against the torpedo. Man dear! I was paralyzed!

> Carmencita had a gun in her hand, and she was holding it against the war-head. The usual bursting charge, ye'll mind, is one hundred and thirty-two pounds of gun-cotton. Things happened quick then, I can tell you. Carmencita yelled, and the froggies all turned. I can see their faces yet. Pasty white they were, and their eyes stuck out.

> "Don't move!" she shouted in Spanish, "or I fire!"

> Whether or no they all understood her words, I don't know, but they kept still. Her actions were enough.

> "You, Émile Gran," said Carmencita next, "you killed my husband, Juan Cabral. Because he learned of your plot you killed him. You reckoned without me, his wife. I — I also knew. I could have betrayed you to the Italians, but I wanted to exact vengeance by my own hand; I wanted to destroy you even as you intended to destroy the Wieshaden, and ---"

> I never waited to hear more. I forgot my paralysis, and I dove overside like a shot. Down, down I went, swimming for dear life. And dear life it was. The more water there was between me and the gun-cotton, the better. There was a sudden glare above me, a heavy rumble, and the water vibrated. My head was near to bursting, and I came to the surface fast.

> There was no sign of the Aries, but there were splashes in the water all about me as bits of her came down. A goodish piece of the stern struck within three feet of my shoulder. I swam ashore then, and the folk in Houmt Souk treated me most hospitable, as the only survivor of a boiler explosion. Oh, ay, that was the tale I told. I'd have been held for an investigation if I'd mentioned the froggies' plot and the guncotton.

> I was lucky, but no thanks to the wife of Juan Cabral. His wife! And think of the way she took me in with her tale of a dying mother and all. She'd have blown me up with the rest if I hadn't jumped. After all I'd done for her, too! hearted by half, and too ready to believe every

THE PRODIGAL

MAYOR HOWARD'S OWN STORY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

This is a narrative of Mr. Howard's actual personal experiences told by himself. At the age of thirty-eight he had run through a fortune of half a million. He left New York \$100,000 in debt, with \$25 in his pocket. For a while he drifted aimlessly about Boston. One day his eye was caught by the notice of the closing out of the Salem "Gazette." Howard's people had come from Salem. By noon that day be was in the town offering to buy the "Gazette." His offer was refused, and Howard, although penniless, started a reform paper of his own, the "Dispatch," which, by desperate expedients and by living on a few cents a day, he managed to keep going through the winter. One day some one suggested to Howard that he run for Mayor of Salem. He announced himself a candidate, put up a spirited fight, and was elected Mayor.

T was the morning of January 3, 1910. was about to be inaugurated Mayor of Salem. I had never been a mayor; I knew absolutely nothing about being one. And a tailor had given me my only lesson, so far. I had made a business arrangement, in the two weeks between my father's death and my inauguration, to secure a suit of clothes from a tailor — ten dollars down, twenty dollars in advertising in the Dispatch, and ten dollars cash on delivery. It was absolutely necessary that I have one suit of clothes to cover me; I ordered a frock-coat and trousers. "It's the statesman's coat," my opponent, John F. Hurley, had told me while we stumped together in the campaign. "They all wear 'em."

"Well," said the tailor conversationally, reaching his tape to measure around my waist, "I suppose you ordered your silk hat."

"What silk hat?" I said.

The tailor stood back and examined my face. "The Mayor's hat," he said. "Didn't you know?" "Know what?" I said.

"It is customary," said my tailor, "for the Mayor of Salem always to appear in a silk hat."

He was right. I have seen their pictures since — in top-hats, and stovepipes, and hairy beavers - reaching back through dim time to the beginning of the city of Salem in 1836. Not one of them for one moment had passed under the open sky without this badge of office.

I learned this with regret. My silk hat was a wreck. It was a financial strain to secure that frock-coat; here was another and unexpected investment. However, I went to Boston and morning of inauguration. And now I sat wait-

ing. I had successfully borrowed the \$17.50 necessary to insure delivery of my robes of office; but I was full of anxiety as to the next step in becoming Mayor of Salem.

The carriage came at last; I stepped in, drove to the City Hall, and called for my predecessor, the genial ex-illegal liquor-dealer, John F. Hurley. The streets were thronged. We passed lifting and relifting our gleaming hats through the city, out into the bare pasture lots, where the city government had built the new high school. And there they gave the oath of office to the new city government and the Mayor.

I arose and gave my inaugural address, telling what I hoped to do as Mayor.

No one knew but myself how inexperienced I was. Not only had I never presided at a meeting of this kind: I had never seen a meeting of a board of aldermen. Curtis had always done that end of the reporting for the newspaper.

I Become Chief of Police

And now I was called upon to preside before an audience of two thousand people over the first meeting of my aldermen. I hesitate now to think what would have happened to me if I had been alone. But there arose and stood at my right hand the city clerk of Salem.

He was a man of sixty — the city clerk of Salem. In his younger days he had been a sea captain; and now for twelve years he had been commander of the city government meetings. This was nothing new to him; he prompted me, as he had my predecessors, in exactly what to do. secured a hat, to be delivered "C. O. D." the He was a part of the old political "gang." Personally, he hated me so much that he refused to



HOWARD EXPLAINS TO THE BEWILDERED ALDERMAN THAT, AS HE HAS APPOINTED HIMSELF CHIEF OF POLICE, THE ONLY WAY IN WHICH HE CAN BE ARRESTED WILL BE FOR HIM TO ARREST HIMSELF

ride in the same carriage with me to my inaugu- the moving-picture shows whom we had atration. Officially, I was the sacred head of the tacked in the Dispatch - had resigned. city of Salem.

all at once my first official crisis rose before me. The Chief of Police - the sleepy guardian of

Immediately I stood face to face with my The routine business came and was done, and iron-countenanced enemy, Alderman Doyle the man who was suing me for libel.
"Mr. Mayor," he said curtly, "this city



HOWARD BECOMES SALEM'S "DANCING MAYOR," AND LEADS THE GRAND MARCH EVERY NIGHT AT THE TOWN ACADEMY. A NEW DANCE IS INVENTED AND NAMED AFTER HIM - THE "HOWARD" - WHICH BECOMES EXCESSIVELY POPULAR

should not be without a chief of police. Has your honor decided upon whom he will appoint?"

I had not, and he knew it.

signed some orders which had just been passed, and thought industriously.

"Do I understand, sir," insisted Doyle, "that you have selected a man?"

"Yes," I replied, standing up; "I appoint I smiled pleasantly at Alderman Doyle, myself - Arthur Howard - Chief of Police for three weeks."

Then the audience broke loose. It was a big

audience, for Salem — two thousand people. They had been looking for a change, a sensation, some overthrow of tradition by the new Mayor from New York. This must be it.

I stopped speaking and gazed at my seven aldermen, seated before me: Doyle, like a big, grim, round-headed prize-fighter, with his hostile eyes upon me; the four good government aldermen, sitting back with the expression of conscious rectitude usually worn by reform officials; the political coal-dealer, Colbert, from whom so many of the city employees bought their coal; and "Jackie," the slater, the friend of all the people, round as a rubber ball, rolling to and fro in his chair, agonized under the cruel necessity of a collar.

It was a strangely assorted crowd, divided among themselves — four to three — between the old and the new purer politics; united only on one issue — their opposition to me.

The aldermen turned, twisted and looked at each other, nervous and disquieted. I stood and faced them — uncertain as to what came next. The old city clerk never flinched; stiff and serious, he stood beside me, whispering in my ear.

"The question comes on confirmation of the appointment of Arthur Howard, Chief of Police for three weeks."

"The question comes," I echoed feebly, "on confirmation of the appointment of Arthur Howard, Chief of Police for three weeks."

One by one the clerk called out their names; one by one they responded, "Aye." The applause of the audience had carried them with it.

With that the meeting was adjourned. It was two hours after my inauguration. I was not only Mayor of Salem; I was Chief of Police. And as yet I knew nothing about being either.

We left the high school then, the ex-Mayor and myself, and drove back, bowing, to the gray old City Hall — my seat of office.

"It Is Customary"

I waved official good-by to my predecessor, he was, I think, the greatest hand-waver Salem ever saw,— entered the gloomy corridor, and passed upstairs. The low talk of the watching officials came to me from the offices on either side. The scent of stale official tobacco smoke pursued me to my door.

I entered, sat down, and pressed the button school," I said. at my desk. Minutes passed — a long wait. wooden leg upon the stairs. The city messenger of Salem — the one-legged veteran of Gettyscity government - stood beside me. I had begun my active service as the Mayor of Salem.

It was a long, confused, and busy day. Citizens, officials, office-seekers trooped in and out in hordes. I had been widely advertised during my campaign. I was a State-wide curiosity—the Boy Mayor of Salem. Locally — taken at my own word — I was the people's candidate; so it was my especial business to meet the people.

That evening the aldermen and councilmen met again for routine matters of appointment. The upper board and I sat down together again — the four good government aldermen fanning themselves. It was the dead of winter; that made no difference — something in their conception of official life led them always to fan themselves when in session. "Jackie," the slater (he always spoke of himself as Jackie), freed from the unnatural device of a collar, beamed with general good will to man, The evening session was tedious. The Common Council could not agree upon an election. Finally I adjourned our meeting and went home.

"It certainly has been a long day," I said to myself, as I turned over wearily to sleep. And then the telephone bell rang.

The grieved and excited voice of the veteran messenger was on the wire.

"Come back to City Hall," he cried. "The Common Council can't adjourn!"

"Why not?" said I.

"The aldermen did not notify them they had adjourned; they've got to meet again and adjourn properly."

"There's no rule to that effect."

"It's customary," he said, and rang off.

I called up central. "Disconnect me for the night," I said, rolled over, and went to sleep.

"Customary"! I could never get the word out of my ears.

I had scarcely been asleep, it seemed, when all at once the telephone bell was ringing. I started up. It was half past six in the morning.

"What is it?" I said.

"Is this the Mayor?"

"Yes!"

"Shall we have school?"

"Why not?"

"It's raining."

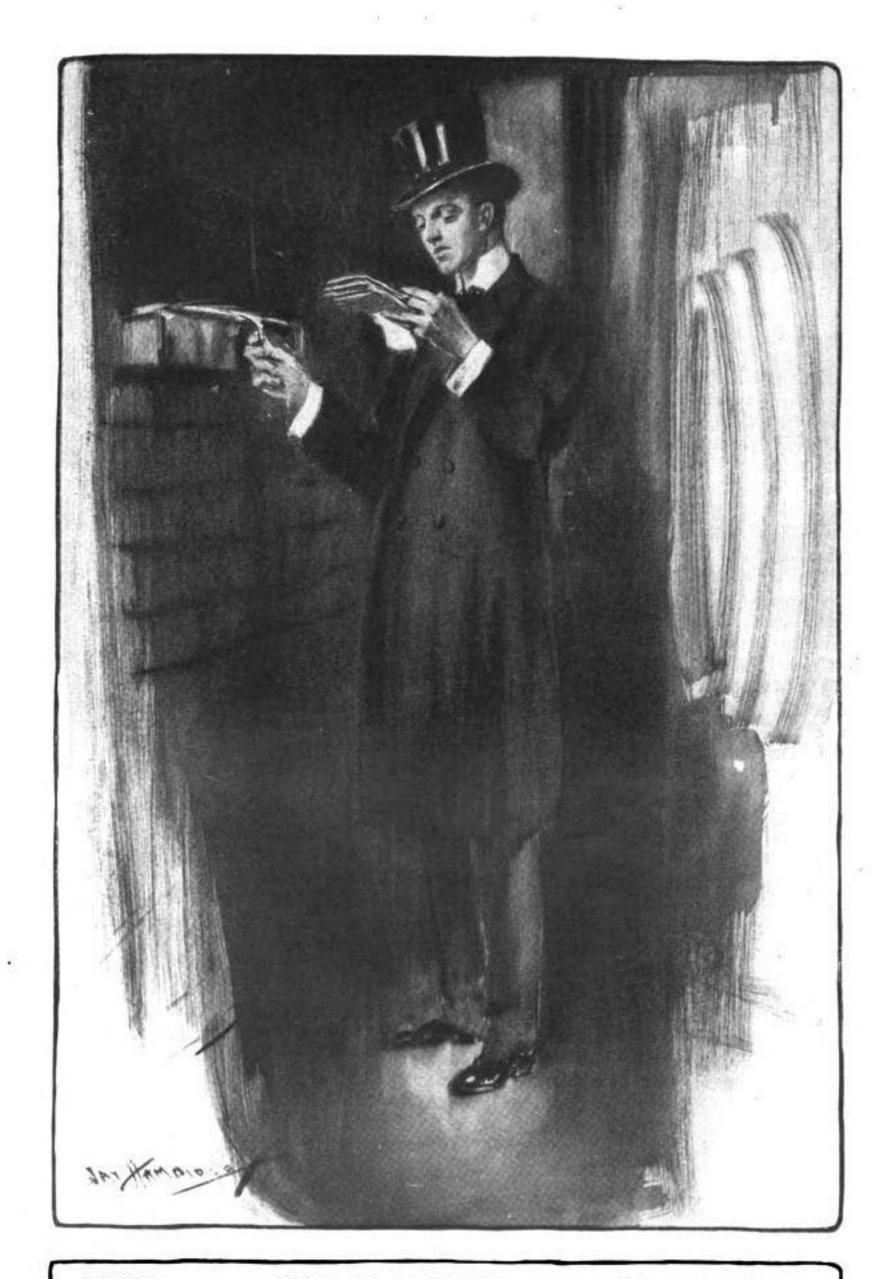
"What of it?"

"It is customary," said the voice grievedly, "for the Mayor to decide."

I got up and looked out; it was pouring. "No

Soon after the fire bell was ringing out, "No Then, clip-clap, clip-clap — the sound of a morning session." I had learned another duty of the Mayor.

As I lay there before dressing, I began to burg, who was official message carrier of the realize what it meant to be Mayor of Salem. I was paid \$1500 a year; apparently there was no hour, night or day, when I was not at work. But



HOUNDED BY HIS CREDITORS, AND ON THE EVE OF BANKRUPTCY, HOWARD TAKES THE NIGHT TRAIN TO NEW YORK, GOES TO HIS SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX, AND DESTROYS \$60,000 WORTH OF UNCOLLECTABLE PERSONAL NOTES AGAINST HIS FRIENDS

yet I had no realization of what was before me; it was only this second day I began to know.

I arrived at the City Hall that morning at nine o'clock; and as I came in, the city messenger met me.

"Mr. Brown is dead," he said.

I expressed my regret, although I did not know Mr. Brown.

"What shall I do?" said the messenger, lingering.

"I don't know, I'm sure," I said.

"It's up to you," he answered.

"What?" I asked.

"I must have my instructions whether the City Hall flag shall go at half mast or not."

"Who was Mr. Brown?"

"He was a member of the Common Council in 1879," said the messenger.

"Is it customary?" I said, anticipating him.

"Yes, sir."

"Put the flag at half mast," I said.

"Shall I," said the messenger, waiting,—
"shall I accompany you to the funeral?"

"Do I go?" I asked.

"It is customary," said the official. "It is considered a part of the duties of the Mayor."

"I will be there," I said. I was — and at scores of funerals thereafter. It was a leading duty of the Mayor of Salem.

And now the day began — a specimen day. At nine o'clock we had a meeting of the executive committee of the school board. The funeral was at one-thirty. The Sewer Commission met at four, the Trust Fund Commission at five, the Park Commissioners at five-thirty, the Committee on Police and Licenses and the Firemen Committee at seven-thirty.

I met scores of callers; they took the whole afternoon.

At eight I spoke to the Men's Club of St. Peter's Church; and fifteen minutes later the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians had me. At eight-thirty I was with the Street Committee; at nine o'clock I led the grand march of the Loyal Order of Moose. From nine to eleven I was grinding through the mounds of mail upon my desk, and never done with it.

Must I Arrest Myself?

In less than a week I knew it would be impossible to catch up with my work; but by that time my mind was occupied with something else. My old enemies were after me again. One morning the *News* appeared with big headlines:

MAYOR TO BE ARRESTED

I cast my eye over it. I had failed, it said, to file my election expenses, as required by the law.

That was true. Neither had any of the other candidates filed election expenses; that matter, however, was not discussed. Each day a new "scare-head" appeared:

MAYOR'S ARREST TO COME SOON!

I waited — purposely, to see what would happen. On the second afternoon a representative of the good government aldermen appeared, seated himself sadly by my desk, and seized a fan. (I had provided fans for their accommodation when calling on me.)

"Mr. Mayor," he said, fanning himself in an agitated manner, "your administration is under

attack."

"Yes," I said.

"Your neglect to file election expenses is causing a scandal."

"Have you filed yours?" I asked.

"No, sir, I have not," he said heavily. "But the case of the Mayor is different; he is the head of the administration."

I sat for a moment and looked at him. There was not the slightest concession from the nobility of self-righteousness of his face — not even when his own case was considered.

"What shall I do?" I said at last. "Shall I instruct the Chief of Police to act?"

The fan stopped — in dazed speculation.

"But see the difficulty," I went on, wheeling in my chair. "It is very embarrassing.

"You see," I whispered, "I am Chief of Police.

"Suppose, for example," I said, "that I, as Mayor, order the Chief of Police to arrest Arthur Howard for breaking the law. The Chief of Police would then find that this same Arthur Howard was Mayor of Salem. Now, being Mayor of Salem, he would then be compelled to discharge the Chief of Police for insubordination. That would be impossible."

The delegate of the reform aldermen arose and tramped hurriedly from the room, carrying my fan with him. I was sorry for this, for I had marked on all my fans, in self-protection: "Stolen from the Mayor's Office."

A few days later I filed my election expenses

— which was more than my visitor did. And
my enemies started working upon a new trail.

Advice from the Governor

The matter of Salem customs still worried me, and also my lack of knowledge of what a Mayor should do. And so I was glad, a few days after my inauguration, to have the opportunity of laying the matter before the Governor of the State — Eben S. Draper.

Mr. Draper received me very kindly, and gave me some most excellent advice. I liked it so much that I followed it. I also copied his stationery. I had a die struck off with the seal of Salem and "Office of the Executive" at its head. It was magnificent. I learned afterward that the Governor had copied his from the stationery of the President.

In London, I remembered, the newspapers had always printed every day a column headed "Court News," telling of the daily movements of the King: "His Majesty at nine o'clock received the Earl of Beaconsfield; at eleven," etc.

So I instituted in the Dispatch a column which I headed, "With the Mayor," in which I gave my movements of the day before and my engagements for the coming day.

I had added my part to the customs of Salem. But formalities were not the main thing I introduced; there were far more informalities. I was pledged to be Mayor of the people, and I stood to my pledge.

On my first day I made this rule: I will speak to every man and child I meet on the street. I kept the rule throughout my administration. I could not speak to the women, of course. It would have been considered an impertinence. But I bowed to every man, whether I had ever seen him before or not.

For the children, I used to start out every morning with some two dollars in pennies and nickels in my pocket. I still have children stop me in the street to remind me of the time I treated them to soda-water.

All this cost money — money that I did not have. The *Dispatch* was running along under the charge of an assistant, and, as usual, it was not much more than paying expenses — though for a while, at the opening of my term, there was an almost suspicious increase in its advertising. But apparently my actions did not encourage this, and advertisers soon dropped off again.

"The Mayor Must be Arrested"

In the meanwhile, I found that being Mayor was very expensive. My board of aldermen was extremely strict on my bills. Funerals, public functions, and receiving visitors from out of town were the recognized business of the Mayor; and yet, the city would not pay the cost of it, not even of carriage hire. I had to take it from my own pocket. Being Mayor was costing me twice as much as I got for it.

I was waiting anxiously for the day my first month's salary was to be paid. Then suddenly my salary was attached. The gang had caught up with me again.

I had owed "Ma," my first landlady, ninety dollars for board when I left her nine months before; with some difficulty I had reduced the sum to twenty-eight dollars, and she was not pushing the claims. But now, all at once, Billy, the lawyer of the McSweeney Brothers combination, appeared and attached my salary in her behalf. It was a hard blow to me, under existing circumstances. And, as it was very clearly another political trick of the gang, and it was impossible to tell when they would repeat it, I simply assigned my salary as Mayor for the remainder of the year.

I had scarcely passed the assignment into the city clerk's office when I received a sudden shock. I heard that I was no longer Mayor. The law, I was informed, specified that if any city official assigned his salary, his office immediately became vacant. I stepped at once into the city clerk's room. The clerk had not been in. I took my paper and went out again, and destroyed it.

The next morning the News was out once more screaming:

MAYOR MUST BE ARRESTED

I had destroyed public records, it appeared; I must be sent to jail.

It was fortunate, I again assured my anxious visitors, that I was Chief of Police. I could at least delay arresting myself. And, as careful reading of the law showed that I was technically not a city official, but the city executive, I again filed the assignment in the city clerk's office, and for a time the announcement of my approaching arrest disappeared from the first page of the *News*.

The Uprising of the "Barnacles"

And now I was compelled to devote my attention to a new matter — to quell the uprising of the "Barnacles."

My predecessor — John F. Hurley — had named them that. He had made a campaign several years before on the issue of cleaning the City Hall of its Barnacles. It was a vain boast; he was elected, but he could not scrape them off.

They were very old,— the permanent officials of City Hall,— nearly all of them between sixty and seventy. A majority of them had been soldiers in the Civil War.

Every morning they met in the city messenger's room. The one-legged messenger, seventy years old, sat dozing there all day over his cigar. (Messages were delivered to his assistant.)



THE FIRE CHIEF HAS A GRUDGE AGAINST HOWARD. AN OPPORTUNITY COMES FOR REVENGE. IN SIGHT OF TWO THOUSAND SPECTATORS, THE HOSE IS TURNED UPON THE MAYOR

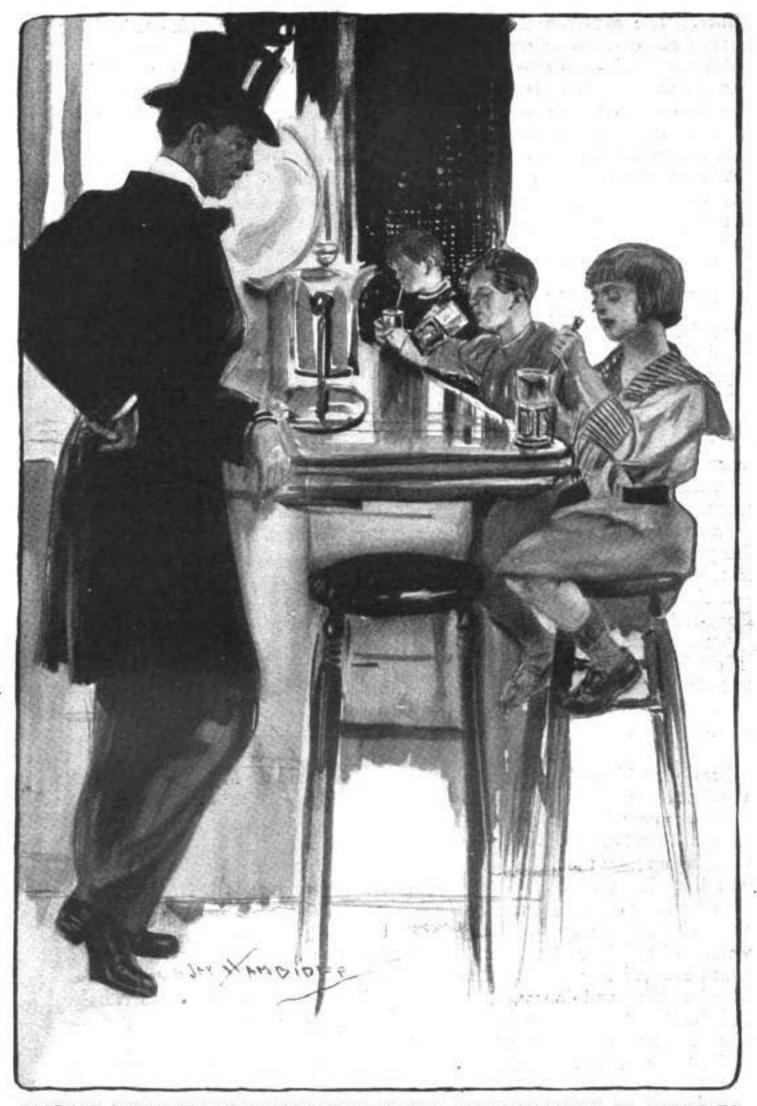
Around him was a circle of chairs. It was the his position there, and greeted them as they general place of rest for the officials of City Hall, and politicians in general.

Hall, Tax-Collector Quinn, - one of two or three officials under fifty in the building,- took

came in.

"Good morning, war veterans. How are we Every morning the recognized wit of City this morning? Shall we be able to hold our jobs another week?"

"Charlie," he would say to the dozing mes-



PLEDGED TO BE THE MAYOR OF THE PEOPLE, HOWARD MAKES IT A RULE TO SPEAK TO ALL THE CHILDREN IN TOWN. AS THEIR ACQUAINTANCE RIPENS, IT LEADS TO THE SODA-WATER FOUNTAIN

senger, "tell us how it was you lost your leg. Come on, do; that leg's a very important thing for us. I know you all say you were in the Civil War. But how do we know? How does any one know? But Charlie, here, he can prove it by the leg. Can't you, Charlie?"

No one would be allowed to talk that way except the licensed jester of the establishment. The power of the old men was too great. In a very short time I was made to feel it. The Barnacles were in general revolt.

I had caused disturbance immediately after

taking office. The old men all smoked, or nearly all; and citizens, women especially, complained that the old, ill-ventilated offices were always choking with tobacco. It was the smoke of pipes, very often, or the powerful scent of political cigars. I issued orders immediately that smoking in the public offices should be discontinued. There was protesting obedience.

The city messenger's room was at the bottom of the stair-well, on the first floor, below my office. The officials, ex-officials, and defeated politicians gathered there for critical discussion. It lay in the very center of the hall, smoking like the pit, exploding with oaths like the forecastle of a pirate ship.

The very first day, I had overheard a concise opinion of my administration come forth:

"What this feller, this year, ought to do, is to take two vacations — two vacations of six months each."

However, that was only the beginning. My first encounter was with the auditor, an excellent old accountant who had been in the office about nine years. As soon as I took office, he presented the warrant for the last month's expenses — a single warrant covering both city bills and pay-rolls.

"Will you separate them, please?" I said. "Then I can sign the pay-roll, and have a chance to look over the other."

"It's customary," said the auditor, bristling, "to sign one warrant." He was a very serious man.

I smiled sadly at him. "You see," I said, "this is my first day in office, and so I want to sign my name as many times as possible."

Soon after, a disturbed and melancholy rumble came floating up from the messenger's room. They were talking it over.

My next encounter came with the aged veteran who was city treasurer.

"How much of a balance has the city?" I asked him as he came in.

"Two hundred thousand dollars," he said.

"Where is it deposited?"

He told me. It was all in one bank. wish," I said, "you would divide it among all bled like a volcano before eruption: the banks."

keep it in one bank."

"That must be an excellent thing for the one bank," I said.

He went away. A few days after, I called up a bank. The money had not been distributed. I called the aged treasurer again — several times before he came.

He arrived at last — livid.

"For fifteen years," he said, "I have been methods to absurdity.

treasurer of Salem. No one has ever questioned my honesty before."

"Nobody questions it now," I said.

He trembled in all his limbs.

"The Dispatch," he said, "is a disreputable sheet. I have forbidden my family reading it."

"What has that to do with distributing the city's money?" I asked.

"I don't see how it can be done," he said. "It would involve having four check-books and four accounts."

"We have," I said, smiling pleasantly, "a number of very bright pupils in the high school. If you wish, I will send up for one of them to show you how money can be drawn from one bank and put into another."

The treasurer rushed to the door, slammed it behind him, and never spoke to me again while I was Mayor. Since that time, however, the city's money has always been divided equally among the banks of Salem.

All this was viewed with alarm by the assembly in the city messenger's room. Their comments floated loudly out of the pall of smoke, through the corridors:

"That may be the way they do it in New York. But it won't do for Salem. You wait; wait till the Captain [the city clerk] gets after him. He'll show him!"

The city clerk and I soon arrived at odds over an order of mine, which he saw but to disregard. He immediately burst into my office, and began where the treasurer had left off. He knew my New York record, he said. It was a terrible thing. My newspaper was a disgrace to Salem. He raved, and stamped about the place.

I smiled.

When he was done, I said to him in my most agreeable manner:

"That is very interesting, Captain. I have been very much entertained. I hope you will come up again sometime and tell it to me all over again."

The city clerk burst into tears and left the room.

The city messenger's room groaned and rum-

"Well, what do you think of that? The Cap-"It's customary," said the treasurer, "to tain has been up and given him a piece of his mind. And he asked him if he wouldn't come up again and tell it all over to him!"

It was curious that they could never get used to ridicule. It had been, from the time I had come to Salem, my only weapon against the It was the same when I was Mayor. gang. My only weapon against the solid front against me was reducing ridiculous and often vicious

The Sudden Dash of Cold Water

But vengeance was at hand, and that right soon.

I discovered, among other things, that the various departments had bought their supplies without regard to cheapness or quality. It was "customary."

I made attempts to change the system. The matter of buying hay, in particular, I decided to take care of myself. There was a good deal of it used, and the prices, I found, ran from twenty to over twenty-eight dollars a ton for the same thing.

Here and in one or two other matters I came in conflict with the Chief of the Fire Department. He argued. I refused.

I had been Mayor only a few days when I learned another very serious duty of the Mayor of Salem. He must answer all "second alarms" for fire. This is because no one but the Mayor can call for fire assistance from out of town. In case of danger he must be ready.

My first "second alarm" was for a fire in the cellar of a big lodging-house. It was a very smoky fire. The chief solicitously took me into the cellar to see it at close quarters. I went down into that cellar without enthusiasm, and saw, with him, the center of the blaze. I did not see how I could refuse.

My second attendance at a second-alarm fire was at a blaze in a factory building. The chief soon discovered me there. "Mr. Mayor, this way, please," he cried officiously. "I want to show you how we fight the fire."

There was a low building in front of the smoking factory. I climbed up after him, and he placed me in a conspicuous place on the flat roof. A couple of thousand spectators were looking at the blaze.

I turned to speak. The fire chief had gone. And, almost at the same moment, the stream from the hose took me — one full blast at first, then, carefully squashed against the edge of the roof, the water spread into an almost solid shower. In my official robes of office — my silk hat and frock-coat — I was being bathed before the populace. A loud yell went up. I crawled down the ladder, went home, and stayed in bed until the official suit and hat were dry again.

Weeks afterward I advanced a man in the fire department. He thanked me, almost in tears. I asked him why. "I didn't think you'd do it," he said. "I was the man that the chief had turn the hose on you."

I couldn't prove anything, of course; ostensibly it was an accident.

However, I continued to buy the hay for the

fire department. It cost me twenty-two dollars a ton. Under the old "custom" the price was twenty-eight dollars. Altogether we saved thousands of dollars in the purchase of city supplies.

I went on, as best I could, trying to keep up with the jobios being Mayor of Salem. I was busy every bour difted hightenid day. If it was not city businesscit was something almost as exacting — the expected speeches after dinner at banquets and appearance at public entertainments and balls. Every night of my life I danced, somewhere.

My callers never ended. One man regularly occupied an hour of my day, giving his views on the railroad grade-crossing subject; another periodically delivered a sixteen-page letter on city sewers; and aldermen came and sat hours with me, on matters of no tremendous import.

There was Jackie Cahill's collar, for instance. The reform aldermen were much exercised over it, and finally one of them called on me to take action on it.

"Would it not be advisable for you, Mr. Mayor," he said, grasping his fan, "to—er—to ask him to wear a collar? We all must feel that he detracts from the dignity of the body."

I suggested that he bring in an order asking Mr. Cahill to put on a collar; but he did not do so.

And for the first three weeks, added to my own duties as Mayor, I had those of Chief of Police. There was, of course, an assistant Chief, but he was nearly eighty years old. There had been a good deal of criticism of the police. They were good men, a large majority of them. But they were so aged. Forty per cent of them were over sixty; three of them were nearly eighty. One of these three, who was on duty at the police station, was brought down every evening, and was put to bed for the night in the station-house. It was a manner of police service I have never seen outside of Salem.

I was very anxious to solve the police problem right. The city had been run pretty loosely. There were rough, "fresh" boys on the main corners, and a great deal of drunkenness in the street. I went down quite often and spoke to the officers at evening roll-call on their duty, and finally, after some disagreement with the aldermen, a few weeks after my inauguration, I got a Chief of Police. He was from out of town,—from Lowell,—a rugged, heavy-footed man, with an enormous gray mustache—on account of which he was immediately nicknamed the "Walrus." He was about sixty-five, and was recommended as a man of great experience; apparently he was a man of decided opinions.

"I know the law," he stated frequently, and without apparent fear of contradiction.

Although he was my second choice, I felt relieved. I had secured a perfectly honest, tremendously serious-minded man to take care of Salem. His entry was most propitious. Hoodlums and street ruffians were clearly awed by his appearance. I helped by playing him up, in the Dispatch, as a perfect ogre of virtue.

For several weeks I was free from overwhelming anxiety. Then, in the first of March, the gang was on me again. I heard them coming several days before they arrived. The streets were full of rumor:

"Well, they've got him this time."

Very soon the secret was out. I was sued by three separate lawyers for judgments which had been returned against me for my debts in New York. What had happened was common knowledge. Some of my enemies had made a pool and bought them up.

Foolishly I let their court proceedings go by default; I knew nothing about the Massachusetts law. The next day, the headlines of the News revealed my situation:

MAYOR MUST TAKE POOR DEBTOR'S OATH

Then I went to Boston and saw my friend and lawyer, Frederick W. Peabody. The Massachusetts law, he told me, gave creditors some remarkable privileges in case a man goes into court and swears himself to be utterly without property. After that his creditors, if they wish, can hale him into court once a week, if they desire, and make him give an accounting of every cent he gets and every cent he spends. If he refuses — or even makes an error in his accounting — he can be ordered to jail.

"If you take the poor debtor's oath," said Mr. Peabody, "they've got you on that. It isn't usual, but those men would probably make your life unbearable. Very likely they'd get you in jail."

There were three days before I was to appear. I took a train to New York that night, went to my safe-deposit box, and destroyed the old personal notes I held against friends. They were uncollectible anyway; they would only cause their makers trouble, without any advantage to any one. But I had food for thought when I totaled them. There were \$80,000 in old notes there which I destroyed — all outlawed by time. That had been real money in my hands once.

Then I returned to Salem, and went into bankruptcy under the United States laws — as I should have done long before had I not hoped that sooner or later I could settle.

Liquor and the Best Citizens

I had scarcely emerged from this trouble when I was in conflict with the better classes of Salem, through the old Salem question — the sale of liquor at the Salem Club, the social gatheringplace of the aristocrats.

I had a great deal of trouble with the liquor law, as every administration always had had. There were a number of men who were suspected of breaking the laws. I warned several of them. Every time I did so, they would laugh and say: "I suppose the Salem Club will serve as usual."

I spoke of this to my friends, and told them I was going to stop the liquor-selling there. "Forget it," they said promptly. Then they told me to see Knight, the only Chief of Police who had raided the Salem Club.

"They'll ruin you," Knight told me. "They'll drive you out of business, and socially you'll be dead forever. They ruined me, all right; they never left me alone afterward. And what did I accomplish?" he continued sadly. "They adjourned the case a dozen times, and then they returned the seven hundred dollars' worth of liquor I found there back to the club again."

"I'm going to try it, just the same," I said.

I walked down to the Salem Club, rang the bell, and asked for the club president. He was one of the best known and most respected men in Salem.

"Mr. President," I said to him, "I have come here, in my capacity of Mayor of Salem, to tell you that you must stop the sale of liquor in this club. I dislike very much to come here on this errand, but I must treat everybody alike.

"I am not going to raid your club, Mr. President. I merely want your personal word that no more liquor shall be served here until it is legal to do so."

He held out his hand at once, and gave me his word — which he kept religiously.

But there was no doubt that there was feeling; I was told of it constantly, and I felt the enmity of the aristocracy immediately. They snubbed me at every possible opportunity, especially at the social functions which I had to attend.

Unfortunately, this was only a part of the trouble I was to have over the interest of the "better citizens" of Salem in liquor-selling. There was one place which was notorious for its illegal sales of liquor. It was called the Colonial House. More than twelve hundred letters complaining of it came to me. I satisfied myself that the complaints were true, and made up my mind that I would take action.

I had scarcely announced what I intended to

do than I was besieged with mysterious callers informing me that the leading secret society of Salem owned the building, and that the hotel proprietor was "back in his rent." It would mean a loss to an association of the very best citizens of Salem.

I went ahead and preferred charges to the license board. The evidence was very clear; there was practically no defense. The board voted, two to one, not to discontinue the license.

The Colonial House went on — more defiantly than ever. I investigated again personally, and found the situation was unchanged. Then I preferred charges against two of the license commissioners for continued neglect of duty. My hearing on the charges was a civic holiday in Salem. Seats in City Hall were unobtainable to a quarter of those who wanted to attend.

The two license commissioners refused to answer any questions concerning my charges against them. Their whole effort was summed up in the personal attack of their lawyer upon me — my debts in New York, my poverty, and my libel suits. The defense of his clients was a minor matter.

I adjourned the meeting. Two days later I removed the commissioners. My own lawyers' bills for presenting the case amounted to two hundred and fifty dollars, which, as usual, I had to pay out of my own pocket.

It was growing monotonous. I was constantly on trial, especially whenever I attempted any change or reform. Sometimes it even strained my sense of humor. No doubt the solemnity of the performance led me to extravagances that I might have avoided. But there was nothing I could do except reduce the various situations to absurdity and laugh them to death. It was my only weapon.

A Veto and Some Circus Tichets

There was a police inspector, Lehan, whom I distrusted. A recommendation came in to the aldermen, signed by him, and I said that I had no confidence in what he said. At the next meeting of the board he suddenly appeared, striding up and down the chamber and demanding hysterically that I apologize for calling him a liar.

I had not called him a liar; I told him so, and ordered him to report to police headquarters — which he did.

Immediately afterward I observed the various aldermen go out into the hall by ones and twos, hold mysterious conferences with one another, and come back again. Finally they introduced two bills. One was a reprimand for the police inspector. It was passed.

The second was a vote of censure, couched in grandiloquent language, upon the Mayor, for calling the policeman a liar — which he had not done. All voted for it except one man — one of the good government four.

They had absolutely no right to censure me, of course. But they did so with their usual earnest and enthusiastic seriousness. I arose, equally serious, and said: "Gentlemen, the Mayor is very sorry, but he is compelled to veto this order. The Mayor did not call Inspector Lehan a liar; consequently he can not approve the order."

I sat down, as seriously as I arose. There was silence over the assembly. It occurred to no one that there was any humor in the spectacle of the aldermen censuring the Mayor, without any legal right to do so, and of the Mayor, equally without any power, seriously vetoing the bill that censured him. Then, the meeting having come to a dead center, I arose and continued seriously:

"The annual appearance of the circus in Salem is to-morrow. The Mayor has received his customary tickets.

"There may be," I continued gravely, "an idea that the Mayor may entertain some feeling against members of the board of alderman which will deprive them of their usual circus tickets. This is a misconception. In order to dispel such an idea, the Mayor wishes to state that he will dispense to each aldermen, as he comes forward, his customary four tickets. To Alderman Adams, who so kindly voted against censuring him, the Mayor will give eight."

They took them gladly — Mr. Adams took his eight — and then the meeting adjourned.

As it did so, a thought occurred to me; I rose and said:

"The Mayor wishes to announce that he will issue a proclamation to-night to the citizens of Salem."

There was much curiosity as to my next step, and some suspense. The aldermen lingered about the hall to see what was going to happen. I stepped into another room and wrote my proclamation.

Half an hour later, at a meeting of the school board, I read my proclamation, as follows:

Whereas, It has pleased the citizens of Salem to elect me their chief executive, and during the five months that I have had the bonor to serve in that capacity I have issued many orders that have been obeyed; and

Whereas, The time has now arrived when I must enforce my power as chief executive and insist that my orders shall be obeyed; and Whereas, It has pleased Barnum & Bailey's circus to visit our city (a certain number of free tickets having been extracted from them for the servants of

the people - including myself);

I therefore command that every man, woman, and child shall assemble on the street at the hour named for the purpose of viewing the circus parade. No excuses for non-attendance of children will be accepted, as that august body called the school board has ordered that all schools shall be closed.

Given by advice and consent of the Council (they having received their free tickets) this fourth day of June in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and ten, in the one hundred and thirty-fourth year of our independence and the seventy-fourth year of Salem as a city.

ARTHUR HOWARD,

Mayor

I read the first part of this document in intense silence; and the opening of the second changed the surprised and anxious expression of my audience very little. It was only toward the end that the session began to turn in its seats and smile.

The incubus of sadness in governing the city of Salem was moved only with great effort, and then only slightly.

Eight Hundred Women Go My Bail

As a matter of fact, it was growing on me, It was hard to persevere against such general gloom. I was getting pretty tired, to tell the truth. I was going day and night; the few hours I had to myself, I could scarcely sleep. And I knew, of course, that always, steadily, the whole old machine at City Hall, which I had broken in on, was against me — watching and working all the time; and that continually my old enemies, headed by the News, were on my track, meaning sooner or later to pull me down. And very soon my libel suit was coming on the suit by Damon of the News, which had been pushed forward. Then, unexpectedly, my bondsman surrendered me.

It was the liquor question again. The liquor men were much dissatisfied at my strictness in the enforcement of the liquor law. My bondsman, who was a liquor-dealer, came into my office one afternoon, and told me he had decided to give me up to the court. I had four days to get other bail. And then I was bailed by the eight hundred women of Salem.

The movement started, very logically, from the fact that I was Salem's "Dancing Mayor." Every night I danced — and very often at the dancing academy of "Professor" Adams — one of my staunch friends and supporters in my campaign. The second general assembly he gave after I was elected, Mr. Adams invented and named a dance after me — the "Howard." It was a very popular dance, a sort of galop. You crossed your legs once, twice, then glided three times across the room. He introduced it by teaching some hundred couples, in my presence; and I danced it frequently.

At the time of my bondsman's last call, Professor Adams was in my office with me. He communicated the facts to Mrs. Adams, and she very soon started the chain of the eight hundred women.

I was, I suppose, a rather melancholy-looking figure at the time. I was white and hollow-eyed; my weight was only one hundred and five pounds — and I am a man five feet ten inches in height. Since my father's death I always had worn the black band of mourning on my hat. And the sympathetic women of Salem soon raised my bail.

It was eight hundred dollars. Meetings were held, and it was decided that the whole city should be canvassed, and that the bail be raised entirely by women, each woman contributing one dollar.

They borrowed half a dozen automobiles, and, five or six young women riding in each one, canvassed whole streets of the resident section systematically, and in two days the eight hundred dollar bills were all subscribed.

It was an extraordinary uprising — a popular demonstration like nothing that had ever happened in Salem, or in any other city, so far as I know. I could scarcely fail to appreciate it deeply.

It caused me curious embarrassment, of course. I did not know the names of the contributors; it was clearly better that I should not. Yet never after that could I pass a woman on the street without wondering if she were one of the eight hundred.

And, worse than all, the newspapers took up the event and rang the changes on it from Maine to California. I myself had clippings from four hundred.

But, in reality, it was a very serious and important thing for me. It was a guaranty that I had many friends and sympathizers in Salem. And I certainly felt then that I needed them, if I ever had.

I was exhausted — almost broken down by the endless strain of being Mayor. And my trial for libel was at hand. The News, confident that I would be convicted, blossomed out, day by day, into bigger type — anticipating the event.

TO BE CONTINUED

ONE DAY IN VAUDEVILLE

BY

HELEN GREEN

AUTHOR OF "IN THE FUNERALS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

T was a four-story house in the center of the block, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway. Great white letters on a black ground at the edge of the roof read: "Von Linden & Nolan Music Publishing Co." Below the third-floor windows was painted: "The House of Sure-Fire Hits." From the sills of the second-floor windows depended a gilt sign, decorated with bars of music in black, and the legend: "We have the song YOU want." Over the entrance were several small signs: "Professionals welcome. Seven pianists to try our catalog with you. Songs for quartettes, duos, single turns, productions. Beautiful slides for illustrated numbers. Walk in."

Each of the seven pianists was spiritedly giving Von Linden melodies to the world, creating dubious harmonies. Blended voices clashed with voices pitched in conflicting keys. There were sudden stoppages, muffled cries of, "Try that over again." Departing feet racketed down, arriving feet plodded upward over uncarpeted halls and steps. Telephones rang, the strident sound but a modest tinkle in the general din. A door opened violently. "Benny's wanted!" shouted an unseen youth technically described as a "song-plugger." An invisible lady of stout lung power stood in the blackness of the second-floor hall, calling expectantly: "What room's the Four Ragtimers in? Tell Johnny to come out." She inquired from floor to floor, receiving no response. The seeker of Benny again came forth and announced to the depths and the heights that Benny was urgently desired.

"Rehearsin' in number six, kiddo," he said to the bereft one below him, who found number six before her, and hastened where the Four Ragtimers were "harmonizing" with infinite relish a number whose chorus began, "Oh— Oh—Oh! That won-der-ful ra-a-a-ag!" A moment, and she had shut herself in with them, but immediately reappeared, remarking: "Johnny says to ask Benny about it, an' I can't find him. Has he went out?" Both she and the inquiring song-plugger above were startled by Mr. Benjamin Von Linden speaking from the fourth floor:

"Nobody can see me until after lunch. Don't matter who it is. Don't ring my 'phone—don't holler. Just leave me alone!" He withdrew.

"He needn't insult a person," whispered the lady.

"He ain't been himself for a week. Some family trouble," said the song-plugger confidentially. "He's got us all goin'."

"It certainly ain't no help to a performer, gettin' treated like this," she lamented.

Benny Von Linden sat in his private office, sulkily reading a letter from Miss Rosina Berger, his fiancée.

Miss Murphy, the stenographer, wearily awaited dictation of letters. Charlie Nolan, who composed the lyrics for the leading numbers of the House of Sure-Fire Hits, had impatiently asked if his partner was never going to write the words for the new summer waltz.

Father is violently opposed to a business that makes constant association with vaudeville people and the stage necessary, and I, as your wife, should positively refuse to be friendly with the actresses that you are always taking to lunch. Nor could I allow it. I have some self-respect, and I know what is due me, if you don't. My father wishes to see you.

ROSINA BERGER.

"What a sour face he has," reflected Miss Murphy, observing Benny's snarl.

"Her other crack was about me switching my name from Glauber to Von Linden, an' being born in Pike Street. I wouldn't been born there if I could help it. Her own old man had a push-cart in Essex Market; and if I wasn't a gentleman I'd told her so," thought Benny. "She's a tyrant, like her mother. The father's scared to move unless he asks the old woman. Rosina kicked about me wearing a violet vest with a Tuxedo, and she's sore on all my day suits. She's a grouch."

In a mirror opposite he looked at himself a tall, lean young man of twenty-eight, in a fash-



"HE TURNED AND STARED -

ionable suit of light-colored homespun. His scarf was an infrequently seen shade of red. The sparkling pin embedded in it was rather noticeable, but surely indicative of tasteful affluence. His buttoned patent leathers had light suède tops to match the clothes. He was always pale. Rosina had at times mourned over his Napoleonic nose. Hers was an uncompromising snub. His dark hair was smartly parted, he shaved daily, had his monogram on handkerchiefs and shirt-sleeves, his overcoats were the final cry in style, he owned a dozen hats, and kept a valet. His wife would have a maid, and diamonds, and clothes to match her husband's elegance. He sent Rosina magnificent flowers, ordered baskets of fruit for her mother, sweets for her ravenous brothers and sisters, frequent expensive presents for an asthmatic grandmother, and presented liberal tips to the Berger servants. He had done his part. What did they think he was? A fine thing it would be for Von Linden, the publisher, to tell his friends in the profession: "My wife won't let me talk to you." Luncheons to actresses were necessary — over a delicate meal he persuaded them to sing his songs. A music publisher had to be with vaudeville people continually; must be friendly with theater doormen, so he could drop in to hear a song and leave in a hurry; had to know bandmen and orchestra leaders, managers — everybody.

The yearning of Father Berger for a conference meant that he wanted to settle final details and exact promises. If he went, he would leave the Berger home irrevocably shackled to Rosina. He shuddered.

"Your 'phone's rung twice," observed Miss Murphy interestedly.

"It can ring an' be — switched," said Benny. Miss Murphy tossed her head. Just as he pleased!

Why had he tangled himself with Rosina? For a year that seemed three he had endured her querulousness. She acted as if they were married already. It was too matter-of-fact. He kissed her when he arrived, and again on leaving — a calm, cold smack. He had often been in vague revolt against her, but reflection calmed him. Would he prefer her to rush up and clasp him madly? To snuggle and coo over him? He had sighed, "No." Evidently, when engaged and expecting marriage, one became They discussed money, city matter-of-fact. elections, the feather-importing trade (in which Berger & Co. were engaged), the prices of property in localities that Rosina had decided would be suitable for their home. Sometimes, viewing the hot romances beginning and thriving during rehearsals and business visits in the House of

Sure-Fire Hits, he mutinied, hating Rosina and wedding plans, longing to be foolish and fond like other But, when a pretty girl folk. appeared, some man with more decision won her before he got further than wondering if she would greet her lover with a hug, or yawn at him. He stared so earnestly at Miss Murphy that she blushed in respectable confusion. Benny was thinking of a benefit at the Waldorf, of which Rosina and Mrs. Berger had been "patronesses"of that fatal time when he had contributed two of the seven pianists with commands to play persistently through their employer's catalog. Purchasing lavishly at Rosina's flower booth, he met her father. Introduction, invitation to call, dinner en famille. Three months later he was engaged to Rosina. Nothing excited that girl. She yawned over a pigeon-blood ruby bracelet, forgot to wear a lavallière of diamonds and aquamarines, declined a set of Russian Crown sables because she had more furs than she could remember.

"Don't keep bothering me, Ben," she requested.

If Rosina were less used to luxury, she might have been thrilled by such offerings. His prosperity was but three years old, new enough for him to remember days when he could only wish for the things he might now purchase. The telephone rang.

"Mr. Von Linden's out," answered Miss Murphy. "He — oh, hold the wire, please."

She put her hand over the mouthpiece and looked at him. "It's Miss Berger calling."

"Tell 'em to hook her up," said Benny, sighing.

Miss Murphy pushed the extension toward him, and, with a delicate discretion, left the room. Pacing the hall, she heard him begin in a tone that swiftly rose. There were short sentences, emphatically spoken. A reiterated "I've gone over that with you before, Rosina. I tell you, my business demands my knowing 'em!"



- AND FOUND HER STARING"

Finally: "I didn't say I put my business before you, but I do say I'm sick and tired of this eternal nagging. Yes, nagging!"

"She must be a fiend, that woman," said Miss Murphy. "A regular nagger. Poor fellow!"

"I can't come to-night because I have to be at six or eight theaters. It's Monday, and new acts are opening. You'll what? Give me until to-morrow night to choose between you and my actress friends? We'd better stop talking, Rosina, before I say something ugly. Good-by!"

He was in light overcoat and hat, and deeply flushed, when Miss Murphy bustled in and be-

gan sorting her papers.

"She's the *limit*," said Benny, although he had never mentioned Rosina to Miss Murphy. "Meanness is her middle name! She let her maid wear a \$950 ruby bracelet I gave her."

"Gracious mercy!" cried Miss Murphy, with such genuine emotion that he was greatly soothed. She observed him pityingly, and said:

"There are sweet, nice girls who'd give you a better deal than that, Mr. Von Linden."

"Wish I'd see one," said Benny.

"You would if you looked. Romance is likely to be just around the corner," said Miss Murphy sagely. She eyed a ring on her hand; and Benny, for the first time since their association, thought of her as a girl and not a necessary complement of her typewriting machine.

"Engaged?"

She smiled a happy assent. To have some one look like that at sight of a trumpery love token! Rosina couldn't.

"If a man who was lonesome — and would be good to them — her, I mean — you think, if he looks ——"

"He'll find one," said Miss Murphy. "Now you begin to look. Maybe it'll be this very day. I wouldn't stick to any one who wasn't kind. She isn't worth it."

"Come on out and have lunch?" Benny invited.

"I would, but be doesn't like me having lunches. Thank you just the same."

Benny smiled at her. She smiled at him. Descending the long flights to the street, he thought: "Rosina goes out with other people. Lot she cares what I think!"

In the street entrance he stopped. It was the luncheon hour of "Melody Lane." Directly across was the Howe & Hamlin Co., Von Linden & Nolan's most important rival. Ned Howe had written some "gingery" songs for the summer season, some of them livelier than the waltz "rags" and comedy numbers from the House of Sure-Fire Hits.

"Excuse me, but will you please tell me where Howe & Hamlin's is?"

She wore a black-and-white checked suit; a floppy white hat with cheap feathers fell to her shoulders; a large white suede bag depended by wide straps from her right shoulder; white buckskin shoes and white gloves completed a costume that made Benny decide: "Either a soubrette or she's ready to play on a rush call." She had a round young face, enough pinkness to tint it warmly, brown eyes with a promise of humor in them. The glimpse the hat permitted showed rich brown hair.

"Right over there," said Benny. Finding her destination so near, she said cheerfully: "I was silly not to see it. Thank you!"

Swinging her white bag, she briskly crossed the street. At Howe & Hamlin's door she turned and stared, and found Benny staring, whereat she fled inside, the hat flopping.

"Put black shoes on her and burn that hat and bag — dress her up, in fact — and she'd be a peach," he muttered. "Wonder if she'd let her maid wear her bracelets?"

Returning from luncheon, he found the Four Ragtimers still doggedly rehearsing a comedy number, with a worn pianist repeating the chorus. From the window of the room he could view a similar rehearsal room in Howe & Hamlin's. The girl in the white hat stood beside a piano, singing. Then she saw him, and appeared to halt the song, as the pianist looked up at her inquiringly. Immediately she gave Benny only her back to observe. The same afternoon he found himself holding the next strap to her in a Broadway car; but she concealed herself in the hat, and retired further into the obscurity it offered when a man gave her his seat. As she was obviously coming from Howe & Hamlin's, meeting her was not remarkable; but he left the car at Fortieth Street, and so did she. The conductor signaled before she was off, and Benny saved her from falling. Under his gaze she blushed, and spoke her thanks haughtily. He stood for a few moments at the corner of Broadway, wondering who she was, then went slowly up the stairs of the Actors' Society rooms, and on the second landing suddenly confronted her.

"This is contemptible!" she said fiercely, darting by him.

"Why, really, I—" he commenced, but she was down the stairs and gone.

"I've got as much right in here as she has," he told himself; "but let her go to the dickens."

He thought of her while he was at his piano, working on the "set of words" demanded by his partner, and found it helpful, for he evolved some satisfactory verses, using "those dusky eyes" in connection with "you've got me hypnotized," and humming gaily as he labored.

At seven o'clock he left a subway express train at 125th Street. There was considerable rough crowding, and, seeing a woman directly before him, he protected her with his arm from a rowdyish youth, delivering a useful shove to the latter meanwhile. On the platform he headed for the left stairway. So did the woman, who was garbed in dark clothes and a small black hat, with a white bag hanging from her shoulder. She turned, caroming into him, recognized him, and fled to the right exit.

"In a town the size of this, it's mighty queer to meet her so often," he thought. "Now, why can't I know that girl?"

He was gratified to learn that she did not always wear a white hat and shoes. She was certainly a professional, probably going now to one of the Harlem theaters.

"She'd make a fine little pal to take to dinner. Only a kid, too. She looks it. Can't have been in vaudeville long, if she is in it, and she wouldn't have been rehearsing otherwise. Why don't I know somebody that thinks something of me, instead of a stick like Rosina? Rosina! That's got to end. She don't give a hang for me, or I for her, but I didn't realize it until to-day."

Walking through 125th Street, he decided sadly: "I'm the most lonesome fellow in New York."

Her photograph might be in the lobby of the house where she was playing. He would look for it.

Monday was a busy night, for his "songpluggers" must help those using Von Linden & Nolan's songs start the week with what the performer might describe in his advertisement in next Sunday's Telegraph as a "riot" of applause. The "plugger" is invariably a young man of astounding temerity. Sammy Martin was honor man of the Von Linden & Nolan corps. He had stowed away in Bernhardt's private car, and, coming forth, abruptly presented Benny Von Linden's latest waltz, dedicated to Mme. Bernhardt, and passionately begged the outraged artist to introduce it into her show whenever she could. He could charm an obstinate singer into discarding one of Howe & Hamlin's songs for which he or she was being paid fifty dollars a week by the publishers, and into singing two that he recommended, for a stipend of only twenty-five.

Sammy was in the lobby of a burlesque house when Benny arrived there. They sat in the rear of the orchestra, to note the effect when Maizie de Leon and ten ladies in Hussar jackets and gold tights should sing Mr. Nolan's "Who buys her dinner now?" The sprightly Maizie was mildly received until Sammy struck his iron palms together. Clap—clap—clap!

Clap! Clap! Benny also clapped. The stage remained empty until certain weak persons were persuaded by example to clap. Then Maizie and her troupe marched forth, and, forming in a "hollow square," sent another verse hurtling to the roof.

"They're colder here than Hammerstein's on a Monday afternoon," said Sammy, exhaustedly clapping for a second encore. Benny nodded. He lacked interest in song-plugging. He was thinking of Rosina's ultimatum, and of the girl with the white bag. He made a tour of the vaudeville houses, scanning the bills of each. At his last stop he discovered a lobby photograph of "Dollie Murray — Songs and Dances." It was the fateful unknown, and from her billing he knew that she "opened the show," a guaranty of mediocrity.

"I'd rather have her doing a cheap act than find her a stuck-up skirt who's headlined a couple of bills and lost her head," he ruminated.

He got "back stage" easily. Weekly tipping of stage doorkeepers made that possible. He saw her, a moment after he was inside. She was talking to the stage manager, both seated on gilt chairs, with "props" piled high about them. A sketch was in progress on the stage, and Benny stepped gently, pausing in the gloom because he lacked room to pass. She was nervously swinging the white bag.

"But no act like mine can get a decent hand with the house empty and people tramping down the aisles! Put me on third and I'm sure I'll make good. It's my first chance in New York. Won't you?"

Her voice suited him. It was young, like her face.

"That's an awful bunch of songs you've got. Been sung to death here. I told you that."

"I've cut the opening and put on a new one to-night — 'Roses and You.'"

"That's what she got at Howe's," thought Benny, knifed by professional jealousy.

"It's a dead one in this house. They won't stand for that semi-classical stuff. I can't switch you, Miss Murray."

"But the booking agents'll never see me. None of them come in till after eight."

"Sorry, kiddo, but there's nothing doing."

"All right," she said coldly.

The stage manager hurried away. Benny moved forward. She was crying.

"White's the man you want to talk to. This fellow's a grouch, and always was, but White's his boss," he said eagerly.

"One's as mean as the other. I've seen White. Why, George Cohan couldn't win an empty house, could he?" she exclaimed.



"'I WANT YOU TO BE MY BABY BOY! SHE SANG AT HIM"

"You bet he couldn't. But I can fix things better for you," said Benny recklessly. "There's a way to - I beg your pardon?"

"I said, please come into the light so I can see your face!"

She hurried him into the corridor on which the dressing-rooms opened.

"I thought so! Now, you listen to me. Just because I'm in vaudeville, don't you dare to think a fresh music publisher can make eyes at me, and then come up in the dark pretending he's somebody else, offering to make me solid with a manager! I'm not that kind of a fool, Mr. Benjamin Von Linden. Oh, I know you and your whole tribe, and I despise you all. Every single one!"

She was an angry little person, who stuck out her chin defiantly as she glared up at him.

"Me fresh?" said Benny, horrified.

Everybody in the publishing line accused him of being too retiring. Mr. Nolan had wept because Benny declined to call a soubrette "dearie" when urging her to add Von Linden & Nolan songs to her repertoire.

She gave a scornful, staccato laugh.

"You people think every girl wants her hand held and to be told she's got dreamy eyes; but I don't, young man, and I don't want people I don't know beginning conversations, if I do get a living back stage!"

"If you'd gone into my place for a song today instead of Howe & Hamlin's, Ned Howe wouldn't have seen your eyes. We don't bother with eyes if they can sing. They all look alike," said Benny.

"Oh, they do? And I suppose you didn't deliberately follow me the whole day?"

Benny swiftly reviewed various replies. He erased a grin as he said:

"No. But I will admit seeing you when you rubbered back this morning."

"I merely looked because I was positive you would be staring," she retorted; "and I was right!"

"You little fibber," he said paternally.

Miss Dollie Murray gritted her teeth at him. Benny smiled. Despite her irritation, she noticed his scarf, and liked it. He mentally clasped the sables scorned by Rosina under her shoved the door against his detaining hand. pretty chin.

'Yours could be dreamy if you stopped snapping," he observed.

"If you will kindly get away from my dressing-room door, I will go in there. I have no desire to bandy words further, but let me inform you that for once you made a mistake. All actresses are not desirous of a masher's attentions!"

He had moved, and she was inside.

"'Masher'? The little idiot - unless she's kidding. But she was on the level. Miss Dollie Murray and her white bag - I don't know yet what awful thing I did - speaking to her. I suppose. Lucky she hasn't met Sammy, for she'd take a gun when he began."

He stood in the corridor, sniffing the heavy smell of grease-paint and perspiration,— the Juggling McSwatts were preparing for the street with their door open, - excited by a thrilling thought. He had "looked," as Miss Murphy suggested. Suppose he looked no further than the girl on the other side of this door? He began to worry about her, a little woman using the best time of her life playing two or three or four shows a day, with no time for air and exercise, or for healthy amusements. She probably sat up half the night in a Broadway restaurant, or ate indigestible food in her room when on the road. Put that girl in well-cut clothes - and the sables - restrain her to hats of reasonable size — he abruptly imagined her in pink, his favorite shade — a pink gown — and bracelets would become her arms, he was certain. And he could find bracelets that would pale the rubies of Rosina's fetter. Naturally, when panoplied in her pink splendor, she would be seated at ease in a handsome house, or apartment, chatting with him, thinking of him, and delighted to be there with him. She ---

"If you don't go away this minute, I'll 'phone out front about it!"

She had to whisper because of the Juggling McSwatts, who were discoursing serenely about the bows they had taken. Benny replied cautiously, turning toward her door:

"If the house manager introduces me, couldn't I square myself?"

"I don't wish to know any music publishers."

"You can know one. I don't want you to meet any of the rest. And — now wait a second, won't you? Let me get you a better place on the bill. You can cut me then."

"And let these people think I begged you to? No, indeed. Take your fingers from that door, sir, or I'll smash 'em!"

"You'd hurt me like that?"

"Yes, I would," she said, and, flushing, she

"Well, come on, paw; don't be all night," urged Mrs. Juggling McSwatt.

"Oh, heavens, go away! They're coming out!" All he could see through the space his fingers made was an anxious brown eye.

"I'm going - but I'm coming back," said Benny, disappearing.

Dollie Murray, seated on the end of her theater trunk, said softly: "Well, he's fresh, but not — exactly — the way I thought he was."

She was ready to go home, but she loitered, feeling pleasantly adventurous on this first night of her New York appearance. It was four vears since she led the "march" at a dime museum, in her native Cincinnati, where there was a performance once an hour, and she furnished her own tights and slippers, for a wage of five dollars a week. Rising slowly to a state of abundance permitting residence in hotels at fifty cents a day "single," she sang with an "illustrated song sheet," spent half a season in black-face with a female minstrel show, finished that season as half of a "sister act," working nearer the East, toward vaudeville's lode-star, "twelve weeks solid, around New York." She adorned bills on the Poli Circuit, hearing wild stories of theaters in New York and Philadelphia that had good ventilation, baths for performers, hot water in the dressing-rooms, all the electric light one craved to make up under, instead of an aged eight-candle power, a tap that ran rusty water, and windows that some one had wished shut back in 1893.

She got to Newark, to New Haven, and was unexpectedly booked for New York to fill the time of an act that had canceled. When Benny glimpsed her in Twenty-eighth Street, she had just bought the white shoes, and she only changed them at night because they pinched. The white bag and white hat had been hers fifteen minutes when his artistic eye condemned them. Dollie intended to look like a girl who was accustomed to playing New York. These gauds made her feel quite a woman of the world. An obliging pianist in Howe & Hamlin's had informed her that the tall young man loafing in the doorway opposite was Von Linden, publisher, composer, writer, and what not, whose income was something to marvel at.

Thank heaven, she had possessed the stamina, the sterling virtue, to confront him as if he had been the humble musician who had described him. In the four long years no one had sent Dollie American Beauties with hundred-dollar bills enwrapping the stems, and an invitation to supper, or a diamond sunburst of which the sender humbly said that if it were worn he would expect the privilege of settling her dinner check. Stage-door Johnnies had never striven to buy bag to the train because his wife asked him to, and a property-man left a widower with six children had inquired with tender meaning if she ever contemplated settling down.

One day in New York! She was on the same bill with Eva Tanguay — the gifted Eva had given her a chocolate drop. She heard the "added attraction" borrow a dollar for a taxi, until night, from the "special feature." She had seen Twenty-eighth Street, where the performers of the world went to find a song, and got a song herself from a Howe of uncomfortably familiar manner who favored "holding hands." As to her place, some one had to open the bill, and it was a good deal to be on it at all. Still — it was a hard spot for a single turn.

Although signs read, "Performers not allowed in the entrances," several watched the Six Musical Ziliphones, with Henry Ziliphone standing on his head as he played the double bass saxophone. This is a difficult feat, and Dollie, peering out at the appreciative critics in "front," admired Henry with them. Above the horseshoe of white faces were crowded boxes, and in one stage-box sat two ladies dressed with a magnificence more suitable to the Metropolitan than an uptown vaudeville theater. Diamonds, enormous plumes — one wore a white hat as big as Dollie's. She was a florid young woman who replied unamiably to the remarks of her companion. Behind her sat a stout, bald-headed man, who yawned frequently. And next to him was Mr. Benjamin Von Linden. Instinct caused Dollie to draw back, for Benny had seen her. And he was looking at her, making an almost imperceptible motion which she could not interpret. So those were his friends, those women laden with the spoils of opulence? She now regarded the agile Henry Ziliphone and the five inferior Ziliphones with indifference, and secretly bent her eyes on Rosina Berger, appraising plumes, diamonds, the beefishness of Rosina's figure, that pudgy hand on the box-rail. Rosina had seen Benny smile at the girl in the first entrance, and she rebuked him with a wifely air. Dollie felt this from their attitude, and that he was not receiving admonition meekly. He had answered sharply, and Papa and Mama Berger rallied to the side of their child. Dollie had a new-born desire to be some one else — an actress with a wondrous Continental act in which she would glitter and sing and dance, compelling reluctant respect from the haughty woman with the plumes.

Behind her rose angry voices. The stage manager profanely demanded that Noodle's Seals go on, whether Noodle had broken a leg by falling into a coal-hole or not. The assistant, her a meal. Once an acrobat had carried her then? Let him put them through the tricks! The assistant had a night off and was miles away in the fastnesses of the Bronx. Noodle's Trained Seals closed the show, and, erudite as were the aquatic performers, they required a mind to direct them. The stage manager violently impugned Noodle's motives in break-

"It's nothing to a cussed performer if a whole show's crabbed like this," he complained.



10.36, and only the players in a sketch recently concluded remained in the dressing-rooms. Stage manager, electrician, and property-man formed an agitated group which was augmented by Dollie Murray, who said boldly:

"If there's nobody to substitute, and you

The seals followed the Ziliphones. It was of 'em saw me, and I'll just sing and dance my very best!"

At 10.42 the number "One," flashed on the electric name-boards. Benny saw a dainty figure in a pink chiffon dancing-dress trip forth.

"She isn't Noodle's Marvelous Educated can't 'phone in time, let me go on! Only a few Seals," said Rosina, "and I hate singing acts." Benny was alarmed to see several persons leaving. By some happy fortune, she whom his mind already called "my little girl" was to have another chance to-night. But a "big feature" was the act to close a show with. A sated audience, having listened to several "single turns," were very likely to make their way out after their first glimpse of her. The orchestra played the introduction to "Roses and You," a song for a notable voice, not "popular" enough for the patrons of this most "popular" house.

With stereotyped gestures, in a neat little vaudeville voice, Dollie began.

"She'd better dance!" he thought, dismayed.

His eyes searched the house for Sammy Martin and the two stout-palmed "pluggers" under Sammy's charge. Sammy had been with his chief when an usher informed Benny that the Bergers desired his presence in their box.

"Oh, Lord — are they here? Well, I'll be right there. Say, Sammy, go easy when the Howard Sisters and McJoke and DeWitt come on. No rough stuff, you know," was what he said to Sammy, who, offended, answered:

"Monday night an' not warm this bunch up? They wouldn't clap Mary Garden without a starter."

"The party in the box — the lady, that is — she's against that part of my business. She says it's vulgar."

"I guess her nor no one else'll rouse this mob without real work," replied Sammy huffily, "an' it goes if she hears it."

While the Howard Sisters "worked," Sammy was moderate; but with McJoke and DeWitt singing four Von Linden & Nolan songs, and getting forty dollars a week from the firm for doing it, Sammy forgot the delicately attuned woman seated beside Benny, and created tumult with his practised palms.

"If you want a reason for my not going to theaters with you, that disgraceful noise he's making is enough!" said Rosina angrily.

"I have to get my songs popularized," retorted Benny.

"See those people who know you're Von Linden, the publisher, looking up here and grinning. Isn't it perfectly disgraceful, Papa?" cried Rosina.

"I am rather well known," said Benny, complacent outwardly, privately contrasting her hefty neck with the white, delicious softness: that a collarless blouse had revealed as one of Dollie's allurements.

"You talk mit' me to-morrow, and we shall

find you a nicer business that Rosy shall like better," said Papa Berger.

Benny sought and admonished Sammy.

"Chase down to the Colonial and drop in here to-morrow night," he ordered.

If he had told him instead to stay and smite as he had seldom smote for the singer of "Roses and You"! The first rows were deserting; discarded programs rustled to the floor, a raising and lowering of seats began as their occupants reached for hats. Dollie sang bravely, but she was nervous, realizing the futility of her effort to "hold" the house. Her glance fell on Benny in the stage-box.

"Are you crazy?" cried Rosina, as he leaned far past her and spoke to the girl on the stage.

"Sing 'Be My Baby Girl' next — and cut this. That may keep 'em," Benny said distinctly.

Dollie, warbling with a frightened air, nodded. The departing rows underneath the box heard him, and they suspended preparations, waiting curiously, wondering if the earnest young man in evening clothes was part of the act, and what he intended to do.

"'Baby Girl,' quick!—this is a lobster," said Dollie to the leader.

"Git the hook!" came from the gallery, with a prolonged hiss. Benny started. That hiss was Sammy's, one that he had rehearsed until it was perfection. It held utter weariness and scorn, and incited neighbors to unseemly demonstrations.

"I kin git any performer's goat if I hiss 'em," Sammy often bragged.

Benny could not locate him. Probably he was standing near the door, delaying, from excess of pride in his profession, to put down any applause of the songs furnished by Howe & Hamlin. The hiss again!

"Let go my arm; I don't care whether you like it or don't. Can't you see she's up against it?" cried Benny to Rosina's fury, and he clapped to drown the hiss. The sheep in the audience were puzzled. Some laughed and applauded, more hissed, and the man in the gallery repeated:

"Git the book! She was on oncet."

"Keep your nerve, girlie," counseled the leader; and Dollie, above him, gave a tremulous appealing smile as she danced the steps of the "buck" that was part of the number's "business."

"Take her off!"— and a steady hissing.

She sang the verse so low that the hissers, and the voices of ushers endeavoring to effect order, were far plainer. She looked at Benny, and was heartened by his tense face. One was for her! Her smile grew; she forced strength and sweetness into the song's chorus.

"Spot on the other box, you yap," said the stage manager, panting from a climb to reach the spot-light man, "on the guy leanin' out now you got him."

The spot-light glared on Benny, and the ladies behind shrank in modest confusion.

"I want you to be my baby boy!"

sang Dollie at him, and, in a deep rich bass that had been until then his dearest secret, Benny replied:

"He's singin' a Howe & Hamlin song!" gasped Sammy, and fell against the house fireman.

"That's Von Linden. He wrote 'Turkey Rag,' and ''Way Down in My Heart,' and here he's singing Ned Howe's rag," said an experienced first-nighter, profoundly impressed.

Less informed spectators sensed that it was unusual. This was not merely an actress singing at a "plant" in a box. The hissers stopped to observe the excited lady of the diamonds and plumes as she pulled at her lyrical escort's arm.

Benny and Dollie finished the next six lines together. Tears of which she was unaware were in Dollie's dark eyes. Benny saw them. He could have leaped from the box to comfort her, to bear her out of vaudeville forever; but he sang, because she would much prefer to win success where failure had seemed certain.

There was a dance between verses, and Dollie danced so nimbly and gracefully that he who had demanded the "hook" said sonorously:

"That's some steppin', boys!"

Dollie hurried through the second verse, eager to reach the chorus.

"I want you to be my baby boy!"

she trilled coquettishly, and the spot-lighted Benny replied with ardor:

"You must be - my - baby - girl!"

"We are going. You shall never, never see Rosina from this hour of humiliation. Good evening," said Mama Berger, from the rim of the spot-light.

"Rosina, I'm sorry. I can explain if you'll wait a minute," said Benny, from within the disk of light.

"The engagement's broken — broken!" said Papa Berger fiercely.

"Ab-so-lutely," said Rosina, like an empress; and, when Benny looked around, he was alone in the box.

It was all over! No more Rosina, no more shackles - not that sort, he amended. The house was applauding stormily as he sat with calm face under embarrassing illumination. Above the general clapping he heard a steady whack, whack, and knew that Sammy was tardily repairing the work of the terrible hiss. Pink little Dollie — pink was his favorite color - was taking many bows. She danced, and her two long brown braids fell down, creating laughter and renewed applause. The spot-light now followed her, and Benny quietly left the box. He was in the crowd as it surged out, whistling and humming a rival publisher's "rag" that he had helped to public notice. He could have sung that chorus a hundred times, yelled it to the stars winking above the lights of 125th Street. He had broken with Rosina, no matter how, or if she had not plenteous cause for indignation. Rosina did not understand vaudeville ways, or music publishers.

"What a lucky thing for me she didn't!" he muttered.

He waited by the stage-door, careless of departing stage-hands and orchestra men, who smiled when they heard him blithely whistling Ned Howe's "rag." They had all gone when Dollie Murray emerged, wearing the big white hat and the white shoes, dangling the white bag. Such preparation for an ordinary ride in the subway! Meanly he hid in the shadow, watching her glance quickly up, down, and across the street. She halted under the light to stare again.

"He isn't here!" she sighed.

"Yes, he is," said Benny.

His hand reached forth and touched hers. She jumped, and then her eyes leaped radiantly to his. He squeezed the hand tightly, and thrilled as the hand squeezed back.

"I'm going to keep on being where you are," he said. "Do you think you can stand having me around?"

They moved forward into the deeper shadows. Benny still possessed her hand.

"Could you - Dollie?"

"I'd try to get used to it," said Dollie.

THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND

BY

OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "STOVER AT YALE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. WENZELL

CHAPTER I

N the year 19—, toward the end of the month of October, the country was on the eve of a stupendous panic. A period of swollen prosperity had just ended in which Titans had striven in a frenzy for the millions that opportunity had spilled before them.

For months the stock market had steadily lowered, owing to the flight of the small investor, affrighted by the succession of investigations, the fear of readjustments, and the distrust of the great manipulators. The public, which understands nothing of the secret wars and hidden alliances of finance, had begun tremulously to be aware of the threatening approach of a stupendous catastrophe. So in the ominous, grumbling days of October, when the air was full of confusing rumors and violent alarms, the public, with its necessity for humanizing all sensations, perceived distinctly only two figures, each dramatically in peril, about whose safety or ruin the whole comprehensible drama of the financial cataclysm seemed to center.

These two figures, both presidents of great trust companies, giants in their own sphere, represented two opposite elements of that great mass of society which seeks its level in Wall Street. Bernard L. Majendie, president of the Atlantic Trust Company, member of every exclusive club, patron of the arts, representative of one of the oldest American families, accustomed to leadership and wealth from colonial times, was linked in a common danger with John G. Slade, president of the Associated Trust Company, promoter, manipulator, owner of a chain of Western newspapers, a man who had hauled himself out of the lowest depths of society. Many believed that both, in the relentless readjustment which the banks were forcing on the trust companies, were destined to be blotted out in the general catas-

trophe. Many others, perceiving the strange oppositeness of the two individuals, speculated on which would survive the other, if indeed either were to persist.

About three o'clock of a certain afternoon, when each extra brought a new alarm, John G. Slade came abruptly from the great library, down the sounding marble descent that was a replica of the famous rampe of the Château of Gerny, into the tapestry-hung vestibule of his palace on upper Fifth Avenue.

He stood a moment in blank meditation, while the third man held his overcoat open and ready, watching anxiously the frown on the face of the master, who stood before him, a massive six foot four. Already in the great marble home itself was that feeling of alarm from the outer world which had communicated itself to the servants. Suddenly Slade, returning to himself, detected the furtive scrutiny of the footman and the butler, who had so far departed from their correctly petrified attitudes as to exchange wondering glances. He frowned, pointed to his loose black felt hat and his favorite cane, and tore so rapidly through the heavily ironed doors and down the steps to the waiting automobile that the second footman stumbled twice in his haste to be before him. Two or three reporters, who had been lurking behind the great marble bastions, sprang forward as Slade, disappearing in the motor, was whirled away.

"Up river," he said briefly, and sank back in his seat.

He was in the middle forties, a man noticeable anywhere for the overmastering vitality of his carriage and the defiant poise of his head. Nature had admirably designed him for what he was intended to be — a being always at war with men and surrounding circumstances. His face was devoid of any fine indications of sensibility, of reflection or humorous perception of life. The upper and lower maxillary bones were in such gaunt relief they seemed rather

steel girders hung to support a granite will. The head was square, sunk rather than placed upon his shoulders, and the line of the head at the back was straight and full of crude power. He had, at the same time, a suggestion in the shoulders of the obstinacy of the buffalo, the most distinctive of American beasts, and in the eye-pits of the fatalism of the Indian, which as a type often seems not so much the physical tenacity of an unexplained race as it does the peculiar impress of a continent and an atmosphere surcharged with vitality.

The eyes were a clear blue, the eyes of a boy in mischief who is still sublimely defiant of the tripping obstacles of an ethical code. This quality of the boy, characteristic too of the American, was the secret of all his seeming inconstancy of unrelenting cruelty and sudden sentimental impulsiveness. Life was to him a huge dare, and all the perils of finance the hazards of a monstrous gamble, which alone were able to supply him with that overwhelming quality of sensation that such men covet in life.

A waif at six; a wharf rat at twelve, endowed with the strength of a man; leader of a gang at sixteen, hated, feared, always fighting; gaining his first start in politics, and then, by making a lucky strike in the silver mines of Colorado, educating himself with primitive necessary knowledge, always acquiring, never relaxing what his fingers touched, a terrible antagonist, risking his all a dozen times in the hunger for a greater stake — he had emerged at last from the churning vortex of a brutal struggle, possessor of a fortune that fifty times had hung on the events of a day. For five years he had been involved in countless lawsuits, accused of chicanery, extortion, conspiracy, and even murder. At the end of which period he came forth victorious, without losing a single suit, surrounded, it is true, by every calumny that could be invented, accused of manipulating legislatures, corrupting judges, and removing witnesses.

Through it all he had remained unshattered, boyishly delighted, his body unyielding to the strain of sleepless nights and months of unrelenting vigilance. He had lived hard, ready to gamble for a thousand or a hundred thousand, cynically announcing his motto:

"No friends. So long as every man is my enemy, I am safe."

And this theory of life he had carried out to the minutest detail. Men represented to him simply the male of the species, to be met head on, to strive with and overthrow. So completely did this obsess him that no one, not even his secretaries (whom he changed constantly), had the slightest inkling of his plans. Two of his subordinates, hoping to profit by their inti-

macy, had foolishly invested on his deliberately given tips — and had been ruined. Afterward he cited their cases as a warning to other applicants.

From the start, always counting on the year ahead, he had outrun his income. When he had ten thousand, he was spending fifteen; at fifty thousand, seventy-five. Every one who came in contact with him was paid twice over, and robbed him in the bargain — a fact on which he counted and to which he was quite indifferent.

Coming to Wall Street in that period of fevered speculation, he had been among the first to perceive the enormous instruments at hand in the development of a chain of trust companies which would supply a conveniently masked agency for the enormous capital that he needed to compete on equal terms with the leaders of the Street.

That now, for the first time, he was confronted with a situation of absolute and impending ruin, brought him not the slightest depression, but rather that exhilaration and sudden clearness of mind which is characteristic of the gambler face to face with the supreme hour which means absolute bankruptcy or a fortune.

At every block some one on the crowded sidewalk, or a group in a passing carriage, turned with a hasty exclamation at the sight of his bulky figure under the black sombrero, fleeing in the red automobile that was itself at this period a rarity. At one point where a blockade compelled him to halt, a newsboy, jumping on the sideboard, thrust a newspaper in his face. He flung him a dime and glanced at the headlines:

MARKET STILL GOING DOWN RUMORED SUSPENSIONS

Then he tossed it aside and returned to his own calculations. All at once he roused himself and addressed the chauffeur:

"Harkness, Mrs. Braddon's. Take the park." But as the automobile, turning from the river, descended by way of green woods, he began restlessly to repent of his choice. His hatred of men had made him strangely dependent on women. It was not that they were able to establish any empire over his senses, but that they supplied a curious outlet to his vanity. At times, especially as in the present, when he felt the necessity of assembling every resource to meet a crisis, it became absolutely necessary for him to find, in the tribute he exacted from them, that self-confidence which he needed to override other obstacles. Often he would take in his automobile three or four women of that class which is half professional, half of the world, and, running slowly through the pleasant country, recount stories of his early struggles, of



"IN THAT GAY PARTY ONE PERSON WAS A THIEF-BUT WHICH ONE? . . . A MATC THE TABLE '



SPUTTERED IN THE HANDS OF SLADE. THERE WAS A CRY OF AMAZEMENT AND HORROR. BSOLUTELY BARE ...

how he had railroaded an enemy to prison, or caught an adversary in a turn of the market and broken him. And when these tales of unrelenting enmity made his audience shudder, he keenly perceived it, and enjoyed almost a physical delight.

But this afternoon, as the car came to a stop before one of the great apartment-houses that front the park, he remained seated, unsatisfied and defrauded. It was not a woman of the superficial wit of Mrs. Braddon who could occupy and stimulate his mind in this crisis.

"Drive on," he said sharply. "Turn the corner and stop at the hotel."

There he descended, and entering went to the telephone.

"Mrs. Kildair?" he said eagerly, a moment later.

"Who is it, please?"

"This is Slade — John Slade. I'm coming over."

"I can't see you now," said a voice with a curious musical quality of self-possession. "I told you five o'clock."

"What difference does half an hour make?" he said impatiently.

"I have other company. You will have to be patient. At five."

The connection was shut off. He rose angrily, unaccustomed to any check to his immediate impulses. At the steps a boy came skipping down for the toll he had forgotten. He paid the exact amount, contrary to his custom, and drove his body back into the cushioned seat.

"Where to, sir?" said Harkness, turning.

"Anywhere," he answered gruffly, and, thwarted in his desire, he said to himself furiously: "That woman always opposes me! I must teach her a lesson. I won't go at all."

But at the end of a moment he pulled out his watch impatiently and calculated the time. "Home," he said suddenly.

At the house, he ran rapidly through the opening doors and up the stairs to his bedroom, where he unlocked a little safe fixed in the wall behind a tapestry that hid it, and took out a tray of rings. Sorting them quickly, with a low, cynical chuckle, he selected a magnificent ruby, slipped it into his pocket, closed the safe, and passed out of the house with the same rapidity with which he had entered.

"Mrs. Kildair's, Harkness," he said. "Drive so as to get me there at five-fifteen."

"Now we shall see," he said to himself, with a smile, gazing at the ring in the palm of his hand with a man's contemptuous contemplation of the stone which could hold such fascination over a woman's soul. For him it was absolutely necessary, as a first step toward his conquest of all his enemies, to feel his power over this one present resistance.

The idea that had come into his head restored his good humor and aroused in him a certain joy of energy. He forgot momentarily his errand, absorbed in his own battle for existence.

"To-day is Thursday," he said, with renewed energy. "Next Wednesday will be the crisis. I must find out what Majendie is going to do. Snelling's the man to know—or Garraboy."

The car stopped. He sprang out and, without giving his name, entered the elevator. At the apartment a Japanese servant took his things and ushered him into the low-lit greens of the studio, which ran the height of the two floors that formed the duplex apartment.

Mrs. Rita Kildair was stretched on a low Récamier sofa, watching him with amused eyes as he entered with that atmosphere of strife and fury that seemed always to play about him. She waited until he had come to her side before she raised her hand to his, in a gesture that had no animation, saying:

"How do you do?"

Something in the tranquil, amused selfpossession of her pose made him stupidly repeat the question. Then, forgetting his resolve to show no impatience, he said impetuously:

"Why did you keep me waiting?"

"Because I did not wish to see your highness then."

"Not dressed?"

"No, I was amusing myself with a very nice boy."

"Who?"

She smiled and, without heed to his question, motioned him to a chair with a little gesture, not of her arm, but of her fingers, on which she wore several rings of unusual luster. She had, as a woman, that same magnetic self-consciousness that distinguishes the great actress, aware that every eye is focused on her and that the slightest change of her hand or shift of her head has an instantaneous importance.

Slade obeyed her with a sudden sense of warm content.

"Smoke?" he said, taking out a cigar. "Permission?"

He helped himself to a match, sunk himself in the great chair, crossed his legs, and looked at her.

"Drive of a woman much younger than she seemed, or of a woman much older. She was at that mental phase in her life when she exhaled to the fullest that perfume of mystery which is the most feminine and irresistible of all the powers that a woman exerts over the masculine imagination, if indeed it is not the sum of all seductions. The inexplicable in her own life and individuality

was heightened in every way by the subservience of outward things, whether by calculation or by an instinctive sense of interpretation.

The great studio, to the neglect of the electric chandelier, was lit by half a dozen candles, which flung about conflicting eddies of wavering lights and shadows. In farther corners were a divan, a piano, a portrait on an easel, lounges, waiting like so many shadows to be called forth. A standing lamp, not too near, bathed the couch on which she lay with a softened luster. Her tea-gown of liberty silk, with tones that changed and mingled with each other, was of the purple of the grape, an effect produced, too, by the superimposition of one filmy garment on the other. A slippered foot and ankle came forth from the fragrant disorder of the skirt, either by studied arrangement or by the impulse of a woman who is confident of all her poses. Her nose, quite the most individual feature, was aquiline, yet not such as is associated with a masculine character. Rather, it was vitally sensitive, and gave, in conjunction with the intent and instantaneous aspect of her grayish eyes, the instinctive, almost savage appetite for possession and sensation that is characteristic of the sex.

No one looked at her without asking himself a question. Those who believed her under thirty wondered at the experiences that must have crowded in upon her. Those who believed her nearer forty still marveled at her mastery over her youth. Those of an analytical mind left her always with a feeling of speculation framed in two questions — whence had she come and where would she end?

It was this latter speculation more than any other that absorbed Slade, irresistibly intrigued by the elusiveness of a fascination which he could not analyze. She endured his fixed glance without annoyance, absorbed, too, in the thoughts which his entrance had brought her. Finally, adapting her manner to his, she said with his own abruptness:

"Well, what do you want to say to me?"

"I'm wondering what you are after in this life, pretty lady?" he said directly.

"What do you want?"

"Power."

"Not to be bored."

They smiled by common consent.

"And now we know no more than we did before," she said. She stretched out her slender hand against the purple folds of her gown, and her eyes lingered on the jewels that she held caressingly before them — a look that did not escape the man.

"By thunder, you're the strangest thing I've run into," he said, shifting his legs.

"On each of the eight times we have been alone," she said, smiling, "you have made precisely that same discovery. Did you forget?"

"I'd like to know something about you," he said.

"How old I am — about my husband — what I am doing here — am I rich — what's my past — and so on. Consider all these questions asked and refused — for the ninth time. And now, what — why did you come here?"

He put aside his cigar impatiently, propelled himself to his feet, and came forward until his knee touched the couch. She looked up, pleasantly aware of so much brute strength held in leash above her.

"Sit down."

And, as he remained standing, she took a little electric button attached to a coil that was on the couch, and pressed it. In the hall outside a buzz was heard, and then the soft, sliding step of Kiki.

"Tea?" she said, turning to him with an amused look, the little button pressed against her thin, sharp row of teeth, that were clear and tiny as a child's.

"No, of course not," he said furiously.

"No tea, Kiki," she said, in that same round, musical tone from which she seldom varied. She held the button in her long fingers, caressing her cheek with it, and, looking at him with halfclosed eyes, repeated:

"Sit down."

Though the forward movement of Slade had been unconscious and quite devoid of any personal object, he was angrily aware that she had availed herself of his action to introduce a tantalizing defiance which awakened all the savage in him, as he realized the helplessness of his crude strength before the raillery that shone from her eyes.

He drew his chair closer to her, sat down on its edge, one knee forward, his chin in his hand half concealing his face, looking at her with the shrewd cruelty of a prosecuting attorney.

"What's your game?" he said.

"The game itself," she answered, with a little animation in her eyes and a scarcely perceptible gradual turning of her whole body toward him.

"What's your game?" he repeated.

She looked at him a moment as she might have looked at a child, and then, imitating the gesture with which he had sunk his chin in his palm, said:

"What a convenient formula! And is that the way you always begin?"

"Perhaps."

"Do you know," she continued, "it is extraordinary how simple you big men — you

trust kings — are. You have the vision of an dren. You are no match for me at this game. eagle on one side, and the groping glance of a baby when you deal with us. Sometimes I think that it's all instinct, that all you understand is to throw down what resists you — that you haven't great minds at all, and that that is all that interests you in business and in us. That is why a big man will always end up by meeting some little woman who will lead him around by the nose. Any little fool of a woman who knows enough never to cease resisting you can do it."

"Do you like me?" he said brutally.

"Much?"

"Quite a good deal."

"Are you planning to marry me?"

She smiled her languid, amused smile without shifting her glance from his.

"Why don't you come to the point?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"I don't have to ask your game; I know it."

"What do you know?"

"Shall I tell you why you came here at a moment when you are at bay, attacked everywhere?"

"Why?"

"To find out what I know about Majendie."

"Do you know anything?"

"He is coming here to-night," she said.

"No, that is not it," he said scornfully, rising and again approaching her. "You know better. You exhilarate me — you wake me up; and I need to be stimulated. So you've got it back in your little brain to marry me," he said, looking down with amused contemplation at the reclining figure, that was not so much human as a perfumed bed of flowers; "that is, if I pull through and keep my head above water."

He hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Why did you keep me waiting? Just to

annoy me?"

"I wonder," she said, looking up from under her eyelashes at his towering figure. "Perhaps it was to teach you some things are difficult."

"That's it, eh?"

"Perhaps - and I'm afraid I shall irritate you many more times."

He took a step nearer and said abruptly:

Look out! I don't play fair."

"Neither do I," she said.

She took the button up again, frowning in a nonchalant way, and held it a moment while she waited for his decision. He shrugged his shoulders and stood back, taking several steps toward the center of the room.

"Listen, John G. Slade," she said, her tone changing from the felinely feminine to the matter-of-fact, "don't let's continue as chil-

I warn you. Come. Be direct. Will you have me as an ally?"

He turned and looked at her, considering.

"In what way?"

"Is it of importance to you to know the probable fate of Majendie and the Atlantic Trust?"

"Yes — in a way."

"I may have means of learning just that information to-night."

"What do you want in return?"

"Full confidence. I want two questions answered."

"What?"

She had raised herself to a sitting position out of the languor which was not the indolence of the Oriental, but rather the volcanic slumbering of the Slav, always ready to break forth into sudden tremendous exertion.

"Can the Associated Trust meet its Wednes-

day obligations without assistance?"

"And second?" he said, amazed at the detailed knowledge that her question implied.

"Second, if it can't, will the Clearing-House

help it through?"

"What difference to you would it make to know?"

"It would."

"How long have you known Bernard Majendie?" he said slowly.

She accepted the question as a rebuff.

"There are my terms," she said, sinking back on the couch. "You don't wish an ally, then?"

"No."

"You don't trust me?"

"No."

"I knew you wouldn't," she said indolently; "and yet, I could help you more than you think."

"I trusted a man once," he said scornfully. "I have never made that mistake with a woman."

"As you wish."

"Are you trying a flyer?" he said, smiling.

"That's the game, is it — a tip?"

"I have told you," she said coldly and in a tone that carried conviction, "that what interests me is to win the game itself, the excitement and the perils. And I have been behind the scenes many times."

"I believe it," he said abruptly. "I should

like to hear ——".

"I am a woman who keeps the secrets of others and her own," she answered, interrupting his question.

"And if you marry?" he said curiously.

"Even then," - she dismissed the return to the personal with the first quick movement of her hand and continued,-"I should say, you are the best hated man in Wall Street."

"That's not exactly inside information."





"No one is going to come to your help out of friendship."

"True."

"If Majendie and the Atlantic Trust Company fail, nothing in this world can pull you through," she said, seeking in some uncontrolled movement of his an answer to the statement that was in reality a question.

From the moment she had begun to question him, he experienced a sudden change. He was no longer dealing with a woman, but with an element he had outguessed a hundred times.

All at once an odd idea came to him which struck him as stupendously ridiculous, and yet made him glower in covert admiration at the woman who watched him while seemingly engaged with the rearrangement of her draperies.

"Is it possible, after all," he thought, "that that ambitious little head is playing with both Majendie and me, and that she is setting her

cap for the survivor?"

He came back, reseated himself, and said, with an appearance of candor which would have deceived most people:

"You say Majendie is coming here to-night?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where he is this afternoon?"
"Yes."

"And the object of his visit?"

"The object is easy to guess," she said indifferently. "You know perfectly well that he is in conference with Fontaine, Marx, and Gunther, and what you wish to know is whether they are going to stand aside and let him sink. Are you ready to answer my two questions?"

"And when will you know if he has failed or succeeded?"

"To-night."

"He will tell you?"

"I shall know to-night," she said, with an evasive smile.

"What's your private opinion?"

"They will come to his assistance," she said carefully.

"Because they are his personal friends," he said, with an accent of raillery.

"Naturally."

"You believe Majendie will pull through?"

"I do." She looked at him a moment, and asked the question, not so much to receive an answer as to judge from his manner: "Can the Associated Trust meet its obligations on Wednesday without assistance?"

"I can," he said quietly, and to himself he added: "There — if Majendie has set her to pump me, little good that'll do him."

"But if the Atlantic Trust Company shuts its doors," she persisted, "you are caught?"

"That is the general opinion."

"Will you fail?"

"You want a direct answer?"

"Yes."

"No."

She was quiet a moment, dissatisfied, looked away from him and then said:

"So you don't care to know what I shall learn to-night?"

"My dear lady, I won't tell you a thing," he said, with a laugh, "so stop trying. Leave us to fight our own battles. Plot all you want in your cunning head your little feminine plans, but don't get beyond your depth."

"I see you believe I'm interested in Majendie," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"You are not very well informed."

"No," he said bluntly; "you are interested in no one but Rita Kildair. I know that much." He rose, took several strides back and forth, and, returning, stood by her. "I hate allies," he said; "I prefer to consider you as a woman."

His remark brought a sharp gleam of curiosity to her eyes, a spark of instinctive sex antagonism that flashed and disappeared.

"Remember, I have warned you," she said, retiring as abruptly into the feline languor of

her pose.

He stood, swayed by two emotions, the purely gentle, almost caressing effect her indolence brought him, and the desire to establish some sudden empire over her — to feel his strength above hers.

"What's the weak point in your armor?" he said savagely.

"I wouldn't tell you."

"I think I know one."

"Really?"

He drew his chair still closer, and, leaning over, touched with his stubby forefinger the rings on her outstretched hand.

"Jewels?" she said, smiling.

"Yes."

"Any woman is the same."

"Why?"

"I don't know — it is so," she said, and, raising the deep lusters, she allowed her glance to rest on them as in a dream of opium.

He drew from his pocket the ring with the ruby, and held it out.

"Try this on."

She took it between her finger-tips slowly, looking at him with a glance that was a puzzled frown, and slipped it on her finger. Then she extended her hand gradually to the full length of her white arm against the purple, and half closed her eyes. There was no outward sign; only a deep breath went through her, as though an immense change had taken place in the inner woman.

"Now I know what I want to know," he said, watching her closely with almost an animal joy in this sudden revelation of an appetite in her.

"It's a wonderful stone," she said in a whisper; then she drew it off her finger slowly, as though the flesh rebelled, and held it out to him, turning away her eyes.

"Keep it."

She raised her eyes and looked at him steadily.

"You are cleverer than I thought," she said.

"Keep it."

"Is this for information about Majendie?" she said slowly.

"Not for that."

"For what, then?" she said steadily.

"For a whim."

"Thanks; I don't trust your whims."

For all reply, he took her hand and again placed the ring on it.

"Wear it," he said.

She turned the stone quickly inside her palm as though unable to endure its lure, and looked at him profoundly.

"Are you going to pull through?" she said

angrily.

"Will it make a difference?" he asked, rising, with a quick glance at his watch.

She rose in her turn, facing him with a sudden energy.

"Do you know the one great mistake you have made?"

"What?"

"You have condemned yourself to success."

"What do you mean by that?" he said.

"You must always succeed, and that is terrible! At the first defeat every one will be up in arms against you — because every one wants to see you ruined."

"Every one?" he said, looking in her eyes.

A second time she took off the ring and gave
it to him, and as he protested she said coldly:

"Don't make me angry. The comedy has been amusing. Enough. Also, don't trouble yourself about my motives. I haven't the slightest intention of marrying you or any one else."

And she accompanied the words with a gesture so imperative that, amazed at the change, he no longer insisted. As he put out his hand, she said suddenly, as if obeying an intuition:

"I will tell you what you want to know. Gunther is almost sure to come to Majendie's aid. I know it by a woman. Take care of yourself."

"And I will tell you exactly the opposite," he said, bluffing. "Gunther will not lend a cent; Majendie will go under, and I'll pull through."

"You'll pull through even if the Atlantic Trust closes?"

"Exactly."

"Good-by," she said, with a shrug.

"Remember what I said," he repeated, and went out.

Five minutes later the bell rang, and Kiki brought her a little box and an envelop. She recognized Slade's writing, and read:

Dear Lady:

Apologies for my rudeness. If you won't accept a gift, at least wear the ring for a week. I should like to know what effect it could have on your cold little soul. Oblige my curiosity. It's only a little reparation for the disappointment I gave you. J. G. S.

"Decidedly, he is cleverer than I thought," she said musingly. In the box was the great ruby ring. She took it up, examined it carefully, made a motion as though to replace it in the box, and then suddenly slipped it on her finger.

CHAPTER II

Mrs. Kildair knew pretty nearly every one in that indescribable society of New York which is drawn from all levels, without classification, and imposes but one condition for membership — to be amusing. Her home, in fact, supplied that need of all limited and contending superimposed sets, a central meeting-ground where one entered under the protection of a flag of truce and departed without obligations. She knew every one, and no one knew her. No one knew beyond the vaguest rumors her history or her resources. No one had ever met a Mr. Kildair. There was always about her a certain defensive reserve the moment the limit of acquaintanceship had been touched. Mrs. Enos Bloodgood, who saw her most and gave her the fullest confidence, knew no more than that she had arrived from Paris five years before, with letters of introduction from the best quarters. Her invitations were eagerly sought by leaders of fashionable society, prima donnas, artists, visiting European aristocrats, and men of the moment. Her dinners were spontaneous, and the discussions, though gay and usually daring, were invariably under the control of wit and good taste.

As soon as Slade's present had been received she passed into the dining-room to assure herself that everything was in readiness for the informal chafing-dish supper to which she had invited some of her most congenial friends, all of whom, as much as could be said of any one, were habitues of the studio. Then, entering her Louis Quinze bedroom, which exhaled a pleasant stirring atmosphere of perfume, she slipped off her filmy purple tea-gown and chose an evening robe of absolute black, of warm velvet, unrelieved by any color, but which gave to her shoulders and arms that softness and brilliancy which no color can impart.

Several times she halted, and, seating herself at her dressing-table, fell into a fascinated contemplation of the great ruby that trembled luminously on her finger like a bubble of scarlet blood. When, in the act of deftly ordering the masses of her dark ruddy hair, her white fingers lost themselves among the tresses, she stopped more than once, entranced at the brilliancy of the stone against the white flesh and the sudden depths of her hair. She rose and began to move about the room; but her hand from time to time continued its coquetries above her forehead, as though the ring had suddenly added to her feminine treasury a new instinctive gesture.

At half past seven, having finished dressing, she opened the doors which made a thorough-fare between the studio and the small dining-room, and passed into the larger room, where, at one end, Kiki had brought forth three Sheraton tables, joined them, and set them with crystal and silver.

"Put in order my bedroom," she said, with an approving nod, "and then you can go."

She moved about the studio, studying the arrangements of the furniture, seeing always from the tail of her eye the scarlet spot on her finger.

"I wonder what it's worth," she said softly.

"Ten, fifteen thousand at the least." She held the ring from her, gazing at it dreamily. "I wonder what woman's eye has looked upon you, you wonderful gem," she whispered; and, as though transported with the vision of the past, she drew it slowly toward her and pressed her lips against it.

At this moment a buzz sounded from the hall, and she recovered herself hastily and, a little ashamed, said with a feeling of alarm as she went to the door:

"Slade is entirely too clever; I must send it back to-morrow morning."

Before she could reach the door it had opened, and there entered, with the informality of assured acquaintance, a young man of twentyfive or -six, smiling, boyish, delighted at having stolen a march on the other guests.

"You are early," said Mrs. Kildair, smiling with instinctive reflection of the roguish enjoyment that shone on his handsome, confident face.

"Heavens, haven't I been beating the pavements for fourteen minutes by the watch!" he said, laughing. "Regular kid trick." He took her hand, carrying it to his lips. "The way they do in France, you know."

"You're a nice boy, Teddy," she said, patting his hand. "Now, hang up your coat, and help

me with the candles."

She watched him as he slipped his overcoat from the trim wide shoulders, revealing all at once the clean-cut, well tailored figure, full of elasticity and youth. Teddy Beecher always gave her a sense of well being and pleasant content, with his harum-scarum ways and inviting impudence. As he roused no intellectual resistance in her, she was all the more sensitive to the purely physical charm in him, which she appreciated as she might appreciate the finely strung body and well modulated limbs of a Perseus by Benvenuto Cellini.

"Will I help you? Command me," he said, coming in eagerly. "Don't you know, there's a little silver collar about my neck, and the inscription is, 'This dog belongs to Rita Kildair.' Jove, Rita, but you're stunning to-night!"

He stood stock-still in frank amazement. He had known her but a short while, and yet he called her by her first name — a liberty seldom accorded; but the charm he unconsciously exerted over women, and which impatiently mystified other men, was in the very audacity of his enjoyment of life, which imparted to women the precious sense of their own youth.

"Really?" she said, raising her hand to her hair, that he might notice the glorious ruby.

"Look here — I've only got a miserable thirty thousand a year, but I've got a couple of uncles with liver trouble and a bum heart. Say the word — I'm yours."

While he said it with a mock-heroic air, there was in his eyes a flash of excited admiration that she understood and was well pleased with.

"Come, Teddy," she said, a little disappointed that he did not perceive the ring. "To work. Take this taper."

He took the wax, contriving to touch her fingers with feigned artlessness.

"I say, Rita, who's the mob here to-night? Do I know any one? I get the place next to you, of course?"

"Begin over there," she directed. "The Enos Bloodgoods are coming; you've met her here."

"I thought they were separated, or something."

"Not yet."

"By George, Rita, there's no one like you serving us up a couple on the verge."

"That is not all — I like situations," she said, with her slow smile.

"I like Elise; but as for the old boy, he can slip on a banana peel and break his neck, for all I care."

"Then there's a broker, Garraboy, Elise's brother."

"Don't know him."

"Maud Lille, who's written clever books a journalist."

"Don't know her — hate clever women."

"Nan Charters --- "

"Who?" said Beecher, with upraised wick.

"Nan Charters, who played in 'Monsieur went wrong with Majendie.

Beaucaire.'" hard-skinned old brute, but if

"Bully!"

She smiled at his impetuousness, and continued: "Mr. Majendie and the Stanley Cheevers."

"Oh, I say - not those ---"

"Well?" she said as he stopped.

"You know the gambling story," he said reluctantly.

"Club gossip."

"Of course," he said, correcting himself.
"One of my friends was present. The Cheevers
play a good game, a well united game, and have
an unusual system of makes. They are very
successful — let it go at that. You don't
mean to say that Majendie'll be here?"

"I expect him."

"He was a friend of the dad's—a corker, too. I don't know much about those things, but isn't he supposed to be up against it?"

Three knocks in close succession sounded on the outer door, and Garraboy entered with an air of familiarity that was displeasing to the younger man. The two saluted impertinently, with polite antagonism, detesting each other from the first look.

"Go on with the candles, Teddy," said Mrs. Kildair, signaling to the newcomer, a young man of forty who seemed to have been born bald, wrinkled, and heavy-eyed. The long, bald head on the thin, straight little body, and the elongated white collar, gave him somewhat the look of an interrogation-mark. He was heavily perfumed.

"What's the news of the market?" she asked.

"Another odd turn — went up a couple of points," he said, looking at her hand. Unlike Beecher, he had instantly noted the new acquisition with a malicious smile. His thumb gave a little jerk and he added softly: "Something new?"

"Yes. Why should the market go up?" she said, seeming to be intent only on the effect of the bracketed candles, that now licked the tapestried walls with their restless tongues.

"There's a general belief that a group of the big fellows will stand behind the trust companies in return for certain concessions. I say," he continued, watching the ruby ring, which instinctively she tried to conceal from him, "I hope Elise isn't going to make a fool of herself about Majendie."

"Teddy, Teddy, you've forgotten the two over the plaque!" she said aloud — and, a little lower: "She won't; don't fear."

"I know her better," he said, without, however, betraying the slightest brotherly agitation. "She is apt to do something crazy if anything

went wrong with Majendie. Bloodgood's a hard-skinned old brute, but if there was anything public he'd cut up ugly."

"I hear he's in the market."

"Yes — on the short side, too — in deep."
"And you?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I thought we never told secrets, Mrs. Kildair. Who else is coming? Am I representing the element of respectability again to-night?"

"The what?" She looked at him steadily until he turned away nervously, with the unease of an animal. "Don't be an ass with me, my dear Garraboy."

"By George," he said irritably, "if this were Europe I'd wager you were in the Secret Service, Mrs. Kildair."

"Thank you," she said, smiling appreciatively, and returned toward young Beecher, who was waiting by the piano with ill concealed resentment.

The Stanley Cheevers entered — a short, chubby man with a bleached, vacant face tufted with mustache and imperial, devoid of eyebrows, with watery eyes that moved slowly with the motion of his gourdlike head; Mrs. Cheever voluble, nervous, overdressed, young with the youth of a child and pretty with the prettiness of a doll.

Beecher, who knew them, bowed with a sense of (curiosity to Mrs. Cheever, who held him a little with a certain trick she had of opening wide her dark, Oriental eyes; and dropped, with a sense of physical discomfort, the hand that Cheever flabbily pressed into his.

"Decidedly, I am going to have a grand little time by myself," he said moodily. "Where the deuce does Rita pick up this bunch?"

The Enos Bloodgoods were still agitated as they entered. His lips had not quite banished the scowl, nor her eyes the scorn.

"Permit me, my dear," he said, taking off her wrap, and the words struck those who heard them with a sudden chill.

He was of the unrelenting type that never loses its temper, but causes others to lose theirs, immovable in his opinions, with a prowling walk, a studied antagonism in his manner, while in his bulgy eyes was an impudent stare which fastened itself like a leech on the person addressed, to draw out his weakness.

Elise Bloodgood, who seemed tied to her husband by an invisible leash, had a hunted, resisting quality back of a certain desperate dash which she assumed, rather than felt, in her attitude toward society—just as she touched with red, cheeks that were meant to be simply the background of eyes that were extraordinary, with a lurking sense of tragedy.

"Rita dear, I am almost frantic to-night," she said hastily, in one of those intimate moments of which women avail themselves in the midst of their enemies.

"The last rumors are good," said Mrs. Kildair, bending over her ostensibly to arrange her scarf.

"Who told you?"

"Your brother. Every one downtown believes the panic is stopped. The market has gone up. Gunther and Snelling are Bernard's personal friends."

"Friends?" she said bitterly. "Yes, that's

just the trouble."

"Besides, he is coming to-night — you knew?"

"Yes, I knew," said Mrs. Bloodgood, with a glance at her husband, who, at the other side of the studio, seemed intent only on examining a reliquary in carved stone.

"Then he will tell you himself," said Mrs. Kildair, rearranging a little ornament that made a splash of gold on the black hair of her companion. "Be careful — don't talk too much now."

"What do I care?" she said rebelliously. "It has got to end sometime."

She passed her husband, her dark shoulder flinching unconsciously at his near presence, and gave her hand to Stanley Cheever and young Beecher, who, though utterly unconscious of the entanglements of the evening, was struck by the moody sadness in her eyes that so strangely contradicted the laugh that was on her lips. But as he was wondering, a little constrained, how best to open the conversation, the door opened once more and two women entered — Nan Charters, who arrived like a little white cloud, vibrantly alert and pleased at the stir her arrival occasioned, and Maud Lille, who appeared behind her as a shadow, very straight, very dark, Indian in her gliding movements, with masses of somber hair held in a little too loosely for neatness.

"Oh, dear, am I dreadfully late?" said Nan Charters, who swept into the studio the better to display her opera-cloak, a gorgeous combination of white and gold Japanese embroideries, which, mounting above her throat in conjunction with a scarf of mingling pinks, revealed only the tip of her vivacious nose and sparkling eyes.

"You are strangely early," said Mrs. Kildair, who presented Beecher with a gesture which at the same time directed him to attend to the a tone that carried no conviction. wraps.

"Thank you," said Miss Charters, with a nately. quick smile, and by an imperceptible motion she allowed the cloak to slip from her shoulders and glide into his waiting hands, revealing herself in a white satin shot with pigeon red,

which caused the eyes of all the women present to focus suddenly. Garraboy, Cheever, and Bloodgood, who knew her, came up eagerly.

Teddy Beecher, his arms crowded with the elusive garment, which gave him almost the feeling of a human body, bore it to the hall and arranged it with care, pleasantly aware of the perfume it exhaled. He returned eagerly, conscious of the instantaneous impression her smile had made on him as she turned to thank him, a look that had challenged and aroused him. She was still chatting gaily, surrounded by the three men, and he was forced to occupy himself with Mrs. Bloodgood. His eyes, however, remained on the young girl, who was listening with unaffected pleasure to the compliments of her male audience. Something in the chivalry of the younger man revolted at the spectacle of the sophisticated Garraboy and the worldly appetites in the eyes of Cheever and Bloodgood. He felt almost an uneasy sense of her peril, which was in effect an instinctive emotion of jealousy, and, profiting by the moment in which Mrs. Bloodgood turned to Miss Lille, he slipped to Miss Charters' side and contrived to isolate her.

The studio was now filled with chatter. Mrs. Kildair passed from group to group, animating it with a word or two. With the exception of Teddy Beecher and Nan Charters, in the several groups there was but one question — the events of the day in the financial world and the probable outcome of the secret conference at Gunther's.

Every one watched the clock, awaiting the last arrival with an impatience that was too truly founded on the safety of their personal fortunes to be concealed.

"The conference ended at six-thirty," said Maud Lille to Bloodgood and Cheever; "Majendie left for his house immediately after. I had it from the city editor on the telephone."

"Was any statement given out?" said Cheever, who put one finger to his lip, as he did when a little nervous.

"None."

"If he goes under, it means the bottom out of the market," said Cheever, fixing his owlish stare on Bloodgood's smug face.

"Are you long?" said Bloodgood, turning on him with curiosity.

"A thousand shares," said Cheever, but in

"He won't come," said Maud Lille obsti-

"If he does," said Cheever slowly, "he's pulled through and the market ought to go up." And a second time his finger jerked up to his lips, with the gesture of the stutterer.

"He won't come," repeated Maud Lille.

Bloodgood gave her a short look, trying to fathom the reason of her belief, a question he did not care to put before Cheever.

At this moment Majendie appeared at the entrance of the studio. The conversation, which had been mounting in nervous staccatos, fell with the hollowness that one sometimes feels in the air before the first crash of a storm. By an uncontrollable impulse, each turned, eager to read in the first indication some clue to his personal fate.

The last arrival had opened the outer door unheard, and, profiting by the commotion, had removed his overcoat and hat in the ante-room.

When the rest of the party perceived him, Majendie was standing erect and smiling under the Turkish lamp that, hanging from the balcony, cast a mellow light on his genial, aristocratic forehead. In every detail, from the ruddy, delicately veined cheeks and white mustache to the slight, finely shaped figure at ease in the evening coat that fitted him as a woman's ball gown, he radiated the patrician, but the patrician of urbanity, tact, and generous impulses.

"My dear hostess," he said at once, bending over Mrs. Kildair's hand with a little extra formality, "a thousand excuses for keeping you and your guests waiting. But just at present there are quite a number of persons who seem to be determined to keep me from my engagements. Am I forgiven?"

"Yes," she answered, with a sudden feeling of admiration for the air of absolute good humor with which he pronounced these words, mystifying though they were to her sense of divination.

"I think I know every one," he said, glancing around without a trace of emotion at Bloodgood and Cheever, whose presence could not have failed to be distasteful. "You are very good to be so lenient, and I will accept whatever penance you impose. Are we going to have one of those delightful chafing-dish suppers that only you know how to provide?"

"What pride!" she murmured to herself, as he passed over to Miss Charters with a compliment that made her and Beecher break out laughing.

Up to the moment, the group had found not the slightest indication of the probable outcome of the afternoon's conference. If anything, there was in his carriage a quiet exhilaration. But the moment was approaching when he must come face to face with Mrs. Bloodgood, who, either in order to gain time for the self-control that seemed almost beyond her, or that she might draw him into more immediate converse,

had withdrawn so as to be the last he should greet. Majendie perceived instantly the imprudence of the manoeuver, and by a word addressed to Mrs. Kildair, who followed at his side, contrived to bring himself to the farther side of the group, of which little Mrs. Cheever and Garraboy were the other two.

"I make my excuses to the ladies first," he said, with a nod to Garraboy, whom he thus was enabled to pass. He offered his hand to Mrs. Bloodgood, saying: "Grant me absolution, and I promise to do everything I can to make you as gay as I feel now."

Elise Bloodgood took his hand, glancing into his face with a startled glance, and immediately withdrew, murmuring something inaudible.

Mrs. Kildair, who with every one had been listening to his words for the double meaning that seemed to be conveyed, stepped in front of Mrs. Bloodgood to cover her too evident agitation.

"Elise," she said sharply, pressing her hand, "get hold of yourself. You must! Everything is all right. Didn't you understand him?"

"Ah, if he were going to die to-morrow he would never tell me," said Mrs. Bloodgood, pressing her handkerchief against her lips. "Nothing will ever break through his pride."

"But he told you in so many words," said Mrs. Kildair — who, however, didn't believe what she said.

"He told me nothing — nothing!"

"You must control yourself," said Mrs. Kildair, alarmed at her emotion.

"What do I care?"

"But you must! Listen. When I go into the dining-room don't follow me. I will contrive to take your husband with me. Profit by the chance. Besides, you are in no state to judge. Does Bernard look like a man who has just been told he is ruined? Come, a little courage."

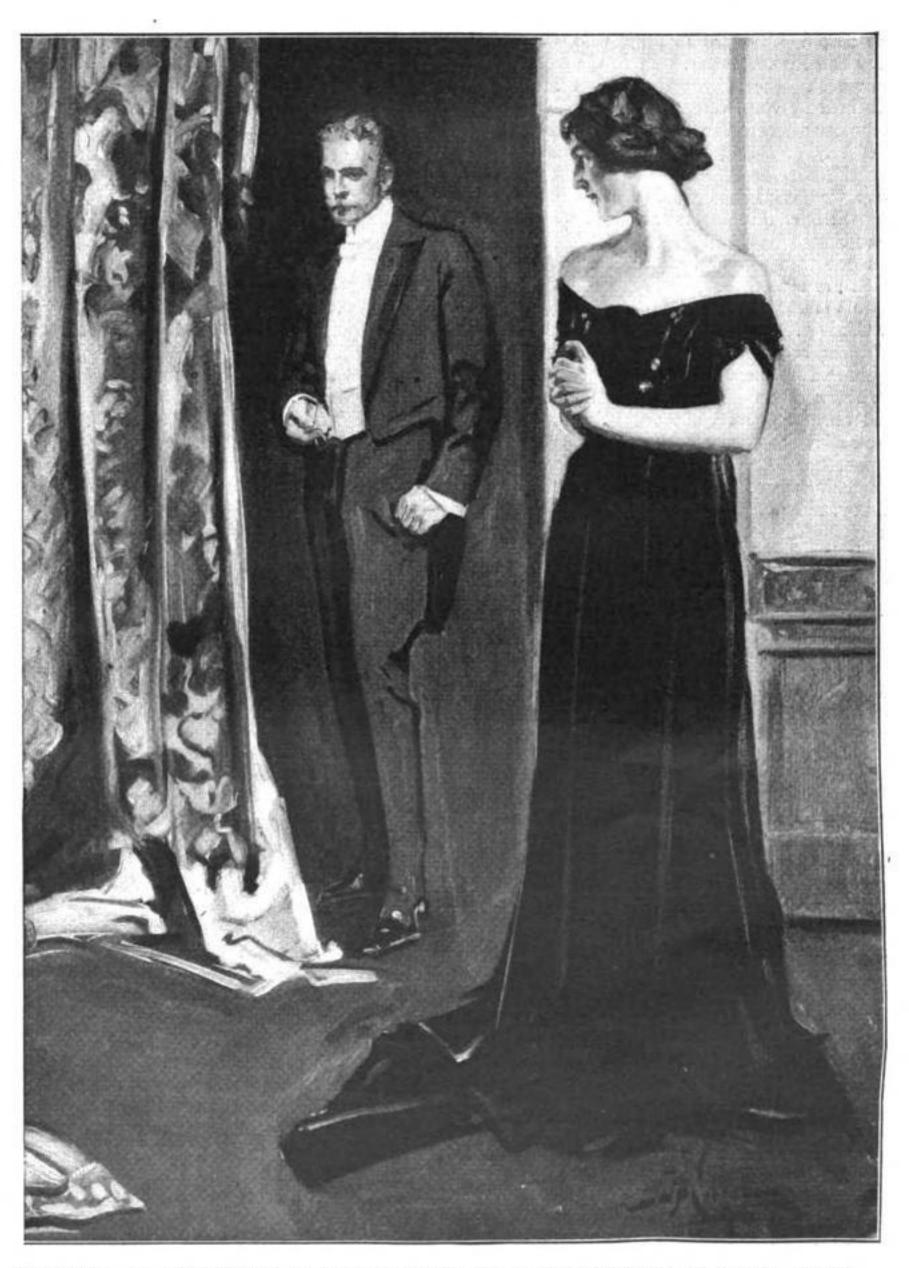
She left her and, stepping into her bedroom, donned a Watteau-like cooking-apron, and, slipping her rings from her fingers, fixed the three on her pin-cushion with a hatpin. From the mirror in which she surveyed herself she could see the interior of the studio — Nan Charters' laughing face above the piano, where she was running off a succession of topical songs, surrounded by a chorus of men, while Beecher, at her side, solicitously turned the pages.

"Teddy seems quite taken," she thought. But the tensity of the drama drove from her all other considerations. Completely mystified by Majendie's manner, she was studying the moment when she could throw him together with Elise Bloodgood, convinced that from the woman she would learn what the man concealed.

"Your rings are beautiful, dear, beautiful,"



"'HE WON'T COME, SHE SAID OBSTINATELY. 'IF HE DOES, SAID CHEEVER SLOWLY, 'HE'S PULLED UNCONTROLLABLE IMPULSE, EVERY PERSON



THROUGH.' AT THIS MOMENT MAJENDIE APPEARED AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE STUDIO. BY AN IN THE ROOM TURNED TOWARD HIM"

Garraboy and Mrs. Cheever, were in the room.

"I never saw the ruby before," said Mrs. Cheever in a nervous voice. "My dear, you are the most mysterious woman in the world. Think of having a ring like that, and never wearing it!"

"It is a wonderful stone," said Mrs. Kildair, touching with her thin fingers the ring that lay

uppermost.

"It is beautiful — very beautiful," said the journalist, her eyes fastened on it with an uncontrollable fascination.

Mrs. Cheever, her lips parted, her black eyes wide with eagerness, leaned over. She put out her fingers and let them rest caressingly on the ruby, withdrawing them as though the contact had burned them, while on either cheek little spots of red excitement showed.

"It must be very valuable," she said, her breath catching slightly.

Garraboy, moving forward, suddenly looked at the ring.

"Yes, it is valuable - very much so," said Mrs. Kildair, glancing down. Then she went to the door that led into the studio, and clapped her hands:

"Attention, everybody! Beecher and Garraboy are the chefs. Each one must choose his scullery-maid. Mr. Majendie is to make the punch. Every one else is butler and waitress. Mrs. Cheever, did you ever peel onions?"

"Good heavens, no!" said Mrs. Cheever,

delicately recoiling.

"Well, there are no onions to peel," said Mrs. Kildair, laughing. "All you have to do is to carry dishes or make the toast — on to the kitchen!"

"Miss Charters, you are engaged at any salary you may name," said Beecher, forestalling Garraboy, who was coming forward.

"But I shall drop every dish," said Nan Charters, rising from the piano. "I don't know

anything about cooking."

"Splendid! Then you'll make no mistakes." He installed her at one end of the table, and went off for the chafing-dish. When he returned, gingerly balancing it on a silver platter, Garraboy, profiting by his absence, was seated beside Nan Charters, speaking in a purposely low voice. She was listening, perfectly composed, looking straight before her with a tolerant, uninterested smile.

If women often can conceal their true natures from women, men seldom deceive one another. There was a fixity in Garraboy's glance which Beecher understood and hotly resented. But at the moment when, setting the tray on the pointed to the contents of the chafing-dish, table, he was meditating some ill advised

said the deep voice of Maud Lille, who, with remark, Mrs. Cheever, passing by, said with ill concealed impatience in her thin, hurried

> "Mr. Garraboy, I am sorry for you, but I have been assigned as your assistant, and I should like to know what I am to do."

> Garraboy rose immediately, bowed with perfect suavity, and rejoined Mrs. Cheever, who said to him something that the others did not hear, but at which they saw him shrug his shoulders.

> "Well, what are we going to make?" said Nan Charters, with the enjoyment that this exhibition of feminine jealousy had brought still in her eyes.

"I don't like Garraboy," said Beecher directly.

"Why not?" she said, smiling a little, and raising her eyebrows as though interrogating a child.

"Because I like you," he answered abruptly. Accustomed to contend with men, she was surprised by the genuineness of his remark, which was inspired by a sentiment deeper than jealousy. She looked at him again with that sudden second estimate which is vital.

"He is not difficult to handle," she said carelessly, unaware of the touch of intimacy which her reply permitted.

"I don't like him," he said obstinately, "and I don't like his crowd — the crowd that is here to-night. They're like a pack of wolves. What the deuce does Rita see in them?"

"Mrs. Kildair has generally, I should say, a very good reason for whom she invites," she said carelessly.

"But these Cheevers — they're impossible. How the deuce do they live?"

"I thought Mr. Majendie very charming."

"Oh, Majendie - yes, I except him," he said enthusiastically. "He's a gentleman."

"That counts a good deal with you?" she said, with a touch of raillery.

"It does. I think a gentleman is almost the rarest thing you meet with to-day," he said, holding his ground, "a gentleman in the heart. I know only four or five."

"Yes, you are right," she said, changing her tone. She looked at him a third time, at the honest, boyish loyalty so plainly written on his face, and said: "You haven't gone out much here?"

"No; I'm just back from knocking around the world, hunting in Africa and all that sort of uselessness."

"Come and tell me about it sometime."

"May 1?"

She laughed at his impetuousness, and which had been simmering neglected; but more than once during the operation her glance returned to the eager, earnest face.

Meanwhile, Garraboy, at the other end of the table, assisted by Mrs. Cheever and Maud Lille, was busy with a lobster à la Newburg. Mrs. Kildair, having finished in the kitchen, had entered the dining-room, where she established a sort of provisional serving-table. She called to her side Cheever and Bloodgood, and, under the pretext of arranging the dishes from the china-closet, kept them isolated. At this moment Elise Bloodgood approached Majendie, who, at the rear end of the studio, was occupied with the brewing of a punch. Natural as was the movement, it was instantly perceived by the four or five persons vitally interested. A moment afterward Mrs. Bloodgood passed into the bedroom; but there was in her carriage a triumph that she did not care to conceal.

"He's won out," thought Bloodgood.

"The shorts will be caught," thought Cheever. "The devil! I must cover."

"Has he lied to her?" said Mrs. Kildair to herself. "If everything is all right, why should he conceal it from any one?"

She went across the room, stopping at the punch-table.

"Have you everything you need?" she asked.

"Everything, thank you," Majendie answered gently; but there was in his voice a tired note, as if some effort had suddenly exhausted him.

"I understood what you meant," she said, looking at him not without a little pity — an emotion which was rare with her. "Let me congratulate you on the result of this afternoon."

"Thank you very much for your congratulations," he said quietly, taking her hand. "If you knew, you will understand why I was kept so late."

As he bowed, the front of his jacket opening a little, she saw or fancied she saw in the inner pocket a strip of green, slightly protruding. She left him, still unconvinced, and turned to the company.

"Everything ready, Teddy? All right. Every one sit down. Mrs. Cheever and Mrs. Bloodgood are appointed butlers — because real work will do them good. Sit down, sit down. I'll be back in a minute."

As she turned to her bedroom, there came a strong ring, twice repeated. She paused, astonished.

"Who can that be?" she thought, frowning, and directing her steps toward the antechamber. "No one is allowed to come up. It must be a telegram."

She opened the door, and Slade entered.

"I came right up," he said directly, "because

I had no success on the telephone. You rather excited my curiosity this afternoon. Please invite me to your party."

The first moment of irritation was succeeded, on her part, by the feeling of elation. The impulse that had brought Slade so unexpectedly there was a feeling of jealousy, in which Beecher and Majendie were confusedly mixed.

"He wishes to watch me with his own eyes," she said triumphantly. "Very well; he shall be well punished."

Slade's arrival produced a moment of profound astonishment. Bloodgood and Maud Lille exchanged quick glances, believing the meeting between Majendie and Slade had been premeditated. Garraboy plucked Cheever nervously by the sleeve, while Majendie, as if realizing that he was dealing with an antagonist of a different caliber, rose with a little nervous inflation of the chest. Rapid as had been the interim in the ante-chamber, Mrs. Kildair had had time to say:

"Majendie is here. Do you know what happened this afternoon?"

"I do," said Slade, with malicious enjoyment, and he added: "Do you?"

"Yes," she replied, convinced, likewise, of the falsity of his statement. Then aloud she added: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Slade, an impromptu guest."

She passed with him about the table, introducing him where it was necessary. Slade and Majendie did not offer hands; each bowed with a quiet, measured politeness. On the contrary, when Beecher was reached, the older man grasped the hand of the younger, and held it a moment with a grip that, despite Beecher's own strength, made him wince.

"Teddy, be a good boy and place Mr. Slade somewhere," she said, resting her hand purposely on the young man's shoulder. "I'll take off my apron and be back immediately."

She stopped near Majendie, who had returned to the punch-table for an extra glass, and, seeing that her movements were followed by Slade, said:

"Bernard, believe me, I did not plan it. I had no idea he was coming."

"It makes not the slightest difference," he said instantly. "Mr. Slade and I have no quarrel. Please don't worry about me."

"You're an awfully good sort," she said abruptly.

"That is high praise from you," he said, with a little critical smile which showed he was not entirely the dupe of her manoeuvers.

She went into her bedroom, and, divesting herself of her apron, hung it in the closet. Then, going to her dressing-table, she drew the hatpin from the pin-cushion and carelessly slipped the rings on her fingers. All at once she frowned and looked quickly at her hand. Only two rings were there. The third one - the ring with the ruby — was gone.

CHAPTER III

HER first emotion was of irritation.

"How stupid!" she said to herself, and, returning to her dressing-table, began to search among the silver and ivory boxes. All at once she stopped. She remembered with a vivid flash putting the pin through the three rings.

She made no further search, but remained without moving, her fingers slowly tapping the table, her head inclined, her lips drawn in a little between her teeth, watching in the glass the crowded table reflected from the outer studio.

In that gay party, one person was the thief - but which one? Each guest had had a dozen opportunities in the course of the time she had been in the kitchen.

"Too much prinking, pretty lady," called out Garraboy, who, from where he was seated, could see her.

"Not he," she said quickly. Then she reconsidered: "Why not? He's shifty - who knows? Let me think."

To gain time, she went slowly back to the kitchen, her head bowed, her thumb between her teeth.

"Who has taken it?"

She ran over the characters of her guests and their situations as she knew them. Strangely enough, with the exception of Beecher and Majendie, at each her mind stopped upon some reason that might explain a sudden temptation.

"And even Majendie — if he is bankrupt or running away," she thought. "No, I shall find out nothing this way. That is not the important thing just now. The important thing is to get the ring back. But how?"

All at once she realized the full disaster of the situation. Slade would never believe her; and yet, how was it possible to admit before others who had lent her the ring?

"What could I say to him?" she thought back, whatever happens. I won't give him that hold. I must get it back - some way somehow."

And mechanically, deliberately, she continued to pace back and forth, her clenched hand beating the deliberate, rhythmic measure of her journey.

In the studio, meanwhile, under the gay leadership of Majendie and Nan Charters, the spirits of the company began to rise. The rival chefs were surrounded by anxious admirers, who shouted laughing instructions or protested with mock agony against the shower of red pepper.

The ceremony had served to bring Beecher and Nan Charters on terms of sympathetic familiarity. The young actress had the secret of what is meant by that much abused word charm. Her vivacious movements were all charming. The eagerness with which her eyes seized the excitement of the moment, the soft and yet animated tones of her voice, the most casual gesture she made, or the most evident reply, all seemed invested with a peculiar charm which was at the same time a delight in pleasure and a happiness in the consciousness of pleasing.

Beecher did not or could not conceal the empire she had so suddenly acquired over his imagination, while Nan Charters, quite aware of what was happening, laughingly provoked him further, a little excited beyond the emotions of an ordinary flirtation.

During the progress of this personal duel, which, however, every one perceived with different emotions, Slade, placed at the middle of the table, followed only the expressions of Bernard Majendie, his scrutiny at times becoming so insistently profound that the banker several times noticed it with a swift glance of annoyed interrogation, which, however, did not alter in the least the fixity of the other's gaze.

Meanwhile, two or three conversations, expressed in snatched phrases, took place between those whose interests in the stock market were put in jeopardy by the mystery as to Majendie's fate.

"There'll be a rush of the shorts to cover to-morrow, if this is true," said Cheever in a low whisper to his wife. "Pump Mrs. Bloodgood all you can."

"How quick do you suppose they'll give the news out?" said Bloodgood to Garraboy. "It means a buying movement as soon as they do."

"Any paper may have the news to-morrow," said the broker, and the glass that he took from the punch-table shook as he raised it.

"Do you think Slade knows?"

"I'm not sure - but I think he does," said desperately. "No, no; I must have the ring Garraboy carefully. "Better meet me at the Waldorf at eleven. I'll get another line on it by then."

> "Why the deuce should he pull through?" said Bloodgood, with a quick, dull fury.

> Garraboy, with his malicious smile, perceiving that Bloodgood's hatred was purely financial, chuckled to himself, took a couple of glasses in rapid succession, and returned to the table under perfect control, not without a scowl

at the other end of the table, where Nan Charters and young Beecher were laughingly disputing the possession of the pepper-shaker.

A moment later, as Mrs. Cheever was exclaiming at their hostess' prolonged delay to Garraboy, who was dipping into the lobster à la Newburg, which he was preparing to serve, Mrs. Kildair slipped into the room like a lengthening shadow. Her entrance had been made with scarcely a perceptible sound, and yet each guest was aware of it, at the same moment, with the same uncontrollable nervous start.

"Heavens, dear lady," exclaimed Garraboy, with a twitch of his arms. "You come in on us like a Greek tragedy. What is the surprise?"

As he spoke, Beecher, looking up, saw her turn suddenly on him, drawing her forehead together until the eyebrows ran in a straight line.

"I have something to say to you all," she said in a quiet, discordant voice, while her eyes ran restlessly through the company with a predatory sharpness.

There was no mistaking the gravity in her voice. Garraboy extinguished the oil-lamp, covering the chafing-dish clumsily with a disagreeable tinny sound; Mrs. Cheever and Mrs. Bloodgood swung about abruptly; Maud Lille rose a little from her seat; Nan Charters, dramatically sensitive, seized unconsciously the arm of young Beecher; while the men, with the exception of Slade, who still watched Majendie like a terrier, imitated their movements of expectancy with a clumsy shuffling of the feet.

"Mr. Bloodgood."

"Yes, Mrs. Kildair?"

"Kindly do as I ask."

"Certainly."

She had spoken his name with a peremptory positiveness that was almost an accusation. He rose, placing his napkin carefully at the side of his plate, raising his short eyebrows a little in surprise.

"Go to the vestibule," she continued, immediately shifting her glance from him to the others. "Are you there? Shut the sliding doors that lead into the studio. Lock them. Bring me the key."

He executed the order without bungling, while the company, in growing amazement, fascinated, watched his squat figure returning with the key.

"You've locked it?" she said, making the question an excuse to bury her glance in his.

"As you wished me to."

"Thanks."

She took from him the key, and, shifting slightly, likewise locked the door into her bedroom through which she had come.

Then, transferring the keys to her left hand, seemingly unaware of Bloodgood, who still composedly awaited her further instructions, her eyes studied a moment the possibilities of the apartment and then returned to her guests.

"Mr. Cheever," she said abruptly.

"Yes, Mrs. Kildair."

"Put out all the candles except the candelabrum on the table."

"Put out the lights?" he said, rising, with his peculiar nervous movement of the fingers to the lips.

"At once."

Mr. Cheever, in rising, met the glance of his wife, and the look of questioning and wonder that passed did not escape the others.

"But, my dear Mrs. Kildair," cried Nan Charters, with a little nervous catch of her breath, "what is it? I'm getting terribly worked up."

"Miss Lille," said Mrs. Kildair's undeviating voice of command, while Beecher placed his hand firmly over his companion's, which had begun to open and shut in nervous tension.

The journalist, more composed than the rest, had watched the proceedings from that shadowy calm which had made her presence almost unnoticed. Now, as though forewarned by professional instinct that something sensational was hanging on the moment, she rose quietly with almost a stealthy motion.

"Put the candelabrum on this table — here," said Mrs. Kildair, after a long moment's confrontation. She indicated the large round table on which the punch-bowl was set. "No, wait. Mr. Bloodgood, first clear off the table, cover and all; I want nothing on it."

As Bloodgood started to remove the punchbowl, Majendie rose quickly and took the heavy candelabrum from the hands of Maud Lille, saying:

"Permit me; that's rather heavy for you."

"But, Mrs. Kildair —" began Mrs. Cheever's voice, in shrill crescendo.

Mrs. Kildair, as though satisfied by her examination of the journalist, nodded to Majendie, and, perceiving the mahogany table clear, said without notice of Mrs. Cheever:

"Good! Now put the candelabrum down on it."

In a moment, as Cheever proceeded lumberingly on his errand, the brilliant cross-fire of lights dropped away in the studio, only a few smoldering wicks winking on the walls, while the high ceiling seemed to recede as it came under the sole dominion of the three candles bracketed in silver at the head of the bare mahogany table.

"Now listen!" said Mrs. Kildair, and her

voice was cold and abrupt. "My ring has just been stolen!"

She said it suddenly, hurling the news at them, and waiting ferret-like for some indication in the chorus that broke out.

The hand that Beecher still grasped shot out from him as though it had been stung. For the first time, Slade, forgetting Majendie, wheeled brusquely and concentrated his glance on Mrs. Kildair, who listened unmoved to the storm of exclamations:

"Stolen!"

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Kildair, not that!"

"Stolen — by Jove!"

"Rita dear!"

"What! Stolen - here - to-night?"

"The ring has been taken in the last twenty minutes," continued Mrs. Kildair, in the same determined, chiseled accents. "I am not going to mince words. The ring has been taken, and one of you here is the thief. This is exactly the situation."

For a moment nothing was heard but an indescribable gasp, while each, turning by an uncontrollable impulse, searched the face of his neighbors. Suddenly Slade's deep bass broke out:

"Stolen, Mrs. Kildair?"

"Stolen," she replied quietly, meeting his inquisitorial glance.

"Have you searched very carefully?" said Majendie. "Mistakes are easily made. It may have slipped to the floor. Are you certain that it has been taken?"

"Exactly. There is not the slightest doubt," said Mrs. Kildair, conscious of the almost admiring suspicion in Slade's glance. "Three of you were in my bedroom when I took off my rings, placed a hatpin through them, and fastened them to the pin-cushion. Am I correct, Mr. Garraboy?" she added abruptly.

"Perfectly so," said the broker, staring ahead with a sudden consciousness of his dilemma. He added punctiliously; "I was there."

"With the exception of Mr. Slade, each of you has passed through my bedroom a dozen times. The ring is gone, and one of you has taken it."

Mrs. Cheever gave a little scream and reached heavily for a glass of water. Mrs. Bloodgood said something inarticulate, covering her heart line exclamation:

"The devil you say!"

"Incredible!"

"I saw it."

"By Jove! A nasty mess."

Only Maud Lille's calm voice could be heard saying:

"Quite true. I was in the room when you took them off. The ruby was on top."

Mrs. Cheever sought to add her testimony, but was incapable of speech. In her agitation she spilled half of the glass of water as she put it down from her lips.

"Was the ring valuable?" said Slade carefully, with a quiet enjoyment.

Their eyes met a moment — a look incomprehensible to the others.

"It was worth over fifteen thousand dollars," Mrs. Kildair answered, in the buzz of astonishment.

"And what are you going to do about it?"

"I have not minced words," she said, turning her eyes to Maud Lille and back to Garraboy. "There is a thief, and that thief is here in this room. Now, I am not going to stand on ceremony. I am going to have that ring back in one way or another — now. Listen to me carefully. I intend to have that ring back, and, until I do, not a soul shall leave this room."

"A search?" said Slade quietly.

"No," she said instantly, tapping on the table with her nervous knuckles. "I don't care to know the thief — all I want is the ring. And this is the way I am going to get it." She stopped for another quick, searching glance, and continued with cold control:

"I am going to make it possible for whoever took it to restore it to me without possibility of detection. The doors are locked and will stay locked. I am going to put out the lights, and I am going to count one hundred — slowly. You will be in absolute darkness; no one will know or see what is done, and I give my word that I will count the full hundred. There will be no surprise, no turning up of lights. But if, at the end of that time, the ring is not placed here on this table, I shall telephone for detectives and have every one in this room searched. Am I clear?"

The transfer of the candelabrum to the further table had left those of the diners who had remained by the dinner-table in half obscurity. Instantly there was a shifting and a dragging of chairs, a confused jumble of questions and explanations.

Nan Charters for the second time seized the arm of Teddy Beecher. She murmured something which he did not hear. He glanced at her with her hand in the muffled outburst of mascu- face, and for a moment an incredible suspicion crossed his mind. But the next, as he glanced down the table at the totally unnerved attitude of Mrs. Cheever and Mrs. Bloodgood, he understood better the agitation of his companion.

> "Do you suspect any one?" he whispered, by an impulse that seemed to spring into his mind.

> The young actress turned to him with almost an expression of terror in her eyes, which at the same time implored him to be silent.

"She knows something," he thought, with a somber feeling. His own face was flushed. He felt that to all he must appear guilty. "Every one feels the same," he thought, looking again at his companion, who was gazing with almost frightened intensity straight ahead of her. He followed her glance, and saw that the object of her gaze was none other than Mrs. Enos Bloodgood, who still held her hand pressed over her breast, her lips parted as though suffocating with emotion. But, before he had time even to consider the bearing of this discovery, Mrs. Kildair's voice, firm and unrelenting, cut short the confusion.

"Every one come to this table, please. Take your places here," she said, and to emphasize the command she rapped sharply for order.

In the bustle that took place, Beecher was separated from Miss Charters, and when he found himself at the table she was opposite him, her eyes on the table.

"Can you make a little room?" he heard Maud Lille's low voice say, and, drawing away from Cheever, who was on his right, he allowed the journalist to take her place beside him.

Majendie was on the left of Mrs. Kildair, Slade next to him, sweeping the table slowly with his direct, lowering glance, his lips slightly pursed. Bloodgood, his hands sunk in his pockets, stared bullishly ahead, while between Cheever and his wife there passed a covert, terrible glance of interrogation. Garraboy, with his hands locked over his chin, arms folded, looked straight ahead fixedly at his hostess.

Mrs. Kildair, having assured herself that all was arranged as she desired, blew out two of the three candles, which suddenly caused the eyes on the dim faces to stand out in startled relief.

"I shall count one hundred — no more, no less," she said quietly. "Either the ring is returned or every one in this room is to be searched. Remember."

She motioned to Slade, who, leaning over, blew out the remaining candle, while a little hysterical cry was heard from Mrs. Cheever.

The wick shone a moment with a hot, glowing spire, and then everything was black. Mrs. Kildair began to count.

"One — two — three — four — five — six — seven — eight — nine — ten ——"

She gave each number with the inexorable regularity of a clock's reiterated note.

"Eleven — twelve — thirteen — fourteen fifteen — sixteen — seventeen — "

In the room every sound was distinct — the rustle of a shifting dress, the grinding of a shoe, the deep, slightly asthmatic breathing of a man.

"Twenty-one — twenty-two — twenty-three —twenty-four — twenty-five —twenty-six ——" The counting went on, without the slightest variation, with a methodic, rasping reiteration that began to produce almost a hypnotic effect on the imaginations held in suspense.

"Thirty — thirty-one — thirty-two — thirty-three ——"

A slight rasping breath was heard, and then a man nervously clearing his throat.

"Thirty-nine — forty — forty-one — fortytwo ——"

Still nothing had happened. No other sound had broken in on the strained attention of every ear. Yet the voice that counted did not vary in the slightest measure; only the sound became less human, more metallic.

"Forty-seven — forty-eight — forty-nine fifty — fifty-one — fifty-two ——"

A woman had sighed — Mrs. Bloodgood next to him — the sigh of a woman yielding up consciousness to pain.

"Fifty-four — fifty-five — fifty-six — fifty-seven — fifty-eight — fifty-nine — sixty — sixty-one —"

All at once, clear, ringing, unmistakable, on the resounding plane of the table was heard a quick metallic note that echoed and reëchoed in the empty blackness.

"The ring!"

It was Maud Lille's deep voice that had cried out. Beecher suddenly against his shoulder felt the weight of Mrs. Bloodgood's swaying body. The voice that counted hesitated a moment, but only a moment.

"Sixty-two — sixty-three—"

Several voices began to protest:

"No, no!"

"Light the candles!"

"It's too much!"

"Don't go on!"

"Seventy-five — seventy-six — seventy-seven — seventy-eight — seventy-nine ——"

The sound dominated the protest. Some one began to laugh, a hysterical, feverish laughter that chilled Beecher to the bones. He put out his hand and steadied the body of the woman next to him.

"Eighty-five — eighty-six ——"

"Hurry, oh, hurry — please hurry!" cried the voice of Nan Charters, and some one else cried:

"Enough — this is 'terrible!"

"Ninety-five — ninety-six — ninety-seven ninety-eight — ninety-nine, and one hundred."

At once a match sputtered in the hands of Slade. There was a cry from every one, and the table shivered with the weight of those who craned forward. Then a second cry of amazement and horror. The table was absolutely bare. The ring a second time had been taken.



DETECTIVE BURNS' GREAT CASES

The Mystery of the Double Eagles

ARTHUR B. REEVE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

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Never had the Secretary of the Treasury received a more alarming message than was flashed to him some ten years ago from the Director of the Mint himself.

Consider for a moment what this simple telegram meant, coming from the Director at a time when he happened to be visiting one of the leading branch mints of the country.

to the minutest electrical device, the mint bespoke national security and national strength. It was supposed to represent the utmost progress in protective systems and mechanisms of the time - safety raised to the nth power.

The very external aspect of the mint seemed to say to the world that such a thing as theft was impossible. Huge doors proclaimed by their very ponderosity that it was their sole duty to guard the nation's treasure. Guards were stationed at every remotely vulnerable point. Apparently, nothing that human ingenuity could devise was lacking.

From the moment the bullion entered on the various processes until it returned again to the outside world as gold coin, all sorts of delicate tests, checks, and balances had been devised to protect the government. No bank is so exact, no record is kept so clean, as in the United From the massive granite and sandstone ex- States money mills. Every ounce of metal, terior of the great United States treasure-house every penny of coin, must be accounted for invariably before the cashier of the mint can call his day's work done.

Consider this, also. Far from the street lay the great vaults where the mass of money was guarded with vigilance surpassing that be-

Note: Names, dates, and places are, for obvious reasons, either changed, concealed, or omitted in this amazing revelation of how William J. Burns thwarted one of the eleverest crooks who ever tried to beat the government at its own game of guarding the millions of dollars in one of the large branch mints.

stowed on almost any other house of treasure. with three million? The message was enough In this secret realm no visitor could enter. to send shivers up the spine of the Treasury Millions were stacked ceiling-high where public Department, despite the torrid temperacuriosity could not see them, though it might ture of Washington at the close of dream futilely of the fabulous wealth behind the fiscal year on June 30. the impregnable walls. Sentinels, mechanical The chief of the Secret as well as human, defended it at every avenue Service did not of approach. Not even the officials, except pause to those immediately identified with that particu- read lar department of the mint, might be per- the mitted to enter the proscribed zone. Guarding the vaults were doors of armorplate, swung on the latest kind of concealed hinges, locked by massive combination locks with time-clock attachments, proof against fire, against earthquake, against burglars: Against burglars? Six heavy bags of five thousand dollars each in double eagles were missing! There was the telegram, which the Secretary hurriedly turned over to the chief of the Secret Service: "Thirty thousand dollar shortage discovered at the mint. Require ablest and best talent in the government service." If that could happen once, what would prevent its happening again? If it could happen with thirty thousand, why not with three hundred

"'THE WATCHMAN WOULD HAVE LEFT ON HIS ROUNDS. THAT WOULD GIVE ME A CHANCE TO OPEN THE VAULT'"

thou-

sand -

message twice. There was just one man in the service at the time to whom all such difficult and knotty cases were turned over. He handed the telegram to Burns.

As he was whirled across the country the great detective spent the hours gazing at scenery that he did not see and turning the matter over in his mind. This much he knew. Some one trusted and high in the government employ itself had gone wrong. Fifteen hundred double eagles had been taken by some one on the inside. A black stain on the amazingly clean record of the mint in handling billions upon billions of dollars must be erased. Even before he arrived on the scene, Burns knew that this must prove a historic case.

11

Burns began first what he calls his "secret investigation." When he arrived on the scene, he did not let a soul know who he was or why he was there until he had looked the ground over. He began by placing everybody who was in a position to know anything about the crime under suspicion, and then, by what is known as the "process of elimination," arriving at the possible suspects. He looked over the mint itself where the loss had occurred, investigated the methods of conducting business throughout the day, absorbed everything that might or might not prove evidential. After going over the mint thoroughly, he watched carefully for days how business was transacted, the number of clerks around, all sorts of things, until he might almost have been learning to run the mint himself.

Let us say, for the purposes of this story, that the superintendent of the mint was Mr. Atchison — "Mr. A." Atchison enjoyed the distinction, at the time, of being the ablest man who had ever held the position anywhere in the country. He was a large, fine-looking man, middle-aged, with a clear eye, a hearty voice, and a grip of the hand that left you with no doubt as to the power of the man behind it. He was known as a man of the greatest integrity and honor, extremely careful in the conduct of the affairs of the mint, a man who had shown great interest and intelligence in keeping up the good record of efficiency which had been set for the institution under him.

The chief clerk, "Mr. B.,"—or let us call him Mr. Braden,—was also a man of high character and standing in the community. He had come to the mint on the recommendation of some of the most influential men in that section of the country, had risen from the position of cashier until now he was assistant superintendent. He was a tall, rather spare, engaging chap, who by the sheer force of an attractive personality had won for himself membership in some exclusive clubs of the city, though he lived with his family in the suburbs. There was something about Braden of that solidity which one sees in the successful commuter — grave, but not aloof, capable, methodical, a man who had raised himself in the world and felt a pardonable pride in his position.

Mr. Colton,— or "Mr. C.,"— the cashier, also bore a reputation for the highest integrity. Colton was one of those men whom, if he had come to the ordinary man and had asked a little favor, the ordinary man would have been proud to accommodate. He would have felt a little flattered merely by having been asked. Colton was still young, ambitious, and eager to get ahead, and his position as a church member and a leading citizen in the section of the city where he lived stamped him as a "comer." He was respected highly by those who knew him, and his appointment as cashier a year before had been only what they expected.

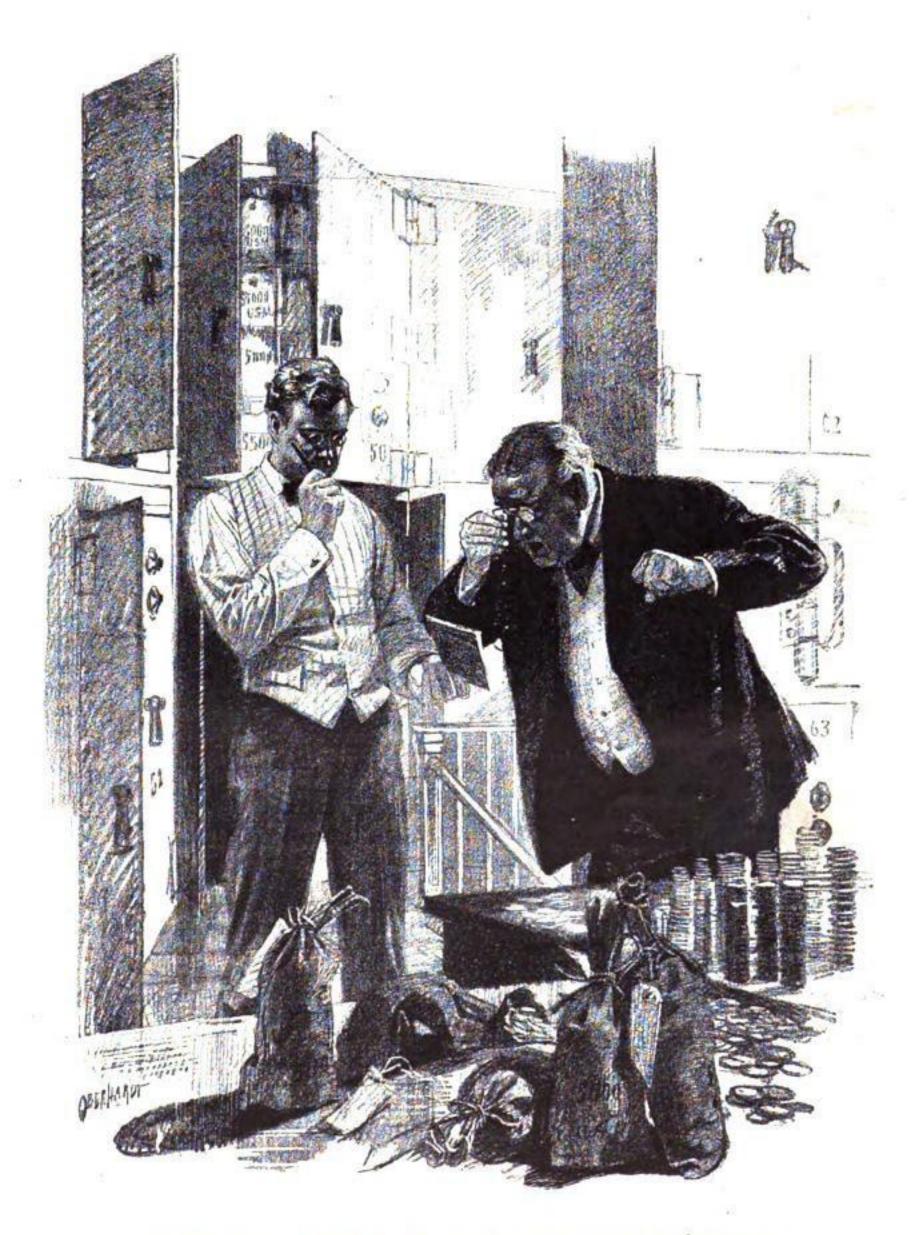
In fact, all three, Atchison, Braden, and Colton, as well as the other employees, seemed impeccable. Many of the two hundred-odd employees had records of long and faithful service in this mint, some of them as high as forty or fortyfive years. Men who had worked there from ten to thirty years were common among them.

And yet, when the Director of the Mint from Washington had been present for the government in its usual settlement with the various mints in the country, he had found that this particular branch mint showed a shortage of thirty thousand dollars.

More than that, investigation had disclosed the fact that the shortage was in the vault of the cashier. The Director had made absolutely sure that the cashier was actually short before he had wired the facts to the Secretary of the Treasury; there was no question about it. In this mint there were several large vaults, belonging to the assayer, the receiver, the coiner, the melter and refiner, and the cashier. It was Colton's vault alone that had been found to be short.

There was a time-lock on the vault, too, and no person had the combination except Colton. The only copy of it was in a sealed envelop, and that was in the custody of Atchison, to be used only in case of accident or the sudden death of the cashier. There was no evidence, as yet, to show whether or not the copy of the combination sealed in the envelop had ever been tampered with. Therefore the discovery of the shortage was all the more sensational.

Burns went over the life and habits of Colton,



"'THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF \$30,000 HERE,' SAID THE SUPERINTENDENT"

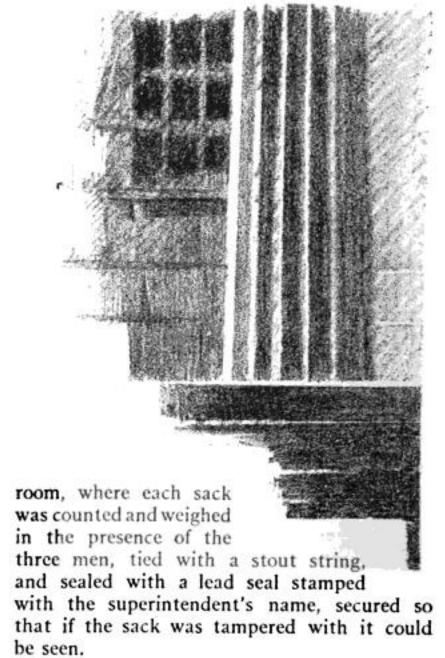
the cashier, with a microscope. Apparently he was a man of the best record and connections, just the sort one would pick out instinctively as the man through whose hands all the money that was to be paid in or out should go. All this time Colton betrayed not the slightest outward symptom of uneasiness, although he knew that the shortage had been found, and must have suspected that he was being watched. What a surprise it would have been to the community to know that everything in Colton's vault down at the mint was not correct!

There was another peculiar coincidence in the situation, too. For instance, on the day the shortage was discovered, it had happened, as it so often happens in such cases, that Colton had been ill, very suddenly taken with a bad case of tonsillitis. Thus it had been that the cashier was not present when the shortage was discovered. But the superintendent and the chief clerk had been there.

Many things about the mint interested Burns. For example, the system of accounts was somewhat intricate, in order to secure absolute accuracy in handling such large sums of money. Just to illustrate with what minuteness business was done, there were reports in weight in standard ounces of metal, its cost value and the nominal value of the coin made from it, the number of ounces being multiplied by the value of one ounce of metal at the time, worked out to the millionth of a cent. That was in order to arrive at the "seigniorage," the profit the government makes in coining metals.

All accounts of various departments ultimately went through one office, where they were compiled and sent to Washington daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, and annually, according to the nature of the reports. Finally, at the close of the fiscal year two officers were detailed by the Bureau of the Mint to examine the accounts, weigh the bullion, count the coin in hand, and report the results of this examination to the Bureau in Washington. Everything was done with scrupulous exactness and precision.

There was nothing of this mass of detail that escaped Burns in his hunt for the criminal who set these checks and balances in defiance. He noted everything, such as the "delivery" every morning, as it is called, when the coiner delivers to the superintendent the coin that has been made the day before in his department, which is then placed in the vault in the cashier's office. Representatives of the assay department, of the superintendent and of the coiner, had to be present at the "delivery." The coin had to be receipted for to the coiner, and brought in sacks on trucks to the cashier's



A glance at the conduct of a mint is a romantic revelation of a fairy world where gold and silver are the stock in trade, as in other more sordid businesses it is mere iron pig or bolts of cloth. For instance, a citizen with gold to sell, a miner perhaps, would go to the receivingroom. There he would find a long counter on which was a scoop into which he would dump his dust, nuggets, or old gold. Back of this counter he could see desks and tables, interspersed perhaps with trucks actually loaded with real gold bars, a fortune casually wheeled about like a sack of oats.

It is not a part of this particular story, though it is a romance in itself, how the gold is carefully weighed in the weighing-room next to the receiving-room, the various processes through the laboratory of the assay department in the basement, the assay furnaces, the delicate scales and weights of the adjusters, the melting and refining department, the settling and silver reduction tanks, the ingot melting-room, the rolling-room with its long, gleaming strips of rolled gold, the annealing-furnaces, the coiner's department with its coin-presses, the milling, and reeding-machines, the weigh-room with its ingenious counting-boards — a long process, ending with the cashier's vault hiding its mystery of the missing double eagles. Mystery it

was, too; for so carefully were all these processes carried out that, with a wastage allowed by law of one thousandth to the melter and only half that to the coiner, the infinitesimally small amount of only six or seven per cent of even this legal wastage occurred.

But it was in none of these departments that Burns knew he must look for the thief. Altogether, there

start,— and Burns still was going alone and single-handed in his quiet study of the situation. Each watchman, he observed, had a certain station on the different floors and a specific round to make each half hour, ringing a bell to notify the man at the door that he had attended to his duty. Failure to ring the bell caused investigation. In certain rooms, such as the refinery, no watchman ever might go alone. They had to go in pairs. There was building, so that every one might be notified in case anything went wrong at any point.

also a system of electric alarms throughout the A word about the mint itself. It was a huge square building of granite and sandstone, with a long and impressive flight of steps leading up to the main door under its massive Grecian columns. On two sides of the building ran street-car lines. It was the general lay-out of the interior of the building that, the more Burns pondered over it, proved to play a large part in the solution of the crime. Entering the front door, the visitor looked down a wide corridor before him, crossed at right angles at the end by a transverse corridor running the width of the building from right to left, after the manner of many large public buildings. Directly before him, at the far end of the main corridor, was the door of the cashier's office, the office being at the back of the building and extending from the center. to the right wing, along the far side of the transverse corridor. It

" 'IF I HAD ACCESS TO THIS MINT AT NIGHT,' BURNS ASKED HIMSELF, 'WHAT POSSIBLE CHANCE WOULD I HAVE TO STEAL \$30,000?"

twelve worked at night, eight on the inside which had been rifled was located. and four on the outside. No clue to the mys- To the right of the main corridor as

were as many as seventeen watchmen, of whom wing, at the back, that the cashier's vault

tery was coming from them,— at least at the one entered, in the front of the building,

wasin this right and consequently lying opposite the cashier's office along the transverse corridor, was the numismatist's room, where coins and medals were kept in a museum. To the left, as one entered this main corridor, was the office of the chief clerk, Braden, with a door leading into the main corridor, as well as another leading into the transverse corridor. This office extended from the front of the building to the transverse corridor. Next to and communicating with it was the office of the superintendent of the mint in the very left-hand front corner of the building, opening into the long transverse corridor.

Opposite these two offices, which occupied the entire front of this wing of the mint, and ranged along the other side of the transverse corridor, was the receiving-room at the extreme end, opposite the superintendent's office; the weighing-room, opposite the chief clerk's office; and then the cashier's department, extending through the other half of the back of the building. All three of these departments, the cashier's, the weighing, and the receiving, communicated with one another.

III

Burns' first and most natural query had been: Was it possible to manipulate the books? That proved to be easy to settle, in spite of the intricate system. And it was settled quickly in the negative. No, the books were perfect. According to Colton's own accounts, there was a thirty-thousand-dollar shortage!

Even the cashier himself could not conceal, or had not concealed, the fact that there ought to be thirty thousand dollars more in gold pieces in the vault than there actually was. Blazoned in damning figures on the books themselves was the mystery of the missing double eagles.

Here Burns began his clear and clever reasoning. With an instinct that led him unerringly to the heart of the matter, he quickly came to the conclusion that it was absolutely impossible for any one to have taken the money in business hours, during the day. The next question was: If the money had not been taken during the day, how was it possible to manipulate the time-look after the cashier's vault had once been closed?

Burns then tackled the time-lock on the cashier's vault, and he soon discovered that he was on the right trail. Some one had filed the dog-locking device so that it could be operated by one who knew the combination, hidden in Colton's mind and sealed in the superintendent's envelop. It made no difference whether the time-lock was set or not. It was out of business. When it was apparently set it really did

and consequently lying opposite the cashier's not lock the combination. No one ever disoffice along the transverse corridor, was the covered it, for no one ever tried to open it out numismatist's room, where coins and medals of hours, except the thief.

> The time-lock was taken to a jeweler, and later a government expert — one of the best in the country — was summoned from Washington. Burns and the expert found that the thief had bent a little arm in the time-lock in such a way that it did not strike the proper part to lock the tumblers. The arm had been bent first with the idea of rendering the timelock inoperative, so that the thief might return at night, work the combination, and so get into the vault. Later, apparently, he had bent the arm farther down in order to be able to work the combination after two days, say on Sunday or a holiday. But he had cracked the nickel, as Burns and the expert discovered, had found that filing the dog-locking device was sufficient, and had bent the arm back again.

> Next Burns devoted his attention to the vault itself. He found that at this time and for several months it had been congested with money. All the stationary pigeonholes or receptacles for the sealed bags, each compartment holding a bag of gold with five thousand dollars in it,— in one section in fives, in another eagles, and in another double eagles,—were full. Therefore, in order to put more money into the vault, two trucks had been pushed up against the east side of it, entirely out of the way. Of course there was no likelihood of wanting to use the money on the trucks or in the pigeonholes back of them. There were plenty of other bags that could be readily got at for any usual demand. These trucks remained stationary until the final accounting, and, in all, some three million dollars accumulated on them.

> In counting over the bags, keeping the amount on the trucks separate from the bags in the pigeonholes, the men who did the work found that the three million was intact. Some of the men who helped to carry out the gold remembered, however, six vacant holes near the floor, behind the place where the trucks generally stood. Burns was now getting closer and closer to the truth.

He had already learned from the superintendent how the shortage had been discovered when he and Braden had been counting the money in the vault the day Colton was sick.

Braden had just written down some figures when Atchison leaned over. "There is a shortage of thirty thousand here," said the superintendent keenly.

"No, I think not," replied Braden, continuing to figure; "or perhaps it is due to the cash drawer; or there may have been a mistake in the count."

"Not a bit of it, Braden," replied Atchison promptly. "That count is right."

Count and recount as they might, there was no straightening of it out. There was the mystery at the start, and that was as far as anybody had got when Burns arrived at this point. The money was gone — that was all there was to it. No one believed that it had been spirited away, but then, no one knew what to believe.

"I satisfied myself thoroughly," says Burns, "that it was not even possible to bring the money out into the cashier's office in the daytime, then hide it until night. Every afternoon, before the doors were closed, the cashier and the chief clerk counted every dollar, and, in the presence of the cashier, every day the O. K. of the chief clerk was placed on the cash."

Burns went out and took a turn or two up and down the street; then stood in the shadow of the high Doric columns, thoughtfully revolving the matter over and over in his mind. For it is his theory, in every important case, to put himself in the place of the thief. Point-blank he asked himself, "If I had access to this mint at night from the time of the chief clerk's O. K., and after the mint is closed, to midnight, what possible chance would I have to steal thirty thousand dollars?"

The more he thought of it, the clearer it became, until finally he put the case hypothetically this way: "In order to do that, it is necessary to have entrée to this mint at night under proper pretext, to have entrée to the cashier's office at night under proper pretext, to be able to carry a valise or suit-case in and out of the mint at night under proper pretext. If I had this entrée I could then go ahead. It would then be necessary to manipulate the time-lock in such a way as to render it inoperative. I should also have to know the combination of the vault.

"If that were all true, then I could come into the cashier's office at 4:30 P. M., when the clerks had all gone. At that minute the watchman on that floor, who is as regular as clockwork, has lighted the lights in the cashier's office and has left on his rounds, not to return for twentyeight minutes. That would give me a chance to open the vault."

Burns then sauntered in and traced out the to reason, came in at half past four, opened the is lying hidden there. vault, took out one or two sacks,- never more, for they weighed nearly thirty pounds,and carried them out. Then he hid them in a box-counter in the cashier's office under some empty coin-sacks.

Instead of going out to the main corridor by the natural way, he must have gone on through the weighing-room to the receiving-room. In

this way he would be out of sight of the watchman who was always at the main door in the main corridor, looking right down to the cashier's office. In the receiving-room he would then have to climb a counter, and could leave by a door opening into the transverse corridor. Directly across from this door, only ten feet away, was the office of the superintendent. This office had a door opening into the office of: the chief clerk. If the gold were hidden, it might be done up in some sort of package and carried out that night or the following day. Probably the thief returned at, say, eleven o'clock at night, when there was a shift of watchmen. He must come in, go to his office on a plausible pretext, get the two sacks hidden in the cashier's office, and in that fashion make his get-away.

This was clear and clever reasoning, and it told Burns much. But it did not catch any criminals — because, as you see, the route taken by the thief involved the offices of Atchison, Braden, and Colton, all three. Burns had his suspicions, and the reader probably has his. At any rate, Burns' were right. It was a question of building up the evidence.

١V

Burns was now ready to come out of cover and begin his "open investigation." Up to this time he had been lying low, but he had now reached a point where certain phases of the case could be inquired into only by his coming out. For instance, he had not yet even been introduced to Braden, though he had been watching everybody and everything in and about the mint.

"I have never met you, Mr. Burns," said Braden one day soon afterward, "but I think I ought to introduce myself. I'm glad to know that you've been detailed on this case, for I've heard and read a great deal about you."

Burns shook hands, and as he did so he noted Braden's clear, steady gaze into his own eyes. And that is something for any man to do; for, if there is one thing above the many that impress you about Burns, it is those boring steel points of eyes of his which cut into your very hypothetical course. Some one, he continued soul like a bit and seem to strike home at what

> "I'm satisfied," Braden added, "that you'll find the thief, and if there's anything I can do to aid you, command me."

> "Thank you, Braden," returned Burns; "I'll be glad to call on you later."

> It is always easier to pick criminals and pile up evidence in predigested detective stories than it is in real life. Burns had made up his mind

long before he came out into the open, but there were still some small matters that he did not quite fully see. So it wasn't long before he decided to take advantage of the chief clerk's considerate offer.

"You're the best posted man in this mint on the conduct of the business and things in general," wheedled Burns, to start with. "Now, Braden, as man to man, give me the benefit for a moment of your intimate knowledge. Tell me, how do you yourself think it in reason possible for any person to steal that money? Of course, there must be some person whom you suspect. Who is it?"

For the first time Braden was reluctant to speak. It was quite obvious to Burns that he had his suspicions, and also his reluctance was quite as obvious.

"Yes," he parried; "but you know yourself, Mr. Burns, that it is a serious thing for one in my position to condemn a man on suspicion, and, and -- well, I should hate to do it."

"But you must do it," urged Burns, with a becoming show of warmth; "it is your duty."

Braden still hesitated, but it was evident that a name was all but bursting from his lips. Burns pressed him. Finally, with reluctance, he whispered the name of the cashier.

"Yes - Colton," mused Burns. "There was nobody in a position to do it except the cashier. But then, Braden, can't you see the utter futility of any one like Colton expecting to be able to get away with it? What puzzles me is how he could manage it."

"Well, I've figured out several ways. For instance, there are a number of large depositors who do a good deal of business with the mint. One concern alone does from \$50,000 to \$200,000 a year.

There might be some mix-up there."

After going over the drafts and the action that had to

be taken on them by the chief clerk himself, as It was your business to see whether the pigeon-Burns readily convinced Braden how impossible it was for Colton to do anything in that way.

"Well, then, how about this?" suggested Braden, his reluctance all gone now. "The cashier, when he is filling a truck in the vault with his assistant,—you know, he is never alone,-could surreptitiously miscount the sacks when the other fellow was off guard, and place a couple of extra bags on the truck.

Then, as it was going through the office, he might secretly shove off the sacks, hide them, and later get off with them."

"But there are too many clerks around," objected Burns. "No; you'll have to do better than that."

"Well, how about this?" pursued Braden, thoroughly warmed up to the detective job. "Why couldn't he have the other man stand in with him, - put on, say, two extra sacks, and then later the two of them divide up?"

Burns picked that to pieces, too, until even Braden had to admit the folly of Colton's dreaming of such a thing. Then he began a little quizzing on his own account. he asked casually, "while you were counting the



"'WHAT'S THAT NOISE I HEAR IN THE CASHIER'S ROOM?' HE

well as each step in the delivery of the money, holes behind the trucks were filled or not. Now why didn't you discover the shortage before?"

The chief clerk shrugged his shoulders. took it for granted that they were all there," he answered weakly.

Right here Burns stuck a pin. The failure to look back of the trucks each day showed conclusively one of two things: either some one was outrageously derelict, or he purposely avoided finding the abstraction of the bags.

use of counting at all, if you overlooked half a million dollars or so hidden by the two trucks?"

"I didn't think it was necessary to look behind there," reiterated Braden more strongly. "I trusted Colton, and - oh, say, here's another possibility that has occurred to me. Why couldn't he have taken out two sacks, put the money on the cash-table in the vault, and then carried in something — anything, potatoes

"Why," continued Burns, "what was the the time-lock was on, Mr. Burns. He couldn't come back and open it. No; there are no other theories if you reject those I --- "

"Think it over," cut in Burns, turning on his heel.

Burns stuck to his theory, too. He went to the men who, covering the period from the previous settlement to the discovery of the shortage, had been on watch. He asked them if they had ever seen any one there

'DON'T KNOW,' SAID THE OTHER. 'KEEP STILL!'"

put it back?"

"Impossible," ejaculated Burns skeptically. "How could he seal it?"

"Well," exclaimed Braden, somewhat nettled, "if you explode all my theories, I must confess I have no others to offer. I can't see how else he could have done it. What's your own theory?"

Burns briefly outlined the case he had worked out.

"Impossible," interrupted Braden, "Why,

after the mint was closed. Some said they never had; others said they had on a few occasions. But all said that whomever they saw never carried a package, a valise, or a suitcase in or out after the mint was closed.

If that were true, then the whole theory that Burns was working up fell to the ground. The men went further and assured him that every package had to be shown to the man at the door. That also exploded the theory. But Burns did not believe it was true.

He took the men one at a time, and finally found that there was really only one whom he knew must have been the man on duty

maybe - to fill up the empty sack before he when the package or grip, whatever it was, was carried in and out. He took this man aside and told him directly, bringing his cutting eyes into play again, that he suspected him of being part of the conspiracy to loot the mint. That was startling news to the doorman, and he did some quick thinking as well as vigorous asserting of his innocence. Burns told him that he had stated positively that no one had ever gone in or out with a grip, whereas Burns knew better — that some one had.

The watchman looked at him blankly; then a new light seemed to come over his face. There was no fake about it. He had forgotten, but now he actually remembered that an officer of the mint several months before had brought a suit-case one night after seven o'clock, and, with his office door open, had disrobed almost in the presence of the watchman, put on a dress suit, and had gone out to attend a reception. About eleven o'clock he had returned, taken off the suit, put it back in the suit-case, and taken it away with him. This happened on several occasions. But he had taken nothing out except the suit. The man was sure of that. So was Burns, up to a point.

This, then, was an important clue. The man had taken nothing at all until, say, the last few times. It was all cleverly done to "educate" the watchman to see him going in and out with a suit-case at night.

٧

The trail was now hot. One day Burns went to the cashier himself. "Colton," he demanded, without any warning, "who changed that lock on the vault?"

"Why," replied Colton thoughtfully, "when I became cashier about a year ago the combination had to be changed. It must have been done by a locksmith.'

At once Burns began to trace this assertion down through the labyrinth of fact. It didn't take him long to find that the accounts, showed no charge whatever for the services of a locksmith.

Burns confronted the cashier with this fact Then Colton said he from his own records. had made a mistake. He now recalled that when he had assumed his duties, he had asked the chief clerk, whom he succeeded as cashier, what to do about the combination.

"Oh," said Braden, "there isn't any need of getting a locksmith; I'll help you change it."

Together the cashier and the chief clerk had set the combination. Burns made the cashier show him exactly how he claimed it was done.

It seemed that there were four numbers in the combination, the first and last being fixtures, so that only two had to be set by Colton himself. According to Colton, Braden had stood in a certain position while he had tried to fix the second number after the first fixture. As often as he tried, he failed. Something was wrong with the tumblers. At last Braden had said he thought he saw what was wrong.

"Upset it, Colton," he had ordered, "and begin all over again. I'll tell you when the

Now try again. Four turns to the right, remember, and set it wherever it happens to be. There — slowly — no — whoa! — a little more, there. The tumblers catch all right. Set that number down, whatever it is. Now twice the other way — and set it at just whatever it is when the tumblers catch — there."

Burns continued to ponder the matter. Suddenly the truth flashed on him. There were only two numbers to be set, since the first and last were fixtures. In some way, Braden had made scratches on the back of the lock which would indicate to one who had made them where the combination was being set by some one else on the other side. One scratch was at twelve, the other at ten. Twelve and ten were the second and third numbers in Colton's combination. From the position which Colton said Braden had assumed, Burns saw that Braden could manipulate the tumblers so that whatever number Colton set the combination at would prove a failure. Then, after Colton had tried again and again and failed, Braden had worked the scheme of telling him that the tumblers caught at the twelve and then at the ten. They caught because Braden did not manipulate them at those points. Braden had forced a card on Colton!

"Now," reasoned Burns, "that filing of the dog-locking device could all have been done a year ago, when Braden himself was cashier. Therefore Colton's story is quite plausible, and he might not have noticed it, since he would have no occasion, if he were honest, to discover that the time-lock was inoperative after he thought he set it."

More than that, it was found that Braden had often been found, when he was cashier, working over the lock, which he always said was out of order.

Piecing his case together bit by bit like a mosaic, Burns next investigated to determine who had arranged that the watchman should be so occupied that his place was vacant for twenty-eight minutes in the afternoon when he started on his rounds to light the gas. The superintendent told him that Braden had said that by a rearrangement they could do with one less watchman. The scheme seemed so well worked out that Atchison had said it was all right.

The mystery was gradually clearing itself up. Braden had first filed the dog-locking device, then he had worked Colton for the combination. The next step was to "educate" the watchman to see him go in and out at night with a suitcase. There was still no chance to get away with anything unless the vault was congested. tumblers catch. First the fixture. There. Braden had accomplished this as cleverly as he had the shifting of the watchman. "Mr. Atchison," he had said, "of what use is it to unseal and seal the other vaults every time we have a little gold to put in or take out? Now, if we take two trucks and put the extra money on them we shall no longer have to break the seal of another vault, but we can put the trucks right into the cashier's vault."

Thus the complete case finally unraveled itself. Step by step, Braden had been working toward a robbery since he himself had been cashier; step by step he had been weaving a web about Colton which should involve him. It was a diabolically clever scheme. It squared with the facts so far. Would it square

with new facts?

Patiently Burns set about ferreting out new facts. He questioned every man who might by any possibility have seen anything. From start to finish. he found that he had erected an ironbound, rock - foundationed case. Colton was innocent.

One night, several months before, four watch men just going on duty happened to be sitting in the main corridor, with the regular man at his accustomed

position at the door. One of them recalled that another was reading from the newspaper an account of the St. Patrick's Day celebration.

"What's that noise I hear in the cashier's room?" he asked.

"It's the chief clerk," replied one of the others.

A moment or two later he thought he heard a noise in the weighing-room.

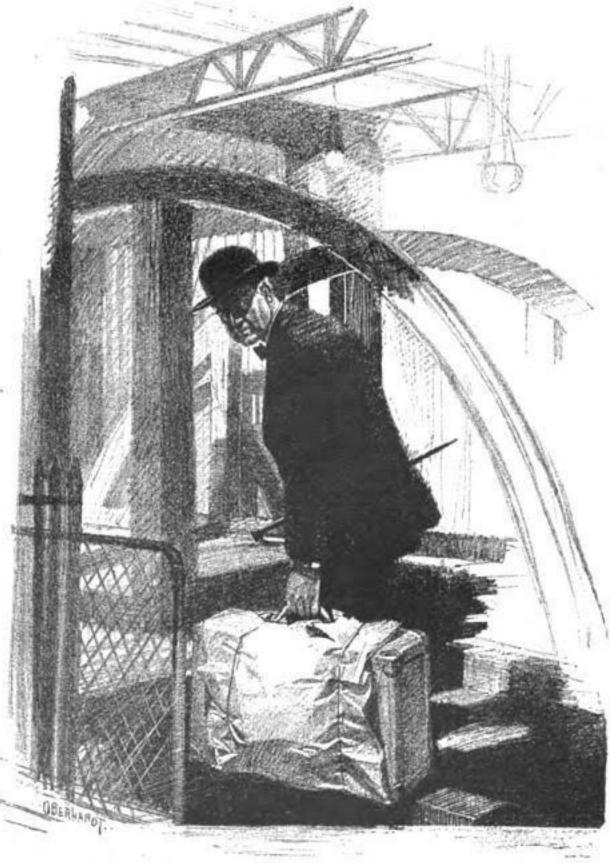
"What's that?" he asked quickly again.

"Don't know," replied a third. "Keep still. I want to hear about the parade. Go on."

The man who was reading resumed. Just then, from his place near the corner of the main corridor and the transverse corridor, where he

> was sitting with his chair tilted back against the wall, the first watchman who had heard the noises caught a fleeting, diagonal glimpse down the transverse corridor, as of some one crossing it. A few

minutes later Braden came out of his office with a suit-case. Hewas white as a ghost. He had had a big scare thrown into him by the presence of five watchmen. The man on the tilted chair thought the man at the door



"AT THE FERRY A WATCHMAN, GOING HOME, NOTICED HIM CARRYING A SUIT-CASE WRAPPED ABOUT WITH A NEWSPAPER AS IF TO HIDE SOMETHING BULGING"

would stop him. But he didn't; instead he merely nodded. He had been "educated."

Another link in the chain Burns was laboriously forging. Out on the big stone steps, that night, Braden had chanced upon one of the outside watchmen. The man had hurried up to help him with his suit-case. "No, no, no," insisted Braden. The man was equally insistent. But Braden won, and jumped on a street-car going to the ferry.

More than that, on the street-car he had had a dispute with the conductor, who wanted to shift the suit-case out of the aisle. The conductor, having once before had words with him, took out a note-book secretly and jotted down in it the date and time with the words, "That crank from the mint," in case the "crank" should lodge a complaint with the company.

At the ferry another watchman, going home, noticed him carrying a suit-case wrapped about with a newspaper as if to hide something bulging. Even the conductor on the other side of the ferry remembered Braden's taking a car home.

Even more than that, it was found that, a couple of weeks before the annual counting of the money, Braden had taken his family several hundred miles on a visit, while he had gone by another route, quite evidently for the purpose of hiding the money.

Here was a chain of evidence whose every link clanked ominously as Burns had forged it since that offer of assistance. You recall that offer of Braden's? "It is my theory," says Burns, "that every criminal leaves a track. This fellow left deep furrows. Any man who is a student of criminology and human nature could have at once detected that Braden had overshot the mark. He looked too straight. He was too persevering in it. It was so marked. I was satisfied beyond question that he had come to me for a purpose. But he had put his foot in it. Then, again, when I asked him of his suspicions, he acted as if he told the name of the cashier reluctantly. Any person sufficiently versed in the investigation and detection of crime could have seen that he had no compunction of conscience whatever. He promptly named the cashier as soon as it was decent to do so, and I apparently acquiesced."

The case was complete. Burns was ready to act.

club, he called.

"Tell him I can't come out now," Braden sent out.

"Go back and tell Mr. Braden it is very important," Burns ordered the boy.

"He says he is sorry," reported the boy, "but he is in conference."

Burns entered. There was Braden sitting, smoking and joking, with a number of prominent men of the city. He jumped up apologetically. "Beg pardon, Mr. Burns," he said, "but I didn't understand it was you."

"Well, Braden," whispered Burns, drawing him aside, "I've got the thief."

"You have? Good! Let me congratulate you, old man. Never doubted you'd do it. When did you get him?"

"Just now."

"Indeed? Who is he?"

"You."

VI

This is the point where a short-story detective quits with the capture of the real criminal and the vindication of the innocent suspected man. But Burns was just beginning.

"Say, you're joking," protested Braden coolly.

"Not much," reiterated Burns sharply.

"You saw those men in there?" hissed Braden, changing his tactics. "They are some of the most powerful fellows in the city. They can make and unmake people. I can make you lose your job, Burns."

"All right; go ahead, Braden," persisted Burns doggedly. "But you're going with me first."

"You're making a big mistake."

"I'll take a chance on that, but I'll take you, too."

Then, for two days and two nights, there was a battle of wits in Burns' room in the hotel, where he took Braden a virtual prisoner.

It was a dramatic situation, these two men facing each other, with the heart of a great city pulsing about them, and yet alone, each straining at the last ounce of mental power in him. They were "sitting in" a game in which the stakes were Braden's freedom and reputation against justice. Burns knew that, even with a plain open-and-shut case, there were so many slips in a jury trial that only overwhelming evidence would do.

Each eyed the other's every move keenly. Cool and calm and conscious of his power, Burns played his cards. Braden, desperate, deliberate, stood pat. Nor was it an ordinary player who faced Burns. Braden kept his head. One day, when he knew Braden was at his He smoked sparingly, drank lightly, and slept almost with one eye literally open, weighing every word of his opponent, watching every action of the detective, and asking himself over and over and over again, "I wonder just how much he does know?"

> For Burns had been busy flashing a dark lantern on the shady spots in the man's life.

Now, in that hydraulic fashion of his, which has squeezed many a confession out of the most recalcitrant of criminals by the sheer weight of the evidence, he was adding pound after pound of pressure.

He went over the whole case, from the discovery of the shortage, through the various steps down to the now cleared up mystery of the missing double eagles. Braden denied it without the flicker of an eyelash.

Burns drew two cards. He told Braden how he had unearthed the fact that twice before he had been using money that belonged to the government, how he had worked the schemes, how he had covered them up, and how, twice, he had had to get up out of a sick-bed to make good on these "loans" and prevent discovery.

Still Braden did not throw down his cards. Burns finessed. He told him how he had even worked out a scheme to defraud the government, involving checks on the New York subtreasury. He told him how he had imitated the signature of Atchison so perfectly that even Atchison could not have picked a flaw in it. He told him how the scheme had fallen through because Braden could find no one whom he could trust in New York to work the scheme from that end.

Hour after hour, Burns increased the hydraulic pressure of the facts he had dug out. Would Braden be able to resist?

Burns went back into the man's life before he had come to the mint. He told Braden that he had also been a defaulter in one position, that he had hypothecated warehouse receipts in another. He told him how no one had dared prosecute him on the latter two charges.

All this and more he rammed into Braden. But at the end of the forty-eight hours of mental dueling in the hotel room Braden was still standing pat.

Yet there is nothing of the bloodhound about Burns after he has run his man to cover. see what's the matter with you," he finally remarked to Braden, never raising his voice. "You're afraid to talk frankly because you think I'll trick you into an admission. Now, I'll We can discuss your case freely."

There could be no doubt that Braden was cornered at last. He was beaten, baffled, betrayed by the facts at every point, weak, nervous, yet still game.

At the end of the second night he asked desperately: "If I give back the thirty thousand, will you let me go free?"

Burns had begun to feel for the man in his power. But there are "some things no fellow

can do." "No," he answered; "you'll have to go to court and plead guilty. But I'll get the Department of Justice not to press the two minor cases where you misused government funds, since you afterwards made restitution."

Braden was visibly weakening.

Just then a Secret Service man came in with an evening paper. In spreading headlines it told of the confession of a man who had stolen \$228,000 in gold bars from a smelting company. The paper seemed to be roasting the man, not for the theft, but for confessing.

Braden read it attentively.

"That's what they'd say about me," he remarked thoughtfully, as he laid the paper down. "No; do your worst — I won't say another word."

With that, Braden closed up like a clam.

So began a long battle for justice against this clever crook. First he was convicted and sentenced for two years each, on the two minor charges of misusing government funds. But for the theft of the thirty thousand dollars he was tried, and after a bitter fight the jury disagreed. Again he was tried, and again the jury disagreed. Braden's "most powerful fellows in the city" were powerful enough for that.

It was after the second failure to secure a conviction that Burns returned to Washington. James M. Beck, who as federal District Attorney in Philadelphia had prosecuted the hundred-dollar Monroe-head counterfeit case, was Assistant Attorney-General then, and on that day was acting Attorney-General.

"It's too bad we didn't get a conviction," remarked Mr. Beck.

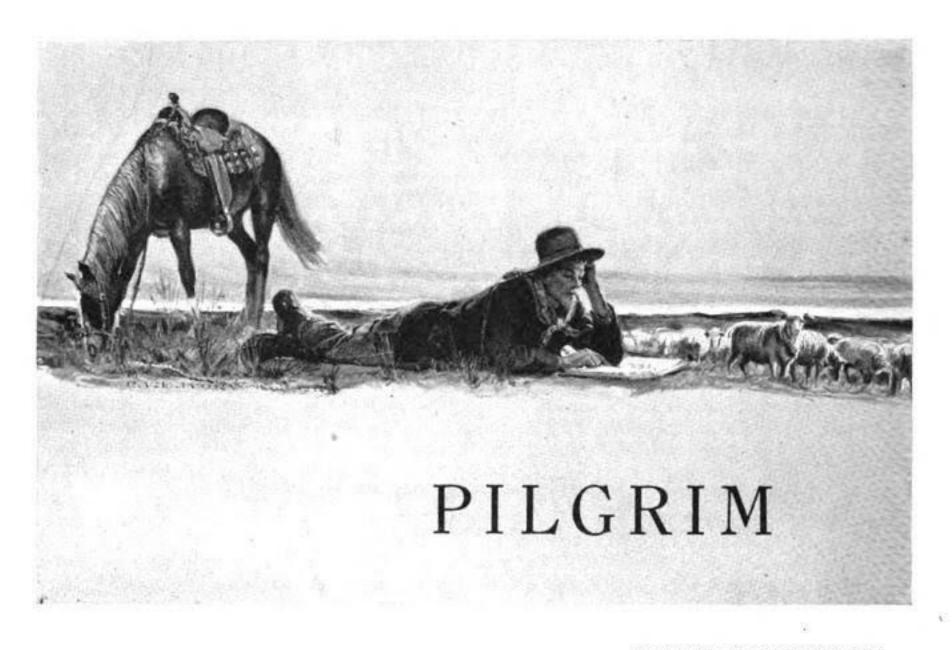
"Well," explained Burns ruefully, "you see, the government is too penurious in conducting its cases to watch the jury. If we had had money enough to keep off the jury-fixers we would have won."

Mr. Beck simply reached for his pen.

"I'll make out an order for the money," he said. "You go back there; we'll hire new lawyers as special district attorneys and keep the jury safe this time."

Then began a final battle royal with the agree on my word as a gentleman that anything jury-fixers and the corrupt attorneys who were said between us will not be used against you. fighting for Braden and the gang with which he was friendly. By the way, his own attorney was afterward sentenced for fourteen years in another matter, and several of the "big fellows who could make and unmake people" have also been unmade themselves.

> Braden got nine years altogether. The débâcle of this clever crook was complete. The mint breathed easier. Burns had cleared up and fought to a finish the alarming mystery of the missing double eagles.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY

N the dull leaden morning of the ninth of January, he started his sheep out as usual, letting them drift a little in a southeasterly direction. Opaque banks of cloud arched low and gray and heavy to the near horizon. But the pilgrim had so often seen them threaten thus before, and nothing come of it, that he did not hesitate. Nothing, he had now long come to believe, would ever happen in the world again. He had no thought left of either hope or fear.

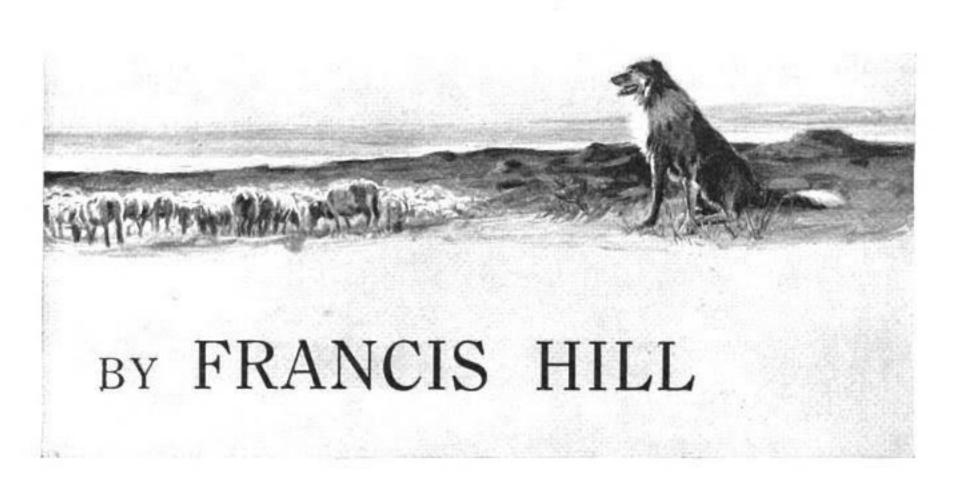
So, giving the sheep to his dog, and flinging himself down on the bare ground, he opened his "Robinson," and began, as always, to read. Notwithstanding that he knew the book half by heart, he read intently, only throwing out an occasional quick, sweeping glance over the band, which fed quietly below him on a bench. Presently, becoming deeply engrossed in his hero's patient shifts and miseries, he did not look up for some minutes — not till he felt a slash of icy particles of snow in his face.

That effectually roused him. With a bound he was on his feet, watching his wethers moving briskly off before a vigorous, keen wind which

had miraculously risen in the northwest. His pony, sniffing and uneasy, stood picketed near by. In another two bounds he was in the saddle, jerking up the picket-pin as he ran. And even then he had seized an instant to wave Alec on far ahead. But by the time he and the collie had got the sheep rounded up, with their reluctant noses pointed toward the corral, the air was a slant of flaying, wind-driven needles of ice and snow.

The boy's twitching face stilled, and a curious, almost gay, smile lighted it. Here at last was something to do; something big and stirring and vital and definite; something to ease the tension of mind and nerve. The blizzard was blowing directly off the corral: he must drive his sheep into the very teeth of it. However, he had obeyed Davy's injunction as to distance literally. There the corral stood, open, hardly more than a quarter of a mile away. Throughout the full length of his ride, the odd smile held the corners of his mouth. This severe trial of his manhood beckoned to him as quite the sweetest thing in life.

Leaping from his pony, he burst into the sheep rampantly; whipping with the detached coil of picket-rope; kicking with the sides of his



P. V. E. IVORY

ankles; giving again and again, with all his lungs, the sharp sheep-cry which, under ordinary circumstances, was a wing to his band's feet. Betweenwhiles he must also, now and then, catch a breath to shout cheerful words of encouragement to Alec. Together they worked, swiftly, frenziedly; and at length the huddled sheep began to yield slightly before them.

By dint of such straining effort, the first hundred yards of the distance was slowly covered. Then the great storm seemed to open out with an eager and sentient fury. The sleety snow came whirling across the bench in vast, solid sheets which choked and blinded like sand. The lad could no longer shout in the rush of it. But, to make up for that, he pushed his rope. Alec, too, continued gallantly to bite and worry at the sheep's heels, though his tail drooped low in the murderous blast, and he each moment required more and more of the herder's now mute encouragement. In the rear, the mouse-colored little pony, crouching with rump to the storm, waited till they had got a few feet ahead; till he felt himself Then, with a shrill whinny of distress, he would trot forward, head down

and eyes closed to a mere slit, to resume the old position nearer at hand.

The snow burned like white-hot barbs, the wind swirled by, heavy as a mill-race. In the beginning the pilgrim was not so much troubled by the cold as by the drowning sense of suffocation, though always, of course, the cold had its terrible and inescapable sting. But, even for an instant, he steadfastly refused to turn his head. The collie, finding some protection under the sheep, instinctively kept well in. For man and horse and sheep there was no protection, and a thick icy veneer soon made them one with the whitening earth. The boy's straggled silky beard became incrusted as with steel. But always he strove violently and unand plunged and lay about him the livelier with heedingly on, with a strength of which he had never before dreamed.

> Suddenly he paused for a second, peered ahead into the snow. Look - why, what was this? Had not the band turned inward on itself? Were not these the leaders, stolidly and obstinately beating their way rearward, tails to the storm? What - what? But no, it couldn't be! Why, only for the denseness of the storm, the corral where they had folded for seven weary months lay plain in view! They must be able

stupid brutes battle a little on?

At first he could not be sure, for the head and tail of a sheep were all as one in that portentous blur. But a minute later, when they began to surge against his legs, he knew. Uttering a hoarse, muffled yell of rage, he threw down the unavailing rope, and, picking up single sheep bodily in his arms, cast them as far as he could before him into the storm. In this halfdemented blaze of athletic wrath, he had briefly cleared a fair gap before himself in their ranks.

It is said that men who deliberately court death have, at the crucial moment, last Hamletlike impulses of questioning and alarm. There was nothing of this sort with the lad on the Pigeye summer range. Perhaps he did not even deliberately court death. The incredible straining mechanism of his muscles absorbed him entirely. Overwrought and distempered as his brain was, he must still have been able to reason out that one man could not carry four thousand sheep four hundred yards thus. But such feeble rationalizing power as he now had he finally to have achieved that for which the past months had been one monstrous, unintermittent struggle. His tightened, aching muscles seemed at last to have brought him complete abeyance of mind.

On and on and on he toiled, always with the same frantic, unguided resolution. The cold pinched his flesh like a vise, gnawed his bones like crunching, wolfish teeth. The collie came if he desisted fighting for an instant, he lost ground.

At length he began to lose ground anyway. Combat each inch as desperately as he would, the wethers gained on him. Position after position — a foot or two at a time — so they flowed on. And ever fiercer and faster also seethed the singing blizzard. Only, now its power to annoy him was on the wane. Notwithstanding the supreme physical exertion, his blood gradually chilled, a wonderful, delicious apathy crept softly over him. He was in the midst of the rout by this, with sheep on every side. But still he persevered, even while his drowsy eyelids met and would not again drag

Then came the moment when he could no longer heave up a sheep. Futile but unconquered, he dropped to his knees and pressed against the wethers with his numb hands. . . .

That was truly an extraordinary year in western-central Montana. In Pigeye Basin,

to smell it! And yet, would not the unnatural, practically no rain fell all spring and summer. The wild hay failed absolutely, the range baked and split open under the hot eye of the sun.

> And if no rain fell in spring and summer, neither did the snow come with the advent of winter. On the eighth day of January, not a flake had yet drifted down. The far-Eastern owners of the Pigeye Basin Sheep Company wrote Davy Jones optimistic letters. Knowing he had no hay, they be sought him to remember the good and appropriate axiom of the wind and the shorn lamb. On receipt of each one of these hopeful letters, Davy, whose thick brown hair was graying with worry, would rage and curse past human belief. If he couldn't round up hay somewhere before the snow flew, either with money or Winchesters! — and so on, and so on.

On the eighth day of January, perhaps the most extraordinary thing of all occurred. No snow arrived. But, at the home ranch, a lady did — a marvelously young and beautiful and delicate-mannered lady; such a creature as gross and sheep-smelling Pigeye could never did not attempt to apply. Rather, he seemed even have dreamed of. She ravished the whole ranch by her mere slim, girlish presence on the place.

"I'm looking for a young man," she frankly told Davy Jones. "I've been trying to find him a long time—ever so long. It's grown to seem terribly hopeless. But something I heard a few days ago made me believe he might be here."

Davy, round-eyed (and his eyes were mostly to him, whining and lifting up its paws. But narrowed nowadays), swept off his hat, pulled himself together.

> "What for a young man would he be like, now, miss?" he propounded.

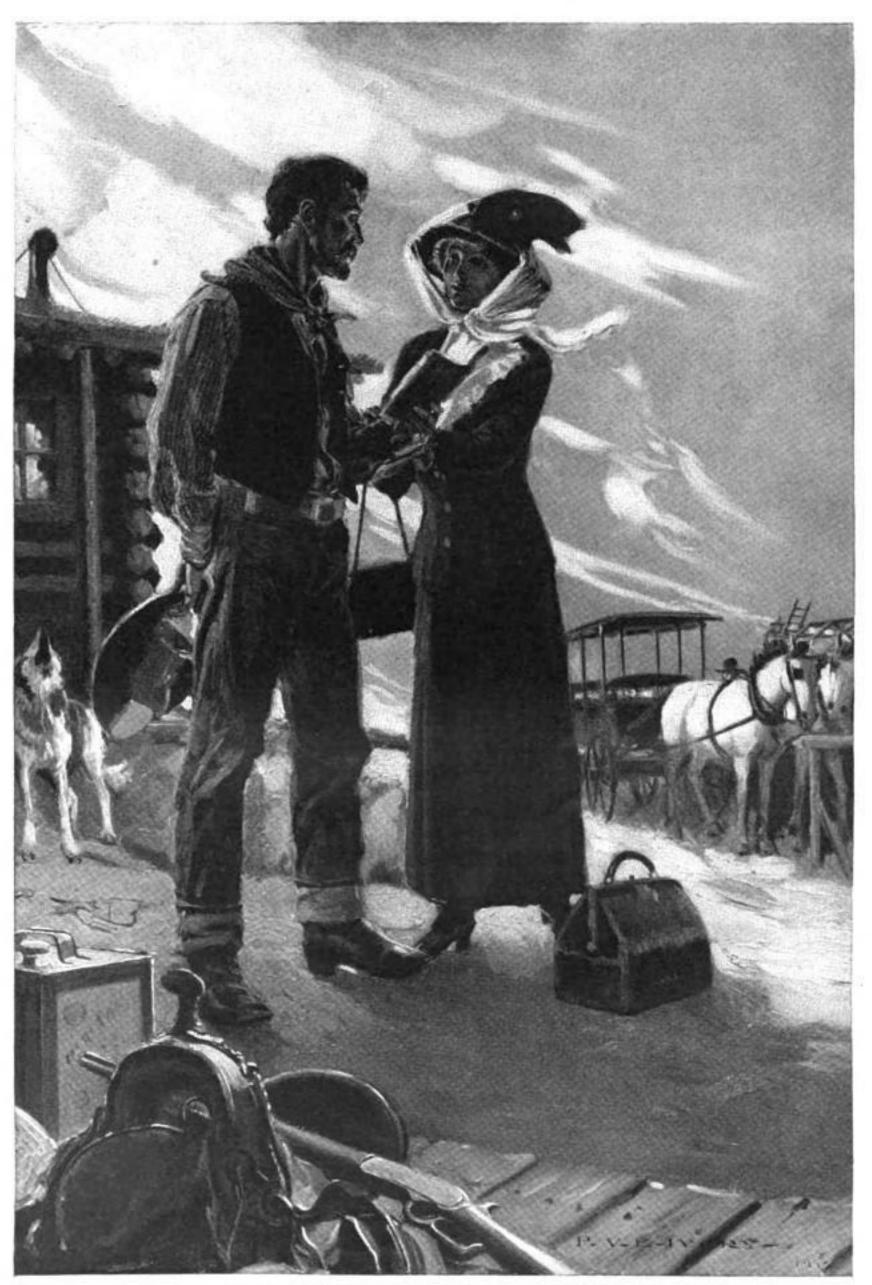
> He was about gayly to ald, would he - Mr. lones - do. But, with her straightforward blue eyes on him, he somehow couldn't quite "We got all kinds," he continued, manage. instead.

> "He's sensitive and poetic and unusual," said the girl. "You couldn't mistake him."

> The ranch-boss scratched his trouble-burdened head, of the unkemptness of which he was at this moment profoundly asnamed. "Could you mebbe give me a kind of a line on his name?" he hinted. "Not that that there's any dead certain sure trail, neither," he made haste to explain.

> "His name is John Walford Corvington," stated the girl. Davy began to shake his head. "But I know he wouldn't be using that out here."

> "Not on Pigeye, undoubted," said Texas Davy Jones. He stopped and chewed his



"'I MUST GO TO HIM -- I MUST! SHE INSISTED"

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grizzled beard. "But now I come to study on it, there is a kind of a stray, wild-eyed boy like you might be talkin' about out with a band on the summer range. We never call him anything but 'the kid' or 'the pilgrim.' I reckon he did give me a name, though. Wait till I take a squint at my book."

He got out his foreman's greasy and dog-eared volume; the combination ledger, journal, cash-book, time-book, and record of events and correspondence which covered the entire area of his dealings with the remote directorate of the Pigeye Basin Sheep Company. "Kid Star," he read aloud.

"Star - Star?" cried the girl.

"S-t-a-r," spelled Davy.

She all but caught him by the arm. "Oh, please — hurry! I want to be taken to him at once!"

Davy swayed back and forth on his widespread, hugely broganed feet. "It's thirty-odd miles out toward the foot-hills — that there camp," he observed. He blinked up at the sky. "An' two o'clock in the afternoon, an' mebbe threatenin' snow."

"I must go to him!" insisted the girl. "I must! I've been hunting him for six months." She fastened on Davy with entreating eyes. "Is it a matter of money?" She showed him her hand-bag, with bank-notes in it and a check-book. "I can pay."

"It ain't a matter of money," said Davy.

"I knew it wasn't!" she declared brightly.
"Then you'll send me at once?"

Davy ruminated, measuring her up and down. "Have you got any idea at all, miss," he inquired, "that this here rangin' about by yourself over the sheep country might perhaps be the *least* trifle dangerous?"

"I've risked everything to find him," simply replied the girl. "And now I know he's here."

She had a certain air of power and importance, and Davy resentfully began to feel a new breath of responsibility on his own account. "I reckon you're not his sister?" he grunted.

"I'm his fiancée — his sweetheart — his girl. We were engaged to be married; I broke the engagement." She waved her hand toward the horizon. "And he left — like this. It was my fault."

Davy ruminated and swayed. "Well, as it happens," he produced at last, "my reg'lar camp-tender is an old man. He's here, an' reckon I could sure trust him to take you

all safe enough, so far as that goes."

Then what is it?" demanded the girl.

It's snow, miss — that's what it is." Again

the Pigeye foreman sourly consulted the heavens. "This here snow can't hold off much longer. It can't! It's comin', an' it's comin' strong."

"I'm from New England," smiled the girl.
"I've seen snow before."

"I tell you, now," suddenly and decisively concluded Davy Jones, "I tell you what. I'll bring that band in. You camp right down here in my quarters an' wait, or else drive back to town. I'll send out for the kid."

"I'd rather be going toward him," she protested.

Davy shook himself irritably. "Look'ee here, miss," he said, "you don't savvy how plumb bad things is. If we wasn't takin' the craziest chances in the world, that there boy an' his band would have been in two months ago. I got the ewe bands to protect, an' I'm keepin' them hardy young wethers out there because there ain't a pound of hay anywhere I can spare to give 'em. If a big snow ketches-us, so they can't rustle for themselves, they're gone. But I'll bring 'em in now, so we'll anyway be sure o' the mutton an' the pelts. You'll see your lad then, all right, an' you won't be goin' off an' gettin' hung up in the snow, an' bein' on my hands too."

The girl brooded a moment, then looked swiftly up. "I'm sorry," she murmured, "but it's been too long. If you can't send me—I must go myself."

"I'll send you," says Davy. He swung on his heel, shouting: "Hey, Rink!"

From a near-by doorway the cook shoved out his head. "Wot is it?"

"Put up three days' chuck for two in a basket," commanded Davy. "Make it the best you got, an' have it ready in twenty minutes." He turned back to the girl. "Now come, miss. We'll go find George at the corral."

Up the coulées and round the feet of the scattered lone buttes they drove. There was no road, but French George's pair of tough little roan cayuses, hooked to the light camp-wagon, made astonishing head. The wise, withered old camp-tender himself, loosely crouched at one side of the sheepskin-covered wagon-seat, looked thoughtfully out across the range, forever leisurely smoking his pipe, and now and then talked to the girl. This old Canadian George, who might very well have Indian blood in him, still wore moccasins instead of civilized shoes; tending camp, in his decadence, on a Montana sheep-ranch, he yet somehow bespoke the world of romantic Northern adventure. The girl briefly felt herself drawn toward him, lost all her isolated timidity and constraint. smiled out across the range. She asked him of the pilgrim, and he, in his half-dreamy, half-voluble French way, told her much.

"Ah, yaas, meess," he said. "Dat keed? Sure! I 'ave always lak dat keed. 'E ees de game leettle son, you bet you, an' no meestak. But ah, she 'ave been de bad long time for 'eem out on de range."

mean?"

George surveyed her with his philosophic old eyes. "Out on de range," he explained, "— no, I see eet, you do not savvy. Out on de range, meess — ah, eet ees lonely. Daire ees not anyt'eeng — not'eeng at all but de sky, an' de groun', an' de 'oss an' de dog an' de dam'-fool sheep. Ah, by gar, I know her! An' all de curlew an' keelldeer ees cry out to you een de evenin', an' de coyote howl een de night. Yaas, I tell you dat — she ees de lonely plass!"

"Oh, you frighten me!" shuddered the girl. "How does he look? When did you see him?"

"Eet ees de las' camp, meess — dose wethaire," George unhurriedly reported. "De keed 'ave tak de beeg chance een stay out so long. When deed I see heem? Maybeso eet ees t'ree, four week seence I 'ave been daire."

"And how did he look?" persisted the girl. "How did he look?"

"Well, de wildness - ah, eet was sure geet cento hees eye." George laughed. "But, by gar, de fine, long beard 'e ees grow, too — lak de seelk on de Eenjun corn!" Quickly he sobered again. "Oh, hi-yi, de crazy keed! De crazy keed, de crazy keed!"

"Why?" demanded the girl.

"Daire 'e was steeck heemself out seex month on de summaire range," said George, "an' not even de book an' de papiere to read een! No, saire; 'e deed not even 'ave de lettaire or de al-ma-nac!"

"You took him out something?" she be-

George smiled complacently away across the range. "Yaas, I tak heem out — I geeve heem somet'eeng. I geeve heem maybeso de varrie bes' book een de worl'. I geeve heem, by gar, my ol' 'Robeenson Crusoe'!"

"Ah," breathed the girl. "I never read it — that."

"I t'eenk you weell read her when de keed tell you," sagely commented George. "I hope 'e ees not let de squirrel an' de mountain-rat chew her all up. I 'ave not read her all yet myself - not de las' part." Thoughtfully he immaculate order. Wood lay in the stove,

"She sure ees de gran' stuff — dat ol' book."

So they looked ahead into the gray distance, toward the dark edges of the foot-hills, and talked. But it had been after three o'clock before they could get started away from the home ranch, and that lowering eighth day of January drew to an early close.

When the soft night blackness (for it was not "How?" cried the eager girl. "How do you cold) became absolutely impenetrable about them, they stopped and made camp. After supper, eaten beside a little fire on which they boiled the water for tea, George spread some robes and blankets for the girl in the bed of the wagon. His own bed-roll he took out and laid on the ground somewhere near the picketed horses.

The next morning, betimes, they were tratime de dam'-fool sheep ees bawl, an' de versing the sage again. There could be no mistaking the promise of snow now.

> "Oh, hi, you!" called George to the lead pony, slashing at it with the ends of his lines. "Heet along, daire!" He turned to the girl. "Eef we mak eet before de bleezzair', dese cayuse weell 'ave to 'ump."

> He sent the tough little roans along at the best pace he knew how to get out of them and that kind of ground. And they accomplished wonders. But the flying snow whipped on faster than he did, and came in sight before the cabin and corral of the pilgrim's summer sta-The old Hudson Bay camp-tender, however, felt no special alarm: he knew he had not more than a mile or so to go.

> Yet — what a wind! In almost one great bound, the storm developed its superb and terrible fury.

> "You climb back een de wagon, meess," George commanded the girl. "Wrap de robe all een close roun' you." He wiped the icy crust from his bush-browed eyes. "By gar, she sure ees de bleezzair' all right, you bet you!"

> It was only by virtue of the instinct and intractable hardness of the range-bred horses that they won through. And then, when at last they pulled up in the lee of the pilgrim's log cabin, they found the place uninhabited and cold.

> For the first time since the setting in of the storm, the slim and delicately nurtured young girl broke down. "I shall die here too!" she wailed. "O Jackie, Jackie! — where are vou?"

> George hustled her out of the wagon into the cabin. "Geet een!" he cried. "Climb eenside!"

The rough interior of the little log hut was in

with matches and his stiffened fingers till he had got a fire started. Then he caught hold of the girl, who stood white and stony, staring at the room, and began feverishly to chafe her hands.

"Now, you leesten!" he ordered. "You steeck her out, an' maybeso she ees steell all right!"

"What shall I do?" she asked blankly.

"Fin' de coffee - boil de coffee!" He gave up the chafing and dragged her about the room with him. "'Ere!" From a long plank shelf against the wall he pulled down a large tin baking-powder can with ground coffee in it. "Yas, 'ere eet ees!" He thrust the can into her hands. "You mak de coffee! I weell go look for heem!"

"Where?" she demanded.

George pointed about the room. "'E feex de bed — 'e wash de deesh — 'e was 'ere dees morneeng! 'E ees geet ketch out een de bleezzair'! 'E ees stay out wid de dam'-fool sheep!"

"Where?" she dully demanded again.

"Hey!" shouted George. "I do not know! But eet ees not far! I weel! go fin' heem!" "I'll go with you," she said.

George leaped in the air and waved his arms. "By gar, you weell not!" he yelled. "I want de 'ot coffee —'e weell want de 'ot coffee!" ran for the door. "Now - I ride de 'oss! I preeck up de ear for de bawl of de sheep!"

Madly slamming the door to behind him, and making many uncouth wild gestures for the sake of his ancient circulation, the old camp-tender drew his sheath-knife and began violently to cut away the harness from his off horse. Then he clambered up on the snow-covered lean back, and jammed the pony's reluctant nose out down-wind into the storm. As he disappeared, bowed over the horse's neck, the girl saw him lift up the flap of his skin cap away from his ears, and strain his head out forward, in an effort to distinguish, somewhere in that vast, blurred, beautiful surrounding white muffle, the cry of the pilgrim's sheep. Her heart rebelled at such puerilities. What sound could there be ears heard only one sound - the thin song of sheep!"

As, heavily and reluctantly, the pony outside had borne the burden of George away into the storm, so, inside, heavily and reluctantly, the girl bore the burden of her hopelessness about with her in the room. The stove drew well, the wood was dry, and the fire began to crackle and emit a first faint ray of warmth. She found the :offee-pot (it also quite sweet and clean), and

death.

ready for lighting, and George fumbled about set water in it on the stove to boil. The movement and shelter and breath of heat gradually took hold of her, making her cold-congealed flesh sting and ache exquisitely. Seeing the patient, snow-mounded pony left standing in the wagon outside, she ran out and threw a buffalo-robe over him. He was shaking horribly.

> Each moment life flowed back through her arteries with a fuller, more quickened force. The cabin's one window happily looked downwind, and here she now stationed herself. The fire snapped and roared; a pleasant odor of burning wood diffused itself about the room. Once she left the window to put more of the neatly piled wood in the stove. When she got back to her outlook, a vague little cavalcade of two horses and a dog was just emerging from the edges of the great whirling southeasterly blur. A desperate cry strangled in her throat. Before him, on the withers of a saddled horse, George carried the amorphous, flaccid figure of a man.

> Tottering, she flew and opened the door. A hybrid collie dog, joyfully barking and waving his snowy brush, jumped in. On the strange saddled pony, George followed with his load.

> "Hey, I geet heem all right!" he cheerfully sang out to her. "'E ees 'bout all froze up -'e ees not dress for de col'. But we weell breeng heem roun' een one, two meenute, you bet

> She sprang out and peered at the drooping face, pallid, bearded, streaked and incrusted with snow and ice. "O Jackie, Jackie!" she called.

> For three long days and nights, that unparalleled storm flung its magnificence and rigors against the walls of the little log hut. Inside, on his bunk, the pilgrim rambled deliriously on about the loss of four thousand Pigeye wethers.

> "All gone, all gone," he mourned. "There they go - hold 'em, Alec! No, he can't there they go - all gone!"

"O Jackie!" pleaded the girl, kneeling bein that huge suction of resistless silence? Her side him on the floor, "don't think of the

"Bah!" chimed in French George, from the other side of the bed, snapping his fingers. "Dat for de dam'-fool sheep!"

"They wouldn't drive," monotonously repeated the boy; "they wouldn't drive. Would they, Alec - eh, old chap? They wouldn't drive, Alec, would they?"

From his place on the floor, the dog yelped and wagged his tail.



"A DESPERATE CRY STRANGLED IN HER THROAT. SHE SPRANG OUT AND PEERED AT THE DROOPING FACE, INCRUSTED WITH SNOW AND ICE."

"No — see? It wasn't your fault, Jackie," persuaded the girl. "See? They kept you out here too long. And see how you stayed with the sheep in the blizzard! Nobody else would! It was brave and honorable—everybody will say so! But—if it would make you the least bit easier, you know, Jackie—why, see—we can pay them for the sheep, can't we?"

"I'm a star-gazer," he muttered. "A stargazer. I'll never make a man — a real man —

like my father."

"O Jackie!" she moaned. "Don't say that — don't remember that! You kill me! I didn't mean it — I never meant it! You're the bravest boy — the bravest, strongest man — in the world, Jackie! Your father died by sticking at his work — yes. But it was for money. You would have died at yours — without any-body knowing of it — for honor!"

"John Corvington, star-gazer," scornfully continued the pi grim He laughed. "Yes, you've found your level, John Corvington. You're a born sheep-herder." He paused and restlessly turned his head. "Only, you lose your sheep." There were two days and nights of this. George grew desperate.

"By gar!" he cried. "No wondaire 'e ees not geet well. 'E ees not eat anyt'eeng. Dese bean an' coffee an' sowbelly ees not de good chuck for de seeck man. Wait."

He went out in the slackening storm, found a frozen wether, and brought it in. "Now we weell 'ave de fine lam' soup," he said.

George expertly made the soup, and the girl got the pilgrim to swallow some of it. Already his fever was on the wane, and that night he slept without delirium. The next morning he waked clear-eyed, with a yawn. The girl slipped down from the robe-hammock George had made her, and stood beside him.

"Edith!" he marveled. "Where - where am 1?"

"Oh, we're somewhere in Montana together," she laughed, putting her hands on his face. "But we're going home now." Still laughing, she bent her own flushed young face low over him. "Only, you must marry me first. Nobody would speak to me."

THE BOY FROM BALLYTEARIM

BY

MOIRA O'NEILL

HE was born in Ballytearim, where there' little work to do, An' the longer he was livin' there, the poorer still he grew; Says he till all belongin' him, "Now, happy may ye be! But I'm off to find me fortune," sure he says, says he.

"All the gold in Ballytearim is what's stickin' to the whin; All the crows in Ballytearim has a way o' gettin' thin." So the people did be praisin' him the year he wint away — "Troth, I'll hould ye can do it," sure they says, says they.

Och, the boy 'ud still be thinkin' long, an' he across the foam, An' the two ould hearts be thinkin' long that waited for him home: But a girl that sat her lone an' whiles, her head upon her knee, Would be sighin' low for sorra — not a word says she.

He won home to Ballytearim, an' the two were livin' yet. When he heard where she was lyin' now, the eyes of him were wet. "Faith, here's me two fists full o' gold, an' little good to me When I'll never meet an' kiss her," sure he says, says he.

Then the boy from Ballytearim set his face another road, An' whatever luck has followed him was never rightly knowed: But still it's truth I'm tellin' ye — or may I never sin! All the gold in Ballytearim is what's stickin' to the whin.



MADAME SIMONE CASIMIR-PÉRIER WHOSE SUCCESSFUL AMERICAN APPEARANCE WAS MADE IN OWEN JOHNSON'S ADAPTATION OF THE FRENCH PLAY, "THE RETURN TO JERUSALEM"

WHY FRENCH PLAYS SEEM DARING

MADAME SIMONE CASIMIR-PÉRIER

French stage I have yet to find the French play of any artistic value to posterity that is not a work of art fit for the most exacting intelligence; but everything depends upon what is expected by an audience.

For a long time, I am told, Americans were reliably kept as they should be.

TN my own experience as an actress on the quite sure that a French play must be something naughty. They have outgrown this obsession, but there still remains, in certain parts of this vast continent, a lingering suspicion that the French play is a thing of frills and ribbons, in which the Ten Commandments are not so



MADAME SIMONE IN "THE LADY OF DREAMS,"
THE ENGLISH ADAPTATION OF ROSTAND'S
PLAY, "LA PRINCESSE LOINTAINE"

that we are not as bad as we are painted. One's point of view, however, is not the inexorable test of intelligence.

It would be scarcely fair to the subject to class the actually offensive performances, in Paris or other world centers, as representative plays. They are not so at all. Nor do I think that the French play would be of any artistic value to the theater in Paris if it sought the middle of the road always in its appeal to the masses. There are plays I have seen on the American stage, among the great successes, that could not last a week in Paris: not because they were tame,— that is not the chief reason,— but because they flutter intellectually, and are constructively too lame for the European knowledge of drama. To put on the English-speaking stage an absolutely truthful picture of what we see is comparatively easy, but to put before an English audience the secret sins of their souls is a dangerous experiment. That is one reason why the French play seems daring perhaps, because it tears up the traditional hedge that hides the secrets in the private gardens of experience.

The French play never minds the warning sign I have seen so often symbolized in the

In France, intellectually, we walk straight into the private byways of life, with equal right to see and to be seen there. This, of course, seems so daring to English audiences that it is often misunderstood. When Mr. Pinero fell under the spell of French art and wrote "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in England, the truth about such matters as social sins was almost a forbidden subject on the English stage. Mr. Pinero, more than any other writer of plays in the English language, dared to break down the hedge of theatrical propriety. Nothing could be more sincere or more immaculately fine in its purpose than this daring English play. It grew out of what was sacred soil to England the conflict of home life. In France, the writers had been digging and planting new seeds in this sacred soil for years and years, and their purpose was none the less reverent — the purpose to help and strengthen the marriage question.

The French Fearless in Facing the Marriage Question

For a long time the French theater had attempted the task with crude effect, because the line between the stage and home life of France is still severely drawn. In fact, it is a grave question whether the theater in France is not socially the least desirable place for a career. This is because there is a deep and innate love for the propriety of home life in France that is more severe in its standards than that of any other country.

In France, divorce is a tragedy. The man grows gray and still remains obedient to the influence and advice of his mother in this matter. So well grounded in the Catholic religion are the French people that they can look their problems of passion in the face without fear. On these issues many French plays are constructed. If the foundations are deep enough a building may reach the sky. The morals of a French play seem daring, perhaps, to audiences in those countries where the discussion of morals is feared. The plays that reflect the most flagrant violations of the established code of morals in France are not the most successful, even though they achieve a cer-

psychology. The French are a sensitive people, but on the whole a religious people, obedient to the responsibilities of their faith. They suffer keenly in the conflict of their nature - which is gay, spontane-

tain distinction as

works of art, of

construction, of

lives frankly, without hypocrisy.

SCENE BETWEEN MELISSINDA ("THE

LADY OF DREAMS") AND THE KNIGHT

OF THE VERDANT ARMOR, ACT II

It is difficult to explain the sensibility and passion for truth, in the French people, that has drawn the theater into its discussion of questions which, in other countries, are a matter of secret conflict. That is one reason, perhaps, why some French plays seem daring to the world outside our own in Paris.

Things Can Be Said in French that Are Impossible in English

Then, too, I'm afraid that the French play loses its soul in the English translation. There are things that can be said in French that are frankly impossible in English — impossible be-

cause the French word reaches for the idea gracefully, and the English word seizes it offensively. And yet, the idea is the same, but dressed up in French it is presentable, whereas, clothed in English, it becomes harsh and forbidding. This is something that is quite inexplicable, but effectively true. It is the ingenuity of the French language that has sown deep the seeds of gaiety in the most violently tragic and spectacular history of the nations, which is the history of We rise above the shadows, and out of the mist of our intellectual and moral struggles, on the wings of French literature and art. The dialogue of the French play seems daring, because there is no forbidden conversation in France. We have a language that is equal to any embarrassment of fact. It is not that we are cynical or worldly wise; it is because we go to the roots of our problems that we flourish. For instance, in the theme of many French plays, which is love, the man who is in love

> with a married woman is a chief consideration. Even in America he is often in the newspapers, and in England he betrays himself with stolid

> > superiority of

ous, intellectual — with the rigid moral stand- thought. The lover is the dramatic key, in a ard of their church. They are not afraid to French play, that opens the door to one of the suffer; therefore they meet every issue of their most serious conflicts of life. It is a conflict more serious in France than in other countries where divorce is not such a tragedy.

> All drama is based on conflict, and in France the problems of home are the most vital. This is because we are a people of simple ideals, not a complex, frivolous nation, by any means. If the English writers dare, they usually suffer by comparison with French plays. There is something in the manner of thinking and expressing these daring questions of intimate confession in the theater that has a great deal to do with their value as entertainment. In the French play, behind the ugliest fact lies the light of promised ideals. which is one of the charming possibilities of the French language.

Daring Subjects Not the Most Popular with French Audiences

"Camille" has been loved by the women of all the world, and yet, in the sense of what is

daring in the theater, "Camille" is essentially French. Of course, we have gone much further into the hidden truths of domestic infelicity on the French stage since "Camille" was written, but we have done so with an ever-increasing sense of the higher purpose of these dramas of life. When the French writer attempts to reveal a social condition, he does not do his work as if he were afraid of the subject, but neither does he forget that his task as a dramatist is to amuse the public. His gaiety may not always be comprehensible to English audiences, though.

We are by instinct a happy people, but we are not pretenders to virtues greater than we have. Nor is it true that the French people are satisfied only with plays that deal with daring subjects. The greatest successes in Paris have been plays that dealt with the sweeter love stories. Nothing pleases a French audience so much as the story of true love between youthful sweethearts. Another favorite theme is the

MADAME SIMONE MADE HER DÉBUT IN "LE DÉTOUR," BY BERNSTEIN. SHE WAS AN UNKNOWN ACTRESS, HE WAS AN UNKNOWN PLAYWRIGHT, AND THIS WAS HIS FIRST PLAY. HER SUCCESS MADE BOTH OF THEM FAMOUS

autumn love story in which the devotion between two old people retains its flavor of romance. I could name dozens of these plays. In farce and comedy the French playwright has used all the license of the language and situation to accomplish his ends, and in some cases he has been daring for entertaining reasons. There are certain theaters in Paris where

> the plays produced are intentionally daring. I am told that there are theaters in America where this form of entertainment is given also. It may be true, to some degree, that the French playwright has carried his invasion of ideas into the theater with a free hand. This, I think, is due largely to the fact that we have a coterie of French writers who are Intellectuals. The members of the Royal Academy of France feel the burden of literary distinction put upon Their plays them. are often of the daring sort because much is expected of them. The literary quality of the plays written by the Royal Academicians is usually an important part of their task. Their plays are not always successful, but they are distinguished. Then, too, the modern note on the French stage which was first established by the unsuccessful but splendid plays of poor Henri Becque no longer demands suppression of idea or character. When a play dealing with a contemporary social evil is written in English, every one

turns hypocrite and holds up his hands in horror; and the poor ambitious theater is blamed, when it should be encouraged.

Of course, there is always the point of view to be taken into consideration. Some of us can not see the truth well, some of us become nervous when we do see it, and some of us deny the unpleasant truth. The principle of the modern

French play is to tell the truth, how-Without ever. compromise, naturally, some truths are almost impossible of belief. But there is no forbidden fact to the French playwright; there are only forbidden forms of fact. It is in these forms that the French plays dare on dangerous grounds.

In Germany, they enjoy plays that are as horrible in their analysis of gloom as any of Dante's works. In France we are Utopians. We swallow our bitter truths with a smile. We compromise everything with artistic simile. The French stage is not a museum; it is a mirror. If we lose our character by seeing ourselves in the looking-glass, it is at least something gained for truth; but in France, as every woman knows, we use our mirrors to enlighten the fashions of the world. We study the lines of grace; we aim to soften the hard truths, to overcome the awkwardness of youth, the vanity of middle age, the stiffness of old age. No thought in France is unfit for the skill and romance of the French

and survives in the purer air of his natural existence.

No French play of any value lacks the oxygen of poetry, for ideals nourish the French republic, however the politicians may sometimes adul-

> terate them. It is not the daring of a play that makes it a success on the French stage; it is not the intellectual scope, either: it is by the depth of its moral sincerity that it succeeds. This statement is a contradiction of the generally accepted idea of a successful French play, but a little investigation will prove the truth of it. For instance, there is always the great moment of sacrifice, in a French play, that speaks for itself, that achieves the moral issue. There is the sacrifice of Camille, of Frou-frou, and of nearly every daring heroine of the French stage.

The more one looks into this question of why French plays seem daring, the more unjust the question seems to the facts. The French stage has not been more daring than the stage of other countries. It has been maligned by improper translations and by unscrupulous producers. As one of many serious-minded French actresses, I can only insist that, on moral grounds, the French people are the most exacting audiences in the world. While they decline to



MADAME SIMONE IS A JEWESS, AND HER MOST SUCCESSFUL PLAYS HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY A JEWISH PLAYWRIGHT. "THE RETURN TO JERUSALEM," HER FOREMOST AMERICAN PRODUCTION, DEALS WITH THE TEM-PERAMENTAL CONFLICT BETWEEN THE JEW AND THE GENTILE

brutalities of human nature, the French play- ending to their plays, a survival of their ideals wright turns to the poetic instinct of his race, of the home.

language. When almost smothered by the be hypocrites, they do demand an aspiring



THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

Preceding instalments.—Barnabas Barty, son of the retired champion pugilist of England, being left a fortune of £700,000, decides to go to London and become a gentleman. On his way he meets with Lady Cleone Meredith, who has been thrown from her horse, and in going to her assistance he quarrels with Sir Mortimer Carnaby, the King's favourite. At an inn where he stops with his friend, the Viscount Horatio Bellasis, Barnabas learns that Sir Mortimer Carnaby is plotting to marry Lady Cleone for her fortune, and that she has consented to meet his gobetween, a profligate courtier named Chichester, in a lonely spot at sundown. Barnabas arrives at the rendezvous first, forces Chichester to retire, and, when Lady Cleone comes, offers to escort her back to her guardian. In the explanation that follows, Barnabas learns that Lady Cleone had come to the tryst expecting to meet her half-brother, Ronald Barrymaine, a young scapegrace whose gambling exploits have thrown him into Chichester's power. Barnabas tells Lady Cleone that he loves her, and promises to seek out her brother in London and to try to save him. On his return to the inn, Barnabas is challenged by Chichester to a duel. But, as Barnabas will only consent to fight in such a way that both men must inevitably he killed, the duel is dropped. Barnabas reaches London, buys a horse that no one else can ride, and begs the Viscount to get him entered in the great steeplechase which all the young bloods of London are to ride. Through a vagabond named Smivvle, Barnabas gets on the track of Roncid Barrymaine.

Barnabas Gives a Dinner-Party

A T precisely four o'clock on the afternoon of his third day in London, Barnabas stood before a cheval mirror in the dressing-room of his new house, surveying his reflection with a certain complacent satisfaction. His silver-buttoned blue coat, high-waisted

and cunningly rolled of collar, was a sartorial triumph; his black stockinet pantaloons, close fitting from hip to ankle and there looped and buttoned, accentuated muscled calf and virile thigh in a manner somewhat disconcerting; his snowy waistcoat was of an original fashion and cut; and his cravat, folded and caressed into being by Peterby's skilled fingers,

was an elaborate masterpiece, a matchless creation never before seen upon the town. Barnabas had become a dandy, from the crown of his curly head to his silk stockings and polished shoes, and, upon the whole, was not ill pleased with himself.

"But they're—dangerously tight, aren't they, Peterby?" he enquired suddenly, speaking his

thought aloud.

"Tight, sir?" exclaimed Peterby, from where he knelt upon the floor, having just finished looping and buttoning the garments in question. "Indeed, sir, since you mention it, I almost fear they are a trifle too—roomy. Can you raise your bent knee, sir?"

"Only with an effort, John."

"That settles it, Barry," said Peterby, with a grim nod; "you must take them in at least a quarter of an inch."

"Take 'em in?" exclaimed Barnabas, aghast. "No, I'll be shot if you do — not a fraction.

I can scarcely — manage 'em as it is."

Peterby shook his head in grave doubt; but at this juncture they were interrupted by a discreet knock — and, the door opening, a Gentleman in Powder appeared. He was a languid gentleman, an extremely superior gentleman; but his character lay chiefly in his nose, which was short and remarkably supercilious of tip, and his legs, which were large and nobly shaped; they were, in a sense, eloquent legs, being given to divers tremours and quiverings when their possessor laboured under any strong feeling or excitement.

"Are you in, sir?" he enquired in an utterly

impersonal tone.

"In?" repeated Barnabas, with a quick downward glance at his tight nether garments. "In? In what?— in where?"

"Are you at 'ome, sir?"

"At home? Of course; can't you see that?"

"Yes, sir," returned the Gentleman in Powder, his legs growing a little agitated.

"Then why do you ask?"

"There is a — person below, sir."

"A person?"

"Yes, sir; very much so. Got 'is foot in the door - wouldn't take it out - had to let 'im in. Waiting in the 'all, sir."

"What's he like? Who is he?"

card!" Here might have been observed the much - in fact, a mere bagatelle; only, as same agitation of the plump legs.

"Ask him to wait."

"Beg pardon, sir — did you say — to wait?" (Agitation growing.)

"Yes. Say I'll be down at once." (Agitation extreme.)

"Meaning as you will—see 'im, sir?" (Agitation indescribable.)

"Yes," said Barnabas; "yes, of course."

The Gentleman in Powder bowed; his eye was calm, his brow unruffled, but his legs! - and his nose was more supercilious than ever as he closed the door upon it.

Mr. Smivvle, meantime, was standing downstairs before a mirror, apparently lost in con-

templation of his whiskers.

"Six pair of silver candlesticks!" he murmured. "Persian rugs! Bric-à-brac, costly! Pictures, rare! He's a nabob, by heaven; yes, he is. A mysterious young nabob wallowing in wealth! Five shillings? Preposterous! We'll make it a pound!" He was still lost in contemplation of the luxurious appointments that everywhere met his view, and was seriously considering the advisability of "making it" thirty shillings, when the appearance of Barnabas cut him short, and he at once became all smiles, flourishes, and whiskers.

"Ah, Beverley, my boy!" he cried heartily, "pray forgive this horribly unseasonable visit; but, under the circumstances, I felt it my duty to — ah — to drop in on you, my dear fellow."

"What circumstances?" demanded Barnabas, a little stiffly, perhaps.

"Circumstances affecting our friend Barrymaine, sir."

"Ah?" said Barnabas, his tone changing. "What of him?— though, you forget, Mr. Barrymaine and I are still strangers."

"By heaven, you are right, sir - though, egad! I'm only a little previous, eh, my dear fellow?" And, smiling engagingly, Mr. Smivvle followed Barnabas into a side room, and, shutting the door with elaborate care, immediately shook his whiskers and heaved a profound sigh. "My friend Barrymaine is low, sir devilish low," he proceeded to explain; "indeed, I'm quite distressed for the poor fellow, 'pon my soul and honour I am, for he is — in a manner of speaking — in eclipse, as it were, sir!"

"I fear I don't understand," said Barnabas.

"Why, then, in plain words, my dear Beverley, he's suffering from an acute attack of the Jews, damn 'em!— a positive seizure, sir!"

"Do you mean he has been taken — for debt?"

"Precisely, my dear fellow. An old affair — "Whiskers, sir - name of Snivels - no ages ago - a stab in the dark! Nothing very luck will have it, I am damnably short myself just now."

"How much is it?"

"Altogether, exactly twenty-five pound ten. An absurd sum, but all my odd cash is on the race. So I ventured here on my young friend's behalf to ask for a trifling loan. A pound - or, say, thirty shillings would be something."



"LOOKING DOWN UPON THE SLEEPER, BARNABAS FELT HIS HEART LEAP. HE SAW A FACE WHICH, FOR ALL ITS YOUTH, WAS MARRED BY THE TRACE OF FIERCE, UNGOVERNED PASSIONS"

Barnabas crossed to a cabinet, unlocked a drawer, and, taking thence a smallish bag that jingled, began to count out a certain sum upon the table.

"You said twenty-five pounds ten, I think?" said Barnabas, and pushed that amount across the table.

Mr. Smivvle stared from the money to Barnabas and back again, and felt for his whisker with fumbling fingers.

"Sir," he said, "you can't — you don't mean to — to ——"

"Yes," said Barnabas, turning to relock the drawer.

Mr. Smivvle's hand dropped from his whiskers. "Sir," he stammered, "I can not allow no, indeed, sir! Mr. Beverley, you overwhelm me——"

"Debts are necessary evils," said Barnabas, "and must be paid."

Mr. Smivvle stared at Barnabas, his brow furrowed by perplexity — stared like one who is suddenly at a loss; and, indeed, his usual knowing air was quite gone. Then, dropping his gaze to the money on the table, he swept it into his pocket almost furtively, and took up his hat and cane — and it is worthy of note that he did it all without a flourish.

"Mr. Beverley," said he, "in the name of my friend Barrymaine, I thank you, and — I — I thank you!" So he turned and went out of the room, and as he went he even forgot to swagger.

Then Barnabas crossed to a mirror and once more fell to studying his reflection with critical eyes. In the midst of his examination, he was interrupted by the calves of the Gentleman in Powder, which presented themselves at the doorway with the announcement:

"Viscount Deafenem, sir!"

Barnabas started and hurried forward, very conscious, very nervous, and for once uncertain of himself by reason of his new and unaccustomed splendour. But the look in the Viscount's boyish eyes, his smiling nod of frank approval, and the warm clasp of his hand, were vastly reassuring.

"Why, Bev, that coat's a marvel!" he exclaimed impulsively. "It is — I swear it is! Turn round — so! 'Gad, what a fit!"

"I hoped you'd approve of it, Dick," said Barnabas, a little flushed. "You see, I know very little about such things, and ——"

"Approve of it, my dear fellow! And the cut!"

"Now — as for these — er — pantaloons, Dick?"

"Dashing, my dear fellow, devilish dashing!"

"But rather too — too tight, don't you think?"

"Can't be, Bev; tighter the better. Have 'em made too tight to get into, and you're right. Look at mine. If I bend I split. Deuced uncomfortable, but all the mode, and a man must wear something!" Hereupon the Viscount, having walked round Barnabas three times and viewed him critically from every angle, nodded with an air of finality. "Yes, they do you infinite credit, my dear fellow — like everything else." And he cast a comprehensive glance round the luxurious apartment.

"The credit of it all rests entirely with Peterby," said Barnabas. "John, where are you?"

But Peterby had disappeared.

"You're the most incomprehensible fellow, Bev," said the Viscount, seating himself on the edge of the table and swinging a leg. "You have been a constant surprise to me ever since you found me — er — ruminating in the bilboes. And now"— here he shook his head gravely —"and now it seems you are to become a source of infernal worry and anxiety as well."

"I hope not, Dick."

"You are, though," repeated the Viscount, looking graver than ever.

"Why?"

"Because — well, because you evidently are bent upon dying young."

"How so, Dick?"

"Well, if you ride in the race and don't break your neck, Carnaby will want a word with you; and if he doesn't shoot you, why, then Chichester certainly will — next time, damn him!"

"Next time?"

"Oh, I know all about your little affair with him — across the table. 'Gad, Beverley, what a perfectly reckless fellow you are!"

"But - how do you know of this?"

"From Clemency."

"So you've seen her again, Dick?"

"Yes, of course; that is, I took Moonraker for a gallop yesterday, and — happened to be that way."

"Ah!" said Barnabas.

"And she told me — everything," said the Viscount, beginning to stride up and down the room, with his usual placidity quite gone. "I mean, about — about the button you found — it was that devil Chichester's, it seems — and — and — Beverley, give me your hand! She told me how you confronted the fellow. Ha! I'll swear you had him shaking in his villain's shoes, duellist as he is."

"But," said Barnabas, as the Viscount caught his hand, "it was not altogether on Clemency's account, Dick."

"No matter; you frightened the fellow off. Oh, I know; she told me - I made her! She



"'DID YOU THINK YOU COULD BUY ME?' HE

had to fight with the beast - that's how he lost his button. I tell you, if ever I get the chance at him — he or I shall get his quietus. By heaven, Bey, I'm half minded to send the brute a challenge, as it is!"

"Because of Clemency, Dick?"

"Well - and why not?"

"The Earl of Bamborough's son fight a duel over the chambermaid of a hedge-tavern?"

The Viscount's handsome face grew suddenly red, and as suddenly pale again, and his eyes glowed as he fronted Barnabas across the hearth.

"Mr. Beverley," said he very quietly, "how am I to take that?"

that, though she is as brave, as pure, as beautiful as any in the land, she is a chambermaid none the less."

The Viscount turned, and, striding to the window, stood there, looking out with bent head.

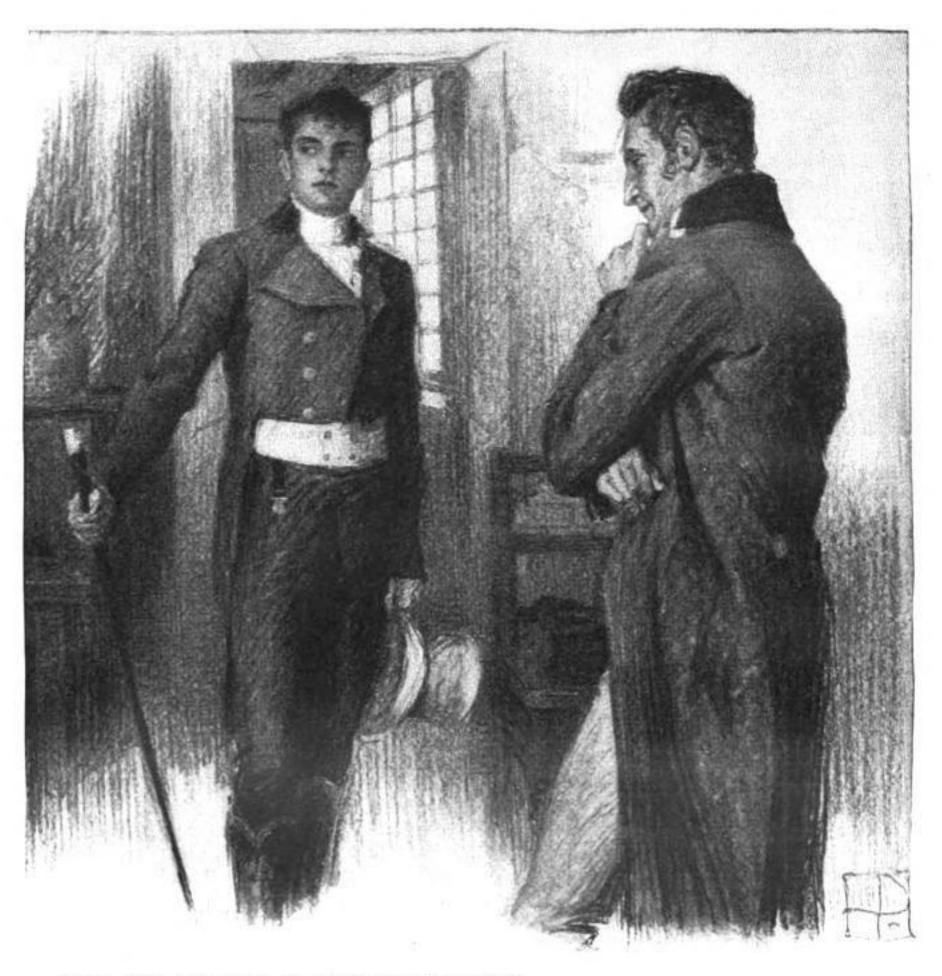
"Have I offended you?" enquired Barnabas.

"You go - too far, Beverley."

"I would go further yet - for my friend, Viscount."

Now, when Barnabas said this, the Viscount's head drooped lower and he stood silent. Then, all at once, he turned, and, coming to the hearth, the two stood looking at each other.

"Yes, I believe you would, Beverley. But you "In friendship, Dick; for the truth of it is have a way of jumping to conclusions that is - -



CRIED. 'DID YOU THINK I'D SACRIFICE MY SISTER?'"

devilish disconcerting. As for Chichester, the world would be well rid of him. And, talking of him, I met another rascal as I came. I mean that fellow Smivvle. Had he been here?"

"Yes."

"Begging, I suppose?"

"He borrowed some money for his friend Barrymaine."

The Viscount flushed hotly, and looked at Barnabas with a sudden frown.

"Perhaps you are unaware that is a name I never allow spoken in my presence, Mr. Beverley."

"Indeed, Viscount; and, pray, why not?"

"For one thing, because he is - what he is."

"Lady Cleone's brother."

"Half-brother, sir — and none the less a knave."

"How?"

"I mean that he is a card-sharper — a common cheat."

"Her brother?"

"Half-brother!"

"A cheat! Are you sure?"

"Certain! I had the misfortune to make the discovery. And it killed him in London. All the clubs shut their doors upon him, of course; he was cut in the streets; it is damning to be seen in his company or even to mention his name now."

"And you — you exposed him?"

"I said — I made the discovery; but I kept it to myself. The stakes were unusually high that night, and we played late. I went home with him; but Chichester was there, waiting for him. So I took him aside, and, in as friendly a spirit as I could, told him of my discovery. He broke down and, never attempting a denial, offered restitution and promised amendment. I gave my word to keep silent, and, on one pretext or another, the loser's money was returned. But next week the whole town hummed with the news. One night — it was at White's — he confronted me, and — he gave me — the lie!" The Viscount's fists were tight clenched and he stared down blindly at the floor. "And, sir, though you'll scarcely credit it, of course, I there, before them all — I took it."

"Of course," said Barnabas; "for her sake." "Beverley!" exclaimed the Viscount, looking up with a sudden light in his eyes. "Oh, Bev!"

And their hands met and gripped.

"You couldn't do anything else, Dick."

"No, Bev, no; but I'm glad you understand. Later it got about that I — that I was — afraid of the fellow. He's a dead shot, they say, young as he is, and — well, it — it wasn't pleasant, Bev. Indeed, it got worse until I called out one of Chichester's friends and 'winged' him a fellow named Dalton."

"I think I've seen him," said Barnabas, nodding.

"Anyhow, Barrymaine was utterly discredited and done for; he's an outcast, and to be seen with him, or his friends, is to be damned also."

"And yet," said Barnabas, sighing and shaking his head, "I must call upon him to-morrow."

"Call upon him! Man, are you mad?"

"No; but he is her brother, and ——"

"And, as I tell you, he is banned by society as a cheat!"

"And is that so great a sin, Dick?"

"Are there any — worse?"

"Oh, yes; one might kill a man in a duel, or dishonour a trusting woman, or blast a man's character; indeed, it seems to me that there are many greater sins!"

The Viscount dropped back in his chair and stared at Barnabas with horrified eyes.

"are you — serious?"

"My dear Viscount, of course I am."

"Then, let me warn you, such views will never do here; any one holding such views will never succeed in London."

"Yet I mean to try," said Barnabas, squaring his jaw.

"But why," said the Viscount impatiently, "why trouble yourself about such a fellow?"

"Because she loves him, and because she asked me to help him."

"She — asked you to?"

"Yes."

"And — do you think you can?"

"I shall try."

"How?"

"First, by freeing him from debt."

"Do you know him? Have you ever met him?"

"No, Dick; but I love his sister."

"And because of this you'd shoulder his debts? Ah, but you can't, and, if you ask me why, I tell you because Jasper Gaunt has got him and means to keep him. To my knowledge, Barrymaine has twice had the money to liquidate his debt; but Gaunt has put him off, on one pretext or another, until the money has all slipped away. I tell you, Bev, Jasper Gaunt has got him in his clutches — as he's got Sling, and poor George Danby, and — God knows how many more — as he'd get me if he could! Yes, Gaunt has got his claws into him, and he'll never let him go again — never."

"Then," said Barnabas, "I must see Jasper

Gaunt as soon as may be."

"Oh, by all means," nodded the Viscount, "if you have a taste for snakes and spiders and vermin of that sort. Slingsby will show you where to find him; Slingsby knows his den well enough — poor old Sling! But look to yourself, for spiders sting and snakes bite, and Jasper Gaunt does both."

The knuckles of the Gentleman in Powder here made themselves heard, and thereafter the door opened to admit his calves, which were immediately eclipsed by the Marquis, who appeared to be in a state of unwonted hurry.

"What, have I beat Slingsby, then?" he enquired, glancing round the room. "He was close behind me in Piccadilly; must have had a spill — that's the worst of those high curricles. As a matter of fact," he proceeded to explain, "I rushed round here - that is, we both did, but I've got here first — to tell you that — Oh, dooce take me!"— and out came the Marquis's eye-glass. "Positively you must excuse me, my dear Beverley. Thought I knew 'em "My — dear — Beverley," said he at last, all, but no — damme if I ever saw the fellow to yours! Permit me!" Saying which, the Marquis gently led Barnabas to the window, and began to study his cravat with the most profound interest.

"By George, Devenden," he exclaimed suddenly, "it's new!"

"'Gad!" said the Viscount, "now you come to mention it, so it is!"

"Positively - new!" repeated the Marquis

in an awe-struck voice, staring at the Viscount wide-eyed. "D'you grasp the importance of this, Devenden? D'you see the possibilities, Dick? It will create a sensation; it will set all the clubs by the ears, by George! We shall have the Prince galloping up from Brighton! By heaven, it's stupendous! Permit me, my dear Beverley. See, here we have three folds and a tuck; then — oh, Jupiter, it's a positive work of art! How the deuce d'you tie it? Never saw anything approaching this, and I've tried 'em all — the Mailcoach, the Trone d'Amour, the Osbaldistone, the Napoleon, the Irish tie, the Mathematical tie, and the Oriental. No, 'pon my honour, it's unique, it's — it's —" The Marquis sighed, shook his head, and, words failing him, took out his enamelled snuff-box. "Sir," said he, "I have the very highest regard for a man of refined taste, and, if there is one thing in which that manifests itself more than another, it is the cravat. Sir, I make you free of my box; pray honour me." And the Marquis flicked open his snuff-box and extended it toward Barnabas, with a bow.

"My lord," said Barnabas, shaking his head, "I appreciate the honour you do me, but pray excuse me — I never take it."

"No?" said the Marquis, with raised brows.
"You astonish me. But then, between ourselves, neither do I. Can't bear the infernal stuff. Makes me sneeze most damnably. Still, one must conform to fashion, and ——"

"Captain Slingsby!"

The Gentleman in Powder had scarcely articulated the words when the Captain had gripped Barnabas by the hand.

"Congratulate you, Beverley, heartily."

"Thank you — but why?" enquired Barnabas, "Eh — what? Hasn't Jerningham told you? B'gad, is it possible you don't know ——"

"Why, dooce take me, Sling, if I didn't forget!" said the Marquis, clapping hand to thigh. "His cravat put everything else out of my nob, and small wonder, either! You tell him."

"No," answered the Captain. "I upset a cursed apple-stall on my way here — you got in first; tell him yourself."

"Why, then, Beverley," said the Marquis, extending his hand, in his turn, as he spoke, "we have pleasure, Sling and I, to tell you that you are entered for the race on the 10th."

"The race!" exclaimed Barnabas, flushing.
"You mean I'm to ride, then?"

"Yes," nodded the Captain; "but, b'gad, we mean more than that. We mean that you are one of us — that Devenden's friend must be ours because he's game ——"

"And can ride," said the Viscount.

"And is a man of taste," added the Marquis.

Thus it was as one in a dream that Barnabas beheld the legs of the Gentleman in Powder and heard the words:

"Dinner is served, gentlemen!"

But scarcely had they taken their places at the table than the Marquis rose, his brimming glass in his hand.

"Mr. Beverley," said he, bowing, "when Devenden, Slingsby, and I meet at table, it is our invariable custom to drink to one whom we all — hum ——"

"Admire!" said the Viscount, rising.

"Adore!" said the Captain, rising also.

"Therefore, gentlemen," pursued the Marquis, "with our host's permission, we will ——"

"Stay a moment, Jerningham," said the Viscount; "it is only right to tell you that my friend Beverley is one with us in this. He also is a suitor for the hand of Lady Cleone."

"Is he, b'gad!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Dooce take me!" said the Marquis. "Might have known it, though. Ah, well! one more or less makes small difference among so many."

So Barnabas rose, and, lifting his glass with the others, drank to:

"Our Lady Cleone - God bless her!"

CHAPTER XXVII

Barnabas Calls on the Lady Cleone's Brother

HOLBORN was in full song — a rumbling, roaring melody, a clattering, rushing, blaring symphony made up of the grind of wheels upon resounding cobblestones, the thudding beat of horse-hoofs, the tread of countless feet, the shrill note of voices. And amidst it all came Barnabas, eager-eyed, forgetful of his companion, lost to all but the stir and bustle of the wonderful city about him. The which Mr. Smivvle duly remarked from under the curly-brimmed hat, but was uncommonly silent. Indeed, though his hat was at its usual rakish angle, though he swung his cane and strode with all his ordinary devil-may-care swagger, yet Mr. Smivvle himself was unusually pensive, and in his bold black eyes was a look very like anxiety. But in a while, as they turned out of the rush of Holborn Hill, he sighed, threw back his shoulders, and spoke:

"Nearly there now, my dear fellow. I ought, perhaps, to warn you that we may find our friend Barrymaine a trifle — queer — a leetle touched, perhaps." And Mr. Smivvle raised an invisible glass and tossed down its imaginary contents with an expression of much beatitude.

"Is he given to — that sort of thing?"

"Sir," said Mr. Smivvle, "can you blame one who seeks forgetfulness in the flowing bowl -

can you blame him?"

"No, poor fellow!"

"Sir, allow me to tell you my friend Barry needs no man's pity — though I confess I could wish Chichester was not quite so generous, in one respect."

"How?"

"In - ah - in keeping the flowing bowl continually brimming, my dear fellow."

"Is Mr. Chichester a friend of his?"

"The only one, with the exception of yours obediently, who has not deserted him in his adversity."

"Why?"

"Because - well, between you and me, my dear fellow, I believe his regard for Barry's half-sister, the Lady Cleone, is largely accountable in Chichester's case; as for myself, because, as I think I mentioned, the hand of a Smivvle once given, sir, is never withdrawn, either on account of plague, poverty, pestilence, or Jews — damn 'em! This way, my dear fellow!" And, turning into Cross Street, up toward Leather Lane, Mr. Smivvle halted at a certain dingy door, opened it, and showed Barnabas into a dingier hall; and so, leading the way up the dingiest stairs in the world, eventually ushered him into a fair-sized, though dingy, room; and, being entered, immediately stood upon tiptoe and laid a finger on his lips.

"Hush! the poor fellow's asleep; but you'll excuse him, I know."

Barnabas nodded, and, softly approaching the couch, looked down upon the sleeper; and, with the look, felt his heart leap.

A young face he saw, delicately featured; a handsome face with disdainful lips that yet drooped in pitiful weariness, a face which, for all its youth, was marred by the indelible trace of fierce, ungoverned passions. And, gazing down upon these features, so dissimilar in expression, yet so strangely like in their beauty and lofty pride, Barnabas felt his heart leap — because of the long lashes that curled so black against the waxen pallor of the cheek; for in that moment he almost seemed to be back in the green morning freshness of Annesley Wood, and upon his lips there breathed a name -"Cleone."

But all at once the sleeper stirred, frowned, and started up with a bitter imprecation upon his lips that ended in a vacant stare.

"Why, Barry," cried Mr. Smivvle, leaning over him, "my dear boy, did we disturb you?"

"Ah, Dig, is that you? Fell asleep - brandy, perhaps, and - ha, your pardon, sir!" And Ronald Barrymaine rose somewhat unsteadily, and, folding his threadbare dressing-gown about

and my friend Barry has very much to forget - him, bowed, and so stood facing Barnabas, a little drunk and very stately.

> "This is my friend Beverley, of whom I told you," Mr. Smivvle hastened to explain; "Mr. Barnabas Beverley — Mr. Ronald Barrymaine!"

> "You are - welcome, sir," said Mr. Barrymaine, speaking with elaborate care, as if to make quite sure of his utterance. "Pray be seated, Mr. Beverley. We - we are a little crowded, I f-fear. Move those boots off the chair, Dig. Indeed, my apartment might be a little more com-modious, but it's all I have at p-present, and by heaven!" he cried, suddenly fierce, "I shouldn't have even this but for Dig here! Dig's the only f-friend I have in the world — except Chichester. Push that brandy over, Dig. Of course there's - Cleone, but she's only a sister, after all. Don't know what I should do if it wasn't for Dig — d-do I, Dig? And Chichester, of course. Give Mr. Bev'ley a chair, Dig; I'll get him - glass!" Hereupon Mr. Smivvle hurried forward with a chair, which, like all the rest of the furniture, had long ago seen its best days; during which manoeuver he contrived to whisper hurriedly:

> "Poor Barry's decidedly 'touched' to-day a little more so than usual; but you'll excuse him, I know, my dear fellow. Hush!" For Barrymaine, who had crossed to the other end of the room, now returned and came towards them, swaying a little, and with a glass in his hand.

> "It's ricketty, sir, you'll notice," said he, nodding. "I — I mean that chair — dev'lish ricketty, like everything else 'bout here - especially myself — eh, Dig? B-but don't be alarmed; it - will bear you, sir. D-devil of a place to ask — gentleman to sit down in but the Spanswick hasn't been round to clean the place this week. S-scarcely blame her, though — never gets paid — except when Dig remembers it. Don't know what I should do without Dig. Raised twenty pounds yesterday — damme if I know where; said it was watch — but watch went weeks ago. Couldn't even pay the Spanswick. That's the accursed part of it - pay, pay! Debt on debt, and n-nothing to pay with. All swallowed up by that merciless bloodsucker-that ---"

> "Now, Barry!" Mr. Smivvle expostulated, "my dear boy ----"

"He's a cursed v-vampire, I tell you!" retorted Barrymaine, his pale cheeks suddenly flushed and his dark eyes flashing in swift passion. "He's a snake!"

"Now, my dear fellow, calm yourself."

"Calm myself! How can I, when everything I have is his — when everything I g-get belongs to him before — curse him! — even before I get it! I tell you, Dig, he's — he's draining my life away — drop by drop. He's g-got me down with his foot on my neck — crushing me into the mud. I say, he's stamping me down into hell — damn him!"

"Restrain yourself, Barry, my dear boy; remember, Mr. Beverley is our guest."

"Restrain myself — yes, Dig, yes. B-beg Mr. Bev'ley's pardon for me, Dig. Not myself to-day, but must restrain myself — certainly. Give me some more brandy — ha! and pass bottle to Mr. Bev'ley, Dig. No, sir? Ah, well — help yourself, Dig. Must forgive exhibition of feeling, sir. But I always do get carried away when I remember that — that inhuman monster — curse him!"

"Sir," said Barnabas, "whom do you mean?"
"Mean? Ha, ha! Oh damme, hark to that,
Dig! Dev'lish witty, I call that. Whom do
I mean? Why," cried Barrymaine, starting up
from the couch, "whom should I mean but
Gaunt! Gaunt! Gaunt!" And he shook his
clenched fists passionately in the air. Then, as
suddenly, he turned upon Barnabas with a wild,
despairing gesture, and, stretching out his arms,
pointed to each wrist in turn. "D'ye see 'em?"
he cried. "D'ye hear 'em jangle? No? Ah,
but they are there! Rivetted on — never to
come off, eating deeper into my flesh every day!
I'm shackled, I tell you,— fettered hand and

into a debtor's grave——"
"No!" cried Barnabas, so suddenly that Ronald Barrymaine started, and thereafter grew very high and haughty.

foot, - and must drag my chain until I f-fall

"Sir," said he, with upflung head, "I don't permit my word to be — to be — contra-dicted. Though you see before you a m-miserable wretch, yet that wretch is still a gentleman at heart, and that wretch tells you again he's shackled, sir, hand and foot — yes, damme, and so I am!"

"Well, then," said Barnabas, "why not free yourself?"

Ronald Barrymaine sank down upon the couch, looked at Barnabas, looked at Smivvle, drained his glass, and shook his head.

"My dear Dig," said he, "your friend's either mad or drunk — mos' probably drunk. Yes, that's it. Or else he's smoking me; and I won't be smoked — no man shall laugh at me, now that I'm down. Show him the door, Dig. I — I won't have my private affairs discussed by s-strangers — no, by heaven!"

"Now, Barry," exclaimed Mr. Smivvle, "do be calm. Mr. Beverley only wants to help you — er, that is, in a friendly way, of course — and I'm sure ——" "Damn his help—I'd rather die in the g-gutter than ask help or charity of any one——"

"Yes, yes; of course, my dear fellow! But you're so touchy, Barry — so infernally proud, my dear boy. Mr. Beverley merely wishes to ——"

"Be honoured with your friendship," said Barnabas, with his ingenuous smile.

"Why, then, Dig," said his youthful mightiness, beginning to relent, "pray beg Mr. Bev'ley's pardon for me, and 'sure him the honour is mine."

"And I would have you trust me also," Barnabas pursued.

"Trust you?" repeated Barrymaine, with a sudden laugh. "'Gad, yes, willingly! Only it happens I've n-nothing left to trust you with; no, not enough to pay the Spanswick."

"And yet, if you will, you may be free," said Barnabas the persistent.

"Free! He's at it again, Dig."

"Believe me, it is my earnest desire to help you — to ——"

"Help me, sir! A stranger! No! A stranger, damme!

"Let us say - your friend ---"

"I tell you, sir," said Barrymaine, starting up unsteadily, "I seek no man's aid — s-scorn it! I'm not one to weep out my misfortunes to strangers. I'm man enough to manage my own affairs — what's left of 'em. I want nobody's accursed pity, either — pah!" And he made a gesture of repudiation so fierce that he staggered, and recovered himself only by clutching at Mr. Smivvle's ready arm. "The past, sir," said he, supporting himself by that trusty arm, "the past is done with, and the f-future I'll face alone — as I have done all along — eh, Dig?"

"But, surely ---"

"Aye, surely, sir. I'm no object of charity whining for alms, no, by gad! I — I'm — Dig, push the brandy!"

"If you would but listen," Barnabas began again.

"Not — not a word; why should I? Past's dead, and damn the future. Dig, pass the brandy."

"And I tell you," said Barnabas, "that in the future is hope and the chance of a new life, once you are free of Gaunt."

"Free of Gaunt! Hark to that, Dig. Must be dev'lish drunk to talk such cursed f-folly! Why, I tell you again," he cried, in rising passion, "that I couldn't get free of Gaunt's talons even if I had the money — and mine's all gone long ago, and half Cleone's beside — her guardian's tied up the rest; she can't touch another

penny without his consent, damn him! So I'm done. The future? In the future is a debtor's prison that opens for me whenever Jasper Gaunt says the word. Hope? There can be no hope for me till Jasper Gaunt's dead and shrieking in hell fire ---"

"But your debts shall be paid — if you will."

"Paid? Who — who's to pay 'em?"

"I will."

"You! You?"

"Yes," nodded Barnabas — "on a condition."

Ronald Barrymaine sank back upon the couch, staring at Barnabas with eyes wide and with parted lips; leaned suddenly forward, sobered by surprise.

"Ah-h!" said he slowly. "I think I begin — to understand. You have seen my — my sister."

"Yes."

"Do you know — how much I owe?"

"No; but I'll pay it - on a condition."

"A condition?" For a long moment the passionate dark eyes met and questioned the steady grey; then Barrymaine's long lashes fluttered and fell.

"Of course it would be a loan; I — I'd pay you back," he muttered.

"At your own convenience."

"And — you would advance the money at once?"

"On a condition!"

Once again their eyes met, and once again Barrymaine's drooped; his fingers clenched and unclenched themselves; he stirred restlessly.

"And your condition — is it — Cleone?"

"No!" said Barnabas vehemently.

"Then — what is it?"

"That from this hour you give up brandy and Mr. Chichester — both evil things."

"Well, and what more? What for yourself? How can this benefit you? Come, speak out; what is your real motive?"

"The hope that you may some day be worthy of your sister's love ---"

"Worthy, sir!" exclaimed Barrymaine, flushing angrily. "Poverty is no crime!"

"No; but there remain brandy and Mr. Chichester."

"Ha! would you insult my friend?"

"Impossible. You have no friends — unless it be Mr. Smivvle, here."

sionately, "I tell you --- "

"And I tell you that these are my only conditions," said Barnabas. "Accept them and you may begin a new life. It is in your power to become the man you might be, to regain the place in men's esteem that you have lost, for, if you are but sufficiently determined, nothing is impossible."

Now, as he spoke, Barnabas beheld Barrymaine's drooping head uplifted, his curving back grew straight, and a new light sprang into his eyes.

"A new life!" he muttered. "To come back to it all — to outface them all after their cursed sneers and slights! Are you sure you don't promise too much? Are you sure it's not too late?"

"Sure and certain!" said Barnabas. "But, remember, the chance of salvation rests only with and by yourself, after all,"- and he pointed to the half-emptied bottle. "Do you agree to my conditions?"

"Yes — yes, by heaven, I do!"

"Then, friend, give me your hand. To-day I go to see Jasper Gaunt."

So Ronald Barrymaine, standing square upon his feet, gave Barnabas his hand. But even in that moment Barnabas was conscious that the door had opened softly behind him, saw the light fade out of Barrymaine's eyes, felt the hand grow soft and lax, and, turning about, beheld Mr. Chichester smiling at them from the threshold.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THERE was a moment of strained silence; then, as Barnabas sank back on the ricketty chair, Mr. Chichester laughed softly and stepped into the room.

"Salvation, was it, and a new life?" he enquired. "Are you the one to be saved, Ronald, or Smivvle here, or both?"

Ronald Barrymaine was dumb. His eyes sought the floor, and his pale cheek became all at once suffused with a burning, vivid scarlet.

"I couldn't help but overhear as I came upstairs," pursued Mr. Chichester pleasantly, "and devilish dark stairs they are."

"Though excellent for eavesdropping, it appears!" added Barnabas.

"What?" cried Barrymaine, starting up. "Listening, were you - spying on me! Is that your game, Chichester?"

But hereupon Mr. Smivvle started forward.

"Now, my dear Barry," he remonstrated, "be calm!"

"Calm? I tell you, nobody's going to spy "Now; by heaven," began Barrymaine pas- on me - no, by heaven! Neither you, nor Chichester, nor the d-devil himself!"

"Certainly not, my dear fellow," answered Mr. Smivvle, drawing Barrymaine's clenched fist through his arm and holding it there. "Nobody wants to. And as for you, Chichester, couldn't come at a better time. Let me introduce our friend Mr. Beverley ----"

"Thank you, Smivvle, but we've met before," said Mr. Chichester drily. "Last time he posed as Rustic Virtue in homespun; to-day, it seems, he is the Good Samaritan in a flowered waistcoat very anxiously bent on saving some one or other — conditionally, of course!"

"And what the devil has it to do with you?" cried Barrymaine passionately.

"Nothing, my dear boy — nothing in the world, except that until to-day you have been my friend and have honoured me with your confidence."

"Yes, by heaven! So I have — utterly — utterly. And what I haven't told you — y-you've found out for yourself — though God knows how. N-not that I've anything to f-fear — not I!"

"Of course not," smiled Mr. Chichester; "I am — your friend, Ronald, and I think you will always remember that." Mr. Chichester's tone was soothing, and the pat he bestowed upon Barrymaine's drooping shoulders was gentle as a caress; yet Barrymaine flinched and drew away, and the hand he stretched out towards the bottle was trembling all at once.

"Yes," Mr. Chichester repeated, more softly than before; "yes, I am your friend, Ronald; you must always remember that — and, indeed, I — fancy — you always will."

So saying, Mr. Chichester patted the drooping shoulder again, and turned to lay aside his hat and cane. Barrymaine was silent, but into his eyes had crept a look — such a look as Barnabas had never seen — such a look as Barnabas could never afterwards forget; then Barrymaine stooped to reach for the bottle.

"Well," said he, without looking up again, "suppose you are my friend; what then?"

"Why, then, my dear fellow, hearing you are to be saved,— on a condition,— I am, naturally enough, anxious to know what that condition may be."

"Sir," said Barnabas, "let me hasten to set your anxiety at rest; my condition is merely that Mr. Barrymaine gives up two evil things namely, brandy and yourself."

And now there fell a silence so utter that afresh for Barnabas could distinctly hear the tick of Natty Bell's great watch in his fob — a silence in which Mr. Smivvle stared with wide-eyed dismay, while Barrymaine sat motionless with his glass half way to his lips. Then Mr. Chichester laughed again; but the scar glowed upon his pallid cheek, and the lurking demon peeped out of his narrowed eyes.

again — "Though added Mr. "Once for higher thing "Unless come to life added Mr.

"And for this," said he, shaking his head in gentle disbelief, "for this our young Good Samaritan is positively eager to pay twenty thousand odd pounds ——"

"As a loan," muttered Barrymaine. "It would be only a loan, and I — I should be free of Jasper Gaunt f-for good and all — damn him!"

"Let us rather say you would try a change of masters ——"

"Now, by heaven, Chichester!"

"Ah!—ah, to be sure, Ronald—our young Good Samaritan, having purchased the brother, would naturally expect the sister—"

"Have a c-care, Chichester, I say!"

"The sister to be grateful, my dear boy. Pah! don't you see it, Ronald? A sprat to catch a whale! The brother saved, the sister's gratitude gained — oh, most disinterested young Good Samaritan!"

"Ha! I never thought of that!" cried Barrymaine, turning upon Barnabas. "Is it Cleone — is it? Is it?"

"No," said Barnabas, folding his arms, a little ostentatiously. "I seek only to be your friend in this."

"Friend!" exclaimed Mr. Chichester, laughing again. "Friend, Ronald? Nay, let us rather say your guardian angel in cords and Hessians."

"Since you condescend to mention my boots, sir," said Barnabas, growing polite, "may I humbly beg you to notice that, in spite of their polish and tassels, they are as strong, as serviceable for kicking purposes, as those I wore when we last — sat at table together."

Mr. Chichester's iron self-control wavered for a moment, his brows twitched together, and he turned upon Barnabas with a threatening gesture; but, reading the purpose in the calm eye and smiling lip of Barnabas, he restrained himself; yet, seeming aware of the glowing mark upon his cheek, he turned suddenly and, coming to the dingy casement, stood with his back to the room, staring down into the dingy street. Then Barnabas leaned forward and laid his hand upon Barrymaine's, and it so happened it was the hand that yet held the slopping wine-glass.

"Think — think!" said Barnabas earnestly.

"Once you are free of Gaunt, life will begin afresh for you; you can hold up your head again ——"

"Though never in London, Ronald, I fear," added Mr. Chichester over his shoulder.

"Once free of Gaunt, you may attain to higher things than you ever did," said Barnabas.

"Unless the dead past should happen to come to life again and find a voice some day," added Mr. Chichester over his shoulder.

"No, no!" said Barnabas, feeling the quiver of the finger within his own. "I tell you, it would mean a new beginning — a new life — a new ending for you ——"

"And for Cleone!" added Mr. Chichester over his shoulder. "Our young disinterested Good Samaritan knows she is too proud to permit a stranger to shoulder her brother's responsibilities—"

"Proud, eh?" cried Barrymaine, leaping up in sudden boyish passion. "Well, aren't I proud? Did you ever know me anything else —

did you?"

"Never, my dear Ronald," cried Mr. Chichester, turning at last. "You are unfortunate, but you have always met disaster — so far with the fortitude of a gentleman, scorning your detractors and — abominating charity."

"Ch-charity! Damn you, Chichester, d'ye think I — I'd accept any man's ch-charity? D'you think I'd ever drag Cleone to that depth — do you?"

"Never, Barrymaine - never, 1 swear."

"Why, then, leave me alone; I can m-manage my own affairs."

"Perfectly, my dear fellow; I am sure of it."

"Then, sir," said Barnabas, rising, "seeing it really is no concern of yours, after all, suppose you cease to trouble yourself any further in the matter, and allow Mr. Barrymaine to choose for himself ——"

"I — I have decided!" cried Barrymaine.
"And I tell you ——"

"Wait!" said Barnabas.

"Speak!" said Mr. Chichester.

"Wait!" repeated Barnabas. "Mr. Chichester is — going, I think. Let us wait until we are alone." Then, bowing to Mr. Chichester, Barnabas opened the door wide. "Sir," said he, "may I venture to suggest that your presence is — not at all necessary?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Chichester, "you will cer-

tainly compel me to kill you some day."

"'Sufficient unto the day,' sir," Barnabas retorted; "in the meantime, I shall most certainly give myself the pleasure of kicking you downstairs unless you choose to walk — at once."

As he spoke, Barnabas took a stride towards Mr. Chichester's rigid figure; but in that moment Barrymaine snatched up the bottle and sprang between them.

"Ah!—would you?" he cried. "Who are you, to order my f-friends about — and in m-my own place, too! Ha! did you think you could buy me, d-did you? Did you think I — I'd sacrifice my sister — did you? Ha! Drunk, am I? Well, I'm sober enough to — to 'venge my honour and hers. By heaven, I'll kill you! Ah, let go, Dig! Let go, I say! Didn't you hear? Tempt me with his cursed money, will

he! Oh, let go my arm! Damn him, I say — I'll kill him!"

But, as he struck, Mr. Smivvle caught his wrist, the bottle crashed splintering to the floor, and they were locked in a fierce grapple.

"Beverley — my dear fellow — go!" panted Mr. Smivvle, "Must forgive — poor Barry. Not himself. Go — go; I can — manage him. Now, Barry, do be calm! Go, my dear fellow — leave him to me — go!"

So, perforce, Barnabas turned away and went down the dingy stairs, and in his ears was the echo of the boy's drunken ravings and Mr. Chichester's soft laughter. And presently, being come into the dingy street, Barnabas paused to look up at the dingy house, and looking sighed.

"She said it would be 'difficult, and dangerous, perhaps," said he to himself, "and, indeed,

I think she was right."

Then he turned and went upon his way, heavy-footed and chin on breast. On he went, plunged in gloomy abstraction, turning corners at random, lost to all but the problem he had set himself, which was this:

How he might save Ronald Barrymaine in *spite of Ronald Barrymaine.

CHAPTER XXIX

Which Describes Some of the Evils of Vindictiveness

BARNABAS stumbled suddenly, dropped his cane, saw his hat spin through the air and roll on before him, staggered sideways, was brought up by a wall, and, turning, found three men about him — evil-faced men whose every move and look held, a menace. A darting hand snatched at his fob-seals; but Barnabas smote swift and hard, and the three were reduced, for the moment, to two. Thus, with his back to the wall, stood Barnabas, fists clenched, grim of mouth, and with eyes quick and bright; wherefore, beholding him in this posture, \his assailants hesitated. But the diamonds sparkled at them from his cravat, the bunch of seals gleamed at them from his fob, and, the fallen man having risen, albeit unsteadily, they began to close in upon him. Then, all at once, even as he poised himself to meet their rush, a distant voice uttered a sharp warning cry, whereat the three, spattering curses, incontinently took to their heels, and were gone with a thud of flying

For a moment Barnabas stood dazed by the suddenness of it all; then, stooping to recover hat and cane, glanced about, and saw that he was in a dirty, narrow street, or rather alley. Now up this alley a man was approaching very



deliberately, for as he came he appeared to be perusing a small book. He was a short, broad-shouldered man, a mild-faced man of a sober habit of dress, with a broad-brimmed hat upon his head and a remarkably nobbly stick beneath his arm. Being come up with Barnabas, he stopped, closed his book upon his finger, touched the broad brim of his hat, and looked at Barnabas, or, to be exact, at the third left-hand button of his coat.

"Anything stole, sir?" he enquired hopefully.
"No," answered Barnabas; "no, I think not."

"Ah, then you won't be wantin' to mek a charge ag'in' 'em, sir?"

"No; besides, they've escaped."

"Escaped — Lord, no, sir; they've only run avay — I can allus put my 'ooks on 'em. I For spotted 'em, d'ye see. And I know 'em — Lord his policy you!— like a feyther! They vas Bunty "Al Fagan, Dancin' James, an' Vistlin' Dick — ner?" two buzmen an' a prig."

"What do you mean?" enquired Barnabas, beginning to eye the man askance, for all his obtrusive mildness.

"I means two pickpockets and a thief, sir. It vas Vistlin' Dick as you give such a leveller to — a rare pretty knockdown, I vill say, sir — never saw a cleaner. Oh! they're a bad lot, they are, 'specially Vistlin' Dick, an' it's lucky for you as I 'appened to come this vay."

"Why, do you mean to say," said Barnabas, staring at the mild-faced man, "do you want me to believe that it was the sight of you that sent them running?"

"Vell, there veren't nobody else to, as I could see, sir," said the man, with a gentle smile and a shake of the head. "Volks ain't partial to me in these yere parts, and as to them three, they're a bad lot, they are. But Vistlin' Dick's the vorst. Mark my vords, 'e'll come to be topped yet."

"What do you mean by 'topped'?"

"Vy, I means scragged, sir," answered the man, his roving eye glancing continually up and down the alley. "I means 'anged, sir. Lord love you, it's in 'is face. Never see a more promising mug. Consequent, I've got Vistlin' Dick down in my little book 'ere, along vith a lot of other promising vuns."

"But why in your book?"

"Vell, d'ye see, I keeps a record of all the likely coves — capital coves, as you might call 'em' — here the mild man jerked his head convulsively to one side, rolled up his eyes, and protruded his tongue, all in hideous pantomime, and was immediately his placid self again.

"Ah!—you mean—hanged?" said Barnabas.
"As ever vas, sir—capital punishment.

And I goes round reg'lar jest to keep a eye on my capital coves. Lord! I vatches over 'em all—like a feyther. Theer's some volks as collects books, an' some volks as collects picters an' old coins; but I collects capital coves—names and faces. The faces I keeps 'ere," and he tapped his placid forehead; "the names I keeps 'ere," and he tapped the little book. "It's my trade, d'ye see, and, though there's better trades, still there's trades as is vorse, an' that's summat, ain't it?"

"And what might your trade be?" enquired Barnabas, as they walked on together along the narrow alley.

"Vell, sir, I'm vat they calls a bashaw of the pigs, but I'm more than that."

"Pray," said Barnabas, "what do you mean?"
For answer the man smiled and half drew from
his pocket a short staff surmounted by a crown.

"Ah!" said Barnabas. "A Bow Street run-

"And my name is Shrig, sir — Jasper Shrig. You'll have heard it afore, o' course?"

"No!" said Barnabas.

Mr. Shrig seemed placidly surprised, and vented a gentle sigh.

"It's pretty vell known in London, sir, though it ain't a pretty name, I'll allow. Ye-es, I've 'eard prettier; but then, it's better than a good many, and that's summat, ain't it? And then, as I said afore, it's pretty vell known."

"How so?"

"Vell, sir, there be some as 'as a leanin' to one branch o' the profession, and some to another. Now, mine's murders."

"Murders?" said Barnabas, staring.

"Vith a werry big M, sir. Vy, Lord love you, there's been more murderers took and 'topped' through me than any o' the other traps in London. It's a nat'ral gift vith me. Ye see, I collects 'em — afore the fact, as ye might say. I can smell 'em out, feel 'em out, taste 'em out; it's jest a nat'ral gift."

"But - how? What do you mean?"

"I means as I'll be valking along a street, say, looking at every face as I pass. Vell, all at once I'll spot a cove or covess vith vat I calls a capital mug; I'll follow that cove or covess, and, by 'ook or by crook, I'll find out that there cove or covess' name, and — down it goes in my little book, d'ye see?" And he tapped the little book again.

"But, surely," said Barnabas, "surely they don't all prove to be murderers?"

"Vell, no, sir; that's hardly to be expected. Ye see, some on 'em wanishes away, an' some goes an' dies. But they mostly turns out true capitals — if I only vaits for 'em long enough, and — up they goes."

faces?"

"Yes, sir — ven l ain't busy on some case. A man must 'ave some little relaxation, and that's mine. Lord love you, sir, scarcely a day goes by that I don't spot one or two. I calls 'em my children; an' a werry large an' a werry mixed lot they are, too! Rich an' poor - men an' women - rolling in their coaches an' crawling along the kennel. Aha! if you could look into my little reader an' see the names o' some o' my most promisin' children, they'd as-tonish you. I've been to 'ave a look at a couple of 'em this mornin'. Aha! it would a-maze you if you could look into my little reader."

"I should like to," said Barnabas, eyeing the small, shabby book with a new interest. But Mr. Shrig only blinked his wide, innocent eyes, and, slipping the book into his pocket, led the way round a sudden corner into another alley, narrower than the last, and, if possible, dirtier.

"Where are we going?" Barnabas demanded. For Mr. Shrig, though always placid, had suddenly taken on an air that was almost alert; his bright, roving eye wandered more than ever, and he appeared to be hearkening to distant sounds. "Where are we going?" repeated Barnabas.

"Gray's Inn is 'andiest, sir, and I must ask you to step out a bit. They're a rough crowd as lives 'ereabouts — scamps an' bunters, didlers an' clyfakers. So I must ask you to step out a bit; this is bad country for me."

"Bad for you? Why?"

"On account o' windictiveness, sir!"

"Of what?"

"Windictiveness — windictiveness in every shape an' form, but brick-ends mostly, with a occasional chimbley-pot."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," Barnabas began.

"Vell, then," explained Mr. Shrig, as they strode along, "I were the means o' four coves bein' topped, d'ye see, - 'ighvay robbery vith wiolence,— 'bout a month ago: used to live round 'ere, they did, an' their famblies an' friends is windictive against me accordingly an' werry nat'ral, too, for 'uman natur' is only 'uman natur', ain't it? Werry good, then. Now their windictiveness - or, as you might say, 'uman natur'- generally takes the shape of chimbley-pots and brick-ends, though I 'ave met windictiveness in the form o' b'iling vater and flat-irons, not to mention saucepans an' sich, afore now, and vunce a arm-cheer; all of vich is apt to vorry you a bit until you gets used to it. Then, there's knives - knives is allays awk-ard, and bludgeons ain't to be sneezed at, neither. But, Lord!—every perfession and

"And are you always on the lookout for such trade 'as its drawbacks, an' there's a sight o' comfort in that, ain't there?"

> Now, all this time the eyes of Mr. Shrig were roving here, wandering there, now apparently glancing up at the strip of sky between the dingy housetops, now down at the cobbles beneath their feet; also, Barnabas noticed that his step, all at once, grew slower and more deliberate, as one who hesitates, uncertain whether he shall go on or turn back. It was after one of those swift, upward glances that Mr. Shrig stopped all at once, seized Barnabas by the middle, and dragged him into an adjacent doorway, as something crashed down and splintered within a yard of them.

"What now? What is it?" cried Barnabas.

"Windictiveness!" sighed Mr. Shrig, shaking his head at the missile. "A piece o' copingstone, thirty pound if a ounce. Lord! Keep flat ag'in' the door, sir, same as me — they may try another. I don't think so; still, they may, so keep close ag'in' the door. A particular narrer shave, I calls it!" nodded Mr. Shrig. "Shook ve a bit, sir?"

"Yes," said Barnabas, wiping his brow.

"Ah, well, it shook me — and I'm used to windictiveness. A brick, now," he mused, his eyes wandering again,- "a brick I could ha" took kinder; bricks an' sich I'm prepared for; but coping-stones — Lord love me!"

"But a brick would have killed you just the same."

"Killed me? A brick? Oh, no, sir!"

"But if it had hit you on the head ---"

"On the 'at, sir — the 'at; or, as you might say, the castor — this, sir," said Mr. Shrig; and, glancing furtively up and down the gloomy alley, he took off the broad-brimmed hat. "Just run your ogles over this 'ere castor o' mine, an' you'll understand, perhaps."

"It's very heavy," said Barnabas as he took the hat.

"Ah, it is a bit 'eavyish, sir. Peep inside

"Why," exclaimed Barnabas, "it's lined with -

"Iron, sir. My own inwention ag'in' windictiveness in the shape o' bricks an' bludgeons, an' werry useful an' comfortin' l've found it. But if they're going to begin on me vith copingstones - vy, Lord!" And Mr. Shrig sighed his gentle sigh, and rubbed his placid brow, and once more covered it with the "inwention." "And now, sir, you've got a pair o' good long legs; can ve use 'em?"

"Use them? Yes - why?"

"Because it's about time as we cut our stick an' run for it."

"What are we to run for?"

"Because they're arter me — nine on 'em; consequent, they're arter you too, d'ye see. There's four on 'em be'ind us, an' five on 'em in front; you can't see 'em, because they're layin' low; and they're bad uns, all, an' they means business."

"What - a fight?"

"As ever vas, sir. I've 'ad my eye on 'em some time. That 'ere coping-stone vas the signal."

"Ha!" said Barnabas, buttoning up his coat."

"Now, are ye ready, sir?"

"Quite!"

"Then keep close be'ind me. Go!" With the word, Mr. Shrig began to run, always keeping close beside the wall; indeed, he ran so fast and was so very nimble that Barnabas had some ado to keep up with him. They had gone but a little distance when five rough-looking fellows started into view farther up the alley, completely blocking their advance; and, by the clatter of feet behind, Barnabas knew that their retreat was cut off, and instinctively he set his teeth and gripped his cane more firmly. But on ran Mr. Shrig, keeping close beside the wall, head low, shoulders back, elbows well in, for all the world as if he intended to hurl himself upon his assailants in some desperate hope of breaking through them. But all at once, like a rabbit into his burrow, he turned short off in midcareer, and vanished down a dark and very narrow entry or passage; and, as Barnabas followed, he heard above the vicious thud of footsteps hoarse cries of anger and disappointment. Half way down the passage, Mr. Shrig halted abruptly and turned, as the first of their pursuers appeared.

"This'll do!" he panted, swinging the nobbly stick in his hand. "Can't come on more nor two at vunce. Be ready vith your stick — at their eyes. Poke at 'em — no 'itting." The rest was drowned in the echoing rush of heavy feet and the boom of hoarse voices. But now, seeing their quarry stand on the defensive, the pursuers checked their advance and their cries sank to growling whispers, until, with a fierce shout, one of their number rushed forward, brandishing a heavy stick; whereupon the others followed, and there, in the echoing dimness, the battle was joined, and waxed furious and grim.

Almost at the first onset the slender cane Barnabas wielded broke short off, and he was borne staggering back, the centre of a panting, close-locked, desperate fray. But in that narrow space his assailants were hampered by

their very numbers, and there was small room for bludgeon-play — and Barnabas had his fists.

There came a moment of thudding blows, trampling feet, oaths, cries - and Barnabas was free, staring dazedly at his broken knuckles. He heard a sudden shout, a vicious roar, and the Bow Street runner, dropping the nobbly stick, tottered weakly and fell, strove to rise, was smitten down again; and in that moment Barnabas was astride him. He felt the shock of stinging blows, and, laughing fierce and short, leapt in under the blows, every nerve and muscle braced and quivering; saw a scowling face; smote it away; caught a bony wrist, wrenched the bludgeon from the gripping fingers, s ruck and parried, and struck again with untiring arm; felt the press thin out before him as his assailants gave back; and so stood panting.

"Run! Run!" whispered Mr. Shrig's voice behind him. "Ve can do it now. Run!"

"No!" panted Barnabas, wiping the blood from his cheek.

"Run!" cried Mr. Shrig again. "There's a place I knows on close by; ve can reach it in a jiff — this vay — run!"

"No!"

"Not run? Then vat vill ye do?"

"Make them!"

"Are ye mad? Ha! -- look out!"

Once more the echoing passage roared with the din of conflict, as their assailants rushed again, were checked, smote and were smitten, and fell back howling before the thrust of the nobbly stick and the swing of the heavy bludgeon.

"Now vill ye run?" panted Mr. Shrig, straightening the broad-brimmed hat.

"No!"

"V'y, then, I vill!" Which Mr. Shrig immediately proceeded to do. But the scowl of Barnabas grew only the blacker, his lips but curled the fiercer, and his fingers tightened their grip upon the bludgeon, as, alone now, he fronted those who remained of the nine. Now, chancing to glance towards a certain spot, he espied something that lay in the angle of the wall, and, swiftly stooping, he picked up Mr. Shrig's little book and slipped it into his pocket. But as he did so he felt a stunning blow, and reeled back, suddenly faint and sick. And now a mist seemed to envelop him; but in the mist were faces above, below, around him, faces to be struck at. But his blows grew weak and ever weaker, the cudgel was torn from his lax grip; he staggered back on stumbling feet, knowing that he could fight no more.

DREAMS AND FORGETTING

NEW DISCOVERIES IN DREAM

PSYCHOLOGY

BY
EDWIN
TENNEY
BREWSTER

THE student of human nature who has been following the developments of the last few years will recall at once the strange case of the three Misses Beauchamp, who, though they had only one body among them, lived in it, by turns, their independent lives. Each had her own circle of friends, her special interests, her independent memories;

fered
marke d l y
from the
others in
character;
and each, like
proper sisters,
perately with the
Thanks to Dr.
the most widely
general public of
personalities a re
and Christine Beau-

each dif-

Familiar, however, as the more bizarre incidents of this strange case have become, it has commonly escaped attention that Becky and Christine Beauchamp, though they knew no-

a "double personality play," now on the boards,

not only embroiders the familiar incidents, but,

in addition, carries the name of one of the

quarreled des-

other two.

Morton Prince.

known to the

all multiple

Becky, Sally,

champ. In fact,

thing directly of each other's existence, and used to communicate with each other by leaving written notes on the bureau, had, nevertheless, their dreams in common. These came up from a region of the soul below the level of the split in the waking mind. They belonged, therefore, not to either, but to both. So, too, with another well-known

Thomas C.
Hanna, starting
out for an afternoon
drive, was flung from his
carriage, struck his head on
the curb, and at once so absolutely forgot his entire previous life
ther persons nor food nor the com-

case, studied by Dr. Boris Sidis.

The Reverend

that neither persons nor food nor the commonest household objects had the slightest meaning for him, and he reached out his hands for the moon like a little child. But when he slept he became a man again; his old life came back, and he "dreamed true." Here again, the dreams came up from a deeper level of the mind than had been wrecked by the accident. The dreamer was wiser than the waking man.

One need not multiply examples. Steadily, of late years, expert opinion has been swinging away from the opinion that visions of the night are meaningless phantasmagoria, worthy of attention only from the uncultivated and superstitious. In fact, scientific interest in dreams

begins to recall the good old days when Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, after "seein' things at night," called together "the magicians, and the astrologers, and the sorcerers, and the Chaldeans" of his realm, to make known the interpretation thereof, and, by way of stimulating their psychological insight, promised to cut off all their heads if they missed.

The one man who has carried furthest this topographical survey of Dreamland is Sigmund Freud, Extraordinary Professor of Nervous Pathology at the University of Vienna, and probably to-day the most discussed man in his field in the entire scientific world.

In the Underground Galleries of the Mind

The problem, then, is this. Ever since F. W. H. Myers introduced into orthodox science the idea of the "subliminal" consciousness, it has become increasingly clear that there is vastly more to our minds than we have ever suspected. The conscious soul keeps house in a tidy little apartment. With so much, in the course of a lifetime, one gets to be pretty familiar. But underneath the parlors and drawing-rooms of the mind lie cellars and galleries and caverns, full of strange things — dreams and forgotten memories, mediumships and telepathies and doublings of personality, uncouth and primitive impulses, inspirations of genius — nobody yet knows the extent of this subconscious region or what there may be in it.

The earliest access to this strange back side of the mind was by way of hypnotism. But hypnotism, as Freud himself, among others, has pointed out, clears away the rubbish from one small region just outside full consciousness, only to pile it up in a more impenetrable barrier just beyond. Later came into fashion the "hypnoidal state" of Boris Sidis, in which the mind, hanging balanced between waking, sleep, and hypnosis, catches brief but significant glimpses of all three regions at once. Later still came the "association method" of Jung, with which Münsterberg tested the truth of Orchard's confession; a method which, in theory at least, is capable of extracting any piece of information or his conscious knowledge. Allied to this last is Freud's device for getting at the deeper parts of the mind by means of the dreams which emerge from them.

A Woman's Secret in a Dream

But to come to particulars. Ernest Jones, M. D., of the University of Toronto, a disciple of Freud's, encountered the following. A woman of thirty-seven, with a husband but no children, dreams that she is sitting in a grand-stand, as if waiting to watch some spectacle. A military band approaches, playing a gay martial air. Behind it comes a funeral train, with the casket resting on a draped gun-carriage. The dead man appears to be a certain Mr. X, a somewhat unimportant person, still alive, whom the dreamer knows in real life only slightly. Behind the dead man follow his brother and his three sisters, all dressed in gay clothing and exhibiting anything but the grief proper to the occasion. The brother, in addition, dances about "like a savage," waving his arms and exhibiting extravagant joy, while a yucca tree with a number of young blossoms on it grows out of his back.

The dream is utterly absurd, just such an absurdity as occurs to any of us any night in the week. But no dream, the Freudians hold is ever devoid of meaning, if only one can get hold of it at the right end. Most dreams, they maintain, reveal the deepest secrets of the heart.

The woman, therefore, is cross-examined concerning the various single elements of her fantasy. The yucca tree, for example — what does she know about yucca trees? That proves to be simple enough. She has traveled in the West and seen the marriage ceremonies of the Indians, in which the yucca plays a part not very different from that of the orange blossom with us. The natives carry yucca trees in procession, dancing like Mr. X's brother in the dream, while the blossoms of the tree symbolize offspring. Apparently, then, the dream has something to do with marriage and children.

An Example of Scientific Dream Interpretation

Next it transpires that the dreamer herself bitterly regrets having had no children of her own. For this she blames her husband, whose life has been by no means exemplary, and whose addiction to alcohol has ruined both his health and his career, and completely alienated his wife's affection.

Mr. X, too, though but an indifferent acfrom any man's mind, against either his will quaintance, turns out to have certain curious resemblances to the dreamer's delinquent husband. Like him, he has a brother and three sisters. Like him, also, he started life with high promise, and fell by the wayside for lack of moral stamina. In short, the two men are so far alike that the thought of either would naturally suggest the other, to one who knew both.

> But Mr. X is a civilian, who would not be having a military funeral; the husband is an

officer of volunteers, who might. Moreover, though Mr. X really has a wife, she keeps conspicuously out of the dream.

The dream funeral, then, is really that of the dreamer's unloved husband in the guise of Mr. X, who resembles him; while the gay music and the gay clothes symbolize the emotions of the would-be widow. As for the exuberant brother of Mr. X, he is, in real life, a former lover of the dreamer, whom she threw over in a fit of pique, that both have regretted ever since.

So at last the latent meaning of the dream comes out. If her husband should die, nobody would be sorry — least of all herself and Mr. X's brother. The ridiculous dream sums up a whole life tragedy — a tragedy, moreover, some aspects of which the dreamer would never willingly reveal to any human soul.

Our Dreams Are Wishes in Disguise

But why, demands the bewildered skeptic, at this point, if an unhappy wife wants to dream that her sot of a husband is dead, that she is married again and is bringing up the children of a decent man, why doesn't she go ahead and dream it like a sensible woman, instead of trying to conceal a natural desire under a ridiculous symbolism? Because, replies the Freudian, her conscience will not let her. She will not admit, even to herself, that she wants to marry the other man; still less that she wishes that her husband were dead, so that she might. When the idea enters her mind, she puts it down forthwith — down into the unexplored region of the subconscious, and prays that it may never come up again.

Even in sleep, her conscience remains so far awake as to keep any such wicked idea out of her mind. But the "censor," to use the Freudian terminology, is easily deceived --- most of us have observed that fact concerning our own consciences, even when wide awake. So the dream wish disguises itself as gay clothes and music, hides the redundant husband under the form of Mr. X, makes yucca blossoms of his children, and marches past the inspector undetected.

our mind and keeps us awake. Our conscience refuses to let us act it out, or talk it off our minds, or even to think it off. So we get the idea past the censor as a symbolic dream, and slumber in peace.

Every dream, then, in the Freudian formula, is the more or less disguised fulfilment of a suppressed wish. A middle-aged citizen, a singu-

larly inoffensive person, dreams of being attacked by a swarthy man with a dark mustache who is armed with a number of sharp weapons. They struggle violently, until the dreamer somehow succeeds in wounding his assailant's left hand. Thereupon the latter changes into a fierce dog, which the dreamer finally succeeds in vanquishing by tearing his jaws apart so as to split his head in two.

How People Revenge Themselves in Dreams

The subject, on waking, attempts to analyze his dream in this wise. The dream assailant recalls the appearance of a man whom the dreamer met casually the day before, by name Dr. Charles Stuart. Charles Stuart suggests King Charles I. Thereupon the subject of the dream recalls that Stuart Rankings (notice the pun; they are common in dreams) was the medical practitioner of his family, who died when the subject was nine years old. At once there flashes into his mind a painful experience of his boyhood, long since forgotten, which occurred when he was five. This same Dr. Rankings had roughly extracted two teeth from the terror-stricken lad, whose mouth he had forcibly held open, and the boy in his struggles had bitten the doctor severely in the left hand.

Here, then, are all the elements of the dream except the dog. That, however, proved to be simple. Dr. Rankings was a dog-fancier, and had given his little patient a fine collie to which he became greatly attached. Moreover, the lad had been much impressed by hearing his father speak of the physician as a "gay dog." For thirty years, then, the memory of the childish fright and the wish to be revenged had lain dormant somewhere at the back of this man's mind. It started up because he had met, the day before the dream, a dental surgeon named Charles Stuart.

Or, to take one more illustration, an especially gentle lady who literally "could not hurt a fly" is highly amazed to dream of wringing the neck of a little barking white dog. She has not an enemy in the world — except her sister-in-law, A dream, therefore, according to Freud, is with whom she has just had a violent quarrel, a protective device for putting ourselves to which ended in the subject's showing the other sleep. An ardent desire rankles deep down in woman the door, with the words, "Get out; I can not endure a biting dog in my house." The sister-in-law is a small person with a singularly white complexion — and the interpretation is obvious.

> These three examples serve to illustrate Freud's doctrine. Beyond this, the reader must judge for himself how far his own dreams represent unfulfilled wishes, outgrown or suppressed

as unworkable. Freud and his disciples have thus far analyzed something more than fifty thousand dreams of all types, from the fancies of childhood to the delusions of the insane, and discovered behind every one a highly significant personal experience. In general, in spite of much opposition, expert opinion is swinging toward Freud's side.

Two Dream Warnings of Unhappy Marriage

The simplest of all dreams are those of children. The child wants something by day: at night he dreams that he has it. The dream accomplishes an unfulfilled wish; and always, in the case of little children, a wish of the day before. To be sure, an unwise supper will make the child dream that some heavy body is sitting on his epigastrium. But whether this shall be the fairy of the bedtime story, or the elephant of the afternoon circus, or the boy in the next block, will turn on some experience of the "dream day." He wants to see the fairy, to feed the elephant, to thrash the youthful neighbor; the unfulfilled wish takes advantage of the digestive disturbance to get itself made into a dream.

We adults, as well, base all our dreams on some experience of the dream day. With us, also, some bodily condition helps the dream to get its start. But we adults, unlike children, have a past, and a conscience. Therefore we dream of unsatisfied desires of long ago, and of wishes incompatible with our adult knowledge or our adult morality. We dream that the dead have returned to life again, although we know that they never will. We dream acts, undignified or wicked, which are quite impossible to our waking selves. Always, however, so the Freudians teach, we dream, under some dramatic disguise, concerning something that, either in the past or now, we care a great deal about.

The worst of it is that these same repressed wishes that appear in dreams affect also, most inconveniently, our waking lives. An engaged girl, for example, was continually mislaying absent-mindedly her lover's gifts. Another had the greatest difficulty in remembering her appointments with the dressmaker who was at work on her wedding-gown. Both marriages turned out badly — the couples did not "live happily together forever afterward"; and exploration of the under side of the women's minds showed that both, even during their engagements, had begun to have subconscious misgivings that neither was willing to face. So the repressed wish that they had said "no"

instead of "yes" tended to "inhibit" matters related to the distasteful marriage.

How Subconscious Desires Influence Our Mental Acts

It is common experience how much easier it is to mislay a bill than a check. One forgets to mail the letter he did not want to write, to keep the appointment he does not want to keep. He loses track of the days of the week when there is a note coming due at the end, lets slip from his mind the family shopping order which he expects to bungle, fails to see the acquaintance who buttonholes him with tales of the infant prodigy. On the other hand, one is continually mistaking total strangers for people whom he wants to see, and believing pleasant things "that ain't so." Such lapses of the mind are not haphazard, since each is predetermined by some subconscious desire. Whoso does not believe this, let him watch his own mistakes for a week.

Curiously, too, the "unconscious cerebration" that affects our waking acts - like that which wells up in our dreams — is pretty likely to be a survival from childhood. Mr. A, for example (to whom my apologies if he reads this), is a clever and interesting talker, able always more than to hold up his end in a small company. Mr. A also is an amateur actor who faces a theaterful of people with no more embarrassment than when he buys a necktie. Nevertheless, Mr. A can no more get upon his feet and make an after-dinner speech to a dozen people than he can fly. When Mr. A was a lad, he was made to "declaim" in public, just at the age when the normal and instinctive shyness of boyhood was at its worst. Years ago the last detail faded from his memory, yet still the painful experience keeps him dumb.

Mrs. B (again my apologies) has an especially just and kind husband, who assures her over and over again that he regards his professional income as their joint earnings, to which his wife has equal claim with himself. Yet Mrs. B can not bring herself to ask her husband for a single dollar of the money which she also believes to be hers; and the only way that the couple can get on amounts practically to putting the family exchequer in control of the wife and giving the husband an allowance. The woman's husband, I say, is a just man toward his wife in money matters — but her father was not. As a girl, she shared the humiliation which her mother suffered. It is as impossible for her to ask for money as it would be for her

Mr. C, now middle-aged, likes all kinds of

meat except beef. He visited a slaughter-house, as a boy, when they were killing cows. Mrs. D has a curious repugnance to calling up her husband on the telephone, and invents all sorts of excuses for not doing it. Some painful experience, as yet unidentified, has built up the inhibition. Miss E — unfortunately an hysteric, the other persons are all normal — could not drink, no matter how thirsty she was, and had to live on melons and other watery fruits, because when she was a little girl her governess, whom she especially disliked, let a dog drink out of her glass.

Why One Forgets People's Names

Incidentally, one may note a curious fact, first pointed out, I believe, by Dr. Jones, concerning the recollection of other people's names. It is notorious that certain persons, though their memories are excellent for all other kinds of information, have the greatest difficulty in remembering patronymics. Such persons, Jones remarks, are apt themselves to have either unusual names, or else names that are so very common that they hardly serve to distinguish their possessors. In either case, the man is sensitive concerning his own name, and that feeling tends to block the recollection of other people's.

One need not multiply examples. All intelligent persons have these curious inhibitions, crotchets, and liability to particular error; it is only the stupid and commonplace minds that escape. And the moral is that we shall respect one another's limitations, while we do our best to ignore our own.

Curiously enough, however, when any one of these common vagaries is run down to its source, it commonly becomes greatly weakened or disappears entirely. In fact, this whole Freudian scheme of analyzing inhibitions, dreams, tricks of manner, failures of memory, queernesses of all sorts, arose as a practical device for putting an end to the disturbance. It all began with Breuer of Vienna, who was Freud's master, back in the eighties, and who used to cure hysteria and other nervous troubles by the simple method of letting the patient talk them off.

Case of the Man Who Could Not Write to His Sweetheart

A curious case which has got into the medical journals illustrates an experience that is far commoner than most of us realize. Dr. F is an interne at a hospital where Miss G is a nurse. They see each other daily for a year in the course

of their work, the doctor, naturally, always calling his assistant by her last name. By and by — the thing has happened before — the two get to be decidedly good friends. Straightway the physician begins to have difficulty in recalling Miss G's surname, which he has been using freely for twelve months. The better friends they get, the more he can not recall her name. When, finally, they become engaged, he forgets it so completely that for three weeks on end he is quite unable to write her at all, because he can not address the envelops. Recourse to her letters is of no avail, since these are signed by her Christian name only.

In this desperate situation, Dr. F appeals to a Freudian associate to tap the lower strata of his mind and release the inhibited memory. It turns out that Miss G's forename is the same as that of an old boyhood sweetheart, with whom he had been very much in love all through his school days. He had really — such being the way of men — identified the two girls in his mind, and transferred his affections bodily from one to the other. So the memory of the first love blocked the recollection of the second's name.

Childish Love Affairs Color One's Whole Life

The fact is, our childish, long-forgotten affairs of the heart probably have vastly more influence on our adult lives than we commonly suspect. There is not a little reason for thinking that our color preferences, for example, our liking for red rather than blue, or blue rather than red. have been determined by the hair ribbons of small damsels who are probably grandmothers by this time. A liking for particular names has usually this origin, as any one can verify for . himself. So, too, has a preference for any particular type of person — tall or short, light or dark, sober or vivacious. But, of course, one falls in love with persons in books also. The normal boy is always in love from infancy onward, except for one short period during early adolescence. His first love, whom he forgets completely, name and all, long before he grows up, probably tints his entire life, and determines in no small degree the woman whom he afterward marries.

But this first love, to come back once more to the Freudian analysis, is really the second. Every proper youth first falls in love with his mother; and she fixes, once for all, the possibilities of his caring for other women. For the rest of his life, he can love only women who remind him of her. It may be in look that acter, or merely in trick of manny seed

name; but some resemblance there must be proved, that actual married couples are nearly to serve as a starting-point. And the same, naturally, is true also of the "father-daughter complex."

The Explanation of Falling in Love

Here, then, we have the explanation of the curious fact — always a matter of common observation and proved of late years by careful statistical studies of Pearson and others — that actual husbands and wives are distinctly more alike than random samples of men and women taken from the same social class. Men are inevitably more or less like their mothers, and they pick out wives who are also like them. The women favor the suitors who suggest subconsciously their fathers. The result is, as Pearson as much alike, on the average, as are first cousins.

This would explain, also, love at first sight, sudden attachments, and possibly the whole mystery of falling in love at all. Each man of us knows a hundred lovely ladies with whom he might fall in love — only he doesn't do it. Each lady is supposed to have innumerable admirers whom she cruelly scorns. Then suddenly two people - click! and the thing is done and usually done far better than any foresight could have planned it.

Perhaps matches are made in heaven. Perhaps, as the Freudians maintain, every person's conjugal fate turns on his parent of the opposite sex. Perhaps the whole thing is only a crazy dream of Dr. Sigmund Freud.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTION— A BLOT ON AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

BY

ANDREW D. WHITE

EX-PRESIDENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY, FORMERLY UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY, AND PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATION AT THE FIRST HAGUE CONFERENCE

THERE is a problem now before the American people which concerns the fair fame of this republic. It has to do with the relations of Republicanism and Democracy to sane opinion throughout the world. We are called upon to deal with it in view of that consideration to which Thomas Jefferson referred as a reason for presenting to the world the Declaration of Independence: namely, "a decent regard to the opinions of mankind,"

The Sane Lincoln Convention

Four times during my life I have been chosen to represent my neighbors at a national convention called to nominate a candidate for the presidency. The first of these conventions was that which renominated Abraham Lincoln, at gagenore, in 1864. It was held in a theater or misgiviouse of moderate size. The delegates the reproditernates on the floor outnumbered

the spectators in the galleries. Any delegate could be heard, and the discussions which took place were not prompted and not interrupted by spectators. There was nothing in it in the nature of a circus or show: it was discussion calm, deliberate, wise, and therefore fruitful in good results. It was directed to the interest of the whole American people, and not to the desire for spectacular effects by a mob crowded into the galleries. I repeat and accentuate this statement: that convention at Baltimore in 1864 was a deliberative body.

The next convention of which I was a member assembled at Philadelphia in 1872, and renominated Ulysses S. Grant. This convention also was held in an opera-house of suitable size. Its delegates and alternates outnumbered the spectators. It was therefore a deliberative body. It was conducted by calm and thoughtful men. It tolerated no interference from the galleries. It was impressive, but not spectacular, and its conclusions, like those of the previous convention just named, were approved by the American people.

The Blaine "Wigwam" Convention — a "Show"

The third convention to which I was sent was at Chicago in 1884, and nominated Mr. Blaine. It was held in what was called in those days a "wigwam" and in these a "coliseum." The latter name seemed especially appropriate, for in it fundamental Republican and Democratic principles were butchered to make an American holiday.

For it was not a deliberative body. It was, in the lowest sense of the word, a "show." You doubtless remember Artemus Ward's answer when he was asked regarding his principles. "Principles?" he answered. "I ain't got no principles. I'm in the show bizzness." The delegates on the floor of this convention at Chicago in 1884 were outnumbered more than ten to one by the spectators. For, while there were about a thousand who had been sent there as members and alternates, there were over ten thousand in the galleries. The result was that it was not a deliberative body. Not more than two or three of the really important speeches were heard beyond the platform. As a rule the talk that was heard was by eminent "fog-horns" — men of more lungs than brains.

The newspapers spoke of the doings as "dramatic." That was a slander against the drama in any decent form. The proceedings, on the whole, were farcical. There were acrobatic tricks, clownish tricks, posturing, and ground and lofty political tumbling, stimulated by the galleries. The galleries themselves assumed an important part, and at times a leading part. I myself saw elegantly dressed men and women yelling, screaming, whooping, hissing speakers on the floor, and at times in hysterics — jumping up and down like peas on a hot shovel. I saw also various delegations trooping around the room, waving sticks and flags, making themselves and their country ridiculous. The childish character of such performances has recently attracted the attention of that eminent philosopher, Mr. Dooley. In describing the proceedings of the recent Republican and Democratic conventions to his friend Mr. Hennessey, he remarked, in regard to the trooping of delegates about the room in order to elicit the applause of the galleries: "And then, Hinnissey, the honorable diligates began a game of ring-around-the-rosy." Mr. Dooley, in saying this, penetrated profoundly the whole subject.

The Contempt of Foreigners

It had, indeed, become mere child's play. Distinguished visitors from other countries also looked on, and it was only their politeness that concealed their contempt for these proceedings, which disgraced both Republicanism and Democracy.

It was evident that the interests of the millions of voters outside the convention were not thought of: the main object of interest was the galleries. Then, too, came the yelling at the mention of candidates, for half an hour at a time — and it appears that this has now been increased, under the fostering influence of the galleries, to very nearly, if not quite, an hour. One important result of all this was that most of the best speakers could not be heard. Another result was that, instead of reports of the really important committees and speeches by thoughtful delegates, on candidates, resolutions, lines of policy, and claims of different portions of the Union, the space in the newspaper reports was largely sacrificed to accounts, more or less comically embellished, of the doings of the galleries and the effects of these doings on the convention generally.

Do you call this Democratic or Republican rule? I deny it. The ten thousand of the swell mob of Chicago and adjacent towns was a barrier between the convention and the people. This mob in the galleries evidently considered that their rights to "see the show" were paramount to the rights of the American people to be represented in a well-ordered, deliberative convention. The gallery mob, indeed, alleged, as the papers at the time declared, that very many of them had paid well for their seats, some of them, indeed, according to the same authority, twenty, thirty, fifty, and even a hundred dollars. What they wanted, what they considered they had a right to, was a show, — in the nature of a circus,— and in this they insisted on taking part. The result was that the rights of ninety millions of thoughtful American people, outside the convention, were usurped by a mob largely from the purlieus of a great city, seeking a new form, and a very low form, of amusement. The evolution of this idea was clear. On the last night of the Chicago convention in 1884, when came the nomination for Vice-President, a mob largely of roughs was allowed to take possession of galleries near the platform, seizing in many cases the seats reserved for the ticket-holders, and there this packed mob applauded those who favored the Chicago local candidate for the second place on the ticket, and hissed all those who did not.

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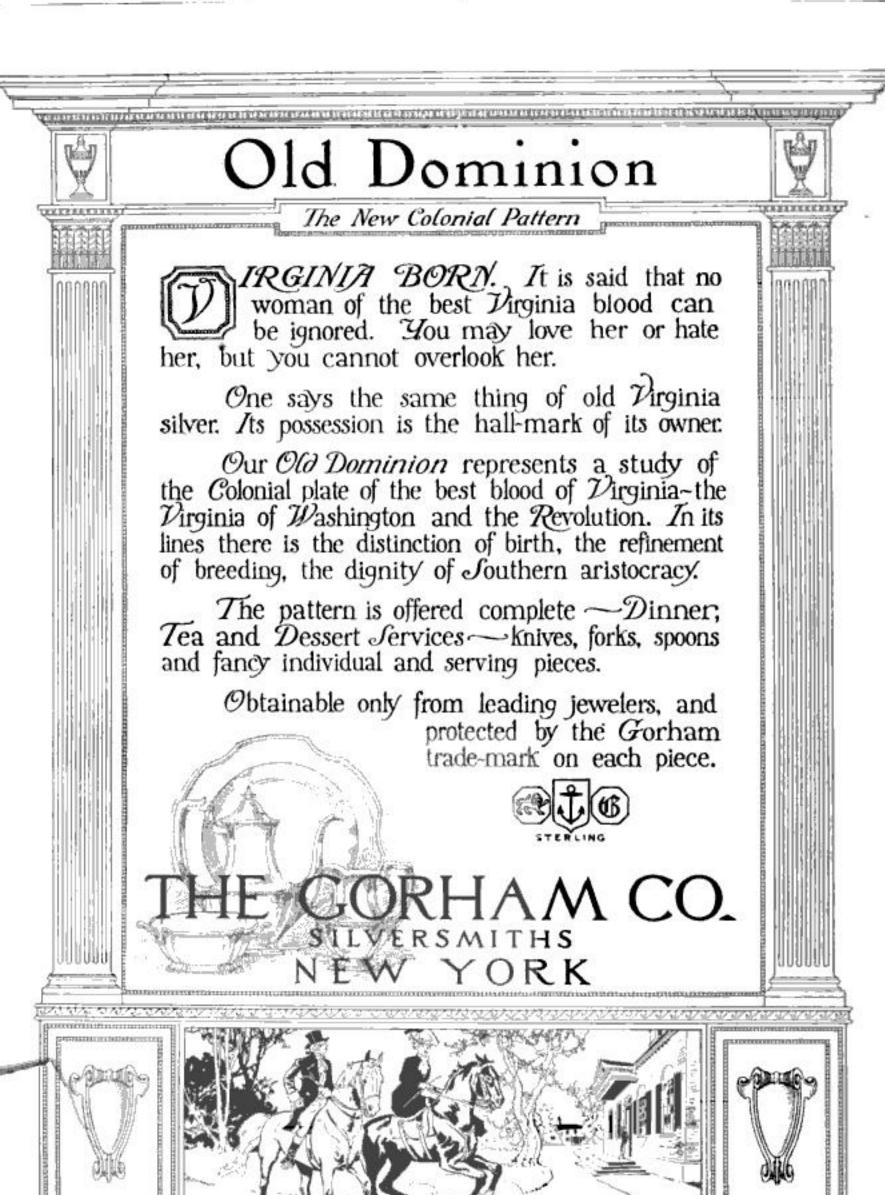
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Dreams and Forgetting According to the Freudian psychology, our dreams are wishes in disguise, which we suppress in our waking hours. Sigmund Freud and his disciples have analyzed more than fifty thousand dreams of all types, and discovered behind each one a highly significant personal experience.
The Presidential Convention—A Blot on American Democracy Andrew D. White 719
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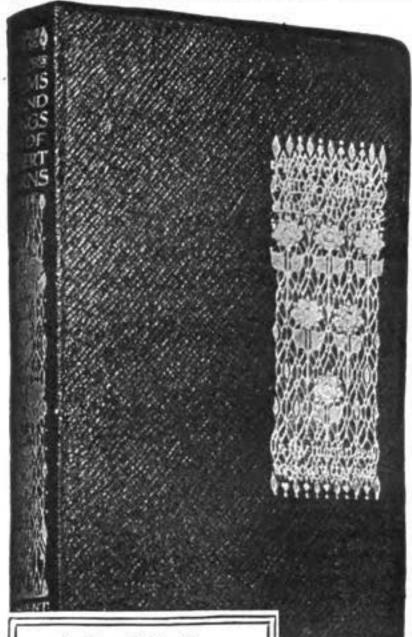
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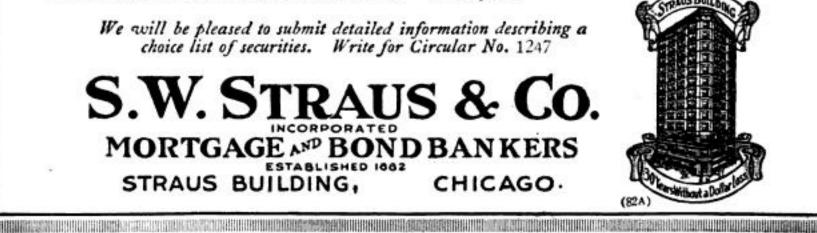
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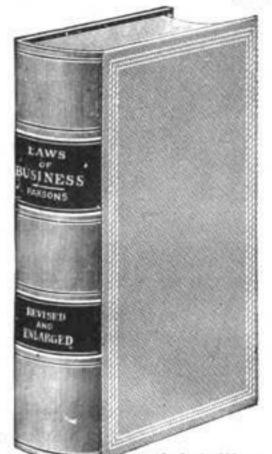
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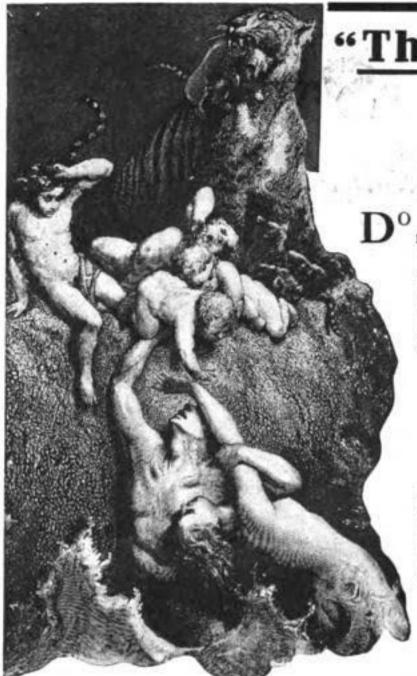
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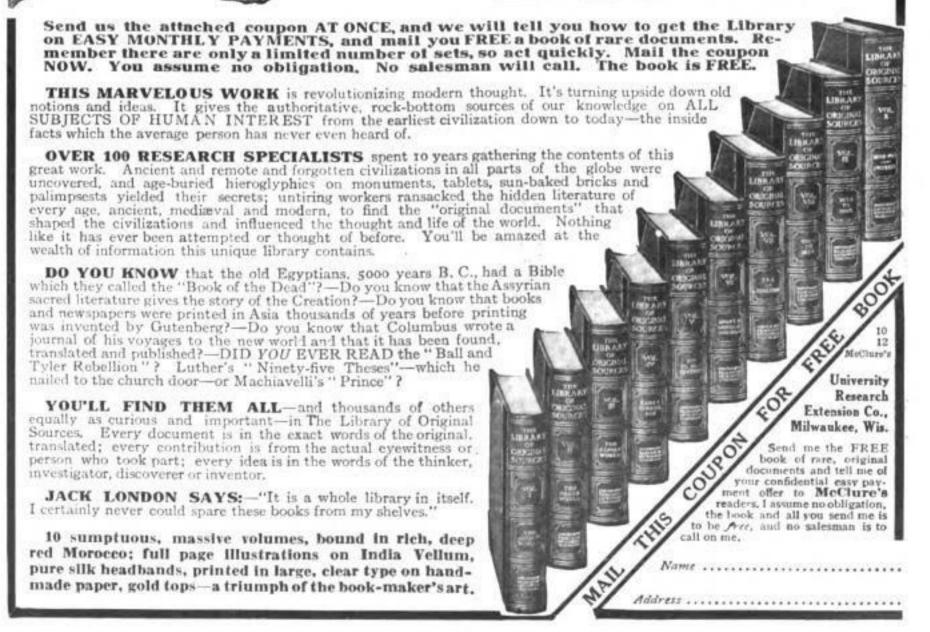
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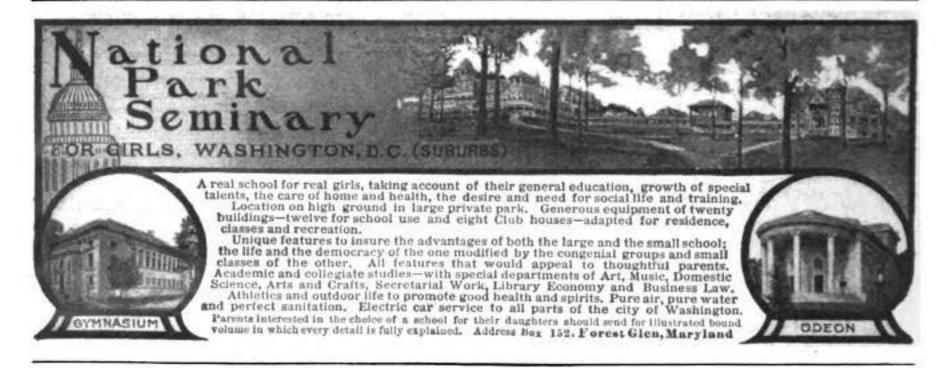
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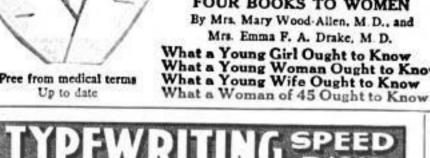
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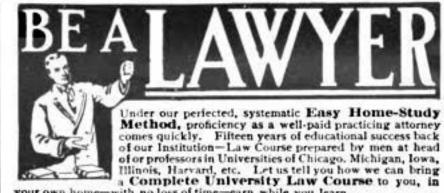
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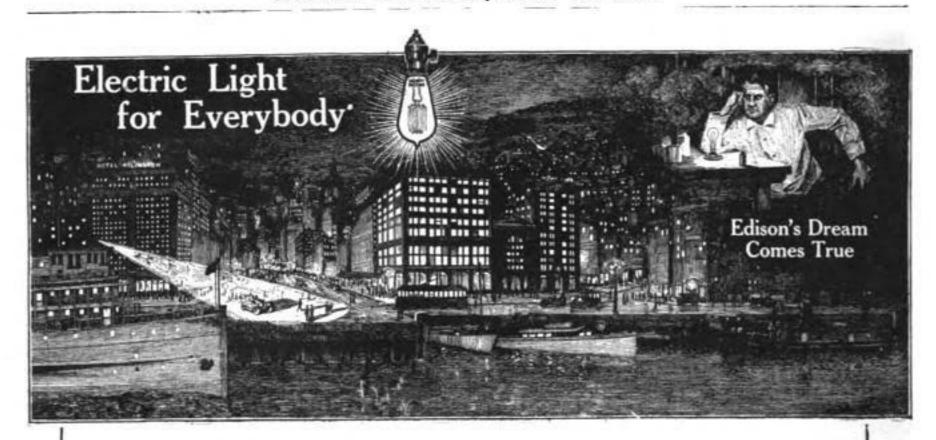


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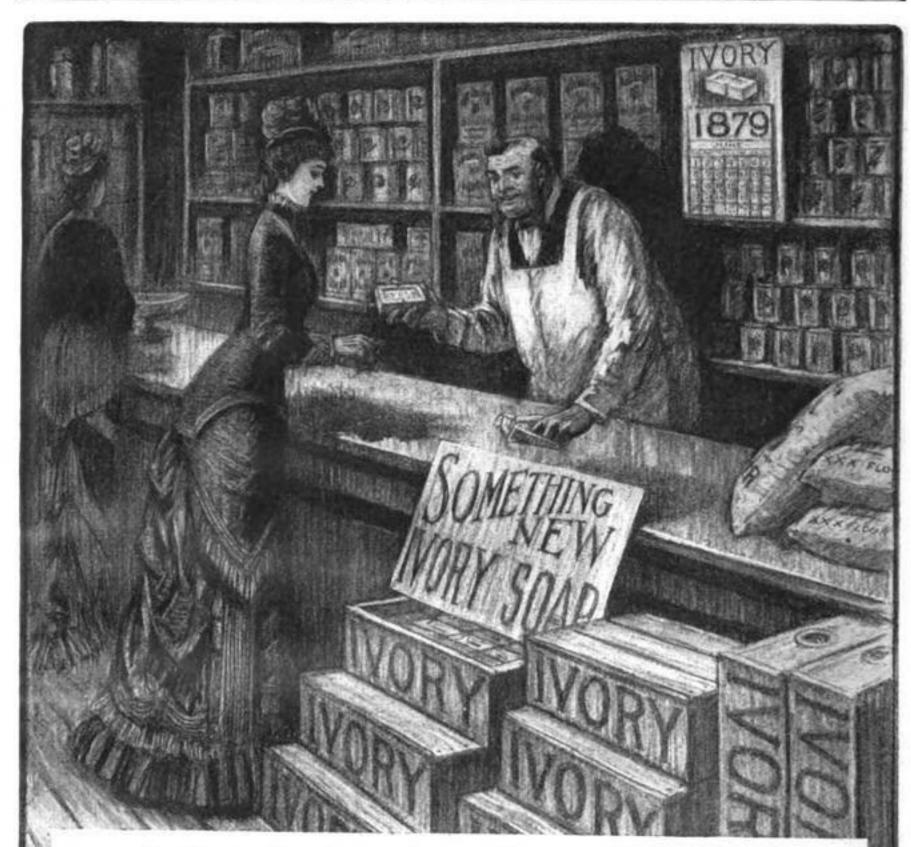
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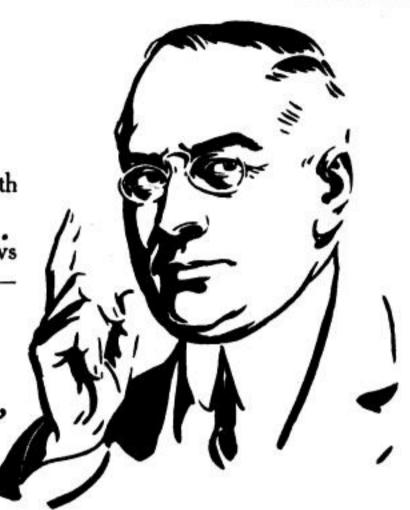
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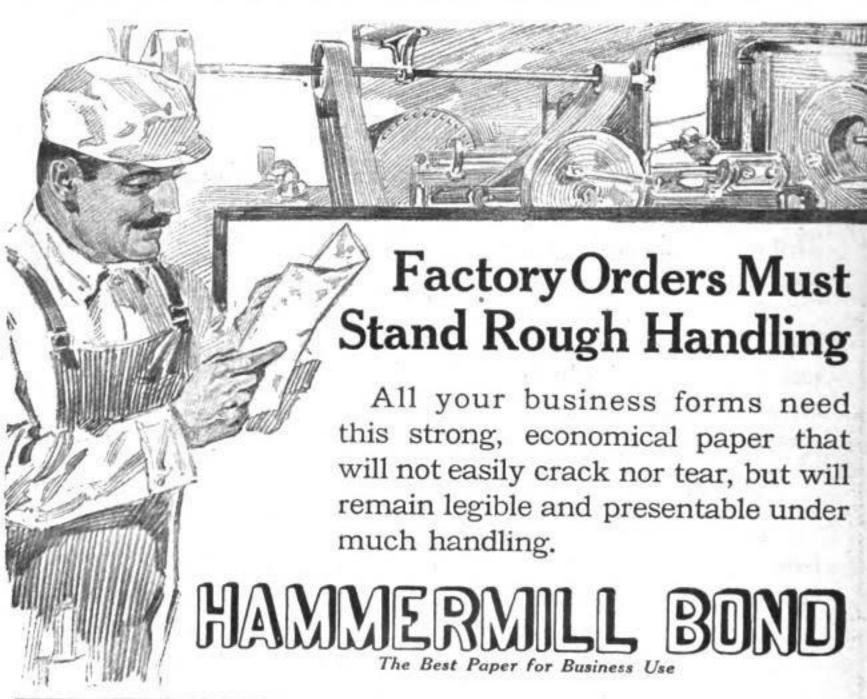
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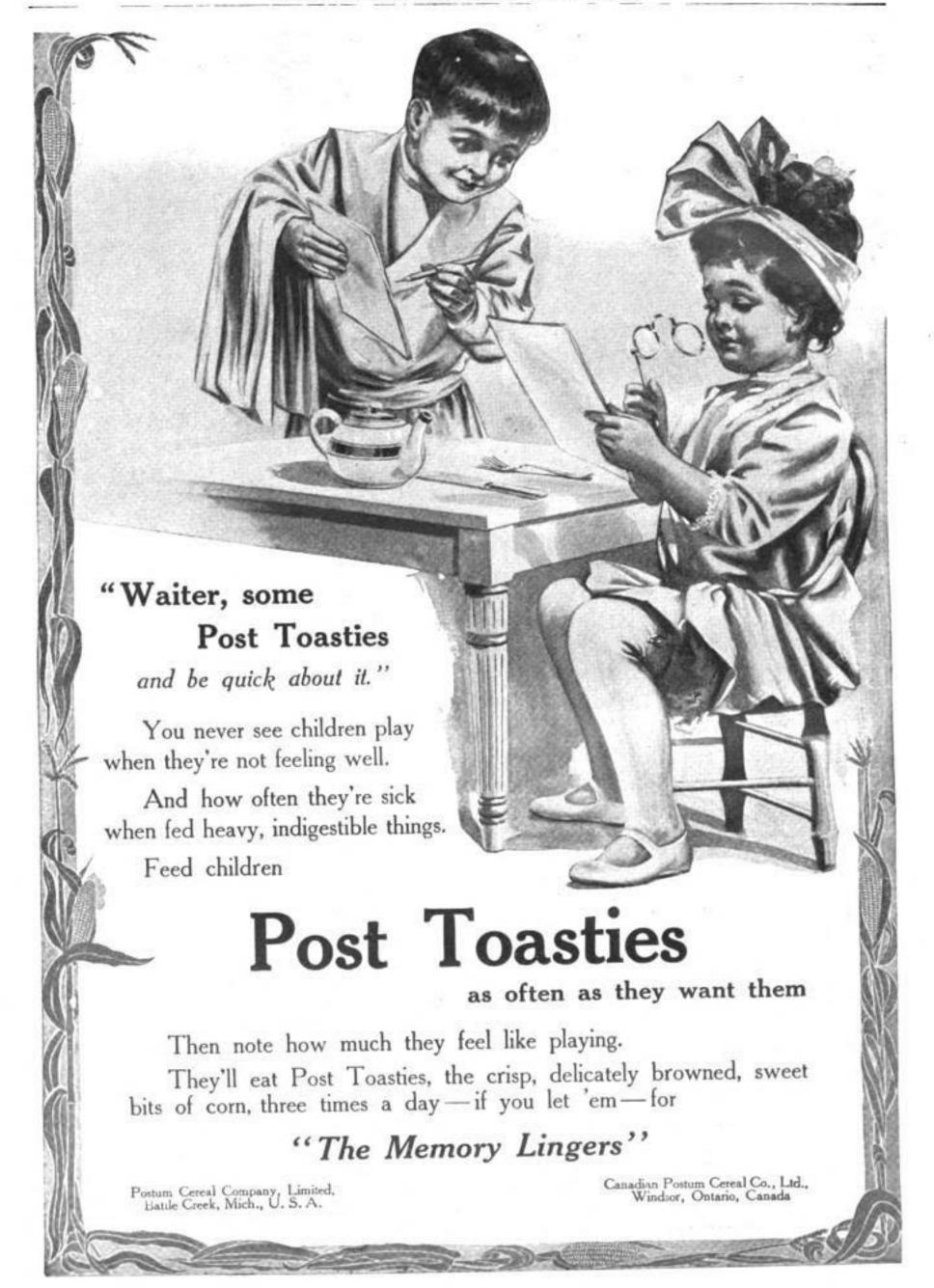
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How Palmolive **Conquers Hard Water**

Palmolive is able to do more than mere soap, because of two oils— Palm and Olive. These two oils are scientifically blended in Palmolive. This is why Palmolive is so different from any other soap. why it produces a full, creamy lather in hard water as well as soft.

Women have ever wanted such a soap—one that could be used with equal effect in all waters.

Palmolive thoroughly cleanses, then nourishes. The oils do this. Famous historical beauties used olive and palm oils for their com-plexions. Today these two beautifying oils are

blended in a pure soap—Palmolive.

FREE Jar of Palmolive Cream

Send us a band from a cake of Palmolive Soap and we will send a sample jar of this beauty-bringing face cream. Use this cream with Palmolive Soap and complexion improvement is at once noticeable.

Your druggist will heartily recommend Palmolive Cream.



Baby's First Bath is in Olive Oil

The first bath an infant gets is in olive oil-before water is allowed to touch the sensitive skin.

Then Nurse and Doctor prescribe Palmolive for the child's future bath. For they know Palmolive contains the needed olive oil. Since Palmolive is the best soap for the baby's delicate body, you may be sure it is the best for yours.

Unwrap a cake of Palmolive. Observe the light green hue the oils give it. There is no artificial coloring in Palmolive. Note the inviting fragrance—the dainty Oriental odor-the suggestion of rare oils and spices. It's pure enough to eat!

Palmolive is rubbed right into the pores, feeding as well as cleansing, and leaving the skin soft and velvety.

Palmolive costs less at 15c than many mere soaps at a lower price, for it remains firm and compact even when reduced to the thinnest wafer. Your entire family will welcome Palmolive.

Send two 2-cent stamps for sample and free booklet, "The Easy Way to Beauty."

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP COMPANY, 522 Fowler Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

(232)

Price 15c

ALMOLIV

Summer-time always on tap!

Papas and mammas worry a lot more than they need, at the approach of the raw, bleak days of Winter. If they would arrange now to have summer-time always on tap in their home, it would save much nervousness over threatened colds, sore throat, croup, diphtheria and other troubles that almost all come to their little folks from catching cold first—in drafty rooms or on cold floors.





will make homey-like any kind of a house or building—not too hot or cold at all—but just right—just as we all want it—uniform temperature all the day long, and night, too—flooding the house with Summer temperature at the turn of a valve.

With an outfit of IDEAL Boiler and AMERICAN Radiators the coal-bills grow smaller; uneven heating and repair bills disappear; ashes, soot and coal-gases are unknown in the living-rooms; housework and cleaning are reduced one-half; and the whole house is made a far better, happier, healthier place to live in and work in. The phenomenal success of IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators is

also largely due to the fact that they are made in sections so that even their largest parts can be carried through an ordinary sized doorway.

A No. 2-22 W IDEAL Boiler and 455 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing owner \$220, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, ireight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

The necessary piping and AMERICAN Radiators are set in place without tearing up partitions or floors, or disturbing occupants, and the IDEAL Boiler is quickly erected and connected up without the necessity of removing the old-fashioned heating devices until ready to start fire in the new heating outfit. For this reason IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators can be quickly installed in Winter weather when the old, crude heaters get badly worn or collapse. If you are weary and discouraged with the everlasting blacking, repairing, fire-coaxing, scuttle-heaving, etc., discard the old-fashioned heating and begin at once the safe, sanitary, reliable way of heating by IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators. Write us to-day for booklet (FREE): "Ideal Heating."

Write us also for catalogue of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner, that sets in cellar and is connected by iron suction pipes to rooms above. It is the first genuinely practical machine put on the market, and will last as long as the building.



Showrooms in all large cities AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department 21 816-822 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago



Have Beautiful Floors



YOU can secure a beautiful floor like this yourself, with "61" Floor Varnish, on old or new floors and linoleum. Easy to apply and keep clean. Just wipe with a damp cloth.

"61" gives a finish that lasts—is marproof, heel-proof and water-proof—will not turn white, show heel marks nor scratches. It is the finish you have been looking for. Prove it by sending for

Free Floor Booklet and Sample Panel finished with "61." Test it. Hit it with a hammer — stamp on it. You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack. Also send for Free Booklet — Decorative Interior Finishing on home decoration and finishing. It contains many helpful hints.

For all home white enamel work, old or new, use Vitralite, The Long-Life White Enamel. With it you can secure a rich, beautiful, porcelain-like gloss on furniture, any wood, metal or plaster surface — inside or outside.

Vitralite Booklet and Sample Panel finished with Vitralite, sent free, will demonstrate to you that it works and spreads easily—will not pull, nor show laps and brush marks, and is economical because it covers so much surface. It is water-proof—will not turn yellow, crack nor chip.

Pratt & Lambert Varnich Products are sold by paint and hardware dealers, used by painters and specified by architects everywhere. Address all inquiries to Pratt & Lambert-Inc. 69 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 11 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.





Try the World's MOST Celebrated Mattress 30 Nights at Our Expense

Of course you have heard of the Ostermoor Mattress—it has become the standard for comfort in the best private homes, most luxurious hotels, finest schools, and in all branches of the U. S. Government service. The reason for this world-wide recognition is wrapped up in just two words: OSTERMOOR QUALITY.

This illustration of the famous Ostermoor trade mark, shown at the foot of this column, will give you an idea of how the Ostermoor is BUILT, not stuffed. It is made from a kind of cotton having an especially adaptable fibre and texture. Ordinary cotton, just as it comes from the field, will not do for Ostermoor.

Pure-Sanitary-Long-Wearing

Ostermoor cotton is sterilized—made absolutely germ- and vermin-proof, and moistureproof. Then it is scientifically formed into delightfully soft, downy sheets, buoyant as sheets of seafoam. In these filmy layers is retained the natural elasticity of the cotton fibre, so that when about 4000 of them are carefully laid together, one on the other, they form a pile of cotten that resembles a billow of clouds. This pile is then built into the ticking by hand and is so manipulated and sewn that we are able to guarantee the Ostermoor against becoming matty or lumpy or uncomfortable in any way. It holds its shape through generations of constant use; we have thousands of letters on file to prove this statement.

The Ostermoor gives health-promoting comfort and rest. It saves work because it is always absolutely clean, pure—never needs

always absolutely clean, po

remaking, and an occasional sun-bath is the only renovation needed. It is made in beautiful ticking and is finely finished.

We have been proving to the American homes for nearly 60 years that the Ostermoor is the greatest mattress money can buy, regardless of the glowing claims of the many imitators that have sprung up. Don't think of getting a hair mattress when you can get the

OSTERMOOR MATTRESS \$15.

We emphasize that no other concern in the world uses the Ostermoor process, which explains why no mattress in the world approaches the Ostermoor in comfort and durability.

OUR OFFER:

This is the fact we want to prove to you—before it costs you a cent: A handsome, full size mattress, 4 feet 6 inches wide and 6 feet 3 inches long, full weight of 45 pounds, elegantly finished in best blue and white ticking, will be sent to you by express, prepaid, same day we receive your check or moneyorder for price, \$15.

This amount will be placed at your credit for 30 days until you have had ample opportunity to prove the Ostermoor, and will be returned to you without question if you are dissatisfied. The mattresses come packed in leatherette paper and burlap, and reach you in perfect condition, fresh and unbandled direct from our work rooms.

Remember, you are dealing with a high-grade, long established house that has been doing business with

the best American people for three generations. You take no risk whatever. Write for

144-Page Free Book and Samples

Don't let any one talk imitation to you; they only give an imitation of Ostermoor service. Our trade mark is your guarantee,

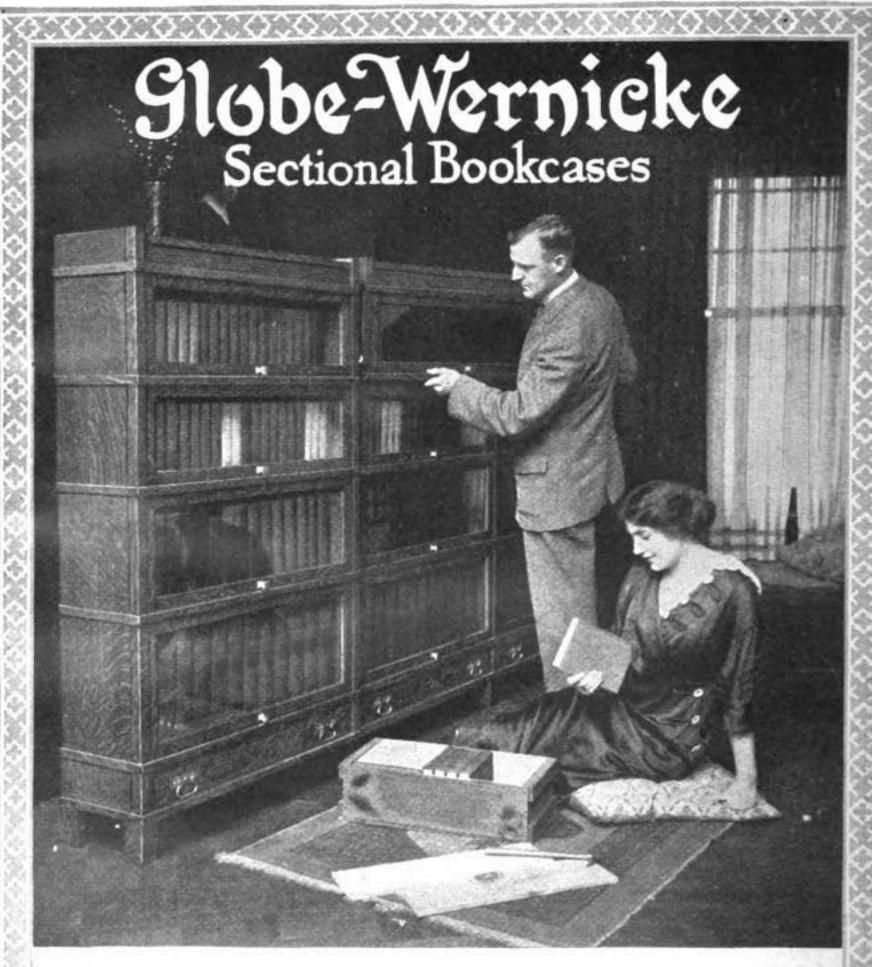
MATTRESSES COST Express Prepaid Best Blue & White Ticking

4'-6"—45 lbs. \$15.00 4'-0"—40 " 13.35 3'-6"—35 " 11.70 3'-0"—30 " 10.00 2'-6"—25 " 8.35

All 6 feet 5 inches long.
In two parts, 500 entrs.
Dust-proof, satin-finish
ticking, \$1.50 more.
French Mercerized Art Twills,
\$55.02 more.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 112 Elizabeth Street, New York

Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.



ONCE books either overcrowded limited shelf space or empty shelves yawned and waited for books. When one bookcase overflowed, a new one was purchased, and its gaping shelves were gradually filled. That was before the Globe Wernicke period in bookcases. Now, books and their shelves come together. The bookcase grows apace with the library. This is the modern way of building a library. This is the Globe-Wernicke idea.

"Booklovers' Shopping List"—This little book lists the works of great authors and gives the prices of the same in sets. The list includes the low priced popular sets as well as the de luxe editions. Every bookbuyer should have a copy. Sent free with the Globe-Wernicke catalog. Address Dept. M

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Any Varnish is GOOD-if it Bears this Label

YOU should be interested in good varnish only. Plenty of "cheap," inferior varnish will be offered you. The market is full of it.

But if you are looking out for your own self-interests you will have none but the good—none but the best—none but Berry Brothers'.

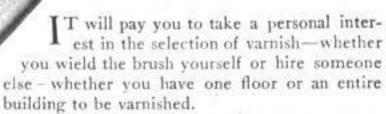
You Can Afford the Best Varnish

The better the varnish, the less frequent your need to re-varnish. is what makes Berry Brothers' Varnish the best "buy" for the man economically inclined.

That is why a little saving in the gallon-cost of cheaper varnish is really no saving at all—but an added expense in the end.

And you cannot measure in dollars and cents the dissatisfaction and annoyance that come with the use of cheap varnish.





Let the well-known trade-mark label on Berry Brothers' can be your guide.

No matter what you want the varnish for, there is a Berry Brothers' product to meet your need.

All of your most frequent needs are met by one of the five listed below:

Liquid Granite For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible.

Luxeberry Wood Finish—For the finest rubbed or polished finish on interior woodwork.

Elastic Interior Finish—For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear, finished in full gloss.

Elastic Outside Finish - For all surfaces, such as front doors, that are exposed to the weather.

Luxeberry Spar Varnish - For yachts, ships, small boats, canoes and other marine uses, outside or inside. Has never turned white under water.

Any dealer or painter can supply Berry Frothers' Varnishes. If you have any difficulty in finding them write us and get the name of a dealer who believes in Berry Brothers' standard of quality.

Start your active interest in Varnish by sending toway for a cotty of "Choosing Your Varnish Maker,"

BERRY BROTHERS, Limited

Established 1858

Factories: Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont. Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco.



Father and Daughter both raised on

Mellin's Food





CARL W. SMITH

PAULINE SMITH

"Our doctor advised us to give Mellin's Food to Carl and 'stick to it.'
We did so, with the best of results, as his picture—taken the day he was one year old—will convince the most skeptical. Carl's baby girl was also raised on Mellin's Food and is the joy and light of our home—so well, happy and strong."

Mrs. Edith Walker, Fort Gibson, Okla.

(Carl's grandmother — Pauline's great grandmother.)

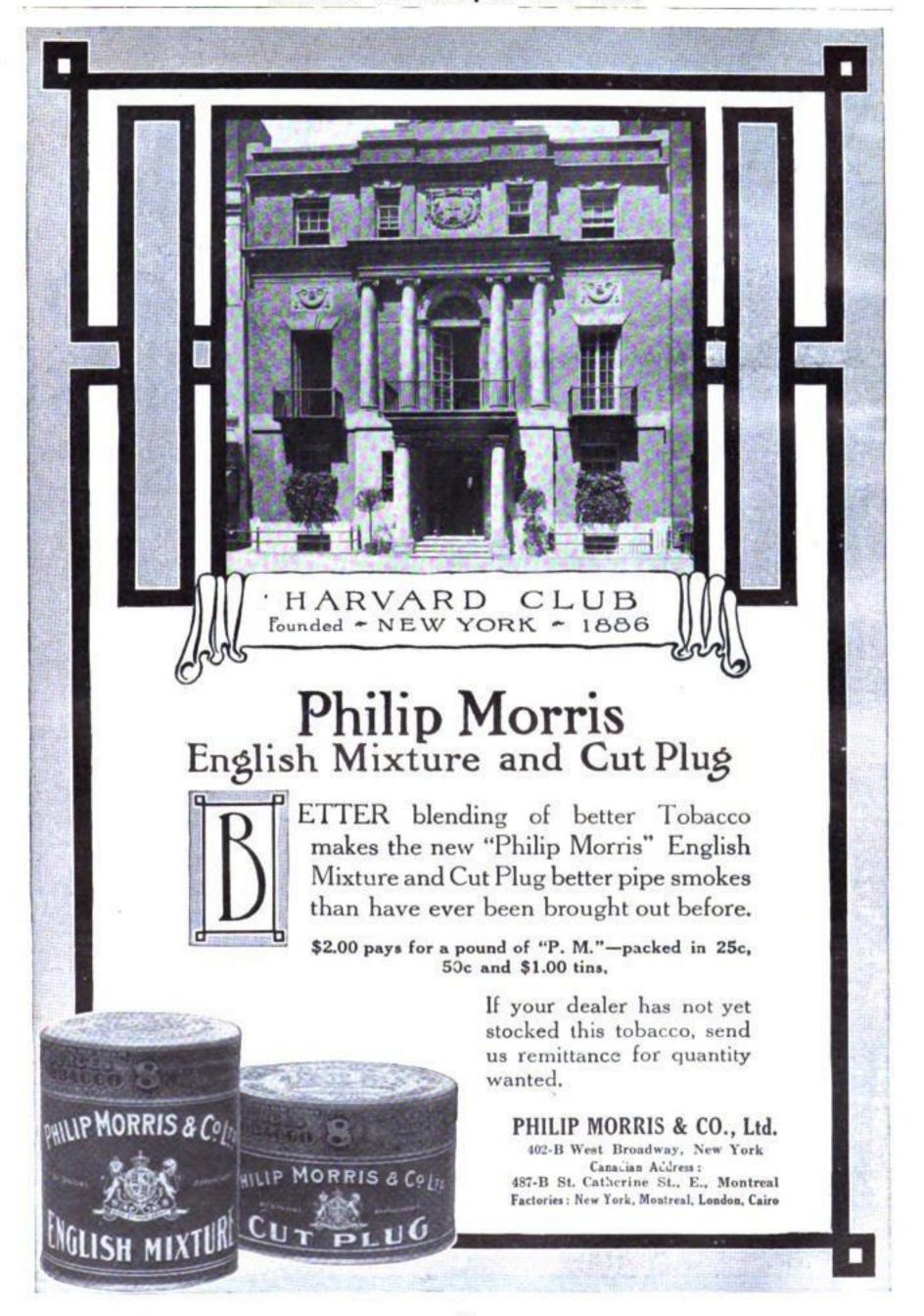
Mellin's Food has been recommended by physicians for generations and has proved an adequate and satisfying food for the baby. Mellin's Food agrees with babies from birth. It keeps them healthy and happy while they are growing up and all the time it is nourishing them, building firm flesh, strong bones and robust bodies, that will stand them in good stead later.

If your baby is not thriving as you know he should, you owe it to your baby and yourself to try Mellin's Food.

Write today for a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants." It is free.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY

BOSTON, MASS.





The Holder Top enables you to grasp the stick firmly by the nickeled cap and to use it down to the last fraction of an inch without touching the soap with your fingers. And the stick will stand steady and upright, wherever you set it down.

The familiar hinged-cover nickeled box

Three forms of the same good quality:

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-cover Nickeled Box
Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick
Williams' Shaving Powder Hinged-cover Nickeled Box

A trial sample of either sent for 4 cents in stamps

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Makers of Williams' Famous Shaving Stick

Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Dentalactic Tooth Powder, &c.

Note the convenient sanitary hinged-cover nickeled box





In addition to saving power and wear with every revolution, the worm gear drive of the Pierce-Arrow Truck eliminates the necessity for the almost daily adjustments, repairs and lubrication required by other drives—and is backed by the makers with this guarantee:

The worm wheel and worm shaft, generally known as worm gear construction, employed in the Pierce-Arrow Truck, are warranted to fulfill their functions for one year from date of shipment under normal service.

PIERCE-ARROW 5-TON MOTOR TRUCKS

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.



Electric Lights for the Farm and Country Home

Every one can now have electric lights. The Gray complete electric lighting outfit enables the farmers—anybody living in
the country, or in fact any place where
electricity is not available to have electric lights at a very small cost.

Also suitable for lighting churcheslodge rooms-small shops-factories, etc.

No Other Light Like Electricity

Does away with the necessity of the old fashioned, dirty, smoky kerosene lamps —no more lamps and chimneys to keep clean—no more dangerous lanterns and matches around the barn and other out buildings.

Safer, more convenient and better in every way than artificial or natural gas —better light and more of it.

Very Economical

You can have electric lights with this new outfit of ours at a less cost than you would pay for artificial or natural gas and at a great deal less than people living in the city pay for their lights.

It only costs about a cent and a half an hour to run the outfit. An average run of an hour and a half a day will supply plenty of current for the ordinary family.

Gray Complete Automatic Light Outfit

The outfit consists of high grade, guaranteed Gray Stationary Engine—dynamo—storage batteries and Automatic Switch Board. A very simple outfit and every-

thing is complete, ready to install.

The dynamo, which is operated by the engine, generates the current which is in turn accumulated in the storage batteries—from the storage batteries the current is drawn to the lights as needed.

The automatic switch board furnished gives you complete control of your lighting system at all times. With the Gray System you don't have to run the engine at night.

Use the Engine for Other Purposes

Engine can be used for many purposes on the farm and around the home—will run the cream separator—washing machine—churn—feed grinder—pump the water, etc., etc.

It is very simple and easy to run starts easy—delivers big power—a woman or a 10-year-old boy can operate it.

Current for Lights Costs You Nothing

This may seem like a pretty broad statement, but it is very easily explained.

You don't have to run the engine for generating current alone—many people have work for the engine to do, while it is running the other machinery it can also operate the generator for a short time each day.

In this way you are storing up current in your batteries for future use—making the engine furnish you current for lighting while doing other work, and your electric lights cost you absolutely nothing.

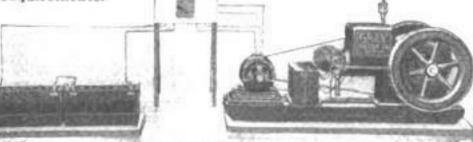
\$290

For complete outfit which is suitable for the average requirements.



LET US SOLVE YOUR LIGHTING PROBLEMS

Write and tell us about the place you have to light. The number of rooms—number of lights needed in each room and any other information you can give us. We will send you complete detailed information and give you an estimate of the best plant suited to your needs. Ask for Electric Light Catalog No. 5.



GRAY MOTOR CO.,

1077 G. M. C. Bldg.,

DETROIT, MICH.



Forty to Sixty-Five Dollars

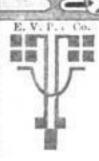
Being the only tailors in the world devoting a special shop of the most carefully selected tailormen exclusively to the making of formal clothes, we can deliver

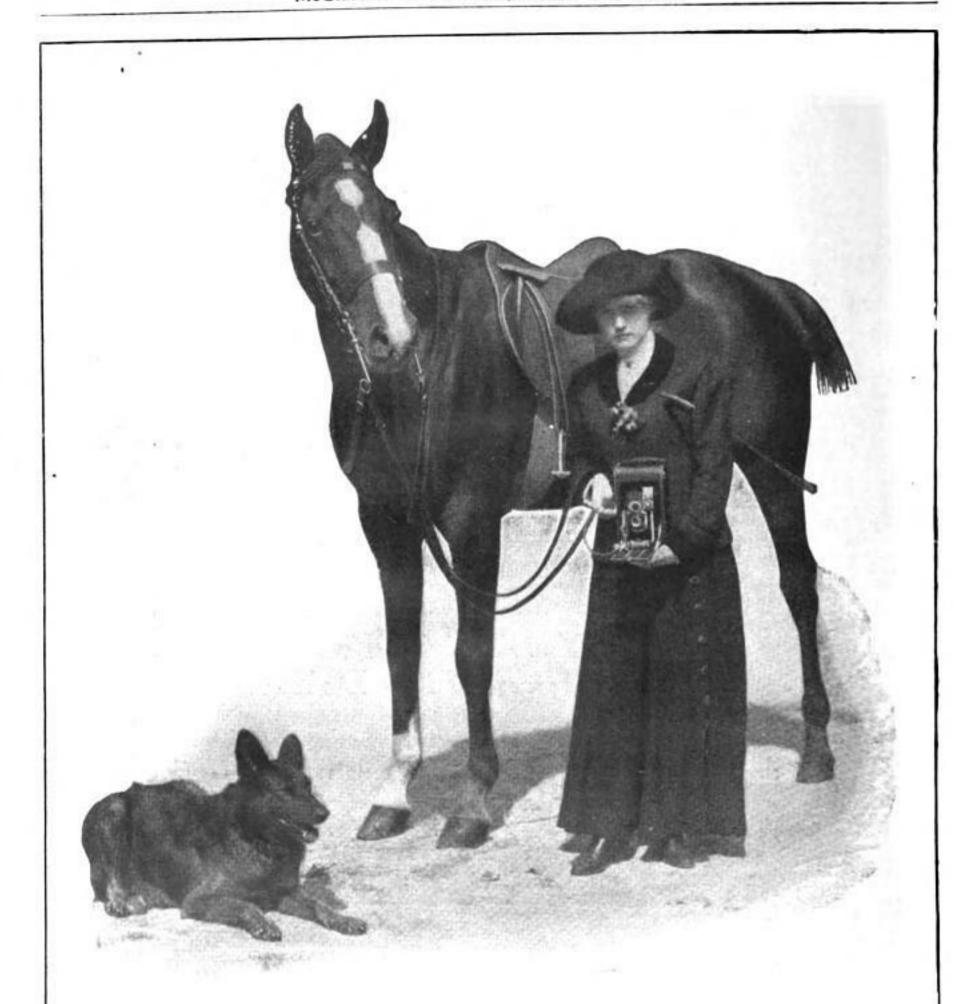
Unsurpassed Workmanship

and a perfect fit in fine imported dress woolens, full silk lined, for about one-half the price charged by ordinary tailors who make probably one suit to our several thousand.

Ask our dealer in your city to show you our Full Dress and Tuxedo cloths numbered 8919, 8915, 8904, 8791, 8787, and take your measure.







All the joys of the Crisp Out-doors invite your

KODAK

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City.

Catalog free at the dealers or by mail.



ARROW COLLARS and SHIRTS

DEVON is a good collar for the summer's end and the autumn's beginning. Modish, mannish, comfortable.

2 for 25 cents

THE makers depend upon the good qualities of Arrow Shirts to sell you another of the same label.

\$1.50 and more

Send for booklets.

CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, 435 River Street, TROY, N. Y.

The Woman Worth While Holds the Admiration

of Husband, Friend, Brother or Sweetheart. She is sound in body and mind; is efficient, well poised, with



She makes the most of herself.

I have helped 60,000 of the most refined, intellectual women of America to regain health and good figures and have taught them how to keep well. Why not you? You are busy, but you can devote a few minutes a day, in the privacy of your room, to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit your particular needs. I have

Reduced the Weight of 30,000 women and have Increased the Weight

of as many more.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to com-

No Drugs - No Medicines

You can-

Be Well so that everyone with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholesome personality—feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

Be Attractive-well groomed. You can-

Improve Your Figure-in other words be at your best.

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands, and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what I can do for you by what I have done for others. I have relieved such Chronic Ailments as

Indigestion Constipation Anaemia Sleeplessness Nervousness Torpid Liver Catarrh Headaches Weaknesses Rheumatism

The best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are my pupils—the medical magazines advertise my work.

I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in woman.

Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 95

624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Miss Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is the recognized authority upon the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.



For Your Daughter's Sake Get This Free Booklet

You are about to have your daughter give the most important years of her life to piano practice.

See to it that she has the world's richest toned piano.

HADDORFF

The Piano with the "Homo". Vibrating Sounding Board.

While the Haddorff tone is one of the purest and sweetest and of highest sustaining quality, yet its supreme claim to lead the world lies in its wonderful tone richness, in which it surpasses every other piano.

Free Booklet-The "Homo"-Tone

This wonderful Haddorff tone, the "Homo"tone, is becoming such a great factor in music
that you surely do not want to remain ignorant
of it. Write for this booklet before you make
any decision about a piano.

HADDORFF PIANO COMPANY
210 McCall Street Rockford, Illinois

IVERS & POND PIANOS



Buyers desiring a grand but hesitating at price and space requirement should examine our latest model—

PRINCESS GRAND

Its case, of digrified Colonial design, is beautifully executed in antique mahogany. Its tone is of wonderful volume and rare mucical charm. IVERS & POND structural standards insure its durability. Write for our catalogue of grands, uprights and player pianos, and a paper pattern, showing how the Princess Grand would fit in your room.

Wherever in the United States we have no dealer, we ship from factory on approval. Liberal allowances for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans. Write us today.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO. 161 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Feel that Re-enforcement!

There is strength!—four plies of finest Sea Island varn, made doubly durable by the Iron Clad "extra twist" process. The longest wearing toe and heel ever put into a sock of its weight. You'll change your ideas of how long a sock can wear when you've tried

Iron Clad No. 398-only 25c.

But No. 398 has more than great durability. It is a really beautiful silky sock that stays silky, and has silk's snug, elastic fitting qualities. Seamless, too!—soft and comfortable.

18 beautiful colors: Pearl, Hunter Green, New Cerise, Ecrue, Copenhagen Blue, Smoke, Mode, Golden Tan, Wine, Heliotrope, New Salmon, Champagne, Medium Tan, White, Black, Dark Brown, Dark Grey and Navy Blue.



If your dealer doesn't carry this splendid sock, we will supply you direct and prepay postage. Or let today, stating size (9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½) and colors wanted.

Our new catalog shows this sock in all its 13 colors—also other styles for the whole family. Yours free, Write

Cooper, Wells & Co.
200 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich.

Write today for our new free catalog

BABY LOVES HIS BATH



CUTICÚRA SOAP

No other keeps the skin and scalp so clean and clear, so sweet and healthy. Used with Cuticura Ointment, it soothes irritations which often prevent sleep and if neglected become chronic disfigurements. Millions of mothers use these pure, sweet and gentle emollients for every purpose of the toilet, bath and nursery.



For samples address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Loston. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere.

TENDER-FACED MEN

Should shave with Cutlcura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Makes shaving a pleasure instead of a torture. Liberal sample free.







Emerson PIANO

needs only a practical demonstration to prove its merit. To hear the Emerson tone is a musical treat—long to be remembered.

Dealers in principal cities and towns.

Write for illustrated booklet.

EMERSON PIANO CO.

BOSTON, MASS.



Bring Out the Beauty of Your Floors

IT'S THERE. Just needs the right wax finish to impart the richness and lustre that has long made this "Old English" finish famous.

It's the large proportion of hard, imported wax in Old English Floor Wax that does it. It also makes a pound of

Old English Floor

go farther than a pound of ordinary wax. It gives a lasting finish to floors, furniture and woodwork. It will not show scratches nor hold dust. Makes housework a lot easier. A 60-cent can will do the floor of a large room. Why don't you try Old English on your floors—hardwood or pine?

Send for Free Sample and Our Book

"BEAUTIFUL FLOORS-Their Finish and Care" It tells about

Finishing New Floors Finishing Old Floors Hardwood Floors Pins Floors

Cleaning and Polishing Care of Waxed Floors Finishing Dance Floors Kitchen, Pantry and Bathroom Floors Pinishing Furniture Interior Woodwork Stopping Cracks Removing Varnish, etc.

The A. S. BOYLE CO. 1913 West 8th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio



A. S. BOYLE COMPANY

so I may try Old English at home

•	
	Name

My dealer is.....



Four Old Safety Razor Blades Resharpened FREE

OUR OFFER:

Select FOUR of your dull Safety Razor Blades, send to us with 4c. in stamps to pay return postage and we will re-sharpen them, just to PROVE that an old

blade re-sharpened on a GRIFFON STROP-PER has an edge like new.

The GRIFFON is made in four mode's which will strop any known Safety Razor Blade.

Model A. For Ever-Ready, Enders, Keen Kutter. Model B. For Star, Griffon, etc.

> Model C. For GILLETTE blades. Model D. For DURHAM-DUPLEX.

DON'T throw away your old blades. Re-sharpen like new on a GRIFFON

STROPPER—the only stropping machine producing a honed edge on the blade.

Send four of your old blades (see offer above) and we will re-sharpen them FREE. Also write at once for your FREE personal copy of our illustrated book of GRIFFON Guaranteed Pocket Knives, Scissors, Carbo Magnetic Razors, Safety Razors, Grifton Stroppers, etc.

GRIFFON CUTLERY WORKS

516 BROADWAY

GI IFFON STROPPER sold under the following GUARANTEE:

If after ten days' use it doesn make your Safety Razor Blade give you better shaving service than you ever had before, on are privileged to return it to us, if the Stropper is not cut, and get your money back imme flately.

Use OXIDE of ZINC Paints



THE UP-TO-DATE ARCHITECT whose first consideration is for his client, will recommend OXIDE OF ZINC PAINTS, properly made by machinery. The evidence of their superior economy and service will convince any reasonable property owner.

Is your property protected and adorned with the right kind of paint-

Oxide of Zinc Paint?

We do not grind Oxide of Zinc in Oil. A list of manufacturers of Oxide of Zinc Paints mailed on request

The New Jersey Zinc Co.

New York 55 Wall Street



No danger of slipping on wet sidewalks if you have Cat's Paw Rubber Heels. That friction plug won't let you slip. Prevents your footsteps from sounding like a "gum shoe" artist.

Go to your shoemaker today. Think of the Black Cat and ask for Cat's Paw Heels. Cost no more than ordinary kinds. Wear longer and are more resilient because of extra quality rubber.

We'll mail you a Black Cat Bangle Pin if you send us the name of your shoe dealer The name is easy to remember.

CAT'S CUSHION RUBBER 50 ¢ Attached

TO THE RETAIL TRADE

It pays to give the public what they want. The majority want
Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Order from your jobber today

PAW HEELS All Dealers

FOSTER RUBBER CO. 105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

With

L.& C.Hardtmuth's

PENCILS IN 17 DEGREES AND COPYING.

BEST FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND THE MOST ECONOMICAL.

Continued from page 720

Only one delegate ventured to breast the storm. I mention his name, not at all as his supporter at present, but for the truth of history. That man was Theodore Roosevelt. The whole vast mob howled and hooted, "Sit down! Sit down!" It had no effect upon him. He stood calmly until he had tired out the yelling thousands, and then finished his speech protesting against the mob which was attempting to confiscate the rights of the citizens of this whole republic.

Under such circumstances as these I have presented, a political convention ceases to be a deliberative body, and this fact is in accordance with a very simple principle of physics and of

psychology.

It is a principle which leads to the fact that tonguey politicians in such a convention are obsessed and possessed by a great audience closely surrounding them, rising above them, pressing down upon them, and thus shutting out the audience of ninety millions which lies outside and beyond. It is that fact, as simple in psychology as in physics, in accordance with which a bluebottle fly on the window of your room on the Pincian Hill at Rome will obscure the vast dome of St. Peter's on the distant hill of the Vatican beyond. It is a knowledge of this principle which leads managers of great trust and insurance companies to lay a ten-dollar gold piece at the seat of each of its directors — men who perhaps have an interest of thousands of dollars in the matters discussed at the meeting, yet who would forget that distant interest but for that immediate and visible incentive which leads them to come hurrying from distant parts of the city in order to be in time to pocket the gold piece.

Of my fourth election as a delegate I will not speak further than to say that I requested my alternate to attend the recent Chicago convention mainly for the reason that, remembering my past experiences, I felt that, if I cared to waste time in a mob assembled for amusement, I could find a better circus nearer home.

No Adequate Newspaper Reports of Proceedings

I felt that, were these conventions deliberative bodies, as down to a recent period they were, they would be worth attending. As at present conducted they are simply the most contemptible of amateur shows.

As to the conventions of this year in Chicago and Baltimore, reports in the papers show that they were mainly of the old amateur circus

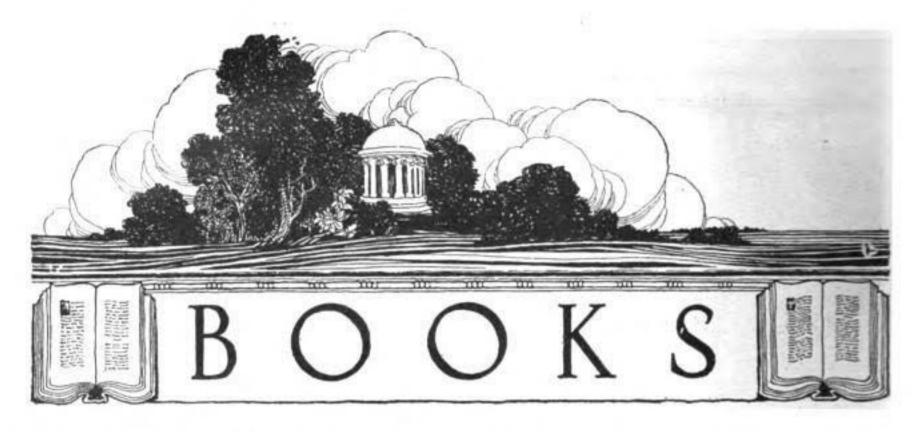
sort. What the vast majority of voters throughout the country wanted was reports of speeches from such men as Mr. Root and Judge Parker, and the minor speeches which were elicited, or which ought to have been elicited, by them from delegates on the floor. What the voters wished to know was what currents of thought were passing through the minds of their delegates with reference to the great questions which are now before the American people. But of all this they got very little, in fact next to nothing. Accounts of the "show" crowded out from the newspapers many of the most important discussions. The whole was simply an example of Artemus Ward's "show bizzness," conducted mainly for the benefit of a local mob. Do not think that I am alone in censuring this disgrace to both of the great political parties. It can hardly have been forgotten how, when one of the most eminent Democrats in the Union returned from the convention of his party in 1884, he poured forth, with an eloquence to which I can never pretend, his vexation and disgust at scenes of this kind in the convention of his own party and declared that they were a disgrace to American Democracy.*

I trust that the new spirit in American politics will set itself against this whole circus, fog-horn "show bizzness," - conducted, as it is, mainly for the benefit of stockholders in "wigwams" and "coliseums,"— and see that pains be taken in the future to preserve the rights of the whole American people. Thus alone can the newspaper organs of public opinion present the real utterances and vital discussions of these conventions, unmixed with folly or farce. To secure this consummation I would go to great length, and, indeed, might possibly advocate a statute which would declare null and void all nominations made by a convention, either State or national, in which the majority of the persons present was not composed of delegates and alternates.

You may consider that the contempt of thinking lovers of liberty throughout the world for such proceedings in nominating a Chief Magistrate of the United States is of little importance. Such was not the feeling of Thomas Jefferson. I again recall that utterance of his, in the most important document ever sent out by a convention to the world—"a decent regard to the opinions of mankind."

^{*}Since the above was written the writer has been informed, by an eminent member of the recent Democratic convention at Baltimore, that the rights of the party and of the people at large were grossly violated there also, and that, at various periods during the sessions, control by the gallery mob was such that only those delegates who happened to catch its fancy were allowed to be heard, and that when various delegates failed to be amusing, the mob, by noise and even by hisses and direct calls to "sit down," overrode their right to take part in the proceedings.





THE historical novel has approximately the same relation to history that the cartoon has to the news story. Each illuminates with color, and for a purpose, the dry bones of fact. Each summarizes the salient and impressive features of its subject, and presents for the quick grasp of the hurrying multitude its individual interpretation of the essential truths. In so far as this their functions are similar. The cartoon, however, is usually a bitter weapon of offense, while the historical novel is defensive. born of enthusiasm, and its author is generally a disciple of the central figure, working to his honor and glory. He strips the rose of its thorns and we are permitted to see only a flower perfected by art. If this trifling with nature stops here, there is no excuse for criticism — we are not concerned with gossip about the originators of great movements, the creators of epochs.

It does not detract one iota from the value of William S. Davis' picture of Martin Luther, for instance, in "The Friar of Wittenberg" (Macmillan), that he neglects to mention Luther's opinion that women were of little importance in the scheme of things. It is, none the less, a valuable book. The author has chosen a great theme and dealt with it generously. The story is told by Walter von Lichtenstein, won over to the "cause" by Martin Luther, and describes the exciting adventures leading up to the religious revolt of which "The Friar of Wittenberg" was the powerful, picturesque, and lovable leader. While obviously there is no didactic or proselytizing motive in Mr. Davis' mind, no argument in favor of the Reformation has been more vividly written, nor have the abuses in the sixteenth-century Church of Rome ever received a more searching and enlightened condemnation. Martin Luther is shown as the real disciple of Christ, while Leo, the reigning Pope, is shown as little better than a pagan king and his cardinals as something worse. The picture of the Papal Court and his description of the Diet of Worms are inimitable. Mr. Davis brings the sturdy Friar very close to us.



Professor Edward A. Ross, from his chair of sociology at the University of Wisconsin, has been contemplating the present-day moods of America. The results of his studies are incorporated in "Changing America" (Century)keen, incisive thrusts at contemporary social conditions and some of the fallacies at present predominant. Being a collection of papers upon divergent topics, there is little attempt to state general conclusions or to suggest universal remedies. It is a diagnosis without a prescription. Especial attention is paid to the Middle West — its people, its educational systems, its insurgency. Here the author is in smiling mood - also in his chapter on divorce, where the hyper-conservative may find occasion for pointed remarks. Upon present-day commercialism and the venality of the daily newspaper he is bitterly, almost brutally critical. "Changing America" deserves careful absorption and digestion.



A. E. W. Mason's latest novel, "The Turnstile" (Scribners) centers upon the test which Cynthia Daventry applied to the men who wished to win her esteem—each "must have given proofs that he was possessed with a definite idea, that his life moved to the tune of it." To this test she put Henry Rames, Antarctic explorer, and the unsuspecting hero of her girl-

Continued on page 54



Continued from page 52

in England, Rames had forsworn explorations and had decided upon a political career. Womanlike, Cynthia overlooked this defection from her ideal, and when he asked her she married him. After a career of remarkable success the call of the ice-floes again began to sound in his ears, and with this return to the "definite idea" came complete understanding and love between them.

"The Turnstile" is a worthy story written with discrimination and discernment. method adopted to transfer the heroine from South America to England is ponderous and the whole incident of her early life without real effect on the current of the story. Perhaps it was done to give a touch of vivid color to a story that is chiefly done in browns and grays.



A novel deserving a large public is "The Golightlys - Father and Son" (Doran), which takes rank easily among the solid literary achievements of the year. Coming as a writer comparatively unknown to this side of the Atlantic, "Laurence North" makes a distinct impression.

"The Golightlys" illustrates the old adage concerning generations and shirt-sleeves. Golightly Senior began his career coatless, and achieved notoriety, fortune, and great uneasiness as a publisher of English periodicals designed to give the people just what they wanted. Golightly Junior bids fair to end his anemic existence in his shirt-sleeves. Potiphar Golightly is interesting; Osric, the son, is what might be expected — dismal and stale. But Dorian Stepney, the brilliant editor of Golightly's publications, furnishes the real tissue of the tale. Upon him, upon Kitty Adderley, beautiful and clever,— almost an adventuress, - and upon "Punchie" Hay, the Nemesis of the house of Golightly, the spot-light rests

hood. Later they met, when, as a popular hero unwaveringly. They and their weaving shuttles of intrigue hold the center of interest until the end, when the Golightlys, Stepney, and Kitty go down into the black whirlpool of defeat. It is a pitiful and cynical ending, and will displease many readers who insist upon sweets as a finishing touch to their feasts of fiction; yet it is a logical and inevitable ending for people who builded as they did. "Laurence North" is welcome — may he come soon again.



We have had Western tales à la Tom, Dick, and Eleanor, and now we have one à la Roger "A Man in the Open" (Bobbs-Merrill) is ably disguised, but underneath the quaint sauce of diction and mannerism there is the same old blood-and-thunder yarn. Following the innocent pride that fills us at our discovery, we read again, and find that it is a distinctly good story.

Mr. Jesse Smith began his diversified life in Labrador, and as soon as he was able he began to sail the seas. His ship was wrecked, and Jesse escaped only to land miraculously among Texan cowboys. He became one of them, and in that estate gamboled carelessly until he was roped and thrown by an adventuress of curious matrimonial inclinations.

Direct narrative of uncouth quality is the meter of the story until Jesse arrives in the Canadian Northwest, and begins his untrammeled life as a forest philosopher with a ninefoot bear as coadjutor.

Then the real woman appears, and the tale is continued in letter form. But there is no let-down of sparkling incident or keen characterization until the very close, when Mr. Pocock's heroine indulges herself in a bit of Christmas-spirit philanthropy that grates slightly.

Jesse Smith is a man worth knowing, however — clean, humorously satirical, wise.

THE UNITED PRESS AND CAMPAIGN PUBLICITY

TR. TURNER'S article, "Manufacturing Public Opinion," in the July McClure's, has been interpreted as intimating that the United Press, through the agency of Gilson Gardner, the wellknown Washington correspondent, was used as an instrument to push the campaign of Senator La Follette first, and later of ex-President Roosevelt, for the Republican nomination for President.

The author had no intention of conveying such an intimation in his article; but such an interpretation of his words is perhaps possible. The editors of McClure's, therefore, wish to disclaim any belief that the United Press was used in the way of promoting these campaigns, outside of carrying — as a great news agency must naturally do, of all movements of this kind — full accounts of their progress. The United Press is an impartial, independent, fearless distributor of news performing well the exact service which a news agency should.



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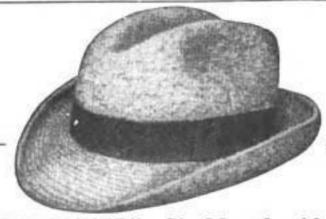
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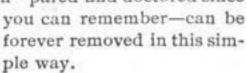
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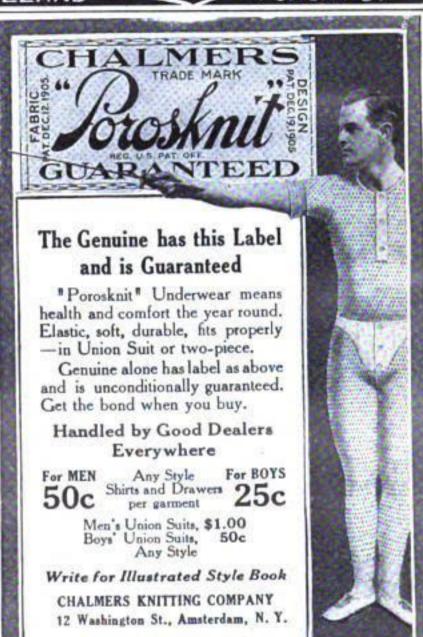
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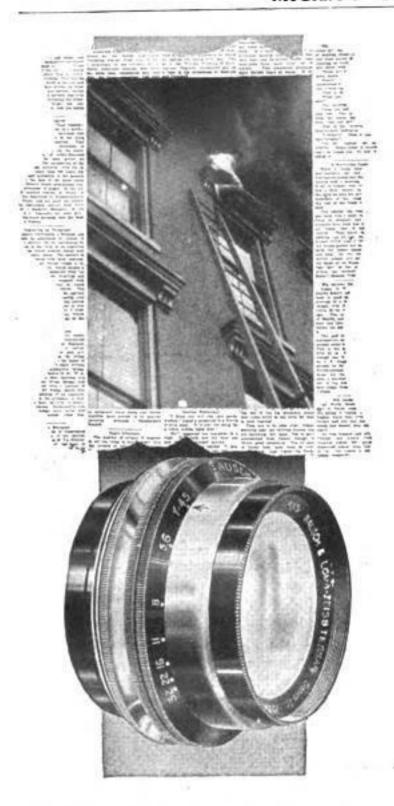
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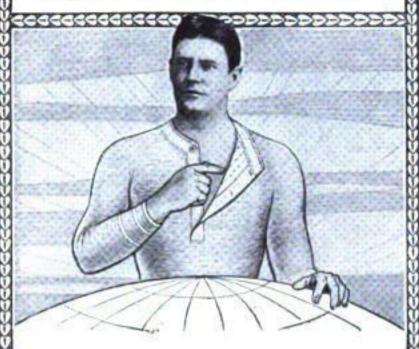
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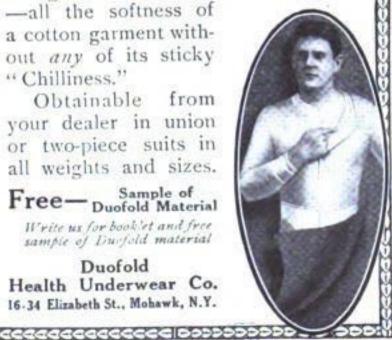
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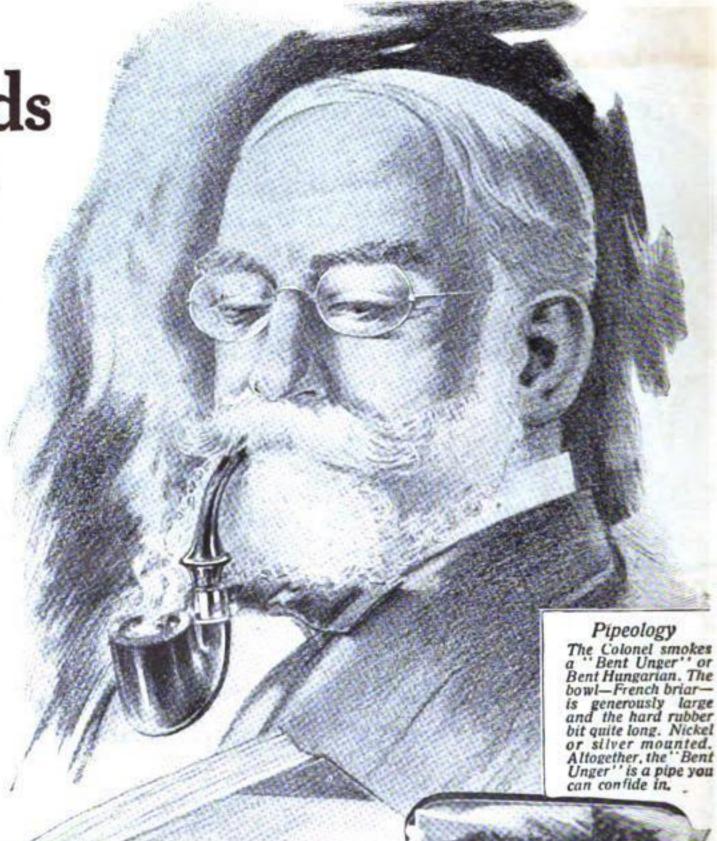
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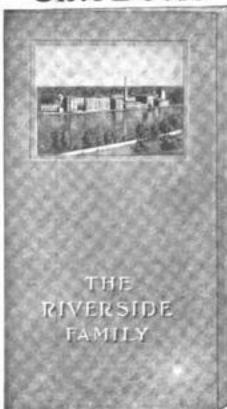
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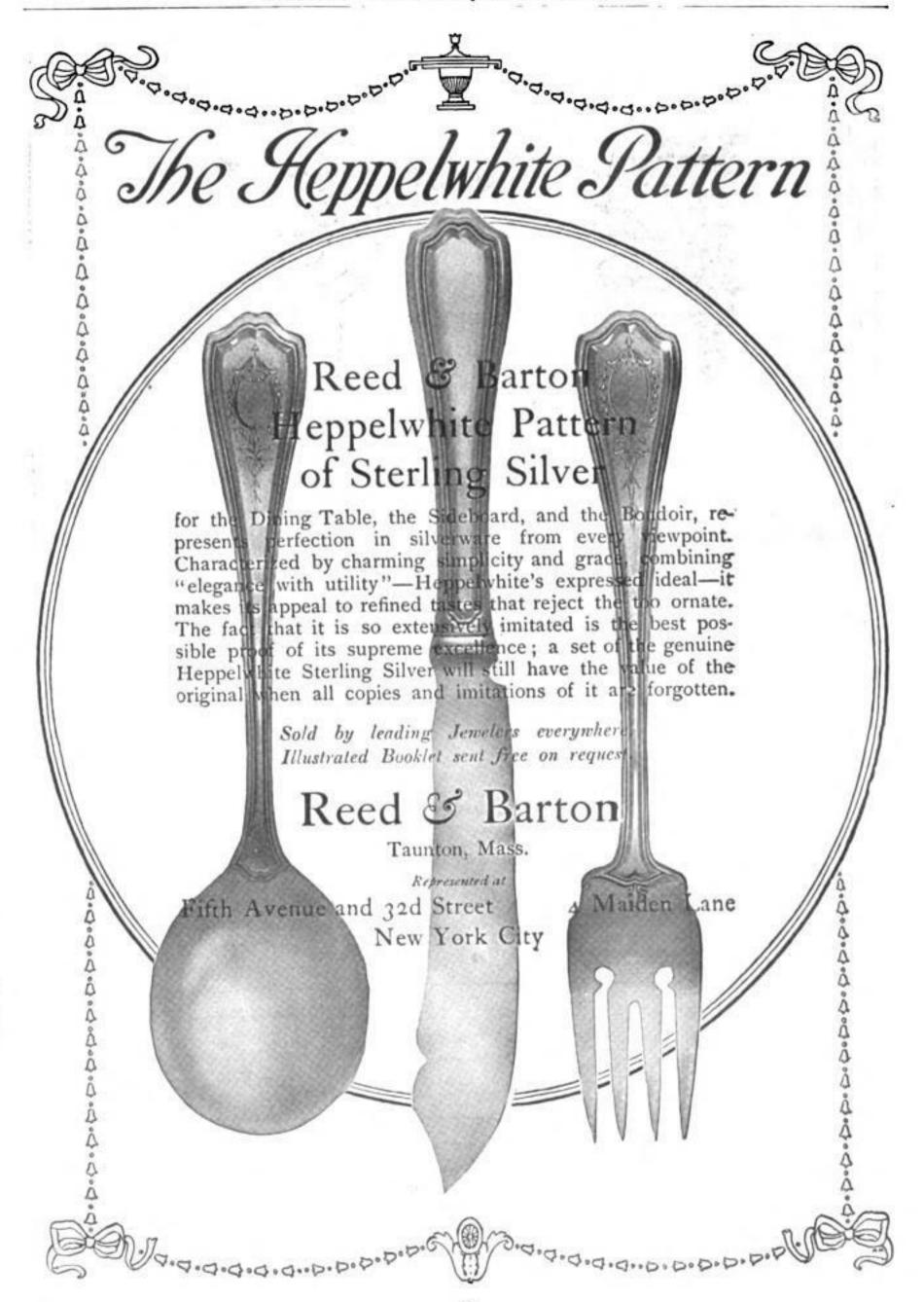
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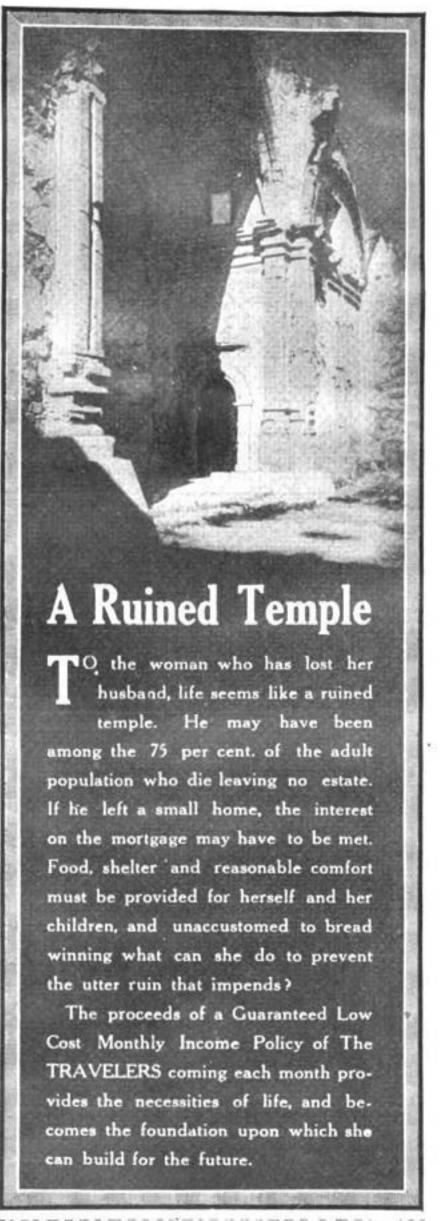
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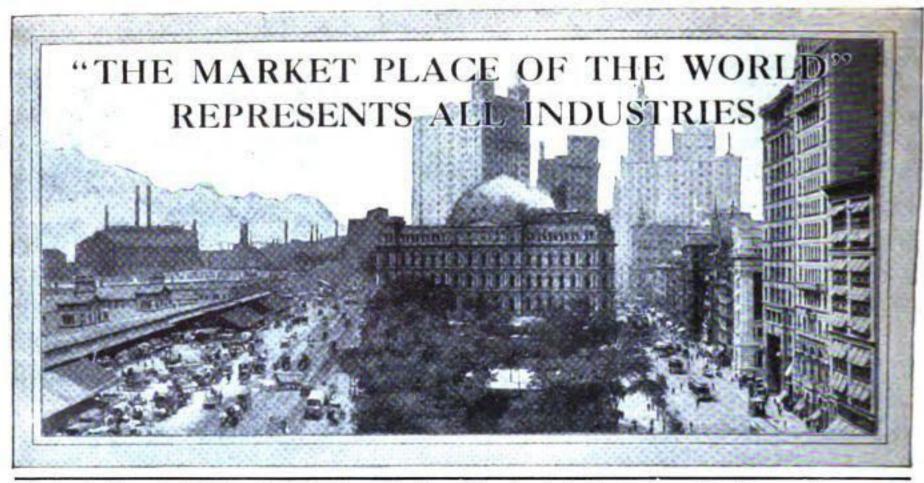




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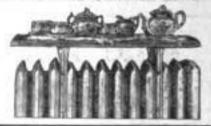
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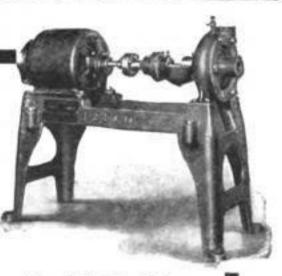


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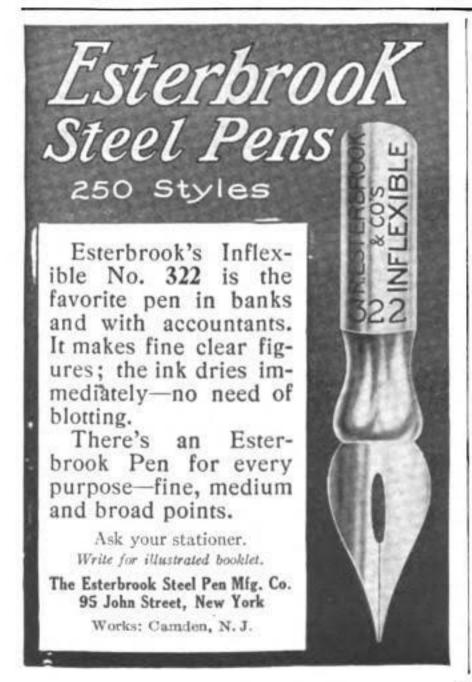
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White Pine was used for all exterior and interior

White Pine was used for all exterior and interior trim including the shingle siding and the entrance construction.

Norway Pine was used for the rough lumber work in framing and structural timbers. And it is the only wood that approaches White Pine in value for window-blinds, screen-sash, storm-doors and similar uses.

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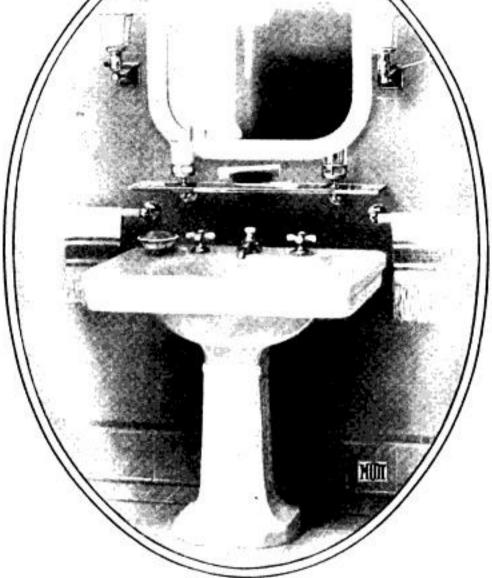
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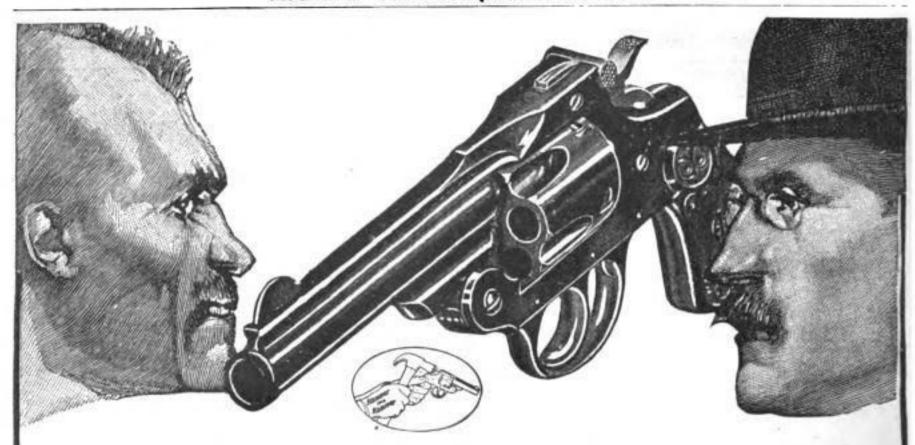
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my Witt's Ash Can is apparently just as good as ever," writes a Boston man. And dozens of similar testimonials are in our files. The reason why

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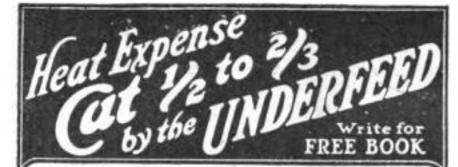
last so long is this: they are made of heavy steel, deeply corrugated, by actual test 29 times as strong as plain steel. Then each can and pail is galvanized so heavily that they resist rust indefinitely. Yet Witt's cost but little more than the ordinary kind, last twice as long.

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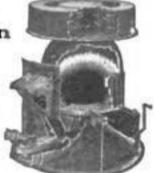
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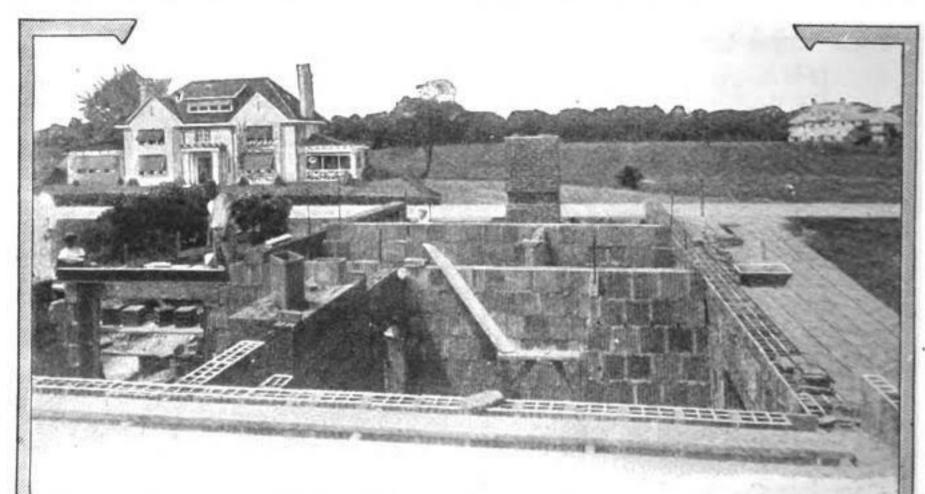
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A Light Rooms and Bath, very attractive Ex-

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Excellent Interior. Size, 39 feet, 6 inches by 27 feet.

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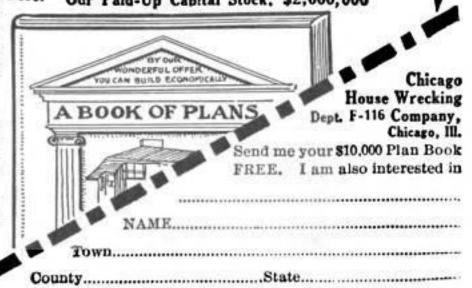
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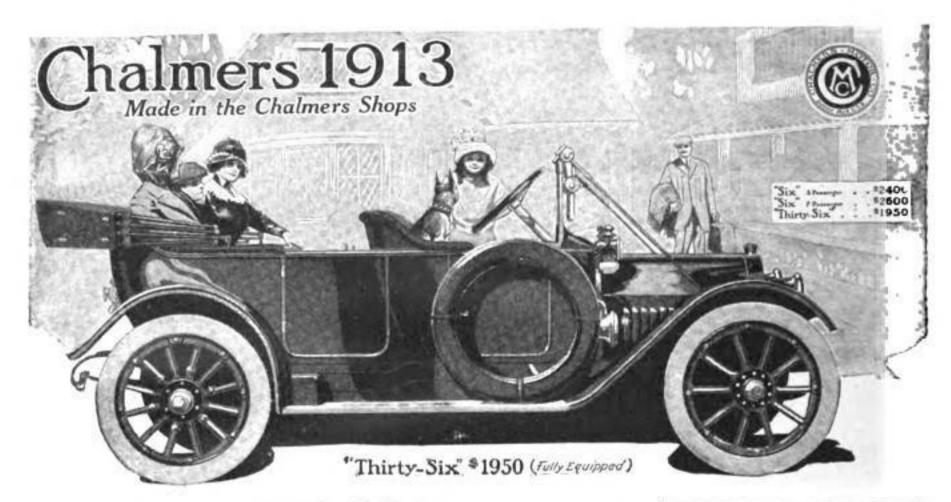
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First to refine medium priced cars in comfort, beauty and convenience.

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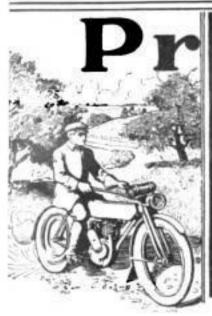
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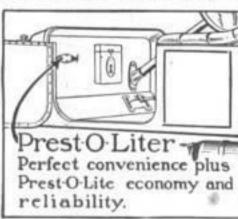
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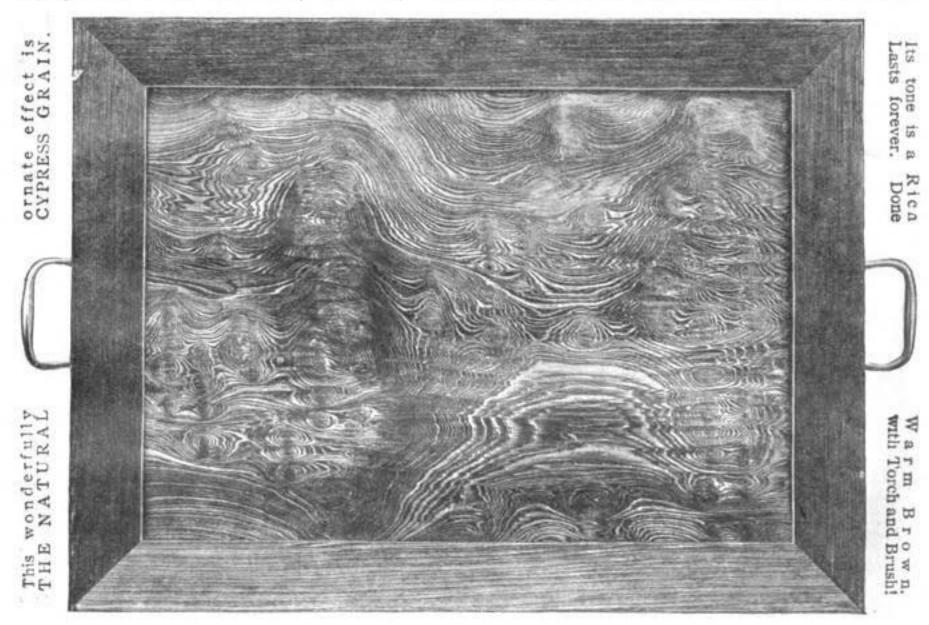


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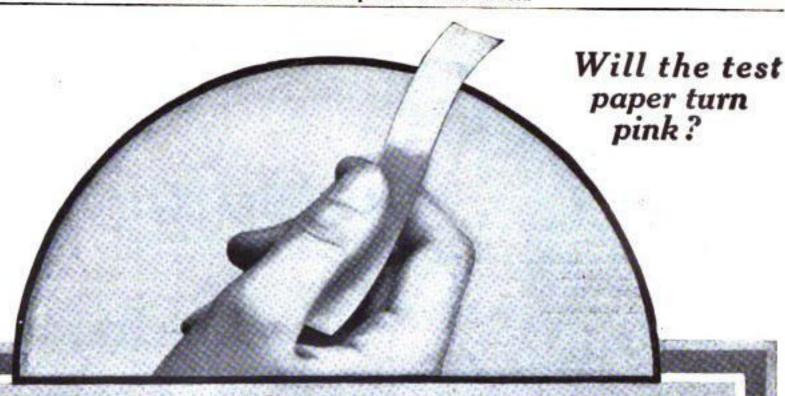
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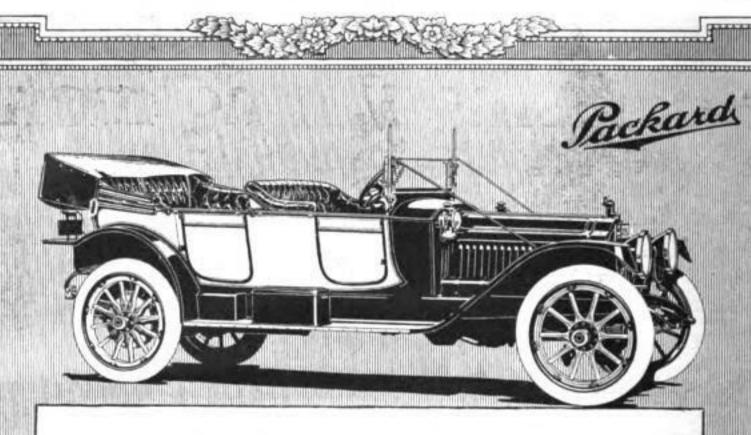
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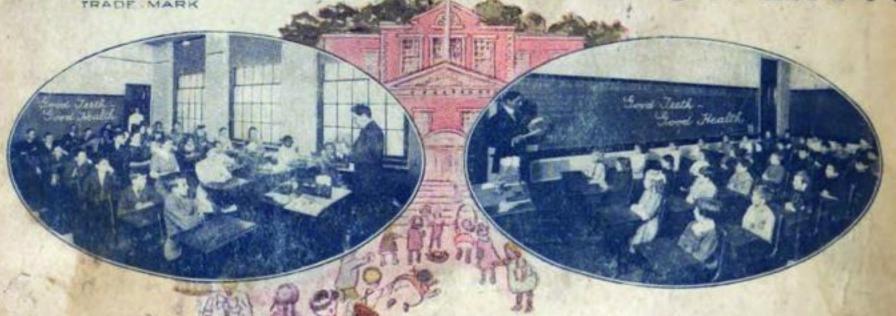
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